Contrariorum

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Contrariorum

by lmnberg

Summary

I'm bad at writing a summary but here we go:

'Opposites'

Harrison was opposite to his sister- Hope- in every way: Where she could barely control her magic, he could summon things when he was only one; where she was trained by tutors to defeat the dark lord, he was in the past getting trained by the founders; And where she was giving her life for the light, he became a new sign of hope for the dark.

or

Wrong G/BWL Au, Harrison time travels to the past to grow up with the founders only to go back to the future a month before his first day at hogwarts. He decided that the dark side shares more of his ideas than the light side does and eventually even finds love in the man his sister is trying to destroy.

(This sounds so sappy, I promise it's not.)
RATING & WARNINGS MIGHT CHANGE LATER!

Notes

Hey! This is my first Ao3 fic- and my first Tomarry fic. My goal is to update this fic every week.

I guess we'll see.

I'm still kinda figuring out how everything works and where I exactly want to go, so the next chapters are just Harrison growing up, getting training blah blah blah. It will be fun, though.
Enjoy <3

Chapter 1: Everything starts with a Goodbye

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On the 31st of July in 1980 not one, but two new Potters were born. Lily and James had insisted they wanted to wait until the war was over before they got any children, but once Lily got pregnant they couldn't abort their babies, even though it was done with a simple spell.

James had been anxious the whole 9 months of Lily being pregnant, not just about becoming a father, but also because the war was getting worse each day. A lot of bad things happened to children in war time, man, his own childhood was an example for that.

He had faced Voldemort three times in his childhood, Sirius, him, Remus and Peter had been so young and almost died a couple of times, the power Voldemort had was something no one could even begin to comprehend. He was scared for his children, anything could happen to them with a mad man with that much power running around England.

But when he first looked at his children he got hope- hope for their future, their lives would be better than his.- so the only logical thing to do was call his daughter Hope, Hope Lily Potter was his daughter, the younger of the two. Lily had rolled her eyes, but agreed immediately after telling James that she got to name their baby boy.

Lily had looked at the boy and whispered, "Harrison- Harry."

That's the story of how those two twins- Harrison (Harry) James Potter and Hope Lily Potter- were born.

Lily and James had already agreed to make Sirius godfather, who had jumped them in his dog form when they told him, licking James face while Lily laughed at them.

And both of them had immediately noticed Sirius might like Harrison a bit more, buying him a child- broomstick when he was only 6 months old, Harry had loved it, Lily however hadn't.

In the end all of them noticed that the two children were totally different, in every way possible. Harrison seemed to understand

everything that happened around him, he had control over his magic in a way they had never seen such a young child control their magic before, summoning toys from the other side of the room just to pick them up afterwards and start playing.

And yes, he might've hit Remus in the head a couple of times while summoning his 'padfoot' toy, but honestly, what did you expect? He wasn't even a year old.

Where Harrison understood everything and had total control over his magic, Hope didn't. She would look around the room clueless and start screaming when Sirius asked her if she wanted to play, obviously thinking Mommy and Daddy left again- Sirius used to babysit when Lily and James had to leave for a couple of hours. She had also broken the room with her magic a lot of times, to the point where James and Sirius put a permanent shield charm around the room, it wasn't strong, but it was enough to stop Hope's magic.

But besides all their differences they were both loved, everyone in the order would die for them and they were never alone. Whether it was Sirius and Remus playing with them for hours or McGonagall taking care of them when Lily felt overwhelmed, they never had to be alone. The only time no one was with them was at night and even then their parents could come to them in one second if something were to happen.

So when Dumbledore told them about the prophecy, the whole order immediately tried to do everything to protect them, in the end everyone decided that putting a Fidelius charm on their home was the safest option. Sirius had said no to the offer of being secret-keeper, telling everyone that the godfather being secret-keeper would be too obvious. So James and Lily had asked Peter, because Remus was already struggling enough trying to avoid Fenrir, who was still trying to find his 'cub'.

Peter had agreed immediately, telling everyone how much he cared about the children and their safety.

~

A few months later someone walked into the Potter residence, James-who had been the first one to see him- shouted at his wife, Lily, to run and take the kids.

She listened, she would do anything to save her babies. So when she heard a thud followed by footsteps she put up a shield, that would last long

enough to at least give her the chance to shield her kids.

"Step away from the children," The voice said, Lily refused to listen. The question got repeated, twice, but Lily- as stubborn as she was- just shook her head and didn't move.

The next thing she knew she too was hit by a stunner.

Voldemort didn't hesitate for a minute, he just tried to kill the girl, what he didn't expect is for the spell to rebound and just like that an infant killed the most powerful wizard alive.

That was how the story went, how that night went down as far as everyone knew. Hope got all the fame, leaving Harrison alone to live with his aunt and uncle, abandoned by his own family.

The real story, however is so much more interesting.

~

Peter had been asked to babysit the twins, since Lily and James had an emergency meeting with Dumbledore.

"Make sure to take care of Hope's cheek before she goes to sleep," James said, "The poor girl cut herself by accidental magic."

"I'll take care of it," Peter said, taking Hope from James, "Thanks, Wormtail."

"It's no problem, you know how much I love these kids."

Neither of them expected Peter to let the one person they never wanted close to their children into their house.

"My Lord," Peter said, bowing to Voldemort.

"You may rise," Voldemort said, "You've done a very well job."

"T-Thank you," Peter said, Voldemort never complimented his followers.

"Now lead me to the children." The Dark Lord commanded and Peter nodded, "Of course! Follow me."

When they arrived at the nursery, Voldemort commanded Peter to stay outside, make sure no one comes in. Then he placed a strong privacy charm in the room.

Now he stood above two children, which one was the right one?

He looked at the first one, a girl, she was crying and had big blue eyes and auburn hair, she was an exact mix of some of her moms and some of her dads features. The boy, though, looked at him with pure curiosity. His little head was tilted slightly and his green eyes were free of tears.

“I’m sorry I have to do this- what has my life come to, I’m apologising to literal babies.” Voldemort muttered and the boy giggled at him, did the child just understand him? No that couldn’t be, yet the boy seemed so understanding and forgiving about the whole situation.

His train of thought stopped when he felt a wave of magic come from the boy, it seems to go straight to the girl, Voldemort could only blink at the pure power this child had.

This had to be the one.

He raised his wand and muttered *“Avada Kedavra.”*

Then he turned around, walking away from the still crying girl, he hated babies. He didn’t see the spell reflecting, hitting Hope in her wound, ripping it open slightly further.

“Where are you going, Tom?” He heard a voice behind him, as he just reached the door, he froze and then slowly turned around.

“Dumbledore.” Tom greeted with his usual charm and Dumbledore just looked at him with a disappointed look, “Really, killing babies now? That’s a new low, even for you.”

“I had to.” Tom replied easily, ignoring the slight regret of destroying the life of an obviously very powerful wizard.

“Well, if you had to do that, I have to do this. I’m sorry, my boy.” Dumbledore said, almost sounding like he would really regret what he planned to do. *“Avada kedavra.”*

Voldemort’s body turned into ashes and when Lily and James arrived they were glad that both of their children were okay, neither of them understands how this happened, or where Peter was.

~

An hour later Sirius and Remus arrived, they had been the first one

James and Lily called, after making a plan with Dumbledore.

Dumbledore claimed to feel the magic coming from Hope, it was so strong she had to be the one. Dumbledore made them promise to never tell anyone the truth, about how they had abandoned their own kids, leaving them in the not very capable hands of Peter. Instead he told them to tell everyone they had been stunned in one of the few acts of kindness of Voldemort. How they had rushed to the nursery as soon as they woke up again and immediately took care of their children.

“So what happened?” Sirius asked and James and Lily looked at each other, unsure what to say. Dumbledore, who was still in the room started explaining his theory, ”We found Harrison unconscious, while Hope was awake crying with a huge cut on her face and a magical shield surrounding her. I think she protected herself from the curse, saving both herself and Harrison, who was still asleep. She’s a magical prodigy.”

“She already had a cut,” Sirius said, “Prongsie called me up, almost crying cause his sweet baby hurt herself.” He mocked and James stuck out his tongue, making Lily and Remus roll their eyes.

“It ripped open further and the whole cut is charged with Magic residue.” Dumbledore said, “She has been hit.”

“So what do we do now?” James asked Dumbledore and Dumbledore shrugged, “It’s easy you give Hope extra tutors, she is the chosen one after all- the girl who lived!- I will send Harrison somewhere safe to grow up for the few first years of his life, you’ll get him back when he’s 11. but he can’t have a normal childhood with the fame his sister will have and he does deserve one. Jealousy is also a big problem we don’t need right now, I can only imagine how it must feel when you’re nothing for the wizarding world- just another wizard- while your sister is the saviour.”

“What? You just want to give my child away?” Lily said and Dumbledore nodded, “It’s for the greater good, you have to understand. I know just the place, I won’t be able to give you the address so you won’t visit him until his eleventh. You want to give him a normal childhood right? Also we need to prepare Hope for the future.”

“He’s right, Lily. It would be hard to grow up with a famous sibling while you aren’t, it’s probably better.” James said and Dumbledore

tried to hide his smile while saying, “I’ll give you till tomorrow to say goodbye to small Harrison.” Then he apparated away.

“You’re just gonna give Harry away?” Sirius asked, surprised by his bestfriends’ actions. Remus looked just as shocked, his inner wolf was probably shredding them to pieces right now, how could they just give away his cub?

“It’s for the best.” James sighed and Lily added, “We know Harry is your favourite, Siri, everyone noticed, but please just understand that our focus should be on Hope right now. Please, Still be a godfather to Hope, it will only be ten years.”

Harrison started crying in Sirius’ arms, obviously understanding what was gonna happen.

It was the first time anyone had really seen him cry after his first day on earth.

“Only ten years? Are you crazy Prongs? He’s your son!” Sirius said and Remus agreed with him immediately, both of them had never seen Lily and James like this.

“He might be our son, but Hope is also the chosen one! We have priorities!” James said and Lily nodded and quickly added, “You have to understand, we don’t want this either.”

Remus just shook his head and muttered, “That’s what I’m questioning right now, it seems like your totally okay with this.” Sirius looked at him and they both nod at each other then Sirius said, “We are leaving, don’t talk to us unless it is to tell us that you finally got your shit straight and are not just giving your child away!”

He put Harrison on the floor, giving him his favourite plushie, the padfoot one, muttering, “I’m so sorry, for everything.” To the baby, Harrison stopped crying and softly patted Sirius’ cheek almost like he was saying- ‘It’s okay’ – Harrison also repeated his first word, “pads.”- Lily and James had absolutely hated it that their 13 month year old child’s first word was the nickname of their friend. Sirius thought it was hilarious.- both Sirius and Remus chuckled and then looked back to Lily and James, “Goodbye.” Remus said and they both walked out.

They couldn’t believe what their friends had done and they wouldn’t forgive them for doing this anytime soon.

~

Lily was helping Harrison pack, trying to have some sort of mother-son moment before Dumbledore would bring Harrison somewhere else. Besides putting so much effort in spending time with her son now, it didn't really work. Harrison had just been staring at them, cuddling his padfoot and moony plushies, but leaving his prongs and wormtail plushie on the ground.

He obviously knew what had happened and Lily hated it, she could only hope he wouldn't remember it when he was older, but deep inside she knew he would. James seemed to have noticed the same, staring at the prongs plushie with sadness and maybe even a bit of annoyance, Harrison hadn't even looked at it once since yesterday.

And now when she tried to give Harrison his plushie- to put in his bag- he just threw it away with his magic.

So when they were finally done with packing, Lily went to Hope and cuddled with her instead, Harrison wasn't even trying to make today somewhat fun.

When Dumbledore came to pick Harry up, Lily didn't even try to hug him anymore, James did and was genuinely surprised when Harry gave him a sort of hesitant hug.

Well- that is the most hesitant a child can look.

"Well, me and Harry should really go now." Dumbledore said and James and Lily nodded, James handing Harrison over to Dumbledore. "I love you, Harrison." Lily whispered, right before Dumbledore apparated away.

What Lily didn't know however, was that the place Dumbledore brought her child to was her sisters' house, Petunia who hated magic.

If only she had known that, maybe she could've changed this story, but she didn't. Her son was laying outside, in front of her sisters' house and she didn't even know.

Chapter End Notes

Hii! :)
I hope you enjoyed <3

This was honestly fun to write.

Chapter 2: The founders

Chapter Summary

> The founders meet little Harrison and become fond of him quite fast.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Merlin knew he wasn't supposed to do this, but this time he had an excuse to come here- to come to the future.

He had heard about this child, seen so many different versions of them, but all of them started right here: on the doorstep of an abusive household. That wouldn't do.

He knew that they- the founders- won't like it at first, him kidnapping a child from the future. He would be patient, explain everything and beg them to please give him a chance, it was only for ten years.

Helga would be the first to accept, pretty quickly accepting the child into her family, she would later convince Rowena and Godric. Salazar would agree, saying he won't take a big part in raising the child, but slowly become fond of the child.

At least, that is how Merlin expected it would go.

He picked up the child and took a deep breath, time travelling took a lot of focus. He tried to find the exact time and space where he wanted to be: The four founders had a meeting right now, perfect.

He travelled back, it felt a lot like apparition, but faster. The speed was necessary; you had to travel faster than light.

When he opened his eyes again he was standing in the meeting room, all the founders looking at him.

He smiled at them and said, "hi."

"A baby!" Helga giggled rushing over to Merlin, "Can I?" She asked and Merlin nodded. Helga picked up little Harrison and Salazar raised an eyebrow, "So why did you bring this child here?"

Merlin looked around awkwardly for a few seconds and then started explaining, "This is little Harrison. He's from the year 1981."

"That's centuries away-" Rowena gasped and Merlin nodded, "Yeah- he's well. He's an important part of the future, but they left him. I brought him here to well.. be safe until he's eleven."

"Please- just tell the whole story, what do you mean important part of the future?" Salazar asked, looking at the child.

"Okay so where should I start-" Merlin muttered and Godric snorted, "The begin, please." Merlin glared at him and then started explaining, "There's well.. a dark lord, He's family to you actually, Salazar. He's a smart and powerful man, but went insane by making too many horcruxes. So when he heard a prophecy that a baby would defeat him, he immediately tried to kill the child. This is Harrison, the boy who he tried to kill, however Dumbledore- an absolute asshole with too much power from the future- told everyone his twin sister was 'the chosen one', he send poor Harrison here to an abusive family, so that his sister could get all the fame.

It's your jobs to raise him right and help him prepare for the future, if you accept of course, I'll be here now and then to give him some history classes about the 'future' – for him it will all be history. Don't worry too much about preparing him, his power is stronger than any power I've ever seen before and he has absolute control over it, even now. So, will you guys accept him?"

"That's a big responsibility-" Godric said and Salazar nodded, "But his other option is an abusive family?"

"Sadly, yes it is." Merlin answered and Salazar seemed to think before saying, "We'll- well at least I'll take him, I don't care what the rest thinks."

Well, that was surprising. Luckily the rest of the founders agreed pretty quickly after that and while they were passing the child around they started discussing who would teach what to the child.

"So I'll be here sometimes to teach him everything about the past and future, but I can't do anything else." Merlin said and the founders told him it's okay and thanked him for helping them, anyways. After that Merlin quickly said his goodbyes, telling everyone he had to return to his own time.

"Okay so how about I teach him to make wands, letting him customize

a wand at a certain age?" Salazar asked, he was the wand-making expert of them and the others agreed he was the best one to teach little Harrison that art.

"I will teach him Herbology and Healing, maybe we could do Care of Magical Creatures together, Godric?" Helga offered and Godric agreed, "Yes, we can. I'll also teach him duelling and transfiguration- We can just mix Defense Against the Dark Arts with duelling."

"Okay so I shall be teaching him charms, astronomy, maybe a bit of Divination and Arithmancy if he shows any interest and if he really is a prodigy I'll add Ancient Runes." Rowena said and then added, "I presume you want to teach him Potion making and occlumency, Salazar." Salazar nodded, "Yes, I will also teach him some Grey- area spells, we are not sure what type of core he has yet. I want to test if he can handle darker spells."

"His core does feel grey," Rowena said, being the only one who was really magic sensitive in the group.

"That means he should be able to cast light and dark spells with no issue." Godric says and Rowena nodded, "Yes, it's pretty rare for a wizard to be purely grey. We will find out soon enough if that is the case with our boy."

"Don't you all even think about teaching him anything dangerous before the age of six!" Helga said and Godric chuckled, "No promises, Ma'am."

Rowena giggled, "Don't worry Helga, he will be safe."

The next day the founders made a new room in their castle: It was a big room with all the founders colours mixed, not too much furniture was in the room now, they wanted to give Harrison a chance to pick some furniture himself once he was old enough.

Harrisons first three years were good, if not a bit boring. He got to roam the castle a lot and pretty much knew all the secret passages when he turned four.

He had bonded with the founders the first three years of living here and he pretty much saw them as his parents, how couldn't he? His real parents left him behind.

But at the young age of four, Harrison kept getting more bored, not really know what to do when his parents- the founders were teaching

other children.

But the founders noticed this pretty quick and his lessons started right then and there. Starting with the basics of magic.

All of the founders were surprised to see how quickly Harrison learned and Salazar was pleasantly surprised when he noticed he wouldn't have to teach Harrison to make wands immediately; he could do wandless magic better than anyone they had ever seen before.

They didn't let Harrison cast too much spells: he was only four! But they did give him some basic spells that couldn't really hurt him. A good example was, "*Lumos."* Harrison liked complaining about the dark, so when he heard about this spell from Rowena it became his favourite for a while.

The first two years of his classes past pretty quickly and the day Harrison turned six he pulled Salazar into a potions lab and demanded he let Harrison finally help him with harder potions, Salazar just chuckled. He thought it was hilarious how Harry hadn't even given the other founders time to say Happy birthday before pulling him away.

To everyone's surprise Salazar was actually the closest to Harrison, they were always found together, the other founders made fun of Salazar; telling him how he turned soft for a child.

Salazar would always answer Harrisons questions, giving long detailed answers and making sure the kid understood everything.

"Okay, come with me, we'll gather some ingredients and I'll let you help me brew some pepper up potions."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Boring, but okay."

They walked to Salazar's ingredient storeroom, Harrison had never been inside the room, so he was curious what it looked like.

"There isn't a doorknob." Harrison noted and Salazar looked at him and said, "Good observation." Then he turned to the door hissing, "*Open.*" The door opened and Harrison giggled, "Your password is 'open'? That's the worst password I've heard yet!"

Salazar literally froze before turning back to Harrison, "You understood me?"

"Of course I did! You just spoke in English."

"That wasn't English, Harry."

"It was! I can't speak another language."

Salazar just stared at him, not sure what to do.

"You know what? I think Helga made a cake, I'll explain this to you while eating." Salazar said and when Harrison asked him about the potions he just told him that the potions could wait.

Walking into the meeting room- where Rowena, Helga and Godric were still sitting- Salazar sat Harrison down.

"That was quick-" Rowena said, but Salazar hushed her and now all the eyes on the room were on him, they weren't used to Salazar acting like this.

"Harry, look at me." Salazar said and Harrison did, he didn't know what he did to make Salazar act weird, but he hated it.

"I'm sorry for reacting like this- I'm just in shock. You never told me you were a parselmouth."

"He's a what- Oh! I don't even have a chance of getting him in my house anymore." Godric complained and Salazar smirked, "You never had one to begin with."

"I- I don't know what a parselmouth is! You have to believe me." Harrison said and Rowena looked at the obviously confused child, "We believe you, sweetheart."

"What's a parselmouth?" Harrison asked Salazar and Salazar sighed, "It's one of my family traits, only direct family has it. It's an ability that makes it possible to talk to snakes."

Now that made Harrison only more confused, "But I'm not direct family to you, I mean- that's not possible."

"That is true, he's not family to you. Merlin told us a couple of months ago your families haven't even crossed once." Helga said and Salazar nodded, "I know, that's why this is so weird."

"It might have been the dark lord- he was family to you." Rowena theorized and Salazar shrugged, "It doesn't matter why he's able to speak it, now I just have an amazing secret language with my

favourite kid."

Harrison giggled, finally feeling less nervous and all the other founders just stared at Salazar, making Salazar give all of them a death glare.

"Oh and I can teach you Parselmagic!" Salazar said, actually excited.

Parselmagic was- obviously- magic just for people who could speak in parseltongue, but this branch of magic made a lot more things possible, which is why Salazar loved it.

"It also explains his grey core." Rowena said and the other founders stared at her, "You're sure about that now?" Helga asked and Rowena nodded, "It's obvious. The only other person I've met to even being close to totally grey is actually Salazar, it might have something to do with parselmagic."

"You mean Salazar isn't a dark-wizard?" Godric asked, dumbfounded and Salazar looked at him, "I'm not, I just like the dark spells more."

That was the end of their conversation, they instead started focusing on Harrison. They gave him some small presents and each of them spend some quality time with him, it was after all his birthday.

Chapter End Notes

> So I just finished chapter 5... it's 7.4k words. The whole story till chapter five is 18k long, this is gonna be a long fic.

Chapter 3: Growing up in the past

Chapter Summary

> Harry spends the first few years of his life with the founders and learns a lot while being with them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harrison sat on his broom flying above the castle, Godric had been teaching him how to play quidditch when he found out Harry was a natural flyer. Helga absolutely hated the thought of her child so high in the air, but had to admit it was also impressive to see the things he could do at such a young age.

Helga was the one who teaches Harrison the least, but every time she was his teacher she had to be impressed with how naturally came to Harrison. He had been here for six years now, his seventh birthday had just passed and in the one year they started their serious classes Harrison already mastered everything from year 1-3.

That was without wand.

To say the founders were amazed was an understatement. They had noticed he was a prodigy after the first week of having him, but this was more than just a prodigy.

Beside going through the whole curriculum so fast, Harrison was bored, everyone noticed. So Salazar and Rowena teamed up to teach him how to edit and create spells and potions, it was quite impressive to see a seven year old kid write sentences of magic into a notebook, just to create a spell.

It started easy: making a better summoning charm, instead of something flying through the air to him, he could now teleport things to him.

He did that in the first month of learning how to edit spells.

But that wasn't the only sign of him being a genius, he also did everything not only wandless, but also wordless. A lot of times he told them he didn't even know the incantation to a spell, instead just thinking of it happening.

So yes, their little Harrison surprised them again and again. All they could think was; he has to have one thing he can't do right? But so far none of them had found anything, He was good at flying, spells, potions and even at Care of Magical Creatures, which took a lot of patience not a lot of people have.

Harrison always just told them he had the best teachers and that that's the only reason he could do the things that he could, that might be partly true, but somehow the founders doubted that they had a big part in the insane amount of control and magical power this child had.

Harrison landed on the ground, he had cast a *Tempus* and realised that a lot more time passed than he thought, Salazar wanted to meet up with him, something about finally teaching him the skill of wand-making or something useless like that. Harrison honestly didn't understand the need for wands, he was doing just fine without that.

But Merlin had explained to him in multiple classes that being able to use magic wandless was very rare and even more rare in the future- his time. So to hide the fact that he had years of training for Dumbledore, he needed a wand.

Harrison didn't ask why he needed to hide something from a man called Dumbledore, he remembered a lot from his first year- he didn't know why either, sometimes he wished he could forget.

But at the same time he wanted to keep the good memories, his godfather and his friend, man he would even like to remember his sister.

Harrison decided however that he wouldn't use his wand a lot, he had heard of wizards using a wand and losing the skill of wandless magic. So instead he decided to ask Salazar if it would be possible to make two wands: one that really functioned as a wand and the other one just an identical piece of wood.

Salazar would probably agree anyways, even if it was just to make Harry happy.

Harry went downstairs to dungeons, running his hands across the long walls that all seem to be the same, once he felt the little stone he was searching for he hissed, *"Open"*.

Salazar had shown this room when he realised Harry was a parseltongue, it was a private sort of office with a small duelling place to practice dark spells on dummies safely.

“There you are, I was getting worried.” Salazar said when Harrison stepped into the room. Harrison was quick to apologise, explaining how he had been flying and lost track of time.

“It’s okay, I sorted through some woods and found three that are most likely to fit you: Beech, Pine and Ebony.” Salazar explained, motioning towards the three different kinds of wood on the table.

“How- how do I know which one is best for me?” Harrison asked and Salazar chuckled, “You won’t, but your magic will.”

Harrison just stared at the man, not quite understanding.

“Close your eyes and just focus on your magic.” Salazar instructed and Harrison did what he asked. Without Harrison noticing, his hand started to hover above the Pine.

“Of course it would be pine.” Salazar muttered, sounding more amused than anything. Harrison opened his eyes and looked at Salazar.

“Every wood has a personality type it will bond best with. That’s how I knew these three were the best options for you.” Salazar just explained, without Harrison even asking.

“So what does pine mean?”

“It’s usually for individuals, people who might be seen as loners and don’t mind, usually that also makes them mysterious. We both know that will be how you act when you actually walk these halls in your time, Harry. Besides that, this wood is also good at adapting to new kinds of magic or new methods of using magic. It works best with non- verbal magic, so you don’t have to suddenly learn incantations, don’t worry.”

“That actually fits.” Harrison said, kind of amazed.

“Yeah- anyways your core is next.” Salazar said leading Harry to a table in the back of the room.

They repeated the process and when Harrisons magic picked not one, but two cores Salazar couldn’t even be surprised.

“Phoenix feather and Horned Serpent Horn, a mix I’ve never seen before- well there aren’t a lot of wizards with two cores- but it makes sense. Phoenix feather is generally the core that picks the most

powerful wizards, Horned Serpent Horn however is good for Parseltongue spells."

"Is it possible to mix these two cores?" Harrison asked and Salazar nodded, "Of course it is."

Together they went through the process of making the wand, which surprisingly didn't take too long. The only thing that really took a lot of time was Harrison carving snakes on the bottom of his wand.

When Harrison asked about the fake wand, Salazar thought for a second before telling him that he didn't want Harry to hide his abilities while he was still here and that he would work on it and make sure that the fake wand was in the shop of the wandmaker in his time, so that he wouldn't have to make up a story up for when they were getting wands.

Harrison quickly accepted the idea, wondering how Salazar was planning to make sure that no one else got the wand in the centuries before his official time, but he didn't question the older man's ability.

After that Salazar told Harrison to go to the great hall for food, telling him he would join Harry and the other founders in a bit. Harrison ran away, new wand in his hand, ready to show it off.

Sometimes the founders forgot the kid was only seven.

They only had 3 years and a couple of months left and they totally planned on making Harry be able to pass the NEWTs without a problem before he went back to the future. They had 3 more years to teach him what would normally take them 4 years in their curriculum, easy.

For Harrison everything still felt surreal, he had been here for six years and still felt like any moment he'd wake up and be right there next to his sister, who he had protected with his life, literally. But deep down he knew it would never be like that again, the fame would've gotten to his sisters head by now and he- well he was hundreds of years in the past growing up with some of the most powerful wizards known.

It was weird, but he loved his life and wouldn't change this lifetime for anything.

He was also glad to be growing up here, not influenced by anything because everything that happens in this time was mere history in his

time. He could make his own opinions when he went back to the future and from what Harrison heard, his mom and dad wouldn't be happy about the decision he would probably make.

He was fine with that, though, he wanted to be his own person.

~

Years flew by and slowly Harrison was getting older. When he turned nine he started following some classes with the sixth years- but he quickly passed them in skill and joined the seventh years.

He was a prodigy at everything he did, except for the small less complex charms, like cleaning charms. He didn't quite understand how to imagine a room getting cleaned and it just suddenly be clean, that didn't make sense.

The founders thought this was hilarious, seeing the boy be so confused over a cleaning charm, but the moment they started talking about editing complex spells he talked with them and showed them how by editing a single sentence of the spells 'code' you could easily change the whole purpose.

What the founders also loved was seeing Harrison care for Magical Creatures, but when he was found petting thestrals, they got worried again, had he seen someone die?

Harrison had just shrugged; he honestly couldn't remember someone dying- he knew his parents and sister were still alive, but he could still see the black bony horses.

He got more into flying on weird animals too- thestrals being one of them- He absolutely loved the hippogriffs for this reason and they also loved him. Whenever he found a bit of free time he was found with animals surrounding him, whether it be hippogriffs, thestrals or small snakes.

He also started duelling Godric, the dummies got too easy for him and he needed a challenge- Godric was a challenge.

The duels were kind of slow at first, Godric didn't want to actually hurt Harrison and Harrison was waiting until Godric actually did something.

It was just Godric throwing curses and Harrison reflecting them with a simple shield, however Harrison started actually throwing back curses

and the duels got more heated.

Godric began throwing different jinxes, mixed with disarming spells. Harrison threw spells back at the same speed, avoiding Godric's spells with ease.

"*Expulso"* Godric said and Harrison slashed his wand, making the spell disappear into thin air, he threw an *Stupify* back. They had been duelling for around 15 minutes now and neither of them was on the top side yet, the match was very even.

That fact surprised the other founders who were watching the duel, they could see that Godric stopped holding back after the first 5 minutes, Harrison however had also held back in the begin, but both men were sweating right now throwing spell after spell and very obviously not holding back.

It was impressive to see an nine year old be an even match to Godric Gryffindor, known to be one of the most powerful duellers in history. Harrison hadn't beat Godric once though, his longest match had been 25 minutes before being hit with a simple stunner.

Godric had told him how proud he was after that duel, it was rare for someone to hold a duel against him for 25 minutes.

Now, the time was flying, they kept throwing curses and didn't even notice themselves tiring. Harrison loved the feeling of duelling someone who was actually a challenge and Godric was also challenged for once.

This duel lasted longer than any of their prior duels; 42 minutes to be exact.

After 42 minutes Harrison hit Godric with an *Expulso* and he quickly hit him with an *Expelliarmus* after.

Godric lost his wand and Harrison officially won his first duel against Godric.

Even years after Harrison left the founders, Godric would still hear it from the other's; how a nine year old had been the one to beat him. No one else knew though, they had to keep Harrisons existence out of history books, because that could give him problems in *his* future.

That was all in the future, though, in present time Rowena ran towards Harrison and congratulated him, before Salazar hissed,

"*Godric is gonna hate this, goodjob, little snake.*" Harrison giggled and hissed back, "*Don't bully him too much, Thanks, Sal.*"

Little snake, that was a new nickname, Harrison mused before he turned to help Godric up.

"I can't believe a nine year old beat me. I will never be the best at anything anymore with Harry here." Godric complained while ruffling Harrisons hair and Helga giggled, "That's for sure, it counts for all of us."

Harrison blushed and Salazar laughed, "We get some credit, though." Rowena nodded, "That we do." Before she turned to Harrison, "You should shower and rest for a bit, no more magic before you drain yourself too much. You just duelled for 42 minutes."

Harrison nodded and hugged all of the founders before rushing to his room. The room had changed a lot, Harrison liked to practice creative magics on his walls. It now had a big moving picture of a snake that looked like a reticulated python to muggles, but wizards would be able to see the difference by the small spots of purple and the literal glowing eyes. On top of the python was a small corn snake, a normal corn snake, he had seen multiple of those during the only year he spend in his time and quite liked the red patterns the snakes had.

Beside that his room was now mostly green, blacks and blue's. He loved how the founders tried to make his room a place with all four of their colours, but he didn't like the bright yellow and red with the rest of the colours. So he had changed it.

The rest of the room was pretty simple; a bed in the corner, a small desk and a sitting place to chill in. He couldn't really hang in the common rooms so this was the next best option.

He also had his own small bathroom, where he was going right now to take that shower that Rowena told him to take.

He finished up his shower pretty quickly and decided to read some theory on altering potions; He had done it a couple of time, but generally it was still a hard thing to do. Every single plant had an effect on all the other plants in the potion, throw in one wrong herb and you might end up making a poison instead of a potion.

Harry just generally thought the idea of poisoning someone isn't something he had to do right now.

~

Harrison had been training his ass off trying to get his animagus form before.. well leaving and going back to the future.

His tenth birthday got closer and closer and Harrison didn't know if he was ready to begin his last year here. He pushed those thoughts to the back of his head, though, and took a deep breath, focusing on his magic.

He could feel Helga and Salazar entering the room, they had left for a few minutes to allow him to concentrate, it hadn't really helped, but the thoughtfulness was nice.

When Harrison had started his animagus training he had asked about his patronus, too, the two often aligned, however Sal had shook his head and told him that he would have to wait till later for that charm.

He had smiled at Harrison and told him, "Let your future teachers at least think there's something you don't know yet."

Harrison had just giggled and that was the end of that conversation.

Now he was still trying to turn into his damn animagus form, he felt his magic tug and took a deep breath, before letting everything around him go.

For a second the world turned black, then slowly he blinked and well he was surprised by his eye sight. His normal eye sight was okay, Rowena had fixed it a couple of years ago, but this was obviously better.

He looked into the mirror and snorted, in front of him stood a small black wolf, he knew for a fact that it was some kind of weird mix between pads and moony's forms, well pads and a werewolf.

It was kind of cool, though.

"I've never seen a wolf animagus before," Helga breathed, slowly approaching him. Salazar just smirked and said, "Of course Harrison had to be different again."

Harrison- or well wolf-Harrison – growled at Salazar and then nudged his head against Helga's hand, that was slowly petting him.

After a while of just getting head pats and trying to get used to his

wolf form, Harrison changed back. It was weird how magic gave him this form: The animal literally being a mix between two of his father's bestfriends.

Or well ex-bestfriends, Harrison corrected himself, remembering the day he got taken to his aunt. Sirius had been so angry.

"Harry?" Helga asked looking at him worried and Harrison looked at her, "You okay?"

"Yea, I was just thinking. My form looks exactly like Padfoots animagus, but like a wolf and Moony is a werewolf. It's just weird, I suppose, that my form looks like my James' ex-bestfriends." Harrison said and Helga nodded and hugged Harrison.

All of the founders had found out pretty quickly that Harrison remembered a lot of his first year and while they were all curious about how the boy remembered, they were also worried, because some elements of the past really still seem to hurt him.

"*You did great, little snake."* Sal hissed and Harrison pulled away from Helga and turned to Salazar instead, "*Thanks, Sal."*

~

Harrison was practically bouncing in his chair. Merlin had been teaching him history for quite a while now, well more things that happened in the future- but history in his time. Today was the day they would finally talk about what has been happening since Harrison had been born and everything after.

Harrison had heard all the basics of Voldemort and his family, but not a lot, he wanted to be ready when he went back to his time.

"So when you were born the war was probably at its worst moment. Voldemort went totally insane, he just kept creating more horcruxes." Ah, yes, horcruxes. Salazar had told him about them once and then made him promise he would never be stupid enough to make one.

"So when he heard the prophecy," Harrison had heard the prophecy about 256 times right now and he was fine with not hearing it again, "he went to kill the child, you, however the curse reflected and the baby saved the wizarding world."

"That's not true." Harrison said and Merlin looked at him in shock, "You remember?"

Harrison nodded, “Voldemort- he well apologized before trying to kill me, I put a shield around me and hope, the spell did reflect and hit hope making a cut on her face. I went unconscious after that. The only thing I remember is hearing Dumbledore, he was the one who killed Voldemort- I think.”

Merlin seemed to be speechless for a few seconds and then said, “That- actually makes a lot more sense, however the whole wizarding world think that Hope saved them, in the way I just explained but her instead of you. She’s famous, even got a wand- that she can’t use at Hogwarts- early to train her magic.”

Harrison didn’t understand how everyone just believed Dumbledore telling them Hope saved the wizarding world, he didn’t mind, though. His sister deserved it.

“I can’t wait to meet her.” Harrison muttered and Merlin nodded, “Yeah, don’t blame her for your parents being the worst parents on earth.”

“I won’t- I want to get to know her, see if she herself is a nice person and then we’ll see.”

“That’s good, anyways, the rest of the last few years have been uneventful. Voldemort still has to return which he will, with his horcruxes.”

“So what does Voldemort fight for- why did he turn into a dark lord?” Harrison asked and Merlin replied with a question: “You actually want to know the dark lords cause?”

Harrison scoffed, “Of course, I’m not going to fight for Dumbledore just because my parents- who abandoned me because of Dumbledore- fight for him. I want to form my own opinion about both sides and then pick a side.”

Merlin looked at the boy- ten year old boy, he reminded himself. – in shock.

“So will you answer my question?”

“Of course, Voldemort fights for more freedom of magic, most dark and grey magics are illegal right now, and for more rights for dark creatures- like werewolves. Dumbledore, however convinced everyone he fought for blood purity and power.”

“But he does fight for blood purity, right?”

“He does, well at least in some sense, not literally, though. He wants to separate the magic world from the muggles, to make sure wizards are safe, we wouldn’t be able to win against muggle weapons. So he wants to make muggleborns pick between the wizarding world and muggle world, magic or no magic.”

“That makes sense.” Harrison said and Merlin nodded, “I want you to base your opinion on what you think is best, research this when you go back to the future, you can change the wizarding world, Harry.”

Harry nodded and whispered, “I’ll try.”

Chapter End Notes

> I love this story so much. I hope you all also enjoy :) It's only getting more fun from here.

Chapter 4: Goodbye once again

Chapter Summary

> Harrison spends his final year with the founders before going back to his time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was Harrisons tenth birthday and this one felt different than all the others he had here.

Harrison blamed it on the fact that it was the last birthday he would spend here; he would go back to the year 1991 after spending 10 years in the past.

Life is crazy.

But beside the fact that this was his last birthday here it was still weird how all the founders seem to be nervous around him today and that even Merlin was here.

He decided to ignore it, he would find out later why they were so nervous.

So when it was finally time for gifts- because even though Harrison thought the fact that they took him in and took care of him as if he was their own child was enough, the founders still loved spoiling him.- He sat down carefully at the table in the meeting room.

He looked around the room to see the founders all looking at him nervously.

“eh? Hi?” Harrison said and Rowena giggled, “Sorry, for acting so weird today-“

“We have a special gift for you! That is, well, if you accept.” Godric said, fully interrupting Rowena’s apology, making the woman scowl at him.

“There’s no easy way to explain this is there?” Salazar groaned and Merlin shook his head.

“We want to blood adopt you, Harrison, all of us. It will legally make you our heir.” Helga explained softly and Harrisons eyes went wide, “You’re serious?”

“Yes, I brewed the potions a few weeks ago.” Salazar said and Rowena said, “We were gonna do this right before you left, but this is your last birthday with us.”

“Is that why Merlin is here?”

Merlin laughed, “When Helga said all of us she meant it, Harrison.”

Salazar quickly did explain that there was a chance he wouldn’t be able to claim Slytherin lordship when he turned 17, because he still had a living heir, the rest of the founders didn’t.

“So what’s your answer?” Godric asked and Harrison nodded, “Yes- Of course!”

He couldn’t quite believe this was happening, the founders actually cared enough about him to make him their son in blood. He knew they cared about him; they had made that clear over the years, but this was a whole different level of caring about him.

He watched as all of the founders and Merlin added a few drops of blood into a potion that turned into a quite dark red.

“Drink it Harrison.” Godric said handing him the potion and he did.

The feeling was quite weird, his blood felt like it was slowly warming up and he could actually feel his heart beating through his whole body. He also felt his skin slightly morphing, he knew how blood adoptions worked, it makes you look a bit like the person blood adopting you, but without ruining the looks you got from your biological mom and dad.

“You’re taller.” Rowena noted and Harrison silently cheered in his head, he had hated being very short.

“Your eyes look a bit more AK green than they did before- I didn’t even know that was possible.” Godric said and Helga giggled, “It makes you look kinda intimidating, like your reading my soul.”

Harrison hadn’t changed a lot, he had grown an inch or two and his hair turned a little lighter- now more dark brown than the raven colour he had before. His eyes seemed like they were glowing.

He just looked more like the founders, to be honest.

Harrison looked at all the founders, not even noticing the tears on his face and said, “Thank you. This is the best present ever.”

Harrison thanking them quickly turned into a group hug.

Best birthday ever.

Salazar pulled away from the group hug and said, “By the way, we’re giving you etiquette classes this year, to make you a proper pureblood- or halfblood heir.”

Harrison groaned.

~

Etiquette lessons were a shit ton of bullshit. He learned what spoon to use for which
meal, how to make his face expressionless and how he should sit when there were others- who weren’t close friends or family members- with him.

And a shit ton more bullshit.

The only thing he liked was Salazar teaching him how to have a slytherin mask all time; explaining him how to get good blackmail and a few lessons on manipulating.

It wasn’t Harrisons favourite class, but he understood why it was important for him to learn this, so he listened to the founders and paid attention in the classes to be done with them as quick as he could possibly be.

He finished the class in like 5 months, the only thing he had to continue learning was dance; turns out they found the one thing Harrison was absolutely horrible at- dancing.

He just didn’t understand the movements, focused too much, kept looking at his feet and just overall didn’t understand why people were interested in these ‘formal’ dances he had to know.

The founders thought it was hilarious, Harrison wasn’t good at dealing with failing, he didn’t have a lot of practice with failing things and always thought anything could be possible for him.

And if there was anyone on this hell of an earth that could make

anything possible, it was Harrison, the founders all agreed on that.

Turns out, dancing isn't part of that 'anything.'

~

It was in the last 6 months of Harrisons stay here that Salazar approached him and explained that he wanted to teach Harrison Occlumency, the art of protecting a mind. He told Harrison about all the powerful people that master the art of Legilimency in the future and how this would stop him.

Harrison agreed immediately, occlumency had already been high on his; *Wanting to learn, but don't know how* list, so ofcourse he agreed.

So now he was sitting here, in Salazar's office.

"Building a shield for your mind is like making an unbeatable game." Salazar started he looked at Harrison and said, "You remember more than anyone else does. I've never met anyone who could literally describe a day of their first year alive in detail before you."

Harrison shrugged, "I don't know how I do it."

"I know, but it's important to protect it." Salazar said and then continued his explanation, "You want to start with imagining a big vault and putting the memories you want to keep a secret in there, we make multiple layers of protection this is the core; don't put all your memories in here it will tire you."

Harrison nodded and closed his eyes, it took a bit, but after a while his focus was good enough to build a protection layer. imagining a big vault and then imagining putting some memories he wouldn't want Dumbledore to see once he went back to the future.

For example, the fact that he remembered everything from that day.

"Okay you wanna secure this chest, put it in a room, put a password on the door whatever you want, use your imagination."

Harrison put up big walls around the vault, this was honestly fun if not a bit tiring to do, it felt like creating your own world.

"*Remember your ability to speak parseltongue, only me, Voldemort and you would be able to come in."* Salazar reminded him and Harrison immediately put a parseltongue code on his vault.

When Harrison opened his eyes again he was surprised to see Salazar writing in a journal in front of him, he looked at a clock in the office and noticed he had spend 2 hours working on just the first layer and he felt like he was going to faint because of exhaustion any moment now.

“I think that was enough for today,” Salazar said with an amused smile and Harrison nodded, “I didn’t even notice that this much time passed.”

“People usually don’t, time flies when your working on protecting your mind.” Salazar said and Harrison nodded, having nothing else to say.

“Go take a nap before Rowena kidnaps you for a dancing class.”

“*Shit, I forgot about that.”* Harrison hissed and Salazar laughed, “Go rest, little snake.”

And Harrison did, because honestly dancing while being this tired sounded like a suicide mission.

~

Helga, out of pure boredom had decided to teach Harrison how to cook; wizarding style.

Harrison had immediately agreed when she offered and honestly with her being the founder who spends the least time with the boy, she thought they deserved some quality time in Harrisons last few months here.

What she however didn’t expect was for Harrison to be a master cook after a few classes, afterwards she knew she should’ve expected it, but honestly this was a new sort of impressive.

Helga had started out easy, but then a few days ago Harrison just turned up with a full damn meal; he made Salmon with potatoes and vegetables and while, of course there were harder meals to make.

It was pretty damn impressive for a ten year old.

And the food had been **good**. All the founders had been impressed by Harrisons cooking and Harrison had just smiled at all the compliments.

So now, instead of teaching Harrison how to cook, she was teaching him spells how to make cooking easier, which didn't take away the fun of spending time with Harrison so she was okay with it.

And it made Harrison happy, so she was more than okay with it.

~

"Now build something around the wall." Salazar had said a couple of weeks ago.

Harrison who had been thinking about how to hide the rest of his memories had found the perfect idea.

An underwater maze, full of locks and parseltongue passwords.

It was literally unbeatable.

The only one who could take away the water in his own mind and not well.. drown in a mind? Was he, himself. Besides that, Dumbledore couldn't speak parseltongue and most of the passwords were annoyingly long sentences that you couldn't guess after hearing parseltongue a few times.

And Harrison had fun while building it.

It was every bit tiring as it was fun, but when after like 20 hours of work he showed Salazar, Sal had just been speechless for a moment and then muttered, "I think that will do."

Harrison smirked, "Why thank you, lord Slytherin."

"I liked you more before the etiquette classes." Salazar decided and Harrison laughed, "That's not my fault or problem."

"I guess not."

"You got anything else to teach me?" Harrison said and now it was Salazar's turn to smirk, "Afraid you'll get bored?"

"I know I'll get bored the moment I go back, but now I'm still here for like another 2 months." Harrison said and then suddenly his whole face changed, "I'm going to miss you, guys." He whispered

"We're going to miss you too." Salazar responded immediately and then seemed to think for a moment, "For me it will be centuries away, but there's always portraits around the school, come search us?"

Salazar asked and Harrison nodded, “Besides that, I’m probably going to see you in my common room.”

Salazar smiled, getting that Harrison meant that he was probably gonna be sorted in Slytherin.

“Don’t let Godric hear you say that.”

“He’s still convinced I’m going to be a Gryffindor?” Harrison asked and Salazar nodded, “Yes and he will be until proven wrong.”

“Oh talking about getting sorted, Merlin told me they use Alistair as a sorting system in the future.” Harrison said and Salazar laughed, like actually full on laughed, “You’re kidding?”

“No, turns out Godric’s little experiment of trying to put all of your ways of thinking into his hat was the perfect way to still get your opinion on sortings.”

“Your saying that Godric trying to be a cheat by having a hat that helps him, by mixing our intelligence is used as the way of sorting in the future? That’s ridiculous.”

“I know! The worst thing is from what I’ve heard, it actually works, as well.”

“That’s crazy.”

“It is.” Harrison agreed.

~

In his last two months Harry mostly just walked around the castle, talked with the founders, and practiced his magic alone.

He wanted to be prepared for whatever the future would give him.

The founders told him they had pretty much teached him everything that they thought was important, so they stopped their lessons.

That didn’t stop the duels- which Harrison won a lot more often- and other competitive things they did, however.

Harrison also started playing quidditch with some students sometimes, they knew him as the founders kid and all obviously wanted to know how he became a heir to all the founders.

He however kept silence, his existence had to be as silent as possible; he had to try to avoid coming in any history books. That would be awkward to explain.

Now he was saying goodbye, Merlin was patiently waiting for him to finish saying goodbye's he obviously understood how hard this moment was.

"We will leave you little gifts in our vaults, once you claim our heirships you'd be able to open them." Helga said and Harry smiled, "Thankyou."

"We will also have portraits in out vaults and in Hogwarts." Rowena reminded him and Harrison nodded, "I know." He was trying so hard to ignore the tears slowly staining his cheeks.

The founders were crying too, so it was okay.

"Just threaten my heir if he won't give you access to my vaults." Salazar said with a wink and Harrison giggled, "Oh yes, mighty lord Slytherin I will threaten the literal dark lord for a part of his fortune."

"Hey, I'm just saying my family magic might protect you." Sal said and then he seemed to think for a moment, "However there is generations of family between you guys, so technically magic might not see you as related close enough to actually protect you."

"Not that he needs protection," Godric muttered and Merlin laughed, "In the future the history books still say your unbeaten if only they knew that you were beaten by a nine year old."

"Shut up." Godric said, although he was smiling.

"*I think it's time to go, little snake, Merlin still has to plant memories into your and your families brains."* Salazar hissed and Harrison nodded sadly.

They were indeed planting fake memories, to make sure Dumbledore would think he had actually spend time with the Dursley's.

"Bye. I love you all." Harrison said, slightly blushing in embarrassment, he didn't know how the founders would react to him using the word 'love.'

They hugged him and told him they loved him too, that was their reactions.

After a lot more teary goodbye's Merlin finally kidnapped Harrison and brought him back to the future.

To new adventures.

Chapter End Notes

I've been writing A LOT lately literally wrote 5/6k words yesterday.. I'm suprised I don't have a writers block yet.

(I do have spring break rn, so I literally spend my whole day writing.)

Chapter 5: Meeting the Potters

Chapter Summary

Harrison meets his family and they don't quite get along.

Chapter Notes

I know I'm later than usually, but I had to work on a school project the whole day AND proof read this whole chapter (7.4k words) before posting.

It's still wednesday, though, so here's the new chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Merlin had put multiple memory charms on the Dursleys, creating new memories, deleting old ones. Then he had expanded Harrisons room for one day, his parents would come pick him up tomorrow.

He had hugged Harrison, whispering that he would miss him and that there should be a portrait in Hogwarts of him somewhere.

“I’ll find it, if anyone knows all the halls in the castle it’s me.” Harrison said and Merlin laughed, “That’s true, kid.”

Their goodbye was almost as emotional as Harrisons goodbye with the founders, while he had spend less time with Merlin, Merlin had still be the man who had saved Harrison from a probably very abusive household.

He owed Merlin everything.

And overtime they had become close to, Merlin felt more like his cool uncle than anything else.

He was really gonna miss Merlin.

But he would make them all proud, whatever the fuck that meant. He hadn’t even decided what side he was on yet. This war was gonna fuck him over the first few months back here, but he would bring Voldemort back, talk to him and kill him himself if he had to.

It was the only way to find out what he really fought for without other influences.

Now, he had to focus on what would happen tomorrow, though, he would meet his parents.

He looked at his room, it had a simple bed and closet nothing else. That was fine, he would only be here for a bit.

And it sure as hell was better than what he had in the fake memories, he literally slept in a cupboard in those memories, imagine that!

He sat down on the bed and grabbed a book, he had taken some with him so he could at least read something interesting. He also took most of his clothing; both wizard and muggle clothing, knowing he had to pretend he only had muggle clothing at first.

He was still trying to figure out how much he could show his parents and sister tomorrow, knowing that he probably shouldn't know anything about magic except for the few things he could do wandless as a little baby.

"I'll figure it out while I go," Harrison muttered, after all knowing what his sister could do would be a big way to figure out how much of his skills he could show.

He read for a while, but couldn't quite focus on the book. His mind seemed to wander to everything that could go wrong in this new life of his. He knew he would be able to deal with the things normal kids worry about, like school, but he was trying to figure out what he was going to do about his parents, how he should act.

And what to do with the dark lord, he was the only one that knew what really happened that night, well at least he suspected Hope didn't remember a lot.

If only Sal could be with him to give him advice right now, maybe than he'd actually know what to do.

He put down his book and decided to sleep, it was getting pretty late and if he remembered well, Merlin told him that his aunt would wake him up to make breakfast at 7.

~

Just like Harrison expected the next morning Petunia banged on his door, screaming at him to make breakfast. He came out of bed and quicky changed into some muggle clothing before running downstairs, listening would work better than standing up against them, it was

only a few hours after all.

And honestly cooking wasn't that bad.

Harrison blamed Salazar for giving him this common sense and self-preservation, Godric had tried so hard to teach him differently.

Harrison snorted, Gryffindors and their 'courage.'

While cooking bacon for the Dursleys- and really? Would they eat this all cause this seemed like it could feed all of the seventh years at Hogwarts.- he wondered what his parents were doing right now, were they stressing about meeting him? Screaming at Dumbledore for bringing him to Dursleys?

He knew that until- well today they hadn't had a clue where Dumbledore brought him. He also knew Lily wouldn't be thrilled when she found out he had spent his childhood with the Dursleys.

He hadn't really, of course, but they didn't know that.

~

Lily, indeed, hadn't been thrilled.

Dumbledore had send them a letter with the address of Harrisons stay. Both James and Hope had sat down on the couch, Lily standing in front of them with the letter.

They had celebrated Hope's birthday before even bringing up the subject of Harrison, knowing Hope would get angry if her special day wouldn't be about her.

"So today we're meeting your brother again." Lily said softly to Hope, Hope knew this, of course, her parents had been warning this day was going to come for as long as she could remember.

"Don't blame him if he's a bit jealous, you know how hard it must be on him, having to grow up somewhere else." James said with a distant look in his eyes, Lily guessed he was thinking about the day Harrison left.

That day everything changed, they had left Godric's Hollow to live in the Potter Manor, they had spent way more money for tutors, clothes and just generally to make them look like a normal pureblood family to the public.

No one spoke about the child that disappeared.

That was except for the 'darker' families, who would look at them with such disgust. Lily and James pretended it was because their daughter was the chosen one, the one to defeat the dark lord once, and would do it for a second time.

Deep down they knew it's because these were the families that noticed their lost child, the wizarding world- especially the purebloods- were against anything that had to do with abandoning children, or abusing them.

Sirius and Remus seemed to befriend those dark wizards, it was their social group now and everyone seems to just forget the fact that Sirius was the black sheep of the black family.

So yes, everything in their life changed.

It had been hard at first, but now it seemed normal and none of them were quite ready to take Harrison back, change everything again.

"Open the letter, mom." Hope said and Lily nodded, listening to her daughter, she usually did listen to her daughter.

Hope was the boss of the house, she had her mom and her dad wrapped around her little fingers without even trying. Ever since that night James and Lily listened to anything Hope said, not wanting to lose the child they picked- because they did pick Hope, even if they didn't see it like that.

Lily opened the letter slowly and her whole expression changed, her magic went wild the whole room seemed to shake and then she dropped the letter and ran away.

Hope picked up the letter she read out loud to her dad, "4 Privet Drive, Surrey."

And James froze, he looked at Hope and said, "Stay here for a bit, Okay? We'll be back soon." Hope scowled at him, demanding him to explain why her mother was so angry, but for the first time in a while he ignored his daughter's demands.

Instead he ran in the direction Lily went.

"Lils?"

“I’m here,” He heard his wife’s weak voice. He entered the room, the Library and saw Lily on a couch in a corner of the room.

“I just- My muggle family?” Lily said and James nodded, “It might’ve been for the best, not growing up in the wizarding world.”

Lily nodded, but didn’t look convinced.

“Dumbledore probably had a reason and we get him back today, we should probably get ready for that.” James said and Lily nodded, “Yes, it’s time to get our child, maybe Petunia treated him okay.”

“Yes, we can only hope.”

Together they went back to Hope, telling her to get ready to get her brother.

~

Harrison was sitting in the hall when the doorbell rang, he thought it was probably better that he open the door and not have a sister reunion. He opened the door and came face to face with his ‘family’, not quite knowing what to say or do he just awkwardly turned and shouted, “Petunia, I’m going!” And like he expected; no response.

“You sure you don’t want to give a proper goodbye to your aunt, kiddo?” James asked and Harrison scowled, gosh he hated this man already. “No I’m good, I already had a long goodbye yesterday evening.”

“Okay,” James said, a strange look on his face. Then Hope stepped forward extending her hand, “I’m Hope, your sister. I’m glad to have you back little brother.” She seemed to look at his muggle clothing with disgust, but seemed to also genuinely try to at least somewhat welcome him.

Harrison looked at Hope and decided both of them probably wouldn’t be able to keep the nice act going for long, for now though he wanted to know his sister a little better.

“I know, I remember. And for the records I’m the older one.” Harrison said, smirking slightly, but still giving Hope a hand.

“No you’re not!” Hope said and Harrison raised an eyebrow at his ‘mom’, Lily sighed in response, “It doesn’t really matter, Hope.”

“No! Tell him he’s wrong.” Like Harrison had expected, she hadn’t kept the nice act going for long.

“Hope-“

“She’s right Harrison.” James cut Lily off and Harrison just nodded and turned around grabbing his trunk.

He had the urge to shrink his trunk, with a simple wave of his hand, but then he remembered he was supposed to know nothing about magic.

Lily gave the trunk one look and grabbed her wand, shrinking it for him. Harrison thanked her politely, but way too fake for Lily to actually think he was thankful.

He wasn’t going to make this easy on his parents, he wanted them to know he remembered everything of that night.

“Okay!” James said clapping his hands, “Why don’t we go to diagon alley to buy your stuff for school.”

Hope nodded excitedly and they didn’t even wait for Harrison answer, James just grabbed his arm and apparated.

Gosh, this was going to be the worst day of his life.

He lowkey hoped he was going to run into Sirius and Remus, but he knew the chance was small. And he didn’t know if he would even get the chance to talk to them, when they ran into them. So maybe it was for the better that it probably wouldn’t happen.

James had apparated them to the Leaky Cauldron, telling them it was probably smart to eat something before shopping, Hope had pouted for a second, but when she noticed it didn’t work she quickly just smiled and turned to pick a table.

They each ordered a meal, Harrison silently wishing he was cooking with Helga right now, instead of sitting here waiting for his food.

“So before we enter diagon alley, we should probably tell you something.” James started and Hope had a satisfied smile on her face, knowing exactly where this conversation was going.

Harrison had two seconds to think of his response, he could do three things: Fuck with them, pretending he knew Hope was the ‘Girl-Who-

lived'; Tell them the truth that Hope wasn't really the one to beat Voldemort; or pretend he knew nothing.

Okay no, really it were two options, the second one wouldn't work anyways.

"I know, Hope is the girl-who-lived, blah-blah-blah. I remember the night, you know?" Harrison muttered and immediately regret it, it might've been smarter to pretend he knew nothing or at least say it somewhat nicer.

Well, what's done is done.

"What was that?" Lily asked, slightly angry and slightly sad, at least if Harrison read her emotions right.

"I remember the night, well at least parts of it is in my nightmares, not a lot. I just remember Hope screams and," Harrison didn't finish his sentence, instead he fake-shuddered. And he gave himself a mental shoulder pat, he just saved himself from his parents knowing he remembered everything.

The table was silent for a moment and then Harrison spoke up in a quiet voice, "I'm sorry- if that sounded rude, it's just these nightmares are the worst and I don't like being reminded of the fact that Hope almost died for- well all of us."

Both Lily's and James' eyes softened, "It's okay Harrison, we will try to avoid the subject of that night as much as possible." Lily said and she gave Hope a very obvious look, Hope just smirked.

The fact that Harrison told himself to be nice to this selfish bitc-

No, just keep acting, Harrison.

When the food finally arrived James spoke up, "We actually have a surprise for you two."

Harrison looked up from his plate, the food in this place looked weird and tasted like absolutely nothing.

"A surprise?" Hope gasped with puppy-dog eyes, Harrison snorted.

James gave Harrison a look that obviously meant to be threatening, but growing up with Sal made this look well- weak.

"Yes- well, me and your mom are going to teach at Hogwarts."

You've got to be kidding me, Harrison almost said, but instead he stayed silent.

"Well, I will be assisting Flitwick with Charms and your dad will help McGonagall by taking over some Transfiguration classes." Lily said and then she added, "So there is a chance we don't even get to teach your grade, however, we will still be in the school."

Hope gasped and jumped into her parents' arm, obviously happy she didn't have to leave them. In that moment Harrisons heart ached, he wanted- no needed to talk to the founders.

"Okay," Harrison muttered then looked at his dad, "Obviously there's a but.."

"Why would there be a but?" James asked and Harrison just raised an unimpressed eyebrow, "Your tone says enough."

James sighed defeated, "Hogwarts has been very busy lately and they were searching for more teachers. Not only me and Lily will be new there, Sirius and Remus will teach history together and Sirius might actually get some Transfiguration classes, too, Minerva wants to focus more on her job as deputy- headmistress. Dumbledore has been busy with well- the war."

Hope's happy expression fade slowly, "You're kidding? They accepted those vile- dark wizards as teachers? Do they want me to end up dead?"

Harrison pretended to be confused, but on the inside he was cheering. He was lowkey excited to meet Siri and Remus again.

"Who's Sirius- isn't that like the brightest star or something?" Harrison muttered to himself, but obviously James heard him, because he began explaining how his bestfriend had betrayed him and the light side after that night and how both of them were now always seen with dark wizards.

Harrison smirked, this was perfect, now he could finally mix in his opinion- real opinion for a bit.

"Aren't dark wizards technically just wizards born with a dark core? What's wrong with that?" Harrison asked innocently.

"Well- yes, but most of them aligned themselves with-"

“So because most of them did something bad, suddenly you think every dark wizard is evil?”

“I mean they use dark magic and Harrison, we know you didn’t grow up with a lot of magic, but dark magics are dangerous.”

“So all of your cores are totally light?” Harrison asked, stunned.

“Pretty much, we at least have a mostly light core.” Lily said and Harrison just had to ask, “How do you test it?”

He remembered the day the founders had found out he was a parselmouth, they had talked about him being perfectly in the grey area. Just like Salazar and Voldemort.

Not a lot of people knew that Voldemort wasn’t a dark wizard, but parselmouths tend to be the only ones with a perfectly grey core, it had something to do with how different parselmagic worked from other magics.

So yes, Voldemort, Salazar and Harrison were all grey wizards. That didn’t mean that he couldn’t pretend he didn’t know yet, just to see his parents shocked faces when they found out.

“You can do it with a potion or go to a magical sensitive person,” Lily explained, “We went to a friend of mine, she actually lives pretty close to here, maybe we can go after shopping to test your core?” She looked at James who nodded, once again a weird look in his eyes, like he couldn’t quite decide what to make of Harrison.

Good, that meant Harrison could keep confusing them for a bit longer.

“Talking about shopping, can we go, please?” Hope turned to their parents who nodded, not even asking Harrison if he was ready to go before standing up.

Harrison stood up quickly and ran- yes literally ran- after them.

They waited for him at a brick wall and explained that once he got his wand he had to tap a brick to come in.

He gasped, pretending he never saw this place before.

Really he and Godric had flew over the old diagon alley a couple of time with disillusionment charms, he pretty much knew this place like the back of his hand, he had loved just sitting on his broomstick in the

air studying the roads.

“Okay so first we’ll get you guys a new wand, Hope, your wand has to go back to the ministry it was just a practice wand. We’ll buy both of you your first official wand after that Hope can show Harrison where to go to buy books and robes while we get your potion kits.” James said and Lily placed her hand on his arm, “James- honey, we should probably go to Gringotts first.”

“Right, okay so Gringotts first.”

Lily giggled and led the way. Gringotts had always been there, Harrison had never been inside, but he did know where the building was and how it looked from the top.

They walked inside and he gasped- literally this time, not acting – by the beauty of the interior design, while he himself liked simpler rooms, the gold decorations fitted the white walls.

He just stood there looking around the room, white walls, very light shade of red floor with what seemed like golden pieces in it, all the furniture was dark wood mixed with gold.

And honestly, he was surprised that the goblins made these decorations work with each other, but they did and it looked beautiful-

“Harrison, come!” Hope shouted from where they were standing with a goblin, he blushed- slightly embarrassed to be caught admiring the room- but quickly followed them.

The whole way down to the vault Harrison just sat silently as his family talked, he couldn’t wait to finally be back at Hogwarts again, back at home.

His parents grabbed some galleons for both him and his sister.

And either the worth of Galleons changed by a lot or they gave them way too much. Harrison didn’t necessarily mind, he could spend his money on more interesting books or whatever.

When his mom gave him his little money pouch she explained that the extra money was to pick a pet and Harrison thanked her, he lowkey wanted to buy a snake anyways.

A snake would be a companion that’s better than like at least 90% of

humans.

They went to Ollivander's after and Harry hoped Salazar or Merlin indeed got his fake wand here.

Harrison decided to let Hope go first, it took her about 30 minutes to find her wand; A Unicorn hair core with Holly wood.

Protective and easy, Harrison mused to himself, Salazar had taught him some wandlore after he made his wand.

"Unicorn hair is a very good core for your average wizard, while Holly shows protectiveness. The core is almost impossible to turn dark, but I don't think I would have to worry about that with you, would I?" Ollivander asked and while Hope looked slightly offended she shook her head that no, she wouldn't turn dark.

"Mr. Potter, it's your turn."

Harrison stepped forward and sighed, this was gonna be a long process.

The first hour none of the wands bonded with him, of course they didn't, he already had a wand that was bonded to him. That wand was currently shaking in his pocket.

"Is- is he a squib?" Lily asked silently and Harrison scowled and made sure to blast magic with the next wand he held.

Ollivander smiled, "That answers that question, that was a little more than a what a squib could do."

"So why didn't he have a wand that bonded with him yet?" Hope asked sounding impatient.

"I have a feeling your brother here is special- Wait I know, a man came told me that this wand would only match with one certain wizard," Ollivander said, "I wanted to refuse, but this combination, I just couldn't refuse it. So I took it and decided to wait for the right person."

Harrison nodded looking at the box in Ollivander's hand.

"I do have to warn you, I have not once felt magic come from this wand. I can't explain how, because I know it is magical, saw so with my own eyes." Ollivander said.

Of course Sal or Merlin had somehow convinced the wand- which literally had no magical core and was just a piece of wood, so he could keep his wandless magic on a high level- was magical and for a special person.

“This wand had two cores: phoenix feather and Horned serpent horn, which alone is special, but the wood is also one I don’t use a lot. It is made from pine wood, which usually means that the wizard is a independent person, usually seen as lonely, because they’re mysterious.”

“What do the cores mean?” Lily asked and Ollivander explained quickly that Phoenix feather usually is picked by a wizard who has a great potential in any type of magic and that it’s usually really picky.

“Horned serpent horn is a harder one, though, because it usually only picks parseltongue speakers.”

“Okay so let’s see,” James said, once again that weird look on his face, suspicion, Harrison realised.

Ollivander opened the box and Harrison almost laughed when he saw the wand without magic which was an exact copy of the one he had in his pocket right now.

He was still proud of the snakes he made at the bottom and he was just admiring the wand when his sister told him to just pick it up already.

“Fine,” Harrison rolled his eyes and picked up the wand, making sparks appear with a bit of easy wandless magic.

“The wand always chooses the wizard,” Ollivander whispered with a surprised look.

James and Lily paid and left the store, Hope following them out, they seemed to not like him very much right now.

Maybe because his wand was more special than the chosen-ones wand?

And why the hell did they pay after giving him money to pay for himself? Well he wasn’t gonna complain.

“Oh, young Harrison, the man who gave me this wand told me to give this to the wizard the wand chooses.” Ollivander said.

He got handed a little piece of paper- rolled up and closed with a certain sticking charm Rowena liked to use- and decided it was probably better to read it later when his family wasn't waiting for him impatiently in front of the shop. He thanked Ollivander and walked to his family.

When he was finally outside with his family, his mom and dad told Hope to go to Madam Malkin's and some other stores with him while they got their potion kits.

They told Harrison and Hope that they expected them back at the entrance of diagon alley in 2 hours.

So Harrison got dragged away by his little sister to a clothing store. Entering the store Madam Malkin walked towards them immediately, "Hogwarts robes, dearies?"

Hope nodded, "Yes, for me my usual measurements, Harrison still needs to have his measurements taken."

Madam Malkin nodded, searching for Hope's measurements, meanwhile Hope looked at Harrison, "Mom and dad told me that you also have to buy some wizarding clothes, instead of wearing just muggle clothing." She once again looked at Harrisons clothing with disgust.

Harrison wanted to protest, he had wizarding clothes already, but then he realised the clothing style probably changed a lot the past few centuries.

And so he was picking out colours and materials in which Hope would order robes and other clothing for him while his measurements were taken.

"Seriously green? That's awfully slytherin." Hope scrunched her nose and Harrison laughed, "It's my eyes, dear sister of mine."

"Still, you should pick red instead, I mean all the Potters are gryffindors."

"No, Hope. I'm taking a mix of blue's, greens and some black and grey, deal with it." Hope looked like she wanted to protest but just nodded, and started to fill out a sheet with everything Harrison would need in the chosen colours.

Harrison was secretly glad that Hope didn't decide to pick colours for

him, she obviously had no idea what colours fitted someone's appearance. And he totally made that assumption based on the red dress Hope was wearing, which totally clashed with the red colour of her hair.

"Okay, time to take your measurements, Mr. Potter." Madam Malkin stated, when she walked back into the room, motioning for Harrison to follow her.

In the room he got lead into there was a blonde boy, he was also getting his measurements taken, but when the boy saw him he gasped, making his mother tell him to be respectful.

"Mom, that's the lost potter." He heard the boy whisper, "They finally got their heads cleared up and took him back."

"Draco, stop being so disrespectful." His father said and Harrison noticed that the boy- Draco- put up a Pureblood mask, a mask he himself was also wearing- Salazar had spent ages teaching him how to get a good mask.

"It's fine, sir. I understand he's surprised, I mean I myself was surprised that my parents even wanted me back." Harrison said with a shy voice, quickly adding, "Not that they pay a lot of attention to me, my sister is their little star." His voice sounded bitter now and he had to be careful before he spilled too much of how he was really feeling.

"Oh, you poor child!" Mrs. Malfoy said, Harrison could spot a Malfoy in any crowd, somehow the family still looked somewhat like their ancestors in the founders time.

"It's fine, Ma'am. I don't think they'll be happy with me after my sorting, anyways, so maybe it'll be easier on all of us if they don't really care about me now." Harrison said, talking about how he really felt for the first time in a while.

"And why would that be?" The boy asked, obviously wondering what house Harrison thought he was going to be sorted in.

"Well, everyone I know tells me I will probably be in Slytherin." Harrison said, sounding really happy with the fact that Slytherin was probably going to be his house. Salazar's portrait was in the common room and of all the founders, he probably missed Sal the most.

"A Potter in Slytherin, how.. special." Mr. Malfoy said and Harrison grinned, "Well sir, maybe it would have been different if they had

actually tried to raise me themselves."

"You are right." Draco said and then walked towards Harrison, "So what do you say, want to break another family rule and be the first Potter in a while to befriend a Malfoy?" He extended his hand and Harrison smiled, "I'd be honoured to and I do love breaking my families 'rules'" Harrison said and Draco smiled when Harrison took his hand.

"Okay Mr. Malfoy, we have your robes ready." Madam Malkin said and Draco nodded, saying goodbye to Harrison before walking to the front of the shop with his parents.

After that it went pretty quickly, Harrison got his measurements taken and Madam Malkin told them to come back in half an hour, so they went to flourish and blotts next.

Inside the store, Hope didn't give Harrison a lot of time to look around for interesting books, instead just walking to the front counter and ordering two sets of first year course books. Her excuse was that he had spent too long at Madam Malkin and they didn't have a lot of time anymore, however Harrison knew that she probably just hated everything that had something to do with reading.

"Okay so where to next?" Harrison asked his sister, but couldn't find her when he looked around, "Goddamnit, Hope."

Harrison had never quite used Wizard cursing words, finding it weird to curse with 'Merlin's pants' after being partially raised by the man. So instead he used muggle curse words, like Rowena and Godric had done and even Salazar sometimes. Helga had always been strictly against cursing, to the point where she would get angry when anyone cursed with Harrison close by.

That was the day that Sal started cursing in parseltongue, much to Harrisons amusement.

"Hope!" Harrison half-shouted and then he heard a soft, "I'm here." From the direction of a group of redheads.

Weasleys, Harrison realised, just like the Malfoys they hadn't changed a lot from their ancestors.

He walked towards the group and saw Hope standing with a boy that was slightly taller than she was.

“Okay so, this is my little brother Harrison.” Hope said and Harrison had the urge to mutter, ‘older’ but decided against it.

He looked around the group once and noticed a few things immediately- Salazar and Helga had spent hours teaching him how to read people in a group or alone. Salazar had mostly done it because it was a handy skill, especially in a world full of pureblood masks. Helga, however thought that being able to read people made it easier to befriend them, notice when they need help.

Despite their difference in reason, they teamed up to teach Harrison everything they knew about reading people after even one quick look.

The first thing he noticed is that the one that looked the oldest now obviously wasn’t used to being the oldest child, he looked nervous like he didn’t quite know how to act around his siblings anymore. This meant that there was at least one older child.

The second thing he noticed was that there was a big drift between the younger two and the others. The mom seemed to spend more time watching the younger ones and generally seemed closer with them. The middle two- twins- seemed to be totally apart from their family, obviously something happened to this family.

“Harrison!” Hope snapped and Harrison looked at her, “Yeah?”

“I’ve been calling your name for the past 2 minutes, are you okay?” Hope asked and Harrison nodded, so Hope continued, “I wanted to introduce you to the Weasleys.”

Harrison nodded again, to get Hope to continue.

“Okay so this is my bestfriend Ron Weasley and that’s his younger sister, Ginny Weasley. The twins over there are Fred and George, and the oldest right now is Percy.”

“Our older brothers-“

“- Are in Romania and Egypt-“

“- Right now.” The twins said and Harrison nodded, not even weirded out by the twin speak. Their mother seemed to find it irritating, though, telling them to stop.

Deciding it was probably better to change the subject back to what they were talking about Harrison asked, “So who’s Fred and who’s

George?" Making both the twins look up in surprise and Ron mutter, "What does it matter, no one knows the difference between them anyways."

"They look pretty different to me, maybe if you'd actually try you would see it too." Harrison said before he could stop himself, he had seen a quick flicker of hurt in the twins eyes and suddenly the distance between them and their family made sense, Harrison knew how they felt, being in pretty much the same situation.

And he had not told a lie; the twins were pretty different, it was mostly the face shape and body language that made them look different, he had to give the family that: their features were pretty similar.

"I'm George," One of the twins said and the other one nodded, they sounded serious enough, even if their mom protested that they were joking.

"Nice to meet you, everyone." Harrison finally said, but no one beside the oldest three decided to pay him any attention anymore.

He sighed, "Hope, we still have to get pets, an owl or something."

Hope's eyes lit up, "Right! We should probably go, I'll see you in the train, Ron!" Then she grabbed Harrisons arm and pulled him towards The Magical Menagerie.

When they entered Hope let go of him, immediately going towards the owls.

Harrison however went towards the snakes, not quite finding what he wanted. There seemed to be a lot of smaller snakes, the ones you would find in a field with high grass.

The hissing was very loud and not all of them were necessarily intelligent. It was kind of annoying, hearing snakes whisper threats into his ears.

That was until he saw a snake that seemed to whisper, "*Please, shut up. You're not scaring him, stupid hatchlings."*

Harrison chuckled, "*I like you."* The snake looked up, surprised, "*A speaker? Of course you would like me I'm amazing."*

"I'm sure you are and you're quite beautiful, too." The snake looked like

either a boa or a python, but one look at his teeth and belly scales told him differently.

Salazar had taught him everything he needed to know about identifying snakes, but still he wasn't sure about this one.

The scales and teeth signalled that this snake was venomous; Pythons and Boa's aren't venomous.

"*So pray tell, what you are, You look like a python or boa. Yet not any snake of these kind are venomous like you obviously are."* Harrison hissed and the snake gave him a look, "*I'm magical, I am indeed a Boa, but the not-venomous rule doesn't really apply to us magical snakes."*

"Perfect, would you be okay if I took you with me?" Harrison asked and the snake nodded, "*Anything to get out of here."*

He took the snake with him before walking to the owls, spotting his sister petting a brown owl, "That's a pretty one." He said and his sister nodded, "Yeah, I think she's the one I'm getting."

Harrison nodded, before he saw a snow white owl in the corner of his eyes, it was such a pretty owl.

He walked towards it and was about to reach out when he got stopped, "Watch out! She bites." A shop assistant said and Harrison totally ignored them, reaching out to pet the owl and the owl let him.

"Or she doesn't," The assistant said and Harrison chuckled, "I'll take her." He said and the assistant nodded and then noticed the snake on his arm, "You will also take him?"

"Yeah, both of them." The assistant nodded and when Hope joined them, Harrison also paid for her.

They left the shop, Hope not noticing the snake that Harrison was hiding, currently in his pocket- with an extension charm on it. "We should probably go back to get our robes now," Harrison said and Hope nodded.

They told their owls to go to Potter manor and went back to Madam Malkins, finishing their business there pretty quickly, they got their robes and paid. Madam Malkins shrunk the bags for them and after that they went to the entrance of Diagon Alley, meeting their mom and dad there, who were already waiting for them there.

“You got everything?” James asked and Hope nodded, he didn’t even look at Harrison for his answer before saying, “Good, we can visit our friend now to see what core you have, Harrison.”

Harrison nodded, knowing that this was probably the start of ruining the last part of the relationship he still had with his parents, they would hate his grey core.

“She lives pretty close to here, so we can walk.” Lily said and Hope groaned, but followed her mom. Harrison and James also followed, walking in a sort of tense silence, James kept looking at Harrison with a weird look.

It made Harrison nervous.

This continued the whole way to the house of Lily’s friend, where they knocked on the door and Lily explained what they came for.

“Oh! Of course, come in!” The friend said cheerfully, “So this is Harrison?”

James nodded and the witch continued, “Well it’s a pleasure to meet you Harrison, I’m Megan and Magic gave me the gift of magical sensitivity. It means I can see your magic, see if your core is light, grey or dark. I want to say, that whatever kind your core ends up being it doesn’t mean that that you are ‘good’ or ‘evil’ that’s for you to decide and has nothing to do with your magical core.”

James scowled, “I’m not accepting a dark wizard as son.”

Megan looked at James sighed, “Leave this room, then. I’m not going to have you disown your son because of his core.”

Harrison smiled at Megan and said, “It’s okay, he can stay.” Having the urge to add: It wouldn’t be the first time they left me behind for something that isn’t even my fault.

“Okay, we’re ready.” Lily said, though, she too was looking at Harrison with a weird kind of suspicion now. Megan nodded, closing her eyes and when she opened them her first light grey eyes seemed to glow white.

It was the first time Harrison noticed how the woman looked, he had been too focused on his parents finding out about his core. The woman was wearing a loose white dress, she had curly black hair that stopped right above her shoulders and soft freckles were spread over

her dark skin. She had a small tattoo on her bare shoulder, it seemed to be a star constellation, Harrison couldn't see which one it was, though.

She looked like a goddess, really.

She looked at Harrison and gasped, "I've never seen anything like this before." And Harrison smirked, he knew that only he and Voldemort had a core like this.

"What?" Lily asked her friend, "It's grey, so grey. It's something I've always believed to be impossible, every wizards magic has one type that it prefers and a 'grey core' usually means being close to grey, but still having one kind that your magic slightly favours. Harrisons magic doesn't seem to favour anything, though. He's perfectly grey." Megan explained, her eyes glowing a bit brighter than before.

James looked at Harrison and just shook his head, "A grey core?"

"Yes, it's perfect, your son will be able to do any kind of magic with ease, well as easy as magic can get. He also won't have the symptoms from casting the wrong kind of magic for long periods of time, like sickness."

"Yeah, I remember casting one dark spell and getting really sick." Lily said and James looked at her with a questioning look, she shrugged, "It was war, Dumbledore had taught me the spell, it wasn't illegal or anything so I just tried."

James accepted her answer, knowing that Dumbledore only taught his wife for her safety.

"That was however, when I didn't know anything about cores yet." Lily added and James was once again reminded that Lily was a muggleborn.

"Can we go home now? I'm bored." Hope whined and Lily nodded, "Of course we can." Not even bothering to really end the conversation she was in.

She did, however, quickly say goodbye to Megan and then walked out, James following her and Hope. Harrison was about to follow, but instead decided to turn around and thank Megan properly, because his parents obviously hadn't.

"Thank you for doing this." Harrison said and Megan smiled, her eyes

were back to normal now. “It’s quite alright, Harry- may I call you that? It was a honour to see a core like yours. I’m sorry that your dad reacted the way he did.”

“Yea, you can call me Harry. About my dad, that’s fine, I honestly suspected it. He’s been kind of weird the whole day and well-“

“It’s your first day back with them,” Megan finished his sentence and Harrison nodded, “Yeah, it is.”

“The Potters- well they aren’t that popular, half of the wizarding world loves them- Hope especially, of course. Most of us purebloods haven’t forgiven them for giving away their child, though.” Megan said and Harrison nodded, “I remember most of it, the night they decided to give me away, I pretend I don’t because it’s easier. I still remember Sirius and Remus leaving them, telling them that this was the end of their friendship if they gave me away.”

“Yeah, they were- still are really angry about it. They can’t wait to see you at Hogwarts.” Megan said and Harrison just had to ask, “You know them?”

“Yeah, we’re pretty close. I used to never pick sides, not really caring about the fight between light and dark magic, but I- like a lot of others- never forgave the Potters for giving you away, even though I didn’t stop being friends with Lily. You made me side with the dark wizards more and because of that Sirius sought me out, he’s been coming here weekly ever since.”

“I made you pick the dark side?” Harrison asked, honestly surprised.

“You did, the dark side isn’t just Voldemort, well it used to be. Now it’s just everyone who hates Dumbledore and most of them also hate the Potters. I well- my core is grey, but favours dark magic, so if I had to fight, I would’ve probably picked the dark side anyways. The light side has been passing all kinds of laws against dark creatures and magic, even if they don’t harm anyone. It’s unacceptable.”

Harrison looked at the witch in front of him, “Thank you, for being honest about this war. It’s hard to find information that isn’t biased.”

“It’s my pleasure. It was nice meeting you, but you should probably join your family now.”

And she was right, the Potters were waiting impatiently in front of the house. Harrison nodded, “Can I come to you if I were to have

questions about this war?" He asked, he finally found a trust-worthy information source and Megan honestly seemed nice.

She nodded, "Yeah, owl me anytime."

"Thank you." He said and then he joined his family outside, it honestly felt nice to meet a not- judging grown up in this time, but it made him miss the founders even more.

"Finally!" Hope said and Lily grabbed his arm and apparated both of them without warning him.

That honestly wasn't a nice feeling.

"Dinner will be served at 7, before that you're free to do what you want." Lily said and he nodded.

"Ask a house elf to lead you to your room." James asked and then they both just left, leaving Harrison alone with Hope, who rolled her eyes and said, "You can call Nimsey, she's one of the Potter elves."

Harrison nodded, "thank you."

Hope left without saying another word, Harrison called for Nimsey who lead him to his room.

He dropped the some of the bags- which he had shrank before they had met up with their parents- and finally got his snake out of his pocket, "*Sorry,"* He hissed and the snake just responded with, "*I've been through worse."* And then slithered up his arm to wrap himself around Harrisons neck.

Harrison accepted the answer, not questioning the snake about it. Instead he sat down on his bed and pulled out the note from Merlin, that Ollivanders' gave to him.

Hello Harrison,

So when I went to the future to make sure your wand would be at Ollivanders, I found out a little fact you would probably like to know.

Turns out, that the phoenix that gave you your feather for your wand only lost one other feather that was also made into a wand. That wand has a phoenix feather core and the wood used is yew, the current owner is Tom Marvolo Riddle- or Voldemort, whatever you want to call him.

I don't know what this means, but it might have something to do with that

night.

Make sure you find my portrait soon!

Merlin.

Harrison just stared at the note and then started to laugh at how ridiculous this situation is, of course the dark lord had not only the same type of core, but also from the exact same phoenix.

This only happens to him. He would have to look at what it meant to share a core made from the same animal, finally something new he could learn.

But for now, he would ignore this situation and instead wait till he met Voldemort; maybe the man had answers.

Instead he decided he should call for Nimsey again and ask her to lead him to the owlery. He wanted to check if the owl was okay with being called 'Hedwig.'

Talking about names, he still had to come up with a name for his snake, coming up with names sucked.

"*Do you have a name?"* Harrison asked the snake, who answered "*No,"*

The snake was a black Boa and with the right light he had a blue glow, Harrison thought about names that fitted either how the snake looked or how he acted.

He was so bad at this.

"*Loki?"* He hissed and the snake hissed, not even saying anything.

"I'll take that as a no." Harrison laughed, he hadn't expected the snake to like that, "*What about Ebony?"*

"That's a pretty easy name, I like it." The snake- Ebony hissed back.

"*You're literally named after wood."* Harrison said and Ebony replied, "*I like wood- well I like trees and they're made from wood so."* Harrison imagined Ebony would shrug if he had shoulders.

"*Right,"* Harrison said and then he decided to finally go to his owl- Hedwig.

Hedwig seemed to like his name and just like that his first day back was spend, soon he would be back at Hogwarts- back at home.

He couldn’t wait.

Chapter End Notes

> Am I the only one who's obsessed with heartstopper rn, I've literally spend 3 whole days making different edits about this fucking show I am totally 1000% fucking obsessed with.
>
> Okay bye lmao

Chapter 6: Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

Harrison meets new people and goes back home.

Chapter Notes

When I was writing I was going for 5k words... it's now 9.4k words-
Oh and I totally forgot August is a month so I had to add that part last moment... Oops?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison had to spend one month with his parents and Hope. He totally forgot about the fact that 'August' was also a month and since he returned at the 31st of July he would have to spend the whole month in this house.

Harrison spend the first two days avoiding everyone who could possibly come over to their home, like Ron and Molly Weasley. He also avoided his own parents and Hope, only joining them for meals, but even then he wouldn't talk to them.

Today, the 3rd of August was different, though. When Harrison sat down for dinner his mom looked at him and said, "You know how we picked you up at your birthday?"

Harrison nodded, not bothering answering, surprised she even remembered that it had been his birthday, too.

"Well, since we couldn't have a party for Hope then, we decided to have on in a couple of days, the 7th to be exact. You will be there, that means no hiding in your room." Lily said and Harrison nodded, not showing any emotion on his face.

"Who did you guys invite?" Harrison asked and James said, "The Weasley's, Longbottom's, Diggory's, Amelia and Susan Bones and some others."

Harrison snorted, "Right, no 'dark' pureblood families. Is Megan coming? I have some questions about my core."

James raised an eyebrow, but Lily nodded, "I did invite her, so she'll

probably try to show up."

"Okay fine and are all the Weasleys coming? I met some of them in Diagon Alley a few days ago." Harrison asked and Lily smiled, "I'm glad you're not throwing a fit about this, I suppose that most of them will be here. I don't know about Bill and Charlie, but the past few years they did show up."

Harrison nodded once again and then turned back to eating, Lily and James started talking about what kind of decoration Hope wanted for her birthday and Harrison honestly wanted to leave as soon as possible.

When he did finish eating he looked at his family, who once again pretended he didn't exist so he took that as a sign he was free to leave.

~~~

Two days later Harrison went to Diagon alley on his own for the first time, Draco had asked if he wanted to meet up with the boy and Harrison agreed immediately. Draco had warned him that his parents would be there, Harrison had just told him it was fine, it wasn't like his parents were coming.

Or that they would even notice he was gone.

So now he was standing outside some fancy restaurant, he had decided to not tell too much to Draco yet, not talking about the dark or light side, just about more standard subjects.

After all, he wasn't sure how his parents would react if Harrison just casually mentioned that he was planning to bring back their lord.

He walked into the restaurant and got led to the place Draco and his parents were sitting, Mrs. Malfoy smiled at him politely, "We almost thought you wouldn't show up."

"I had to wait till my parents finished talking about how great Hope is," Harrison rolled his eyes, "I don't think they even know I'm here right now, not that I didn't tell them they just don't bother listening."

He sat down with every bit of grace that a pureblood heir should be, "I am glad to get the chance to leave the house, I've been meaning to come back here, but I never quite had a reason to do so."

"Is there anywhere you would like to go specifically? We could show
~~~

you around.” Draco said, with the excitement of a little child, Harrison inclined his head, “Actually, I’ve been searching for a certain book on wands that I can’t quite find here, I suppose I should look in Knockturn alley for it.” He paused, “Unless you don’t want to take me to there, I’ve heard stories about it, though I’ve never actually been there.”

Total lie, Knockturn alley had been Salazar’s favourite shopping place, though back then it didn’t quite have the bad reputation it has now.

“Oh dear, what would a boy like you need from Knockturn alley?” Mrs. Malfoy asked, though she got interrupted by their food arriving, turns out the Malfoy’s ordered for him.

He didn’t know what they ordered from him, even after seeing it, but Draco smirked and said, “Just try it.”

Harrison did, decided he liked it, before turning back to Mrs. Malfoy, “Well, Mrs. Malfoy, there’s something with my wand, that I was wondering about. I’ve never heard of it before and I pretty much master wandlore. I just need answers.”

“Something’s wrong with your wand?” Draco asked, surprised and Harrison shook his head, “Don’t worry about it, I can deal with it, I’m just curious.”

“So what is this problem you’re having?” Mr. Malfoy asked and Harrison sighed, “My wand.. well it has a phoenix feather as core, but the phoenix who gave my feather gave one other feather and I know who has the other feather, but I don’t know what it means.”

“That’s not something heard of, two wands from the same animal.” Mr. Malfoy said and Harrison nodded, “I know, that’s why I want to know what it means, but I don’t think there would be books about it here.”

“You’re probably right about that, we will take you to Knockturn alley.” Mr. Malfoy decided and Harrison thanked him, before returning to his food, eating as quick as he could while still with the manners of a pureblood.

First impressions matter after all.

~

They finished lunch pretty fast and went to Knockturn alley

immediately afterwards, Mr. Malfoy- Lucius, Harrison found out- led them to Borgin and Burkes, they had a big book selection in the back of the store.

Harrison looked at all the books and decided to not buy anything beside the book he needed, he would come back here some time, but it was too risky to have dark arts books while living with the Potters.

He searched the place, asking Draco to help him find a book on wands, but it took a while.

“Can I help you?” A man asked, the man had been looking at him for a while and probably decided he was taking too long. He was after all a young boy with no parents around- Lucius and Narcissa were looking at other items in the shop.

“Actually, yes. I was wondering if you had books on wandlore. More specifically cores from the same animals.” Harrison said, and the man raised an eyebrow, “Why would a young boy need such a book?”

Harrison immediately knew this was a good place to go, the answer told him that there was a book with answers here. He had ofcourse, thought it would be here, he had seen a book like that when he was still at the founders and for some reason he felt a weird pull on his magic, but back then he ignored it.

“Oh, how rude of me.” Harrison said sarcastically, “Let me introduce myself, I’m Harrison Potter.” He smiled at the man, who was now gaping at him. “And I’ve recently found out that my wand has a twin wand as people like to call it.”

“From the same animal?” The man asked him, Harrison looked at him, amused. “I do believe that is what twin wands mean, yes.”

“Oh- of- ofcourse. Let me get the book.” The man said and hurried away. Draco looked at Harrison, “Why did he react like that?”

“It’s really rare for someone to have a twin wand, I’m not sure what it means. I’m also the lost Potter wandering around Knockturn alley.”

“Fair,” Draco snorted and Harrison turned back to the man, who came hurrying back with the book in his hand. “I do believe this is the book you were looking for.”

Harrison took the book, feeling the same pull as he had years ago, he nodded. “Yes it is, thank you, sir.”

“It- the book costs 10 galleons.” The man said, “I- it’s a rare book.” Harrison nodded, 10 galleons was about 50 pounds, honestly cheaper than he thought it would be.

He grabbed the money his parents had given him- of which he had almost spend nothing, because both his parents and Hope had paid for a lot of his school supplies.

“Here you go.” He said, handing the man the money. The man nodded and Harrison and Draco joined Narcissa and Lucius.

“Found what you were looking for?” Narcissa asked and Harrison nodded, holding up the book.

“Good, now I was thinking we go back to Diagon alley and just walk around for a bit, before going back home.” Narcissa said and everyone agreed, Diagon alley was probably safer for two eleven year old boys.

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Two days later Harrison woke up and the whole house was decorated. “Right, birthday.” He muttered to himself. Instead of eating downstairs he called Nimsey to bring him food to his room, the elf made him some quick breakfast and he ate while reading the book about wands.

‘The wand chooses the wizard, yet it’s possible that a second-hand wand works perfectly. For years we thought that this could only happen because of reincarnation; But sometimes two people in the same time can use the same wand- or at least the same core.

Every core is different and it can be that one thestral hair does bond with you, while another one doesn’t. Cores have their own wills and that’s generally why we only make one wand per animal. Even if we get a second feather from a phoenix we usually only use one of the two feathers. Sometimes, something goes wrong and two people end up having a core from the exact same animal. We call these wands twin wands.

While there are many possible reasons for this, the most popular theory is that the two wizards are soulmates, having a similar faith, some might meet- other’s won’t. Another theory is that it depends on your background, having a similar childhood can make people similar in a mental way.

Twin wands have only been seen a couple of time in history and everything we know about them are just theories, since we don’t have a lot of examples to study.
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Harrison frowned, this didn't say a lot. Though the soulmate part might signal in him being a horcrux, the founders had warned him that he might be one, since Voldemort's soul was so unstable when he attacked Harrison.

"Harry! Come downstairs!" James shouted, Harrison sighed, closing the book. He left his empty plate behind, knowing Nimsey would find it later.

"You have to greet the guests." James said when he was finally downstairs, Harrison raised an eyebrow, "Shouldn't Hope do that?"

"She didn't want to." James said and Harrison groaned, but did walk towards the door, spending his first 30 minutes or so greeting a bunch of people he didn't know.

"Hey Harrison!" He looked over and saw the twins and their family, "Hey Fred." He said nodding towards Fred, who was currently standing on George's left. He saw that the two oldest brothers did show up today.

"You remembered." George said in surprise, the rest of the family looked just as surprised. Especially the two oldest one, who hadn't been there when Harrison basically promised he would remember the difference.

Harrison shrugged, "I said I would."

"So you did." Fred smirked and Harrison smiled, "Now I know almost all of you, please introduce me to the ones I don't know yet."

"This is our-"

"Dear father,"

"Arthur." George finished and Harrison looked at them in amusement.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Weasley." He said politely and Arthur nodded while smiling, not responding, because Fred and George were talking again.

"You've already met-"

"Our dear Brothers and Sister-"

"Ginny, Ron and Percy."

Harrison nodded and then George said, “And ofcourse our mom, Molly Weasley.” He looked over at the woman, who once again looked annoyed by their twin speak. Ron and Ginny also looked annoyed, Arthur and Percy just ignored it and the older brothers seemed just as amused as Harrison was.

“And then here-“

“- Are our older brothers-“

“- Bill and Charlie Weasley.” Fred finished and Harrison nodded, “Pleasure to meet you.”

Charlie- who Harrison assumed was the second eldest, by the way Bill kept looking over all the children like a sort of third parent- smiled at him, “Pleasures all mine.”

Harrison let them in and could finally join the party, the Weasley’s had been the last ones to arrive.

He sat down on one of the couches in a corner, he wasn’t going to try to socialize with people who would all be in Hope’s social bubble in school.

“Harrison.” He heard and he looked up seeing Megan there, “Hey, I heard you had some questions about your core?”

Harrison smiled, “Not actually about my core, more about the war.. I have a feeling me and the dark lord are connected in some way and I want to talk to the man, try to get answers and decide what to do then, but the man is currently not really alive.”

“Oh,” Megan said, slightly shocked, before smiling again, “Well I’ll answer your questions.”

Harrison waved his hand, making a privacy charm around them, Megan raised an eyebrow at his subtle show of powerful magic, but then giggled. “I really shouldn’t be surprised after I read your core.” Harrison grinned at her.

“Well, I suppose it’s better to start with the most logical question, what does the Dark Lord actually fight for?”

Megan seemed to think for a moment, “He’s- well He was trying to secure our safety. Muggles they’re dangerous, while they don’t have magic they are creative. They made weapons that could easily kill our

whole population in a single day. The Dark Lord saw these dangers and warned people about it, but our ministry- with influence from Dumbledore- decided it was better to make the wards that have been up for decades to protect us from muggles weaker. They believe we can learn to live together, as one big community. They don't see the muggles as a threat. That's the reason why the Dark Lord became a Dark Lord and didn't just join the ministry, he could never show them how dangerous muggles really are, so instead he decided to take over the ministry and do the work himself."

"But then he got insane, because of his fear for death." Harrison finished for her, she shot him a surprised look again, but nodded. "He went totally crazy, turned into a madman who wanted to suddenly kill everyone who wasn't 100% pureblood."

"Fucking hypocrite." Harrison muttered and Megan laughed, "Yeah, well, no one knows that he isn't one himself, though."

"You do." Harrison said and Megan inclined her head, "So do you."

Harrison smirked at her, she smirked right back. Then she said, "You are an unusual eleven year old." Harrison shrugged, "I've gotten that more often,"

"Must be true, then." She said, Harrison snorted.

"I actually have another question, if I were to- you know- bring the Dark Lord back, would you like to be there?"

She looked at him in shock, "You're- what-"

"I mean, nothing is certain yet, but I'm pretty damn sure I'll have found out how to bring him back at Halloween."

"I mean- if you want me to be there, I would love to, I was never really totally dark, like I told you. So now would be a good time to talk to the Dark Lord."

"Yes, the plan is to also make him sane, so that we won't have to deal with the insane creature on this planet anymore." Harrison said and Megan nodded, "Good thinking. I should probably go back to the grownups now," She rolled her eyes, "Really, I don't understand how you deal being with your parents 24/7."

"I lock myself in my room." Harrison answered and she laughed, "Smart, I should try that the next time I'm here, just lock myself in a

random room."

Harrison laughed, "Good luck." She grimaced and walked away.

Harrison sighed and leaned back in the couch, he wasn't going to be social if his parents didn't force him. After all, he was at least present at Hope's party, it wasn't like they were also celebrating his birthday right now, so he didn't see a reason to be very social right now.

"Hey Harrikins!" Harrison looked up to see the oldest 5 brothers of the Weasley family standing in front of him, He nodded at them in greeting.

"Can we join you?" Bill asked and Harrison answered, "Yeah, sure."

All the brothers sat down, looking kind of awkward like they don't quite know what to say. Well that was besides Fred and George.

"We couldn't help but notice that this whole party was for Hope." Charlie said carefully and Harrison raised an eyebrow, "Wow, you guys deserve an award for noticing that."

Charlie snorted, "Is there a reason?" Harrison shrugged, "My parents don't really like me, at least, I don't think they do. Ever since I'm back here we've just ignored each other, to the point where I was gone a whole day and they didn't even notice. The only reason I'm here is so they can keep images up of being the perfect little family who took their poor abandoned child back." Harrison laughed bitterly, "I suppose they did, but not because they really wanted to."

Harrison was glad he hadn't took down the privacy charm he put around his area earlier, he wouldn't have to show off his magic in front of all these Weasley's, but he could still talk about his situation without anyone hearing.

"That's actually not that surprising," Bill said, trying to find the words to not hurt Harrison's feelings, but also wanting to explain how the Potters had said multiple times that they were happier with just Hope.

"I know," Harrison sighed, "I suppose I shouldn't tell this to a bunch of strangers, but whatever. I remember- everything."

"What?"

"Everything from that night, even from before then. I suppose my first active memory is when Sirius gave me my first child broom," He

smiled, “My parents hated the thought, but I absolutely loved it, the whole day I sat on that baby thing. I could pretty much fly before I could walk. Hope hated it, that first day all her attention was gone, to make sure I didn’t crash.”

“How old were you?” George asked and Harrison shrugged, “About 6 months? I’m not sure.”

“Can I trust you guys with something I’ve told no one? I think it would be nice for someone to know and my magic has pretty much been telling me I can trust you guys.”

Because trust like this could only come from his own magic telling him that these five were okay, even Percy the more silent one- who he hadn’t really heard talk yet- could be trusted.

“If you want to.” Charlie answered easily, Harrison thought the man was probably the best at dealing with situations like this, he had been talking the most ever since they sat down.

“Hope everyone’s saviour,” Harrison laughed, “But she’s not even the girl-who-lived, Voldemort didn’t even look at her twice when he felt my power.”

The Weasley’s gaped, Harrison just laughed, “Everyone will believe Albus Dumbledore the moment he says something, but I remember Voldemort standing above my crib, apologising about the fact he was about to kill me, telling himself he was going crazy for talking about a baby. I even laughed at him.” Harrison said, “It’s so surreal and no one will believe me, but Voldemort never gave a shit about Hope.”

“But the scar-“ Percy said, speaking up for the first time.

“The curse reflected,” Harrison showed his own scar, hidden under his hair. “It’s the wand movement of the killing curse,” He said.

“I can’t believe- I mean I believe you, but this is the craziest thing I’ve heard in a while.” Bill said and Harrison shrugged, smirking slightly. “You’re welcome.”

~

After Hope’s birthday Harrisons break was boring, he still had 3 weeks. In these 3 weeks he read a lot and decided that he probably had Voldemort’s twin wand, because in some weird way their magic blended that night.

He just wasn't ready to admit that he had a piece of Voldemort's soul in him.

He also read all his course books through, multiple times, remembering all the spells he had to learn this year and already practicing them. He could use his normal wand and wand without core as well as normal wandless magic.

Since the trace latches into the core of a wand he could use all of them, Salazar hadn't put a trace on his real wand and his fake wand couldn't possibly have one. Wandless magic of course didn't have a trace either way.

Harrison actually managed to keep himself busy with magic until the night before going to Hogwarts. He totally forgot about having to visit Gringotts and decided he would do that somewhere in his Christmas break. While falling asleep all he could think about was how it would feel to be home again.

~~

The next morning was chaotic to say the least, Hope unlike her brother didn't pack anything yet. She was running around the house the whole morning to make sure she had everything while Harrison just quietly sat at the table, eating his pancakes, which was their goodbye breakfast.

(He had been hiding Ebony in his pocket again, much to the annoyance of said snake, but he knew his family would probably try to kill him if they found out about him. So instead he kept him in his pocket, at least until he was in the train.

He had already send Hedwig to Hogwarts, telling her he would be there in a few hours, she had nibbled his finger before flying away.)

Well, it wasn't really goodbye, Harrison mused. After all, his whole family was going to be at Hogwarts. And he would finally see Siri and Remus again, he couldn't wait.

When Hope was finally ready, they flooed to the platform and they were just on time, Hope left him to look for Ron immediately and his parents didn't even bother saying anything, so instead he walked onto the train trying to find Draco or the Weasley twins, either would be fine.

He went past a lot of compartments and eventually found Draco, he

was sitting in a compartment with two other boys and a girl.

“Hey, can I sit with you?” He asked Draco, who nodded and made place for him. Even though these compartments were obviously made for 4 persons, not 5 or more.

Harrison waved his hand and made the compartment larger, it was a simple enlargement charm, one of the first the founders taught him.

“What-“ The girl said and Harrison chuckled, he wasn’t going to bother hiding his skills when he was probably going to expose himself in the first few weeks anyways. His real secrets- like him wanting to help Voldemort, only to talk to him about his idea’s – would be kept secret.

“Wandless magic has always been my talent,” Harrison shrugged and Draco seemed to snap out of his shock, “Pansy, Blaise, Theo this is Harry Potter.” He said and Harrison nodded at them, “Nice to meet you.”

Blaise- who had been silent the whole time- even at his casual show of wandless magic, spoke up now. “The lost Potter, huh?” He asked with a raised eyebrow, smirking he added, “Are mommy and daddy okay with you sitting with us, dark wizards?”

He saw that Draco was about to tell Blaise off, but Harrison just laughed, “Honestly I don’t really care what they think about me sitting here.”

“You’re different than I expected you to be,” The other boy, Theo, said.

“If you expected me to clung to my little sister after they abandoned me for her, no I’m not really a big fan of them. Honestly, I tried to give Hope a chance and she has moments where she’s nice, but overall I can’t deal with spending too much time with them.” Harrison said casually, as if he didn’t just admit he didn’t like his family.

“I feel like you’re going to make this year more interesting,” Draco said and Harrison chuckled, “I’d sure hope so, after all, the drama I’m going to create at the sorting will be enough.”

“Harrison here thinks he’s going to get sorted into Slytherin,” Draco explained to the confused looks of the other three and Harrison nodded, “I don’t think I’m going to get sorted into Slytherin, I know I’m going to get sorted into Slytherin.” Then he looked around and

added, “Talking about snakes, any of you really scared of them?”

When all of them shook their head Harrison finally freed Ebony from his pocket, “This is Ebony, he’s still a child in a few months I won’t be able to hide him in my pocket anymore.”

“You have a snake?” Pansy asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “No this is just a human I transfigured into a snake, obviously I have a snake.”

“*Don’t bully the humans too much, you might need them later.”* Ebony hissed and Harrison laughed stroking the snake.

“Did he just understand the snake?” Blaise whispered, more to himself than to the rest, but Harrison nodded, “Yeah, you’ll find that I have a lot of secrets, I’m not going to bother hiding too much. It gets tiring and I believe that I can trust you guys or well, more like I can make you guys regret it if you show me that I can’t trust you.”

Harrison smirked and the other’s believed him immediately. It’s not like he really cared if the secret about him being able to speak parseltongue got spread anyways.

“*See, that’s better, Speaker. I always say; everyone can be trusted with enough threatening.”* The snake hissed and then he looked down, “*Sometimes the stupid ones still betray you, though, be careful.”*

“I will, don’t worry, oh wise one.” Harrison responded sarcastically. All the others looked at him with surprise, but quickly slipped their masks back on. Harrison laughed at their reactions, “You didn’t think I could just understand the snake, did you?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Well- it’s weird to hear someone talk to a snake.” Pansy said and Harrison supposed it was, after all none of them could’ve seen this before, all of them were around his age and the last known parselmouth got well- killed, when he was only one.

He forgot that not everyone was used to him talking parseltongue, like the few students he took classes with in the past were, him and Salazar liked talking in parseltongue while walking through the long corridors of the castle, no one could hear what they were talking about.

“I suppose that’s true.” Harrison shrugged.

The rest of the train ride was kind of boring, Harrison ignored

everyone, instead reading through his potion book. He was excited for potions, over the years a lot of new techniques were introduced, after the founders time- so he would actually learn something.

Salazar and him had loved experimenting with potions, they went from making better working numbing potions, to trying to make a potion with a crucio effect.

Helga wasn't happy when Sal told her about that, but honestly it was a learning experience.

After a while Pansy left their compartment to change in a different compartment and so everyone started changing.

Harrison shook his head and instead used the spell Rowena had taught him, it changed your clothes, not quite transfiguring it instead swapping it with other clothes in your possession.

Harrison remembered the day Rowena taught him that, she had been quite insistent about the fact that he should master this spell.

"Harrison, please, just do your little hand wave thing and think of wearing these clothes instead of the ones you're wearing now." Rowena practically begged him, Harrison just laughed, "I think my clothes are fine, why do you want me to change them so bad?"

"I don't want you to change them, I want you to master this spell before you try it in a train compartment and fail." Rowena explained and she added- after Harrison shot her a confused look, "Everyone always changes into their Hogwarts robes on the train, it's weird and takes too long, mastering this avoids that."

She looks disgusted at the thought of 'changing time' as Hogwarts students tend to call it.

Harrison just waved his hand and the next thing he knew, he accidently transfigured half of his clothes into the other robes Rowena wanted him to change into.

"Okay, I might see why you wanted me to practice this." He admitted, slightly embarrassed, Rowena just laughed, "I'm glad."

He spend the rest of the afternoon trying, until he finally mastered the spell.

He silently thanked Rowena, he could see now why she wanted him to

learn this spell, changing in these small- even after Harrison made it bigger- compartments just seemed chaotic.

Especially with four boys in one compartment.

When Draco, Theo and Blaise finally finished changing, Theo looked at Harrison and said, “You are teaching us that spell.”

Harrison shrugged, “I don’t actually know the incantation or the wand movements, I can try, though.”

“How does wandless magic work?” Blaise asked, he always seemed to be the more curious one of the three boys.

“It’s like, imagining something and then pushing your magic to do that thing you imagine.” Harrison explained, as if that made sense.

“Anything is possible?”

“Well, no of course there are limits, however you come pretty far to nothing being impossible with parselmagic.”

That was the moment Pansy walked back in and they spend the rest of their time talking about what they expected to happen during the sorting ceremony. Harrison giggled quietly to himself; it was still unbelievable that Alistair was the sorting system in this time.

He had spent hours talking to Godrics creation, the hat was – surprisingly – quite good company, if not a little boring at times. Godric had loved the idea of a singing hat so he spend hours teaching the hat how to write songs.

He supposed, in some way it made sense, it was the only real way to get the founders input without portraits; and Harrison was glad they didn’t pick portraits, because the fight between Godric and Salazar at his sorting would be too big.

He would probably just tell them he wanted to be in Rowena’s house just in spite.

He got pulled out of his musing by the train stopping, they actually arrived, Harrison was almost home.

The first thing he heard when he left the train was a voice shouting, “Firs’ years over here! Firs’ years over here! Alrigh’ there, Hope?”

He looked to the creator of the sound and saw a big man- no way that

he was human- hugging an enthusiastic Hope. Of course, all the teachers would already know Hope, she was after all their little saviour.

Harrison just shook his head, he didn't care what people thought about his family, he just wanted to find the founders portraits.

They followed the man down a path and eventually got a view of the castle. All the first years 'ooh'ed at the sight, but Harrison could only think that Hogwarts had seen better days. The castle, which admittedly still looked beautiful, also looked old and like it needed a big clean up.

He couldn't decide if he liked it or not, so instead he ignored it. Instead he was trying to figure out with who he would sit in the little boats, eventually he got pulled into a boat by Hope.

"You're not sitting with the slimy snakes," She whispered angrily and then seemed to think for a moment before adding, "You're ruining my image."

"I'm not ruining anyone's image," Harrison said out loud, "if your image could be ruined by your brother befriending some people, then you might need to rethink this whole good-image thing."

Hope groaned, "Of course, you wouldn't understand. There's a reason why mom and dad dropped you off at some muggles place." And for a second she seemed genuinely convinced that he wouldn't understand, before he saw a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes.

Harrison smirked, quickly hiding it with his pureblood mask. "Of course and I'm oh-so sorry that happened. It was horrible being separated from you." His voice was dripping with sarcasm and one of Hope's new friends gasped, "That's a low blow."

Harrison snorted, "You know what? How about this, you leave me alone and I won't bother you either. We just pretend we don't know each other."

"People would hate me for ignoring you," Hope said, without any explanation.

"Why is that?"

"Because we already left you behind once, we can't have the blow of a second time of abandoning you, it would ruin the whole Potter

image."

"You and your images. Is there anything you actually care about beside them?"

Hope just huffed and didn't respond, fine with Harrison, he was expecting being abandoned a second time very soon. Probably a few weeks after being sorted into Slytherin.

After getting warned to put their heads down by Hagrid, Hope started talking with her friends and Harrison just sat in silence until they arrived.

~

Walking into the great hall felt like coming home, there was really no other way to describe it.

Because, while Harrison hadn't really eaten a lot of meals here, he did spend a lot of his free time in this room. He would sit here practicing whatever he was focused on at the moment while all the other students followed their classes.

(Before they went into the great hall some ghost had scared them and Harrison had greeted them with respect, especially when the bloody baron came, he didn't want to get into any trouble with that ghost.)

They were all following a woman, Minerva McGonagall, Harrison remembered her from his time as a baby, to the front of the great hall.

There on top of a chair was Alistair, Harrison still thought the whole thing was hilarious.

He also studied the teacher table and quickly spotted his parents and then he also saw what looked like an older version of Sirius and Remus.

Deciding to deal with that later he just went back to looking at Alistair.

He heard Hope's friend whisper something about the ceiling being bewitched to look like the sky and Harrison just smiled, Rowena had explained him the whole process and how many days it took her and Helga to finish it.

Rowena had always been the founder who loved explaining difficult

magic to him, while Salazar explained most questions about easier magic. Rowena had a way of explaining where anything just made sense, you just understood, it was great. You never feel stupid when she's talking with you, her patience and skills at explaining make sure of that.

When Alistair started singing Harrison just stopped thinking and listened, the hat honestly hadn't gotten any better, well maybe a little bit better. His rhymes were better than before, but the lyrics still needed work.

"**Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,**
But don't judge me on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me"

And that last part was so obviously the intelligence and arrogance of Salazar, that he normally hid well, that Harrison couldn't help but snort.

"**You can keep your bowlers black,**
Your top hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts sorting hat
And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell the brave at heart,
their daring, nerve and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart.

You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil.

Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
If you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind.

Or perhaps in Slytherin,

You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.

So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands- though I have none…
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

A big applause went through the room and then McGonagall read the first name on her list, "Abbott, Hannah!"

The shy girl went to the front of the room and sat down on the chair, it took a bit, but then the hat shouted: "HUFFLEPUFF!"

The yellow table cheered and the shy girl smiled while handing the hat back to McGonagall, quickly joining her new house mates.

"Bones, Susan!" McGonagall called next and the girl came to the front, a bit more confident than the girl before her.

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

Another cheer from the yellow table.

"Boot, Terry."

"RAVENCLAW!" This time the blue table cheered and the boy smiled and joined his house mates.

"Brocklehurst, Mandy!"

"RAVENCLAW!" And once again the blue table cheered, she joined the boy- Terry.

Like this the first years got sorted, Lavender Brown became the first Gryffindor; Millicent Bulstrode became the first Slytherin and then another boy got sorted into Hufflepuff.

"Granger, Hermione!" The girl who had earlier been sitting with his sister came to the front, Harrison honestly expected her to go to Ravenclaw after hearing her talk about books for a full ten minutes, but he also knew to not judge a book by its cover.

So when the sorting hat shouted, "Gryffindor!" Harrison just politely clapped for the girl.

The next few who were sorted where Draco, Theo, Pansy and two boys who Draco seemed to know; all of them went to Slytherin. After them a pair of twins got sorted, who surprisingly got split up. Harrison remembered how the founders always tended to leave Twins together, because magical twins have a different sort of connection then muggle twins.

It seems like the sorting hat didn't care, though, he just split the twins up. The two girls seem to be fine with it, though, so Harrison wasn't going to complain about it.

Some other people got sorted- Harrison honestly stopped paying attention, he had been standing here for a while- until it was just him and his sister and some other people.

"Potter, Harrison!" He put his best pureblood mask on and walked towards the chair, looking every bit pureblood that Sal taught him to be.

McGonagall smiled at him before handing him the hat, he nodded politely and then Alistair was on his head.

"**Hey, Little One."** The hat greeted and Harrison smiled, he knew it must look dumb for everyone in the hall, smiling because he was talking to the hat, but he had honestly missed this stupid magical hat.

"Hey, your songs improved." Harrison replied and he heard the Hat chuckle in his mind, "**Please, the old goat won't let me use my best ones, he practically wrote this text."**

"Not having fun then?"

"**It was more fun before they used me as sorting hat,"** Alistair admitted and Harrison nodded, "makes sense, honestly what were they thinking, using you?"

"**I mean to be fair, I can break any occlumency spell, so it might have just been for that. Yours was harder to break than anyone else's, by the way."**

"I sure fucking hope so, Sal taught me himself. Look, I love this little talk, but the people are starting to look worried, can you sort me?"

Alistair laughed and this time the whole hall heard it and then he shouted, "**SLYTHERIN!"** When everyone got over their shock of the sorting hat actually laughing out loud, some started clapping, while

others went into another shock. A Potter had just been sorted into Slytherin, that was impossible.

Harrison looked at the teachers table and sighed in relieve when he saw both Sirius and Remus clap, they wouldn't hate him for this. He even met Sirius eyes for a second and for a second it looked like Sirius wanted to wave.

Everything was going to be okay.

He sat down next to Draco, ignoring the glares of his family. He knew they wouldn't like this and had prepared himself for the glares. Hope went up to the sorting hat and sat down, "Gryffindor!" Alistair shouted.

Hope smirked at him and he just ignored her, instead looking at the last few people getting sorted. Dean Thomas went to Gryffindor. Another girl Lisa Turpin went to Ravenclaw. And then it was Ron Weasleys turn, Harrison was pretty sure he would join his brothers in Gryffindor; and he was right, Ron was easily sorted into Gryffindor.

Blaise was the last one to get sorted and joined them in Slytherin, sitting down next to Pansy.

The headmaster- Dumbledore, who he had been warned for multiple times by all the founders- stood up and started a speech- if you could even call it that.

"Welcome!" He started, his blue eyes twinkling, "Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we begin our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!" He sat down again and all the tables, with the exception of most of the Slytherins started clapping and cheering.

"The old coots crazy." Harrison muttered, but Draco heard him and snorted, "You got that one right."

"He's powerful, though, it might be handy for him to at least like you." Pansy pointed out and Harrison just shook his head, "He's the reason I got send away. I'm not even going to try to pretend I like him."

The Slytherins around him just stared at him and he shrugged, "I remember everything." Then he grabbed some food, because he had missed Hogwarts food, and started eating.

Harrison studied the teachers table while he was eating; he decided that he should be fine in most classes, none of the teachers seem to have anything against him, yet. He did feel a weird pull, like his magic was trying to blend with the magic of one of the teachers.

And for a second he remembered Merlin's classes- and it couldn't be right? The pull felt so similar as the pull he had to the book about wandlore, he had studied this for ages.

But there was no way Voldemort was in the school, Harrison told himself. He should stop being paranoid. It would make his job of talking to Voldemort easier, though.

The teacher next to the man with a tulban was a man with greasy black hair, the man was currently looking at Harrison with a weird look. He looked like he didn't quite know what to think of Harrison and that made Harrison nervous, after all no one really knew him right? Besides being the abandoned son of the Potters.

"Who's the man next to tulban-guy?" Harrison asked and Draco looked at him, surprised, "You don't know Snape?"

"Obviously not, I've kind of been stuck in the muggle world for the past 10 years." Harrison muttered and Blaise was the next one to look at him with a surprised look, "You mean you did the whole wandless magic thing in the compartments without any training?"

Harrison smirked, "Yeah, well kind of, some 'accidental magic'." Then he turned back to Draco, "So who's Snape and why has he been looking at me for the past few minutes?"

"He has some history with both of your parents, James hated him, while he was Lily's bestfriend. He fell in love with your mom a while ago, but they had a fight in their sixth year and Lily refused to speak to him afterwards, marrying James and getting pregnant with his child. He probably thinks you're like them, the other Potters."

"How do you know all this?" Harrison asked and Draco shrugged, "He's my godfather."

"And he's the head of our house," Pansy added and Draco nodded, "That too."

"Guess I'll just have to prove him wrong," Harrison muttered and then turned back to eating food and listening to the conversations around him.

When everyone finished eating Dumbledore clapped his hands and all the food disappeared, he stood up and said, “Ahem, I must say another few things before sending you all off to bed.” Catching everyone’s attention.

“Firstly, we have a few new teachers this year, Mr and Mrs Potter will be assisting Flitwick and McGonagall, taking over a few of the upper-years classes. Mr Black and Mr. Lupin will be teaching History and Mr Black will also be assisting McGonagall. And lastly, this year’s defence against the dark arts teacher, Mr. Quirrel.

I must also remind you all that the forbidden is exactly that, forbidden. Mr. Filch also asked me to remind everyone that no magic shall be used in the corridors between classes.

And finally, I must tell you that this year, the third floor corridor on the right side is out of bounds to everyone who doesn’t want a very painful death.”

Harrison snorted, of course Dumbledore would bring something dangerous into the school the exact year he and Hope went here. He looked over at his sister and saw her whispering with Ron and Hermione about something, Harrison rolled his eyes, his sister would probably try to go to the third-floor corridor.

Gryffindors, Godric himself had never passed up the chance to go somewhere dangerous, not a single trace of self-preservation. He could only guess that his sister would act like that, the sorting hat had after all placed her in Gryffindor.

“Now,” Dumbledore clapped his hands, “Pick your favourite tune!”

And the whole school started singing, different speeds, tones, and well different everything’s. Some were finished after thirty seconds, while the slowest- the Weasley twins- only finished the song in a good 2 minutes.

“Okay! Bed time! Off you trot!”

The 2nd-7th years all stood up and started walking towards their common rooms, the 1st years however, all gathered in front of some prefects who would show them where the common rooms were. Harrison followed the Slytherin prefect silently, not commenting on how they could’ve taken a quicker route, he just followed the prefect and listened to the other first years talk.

While listening to the first years he got pulled in a conversation with Millicent and two other girls he hadn't notice before, Tracey Davis and Daphne Greengrass, they talked about the charms that would've been used for the great hall. And while talking to them Harrison realised how accurate they were; Rowena had told him how they did most of the spell work.

And just like that he had befriended all the Slytherin first years, except Crabbe and Goyle when they reached the Slytherin common rooms. The girl who had led them hair walked so she was standing in front of the small group of Slytherins.

"Welcome to the Slytherin house! I'm prefect Gemma Farley and I'm here to tell you a bit about Slytherin. The first thing you should notice is that our common rooms is in the dungeon and while many hate this at first, it has its advantages, one of them being the view into the lake." She pointed at a window, "The giant squid loves to visit us."

"Also, now you're here you should notice, after your sorting you might have noticed some people hate Slytherins. Our bad reputation come from many years of cunning leaders getting good connections to fight for the rights of a dark wizard. We are the house with the most dark wizards, our cores are the darkest, but that doesn't mean there aren't other dark wizards in this school. However, we as Slytherins have another advantage, our head of the house is a potion master. If you ever get sick from casting any kind of light or dark spell, Snape will have a potion that will at least make it somewhat better, don't be scared to ask, we all deal with it.

Another thing is that beside our bad reputation a lot of people ignore the other people who have been in Slytherin, like Merlin for example, probably the most well-known wizard in the wizarding world. Don't ever be ashamed to be a Slytherin." She looked straight at Harrison while saying the last sentence.

"Use the fear the other houses have for us to your advantage. It's the best tip I've ever gotten to deal with the hate we get. Anything to add, Professor Snape?" Gemma asked looking behind the first years, who all turned around to look at the head of their house.

"Well, you did quite well, Gemma." Severus said, even though his serious expression didn't show any pride for his student, "But, I should probably mention that we have three rules in Slytherin. The first one is, everything that happens in the common room stays in the common room, any fights, secrets, literally anything. In the rest of the school

we have to be one front, it helps us protect ourselves from the rest of the school. The second rule is, if you want to go against school rules, don't get caught, I won't help you if you do. The third one is help other Slytherins, if anything happens, no matter to who. If it's a Slytherin you help, understood?"

All the first years nodded and then a snort came from behind them, "*That was ridiculously similar to the speech I used to give."* Salazar hissed from his portrait making every Slytherin in the common room, even the older years look at the portrait in surprise, it hadn't spoken in years. "*Hi Sal."* Harrison hissed back.

"*It's a good thing they have the whole 'what happens here, stays here." Rule otherwise you'd be fucked by now."* Sal said, chuckling and Harrison smirked, "*Well, I wasn't going to hide my parseltongue, I do think however that they are wondering why you are talking to me."* Harrison signed at well, everyone in the room with his hands and Salazar laughed, "I suppose they do question it." He replied in English.

"Well, I'm too tired to answer so either you do it or you let these snakes here sit without getting answers."

"The latter sounds pretty good, it's good for them, not knowing everything for once." Harrison scoffed at Salazar, "Right, like you'd be able to handle not knowing everything."

"Shut up, child."

"You shut up, you grown up child."

"You're not acting very Slytherin for someone who just got sorted into Slytherin."

"Am I supposed to act Slytherin, oh Lord Slytherin?"

"Yes, you are."

"Well, maybe Godric rubbed off on me." Harrison said back and Sal shook his head, "God, no I can't handle one person like him, just imagine two." He groaned and then Pansy spoke up, breaking the silence of their audience, "I wouldn't say you are acting very Slytherin right now, either, Mr. Slytherin."

The effect it had was pretty funny, the whole common room looked at Pansy in fear, while Harrison laughed pointing at Pansy saying, "Exactly!" Salazar only groaned.

Harrison then said, “Don’t you have something better to do than shocking the Slytherins? Like I don’t know brag to Godric, Rowena and Helga that I got sorted into your house instead of theirs.”

“Oh! Right, Rowena seemed to think that you would also have a chance to end up in her house, Helga however said there was no way of you being a Hufflepuff. So yes, it’s time to make Rowena and Godric jealous.”

“Say hi to them for me,” Harrison replied and Salazar nodded and left his portrait. He turned to face the rest of the room and saw Snape rising an eyebrow, “Would you like to explain this, Mr. Potter?”

“Honestly? I have secrets, but if you must know, I found some portraits a while ago.” He lied easily, not wanting the head of Slytherin to get suspicious of him already. “I’m going to bed, goodnight.”

And Gemma seemed to finally snap out of her shock, “Right, eh, boys bed rooms are left when you go up the stairs, girls are right. You will see that you’re in pairs of two or three.” She seemed to freeze for a moment before turning around, “There are enough rooms without this one, but there is one single person room, for the boys. It was made and used by the dark lord, that’s all I know. Be careful, no one had used that room in ages and once you picked a room it’s your room for the next seven years.” Then she walked away and the first year all went up the stairs.

Harrison pretty much got singled out the moment they stepped into the hallway with the bed room for boys. “What the fuck was that?” Blaise hissed, backing Harrison up against a wall. Draco seemed to want to protest against Blaise’s more violent nature, but he also wanted answers so decided against it.

“Like I said, I found their portraits a while ago.” Harrison replied innocently. And Theo was the one to say, “Bullshit. You told us you grew up with muggles, no way you had their portraits.”

“Muggles who were aware of magic.” Harrison said, “They are Lily’s sister and her husband, they’ve known about magic for a while and I could easily have magic objects.”

The Slytherin boys didn’t look convinced so Harrison tried again, he knew this was going to happen, but really he didn’t want them to know the truth so instead he kept going with his story.

“Look, I understand that well, it must be unbelievable. The lost Potter being back for one day, also turning out to be a parselmouth and immediately being the first Potter to be sorted into Slytherin, and not only that, but he also knows the founders. If I were you I wouldn’t believe myself, but the truth is, I have no fucking idea why everything that happened to me happened. I had a shit childhood and the founders basically raised me while in their portraits, taught me everything I had to know before being thrown back into the wizarding world. So yes, I know them through portraits and they mean a lot to me, but I don’t fucking know why this shit happens to me, satisfied?”

The Slytherin boys blinked a few times and then Blaise backed off, “I’m sorry, for eh- reminding you of your childhood.”

Harrison looked at them in surprise, he hadn’t thought that that would convince them. Even though he had let as much emotions as possible float into his words, he didn’t think it would be enough.

“It’s okay, I understand.” Harrison sighed letting himself drop to the ground and then looked up at the concerned faces of all the other Slytherin boys, it was the first time he saw all of them with absolutely no mask. He gave them a weak smile and asked, “So what we doing with the rooms?”

“Well Crabbe and Goyle are going together, right?” Draco asked and Goyle nodded, he then turned to Theo and Blaise, “So it’s us four, we either split up or one of you guys wants to go into our- the Dark Lords room.” Harrison noticed his slip and smirked, before saying, “I’m okay with going alone.”

“You sure? It’s the-“ Theo asked, before Harrison cut him off, “I can deal with whatever the dark lord left behind, you guys go into the three persons bed room.” He left before any of them could object.

When he entered the room he was surprised to see his trunk there, he had totally forgotten about it.

The room seemed pretty normal, it had a bed, small desk and some chairs. Maybe it was a bit big for a one person Hogwarts bedroom, but honestly he expected that from a room made by the dark lord. He scanned the room for cursed with a simple twitch of his wrist. When it came up negative he dropped himself on the bed.

(After carefully placing Ebony on the desk with a warming charm.)

And he fell asleep, being home again felt great.

~

In the other room Draco, Blaise and Theo were discussing Harrison, all of them agreeing that they didn't believe his explanation at all, but also deciding it's probably better for them to just pretend they believed it for now.

They would find out the truth eventually.

And they didn't want to lose the chance of being Potter's allies or even friends.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm so busy with school and I'm trying to make sure I keep writing at least 1k words per day, but if chapter 10/11 seem a bit rushed later, it's because I was stressing.

Chapter 7: First week of classes

Chapter Summary

Harrison spends his first week back at hogwarts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning Harrison sat waiting in the common room- with Ebony around his neck- for the other first years, surprisingly Tracey, Daphne and Millicent were the first to join him, then Theo and Blaise- who told them Draco was currently standing in front of a mirror to make sure his hair looked good and that it could still take a while. – Pansy and Draco joined them almost at the same time and lastly Crabbe and Goyle joined them, even though they looked like they just rolled out of bed.

"It's 7.30am, we still have enough time, first class is at 9am, right?" Harrison looked around and all the first years shrugged, so instead he looked at Sal's painting, and Salazar nodded.

Harrison seemed to remember something and hissed, "*Oh, by the way, we met when I found your portraits somewhere. That's the story, you guys practically raised me from your portraits, because my muggle family was horrible."* Ebony raised his head when Harrison started speaking parseltongue, but pretty quickly noticed that it wasn't him he was talking to so went back to just lounging on Harrisons shoulder.

Salazar smirked, "*Smart. I'll tell the others, have fun with your first day of classes. Don't get too bored."*

Harrison groaned, "I probably will be, bye, Sal."

"Bye, Little Snake." Harrison scowled at him while Tracey laughed and the others just looked slightly amused, if not still a bit freaked out at the fact that Harrison was this close to Salazar Slytherin.

"Okay, let's go!" Harrison said and the other first years just followed him.

In the great hall their time tables were passed to them and Harrison groaned when he noticed most of his classes were shared with the Gryffindor's, the ones that weren't just with the Gryffindor's were with

the whole first year instead.

He looked over at the Gryffindor table and noticed almost none of the younger Gryffindors were here yet. He shrugged it off, the Slytherins were pretty early. And even if Hope and her friends were late, it wasn't his problem.

"What subject are you most excited for, Harrison?" Blaise asked, making him blink a few times before realising he hadn't been paying attention to anything.

"Eh, I quite like potions and duelling. Godric always told me he thinks I would make a great dueller and Salazar loved explaining every small part about potions." He replied, thinking back to the few times he won a duel against Godric.

It had happened a few more times after that first time, but they would still usually end up in a draw.

"What about you guys?" He asked and Blaise said, "I think I would like charms."

Draco was the next to answer, "Potions, Severus always let me help as a little kid."

"I think either charms or transfiguration." Tracey said and Millicent nodded in agreement, but did add, "I would also like DADA."

Crabbe told them he liked DADA and transfiguration, while Goyle- like Draco- enjoyed potions. Crabbe and Goyle were the only two Slytherins Harrison didn't quite see as his friends yet, they didn't seem to speak a lot. Which is probably also the reason he still called them by their last name.

Theo said, "I think I would enjoy herbology and charms."

"I'm curious about History of Magic, I've heard multiple times that it was really boring with the old teacher, but maybe it's fun with Siri- I mean Mr. Black and Mr. Lupin." Harrison said and all the Slytherins noticed his mistake, he muttered, "I remember them from- well when I was one year old." And then stopped talking, instead he started eating.

And not for the first time the first-year Slytherins wondered just how much Harrison knew from the wizarding world now and how much he exactly remembered.

Tracey was the first brave one to speak up, “So, Harrison, what do you think of Dark Wizards?” And while the boys had already somehow gotten an answer in the train, they were all still curious for his answer.

“They’re alright, just like every other wizards.” He answered before muttering, “Damn, they weren’t kidding when they told me that the discrimination against dark wizards sounds the same as homophobia in the muggle world.”

“What about you, what’s your core?” Millicent asked and Harrison looked around, “I assume all of you are at least mostly dark?”

Everyone nodded, Theo spoke up saying, “None of us are 100% dark, though. So we can at least handle some light spells.”

“Yeah, my family is totally light and they told me it sucked to cast dark magic.” Harrison said and Blaise nodded, “It used to be understood, everyone had their own part of magic they excel in. It’s all in your core, some magic is better at charms other are better at transfiguration. Somehow people started thinking that everything ‘dark’ was evil.”

“Yeah, Rowena told me about that- she herself prefers dark magic and hates the fact that it seemed like an evil thing nowadays.”

“Rowena Ravenclaw is a dark witch?” Pansy asked, slightly shocked.

“Yeah, Rowena was a dark wizard and Godric and Helga have a light core, though Godric’s did come pretty close to grey.” Harrison explained, making Draco ask, “What about Salazar?”

“Salazar is a parselmouth, like me and Voldemort.” Harrison said, like that explained everything. It obviously didn’t, though, because Draco said, “Yeah, but what’s his core?”

“Core-rules don’t really apply to parselmouths, we’re the only ones with a perfectly grey core, we don’t even have the smallest preference.” He explained and then remembered, “well, we do have a preference, which is parselmagic which is exactly grey, too.”

“You mean you have a totally grey core?” Draco asked, slightly surprised. Harrison nodded, “Yeah, my family wasn’t thrilled when they found out. Talking about my dear family, they haven’t even tried to talk to me since yesterday, when I got sorted into Slytherin. I honestly expected them to force me to talk with them, maybe try and

get a resort or something like that."

"We're just ignoring that the dark lord has a grey core?" Blaise asked and Pansy nodded, "Yes, we are and we will forever or he'll murder us the moment he retu-" She silenced herself quickly looking at Harrison, who smirked and waved his hands, placing a heavy privacy charm around them, one he made himself. No one broke it before, even after Helga had spent an hour trying, when he asked her to.

"What did you do?" Theo asked obviously noticing Harrisons wandless magic. Harrison smiled, "Privacy charm, it's just a shield with a muffliato added into it, but without the buzzing." Harrison scowled, the buzzing was part of the reason he hated the normal muffliato charm.

He looked at Pansy, "Please, continue, when the dark lord returns?"

"He'll kill us if we talk about him not even being a dark wizard." She said nervously, obviously not knowing Harrisons opinion about the dark lord yet.

"Right, I have to restore his sanity." Harrison whispered to himself and then looked at the Slytherins, "What do you know about the return of the dark lord?"

"Close to nothing." Draco said, "The dark marks got darker again, but besides that nothing happened."

"Dark marks are interesting pieces of magic," Harrison mused, "It's directly connected to Voldemort's magic, he can basically control his Death Eaters like puppets." He decided to ignore the flinches at the name Voldemort.

"He's a smart man, no doubt." Blaise said and Harrison nodded, "And we can use him in this world."

"So you're not on the Dumbledore's side?" Crabbe asked, speaking up for the first time in a while.

"No, I rather dislike the headmaster, but I don't know about Voldemort either. I'll just see where the future leads me." Harrison said and that was the end of that conversation.

Around 8.40am Harrison and all the Slytherins got up to go to their first class ever, Charms. He found the room quite easily and shrugged it off as an accident that he walked the right way the first time.

When they went inside there were already some Gryffindors, but not his sister or her friends. They came running in a minute before the bell rang. The moment Flitwick noticed- because thank god, Lily wasn't teaching them- Hope was in his class, he fainted and pretty much wasn't able to form normal sentences for the rest of class.

After charms they had a free period before lunch, the Slytherins spend this hour exploring the castle, Harrison trailing behind them with an amused look on his face.

Lunch passed pretty quickly, too and Harrison noticed for the first time how the foods on the tables were different based on the house. Slytherin had the more expensive foods, while Gryffindor for example had fast foods and some healthy stuff, Harrison honestly hadn't gotten a good look at the table on the other side of the hall. The Ravenclaw table seemed to be filled with foods from a lot of cultures, more a mix of everything. Hufflepuff was mostly what a normal family would eat, basic meals but still good food.

After lunch Harrison had transfiguration and he decided- with the other Slytherins- to go to the class early. He walked into the classroom to find it empty, they could select any seat they wanted. Harrison sat in front with Draco, Blaise and Theo behind them.

He noticed a cat on the desk and smirked, he could practically sense the magic around the animal.

The room slowly filled, the Gryffindors and Slytherins splitting up- and because this was a class for all the first-years- the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws decided to sit in between them.

The bell rang and still there was no teacher there, and neither were any of Hope's friends here- or Hope herself.

They ran in a few minutes late and he heard Hope say, "Phew, luckily neither McGonagall or Black is here yet."

Harrison decided to save Hope some embarrassment, for no reason beside his own amusement, "I wouldn't say something like that, we are after all in a transfiguration classroom." He said nodding at McGonagall who- still in her cat form nodded back.

"Shut up, you slimy snake, why would we listen to you?" Ron asked and Draco was about to say something to defend Harrison when a big black dog came running in, the dog jumped and transformed into a human, "welcome to your first transfiguration class." Sirius said and

then the cat transformed into McGonagall immediately saying, “15 points from Gryffindor for being late, 10 points to Slytherin for noticing my animagus form.”

Harrison smirked at Hope, who scowled back.

“Like Mr. Black- who will be assisting me with this class- said, welcome to transfiguration. Transfiguration is one of the hardest and most complex magic branches, if you mess around in my class you will leave and not come back.” McGonagall said. Then she turned her desk into a pig and back.

After that her and Black started explaining the basics before giving everyone a match and telling them to turn it into a needle. Harrison, who had decided even before going back into the past that he would not down play his skills too much, pretended to not be able to do it before turning it into a needle.

He used his fake wand the whole process and when he got it on his third try, he raised his arm and Sirius came to check on him- answer his questions- and literally gasped when he saw the needle.

“I think this deserves at least 30 points to Slytherin, Minnie, and you know how I hate Slytherins.” He winked to Harrison and then turned to McGonagall who was scowling at him for the nickname, which by the way, made the whole class laugh, before McGonagall also gasped when she saw the needle.

“I quite agree, Mr. Black. I think he beats your skills at transfiguration.” She said and Sirius laughed, “I think he might. 30 points to Slytherin.” Harrison smirked, before- when McGonagall asked him to- explaining his process.

He explained how he had a visual image of a needle in his head before casting the spell and tried to focus his magic on recreating that image.

He shrugged it off like it was the easiest thing he had ever done, which it well- it kind of was, he had done harder things when he was six.

“Sometimes I wonder if you really spend all these years with muggles.” He heard Draco mutter while he tried to turn his match into a needle with the tips Harrison gave, he only managed to get the tip of the match to turn a bit sharper.

“Focus your magic, try to feel it going into the match and then boost it

a bit to turn." Harrison said and Draco gave him a confused look, before closing his eyes obviously trying to focus completely on his magic. The next time he tried he actually almost turned it into a needle, he just needed to shape the other end of the needle a bit and it would look like a perfect needle.

"Good job Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter for helping him, another 10 points to Slytherin!" Sirius said, he had obviously been looking at Harrison with suspicion or whatever.

Draco tried once more, now turning his match into a perfect needle, "Thank you." He whispered and Harrison just nodded. At the end all the Slytherins, Ravenclaws, some Hufflepuffs, and Hermione Granger managed to make the point of the match sharp. No one else, however, managed to change the whole match into a needle.

"Mr. Potter, would you stay behind for a second?" McGonagall said and Harrison nodded, telling his friends he would meet them in the library. He swore he heard Hope mutter, "That's what you get for cheating." And then after a second heard Weasley say, "You should tell your mother!"

Harrison rolled his eyes, how would he even cheat at magic?

When everyone left the classroom McGonagall signed for him to sit, which he did.

"I heard Flitwick talk about your skills at magic this morning and didn't believe him when you did a charm first try," Harrison barely stopped himself from rolling his eyes again, the spell they had been practicing was '*Lumos'* The first charm he learned at the young age of four. No one else managed the spell, even though they had a whole period to practice it.

"Neither of us believed him at first," Sirius muttered, who was also still in the classroom, being one of his teachers. "I mean, not even your mother- Lily- managed to do that when she was eleven and she was practically a charms prodigy."

"But then you managed to transfigure a match into a needle, in three tries." McGonagall said and Sirius added, "It looked like you could've done it your first try, but were just holding back."

Harrison began to slightly panic now, how could he explain this when he grew up with muggles? He didn't even know if he trusted this older Sirius enough with his secret, just imagine having to tell not only him,

but also McGonagall! On his first school day, he really should've pretended to not know anything about magic, yet.

"So all we want to say is- while we're not going to ask for an explanation, because both of us know how good you were at magic as a young child. – if you ever get too bored, please tell us, we might figure out a way to make classes at least somewhat fun for you."

Harrison sighed in relieve, no need to expose himself. Sirius chuckled, "We should have known you would be a prodigy, you were summoning toys when you were only one year old."

Harrison looked up, perfect start of this conversation. He laughed, "Yeah, I remember." He muttered and McGonagall stood up, obviously wanting to give them some privacy- she wasn't stupid and noticed where this conversation was going. "Maybe it's better if I leave now, I'll see you later." She muttered, leaving the classroom quickly.

"You remember?" Sirius whispered and Harrison nodded, "I remember everything, but I didn't want to just come up to you and say, 'oh hi! I remember you being my godfather and then also leaving your bestfriend when he decided to abandon me, thanks for that by the way!' I didn't know how to well, tell both you and Remus I guess."

"I don't regret anything I did that day." Sirius said before adding, "We always thought you would remember, you always had so much understanding in your eyes, it was slightly creepy for a child."

Harrison shrugged, "I don't know why I was like that- I don't know why I'm this powerful, I just am and to be totally honest it's slightly funny."

"You should be proud of it." Sirius said and Harrison smiled, "I am, I really am. I just sometimes think that the reason I got send away that night is because I'm powerful." He sighed and decided to tell Sirius at least the beginning of the truth, "If I hadn't been, I would've died that night and Hope would've been raised normally." He looked away, not knowing how the man would react.

"You remember that night?" Sirius asked and Harrison muttered, "I remember everything. I'm pretty damn sure Dumbledore killed Voldemort, but I blacked out."

"Can you tell me the whole story- I mean only if you want to, I don't want to bring up bad memories." Sirius asked, looking at him with a mix of amazement, curiosity and concern. That's a weird mix of

emotions Harrison hadn't seen before, but honestly he could've expected it in this situation.

"Of course, it started with Voldemort coming into our house. Peter was babysitting us at the time and he just let the man in. He also lead Voldemort straight to our room." Harrison stopped and looked around, twitching his hand under the table to put his privacy spell up around the room. Then he continued, "Voldemort came up to us and while he was trying to pick who of us was the prophecy child I wrapped my magic around Hope, stupid mistake on my part, Voldemort felt it and realised I was the prophecy kid. He apologized and I giggled at him when he muttered how he must really be insane to apologise to a literal baby." Harrison laughed and Sirius chuckled, "Voldemort actually apologized?"

Harrison nodded, "After that he hit me with an AK, it rebound onto Hope's cheek and I passed out hearing Dumbledore and Voldemort talk. Next thing I woke up in well- your arms, hearing my parents are abandoning me." Harrison tried to keep his face straight, but sometimes it still hurt, the thought of being abandoned so Hope could live her little famous life.

"I'm so sorry for letting that happen." Sirius said, he sounded sincere and Harrison shook his head, "You tried, even left your bestfriend after him refusing to keep me."

"I mean of course, every good person would've done that. The dark wizards- my friends, actually hate them for it."

"I noticed when I met Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy." Harrison said and Sirius smiled, "Yeah, the Malfoys were probably the worst of them all. Lucius actually threatened them- and Dumbledore- a couple of times, giving a magical child away is just not done."

"To be honest, they didn't even seem excited to see me when they came and pick me up." Harrison muttered and Sirius frowned, "I don't understand how they could do this, I've been wondering every day for ten years."

Harrison shrugged, "I honestly don't care anymore." Sirius looked at him and then said, "They talked about you like they didn't want to know you anymore after your sorting, talking about how you were a disgrace." Sirius winced, "Sorry, just thought you should know."

Harrison looked at Sirius and scoffed, "I expected that, to be honest. I'm going to get disowned before the end of the school year, if only

because perfect little Hope asks my parents to."

Sirius blinked and sighed, "I will never understand what happened to the James Potter I knew." He then looked at the clock and muttered, "Fuck, I got to leave, Minnie will kill me. Come visit me sometimes, if you want to of cour-"

"Of course I will, see you later Sirius." Harrison laughed and then added, "By the way, maybe calling McGonagall 'Minerva' instead of 'Minnie' will make her keep you alive for longer."

Sirius gasped dramatically, "I could do no such thing! Minnie loves my nickname for her, I've called her that since I was a teeny tiny thirteen year old boy." Harrison giggled, "Goodluck with trying not to get killed."

"Right, see you in history tomorrow kiddo." Sirius ruffled Harrisons hair, making Harrison scowl, before quite literally running away.

Harrison sighed, feeling happy about his decision to trust Sirius with one of his smaller secrets. He quite missed the man, after all Sirius had been his favourite uncle as a child.

He picked up his bag with his school supplies and went to the library, joining a group of concerned Slytherins.

"Thank Merlin, you're here. What did they want?" Draco asked and Harrison grimaced at the casual use of Merlin's name before saying that he didn't get into any trouble.

"So why did they keep you there for almost a whole hour?" Blaise asked and Harrison chuckled, "McGonagall wanted to tell me how proud she was and that she believed Flitwick now, because it turns out Flitwick told every teacher I'm a magical prodigy."

"That took an hour?"

"No, then she left me and Sirius alone and I got to catch up with my godfather, who quite literally left behind his best friends for me." Harrison snorted, "Turns out my parents don't really like the fact that I'm a Slytherin, I swear I'll be surprised if I don't get disowned before the end of this year."

"You don't mind getting disowned- having no name?" Theo asked, a weird sort of amazement on his face. Harrison shrugged, "I got some lordships to claim that will give me an even better last name."

Harrison barely stopped himself from laughing again, just imagining him coming back as Harrison Slytherin- Gryffindor- Ravenclaw- Hufflepuff- Emrys.

The world would probably turn into a chaos.

“Are you going to tell us your lordships?” Draco asked and Harrison shook his head, “You’ll figure it out yourself, I’ll give you a hint for the first one, though. It’s probably claimed by Voldemort right now.”

“You’re a Slytherin.” Blaise stated and Harrison smirked, while the rest looked at Blaise in confusion, “He’s a parselmouth, only the Slytherin house can speak parseltongue.”

“But the Slytherins and Potters haven’t crossed once,” Draco stated and Harrison shrugged, “It’s more of a magical thing, because of that night.”

“He defeated the last living member of the line, so magic officially sees him as heir.” Theo stated and Harrison smiled, “Exactly!”

“That still doesn’t explain how you speak parseltongue.” Blaise said and Harrison shrugged, “I’ve always been able to, don’t know how.” He paused before dramatically saying, “It’s magic.” He waved his hands, making sparkles appear in the air.

The Slytherins looked at him with amusement.

“So how about we finish this Charms essay?” Daphne said, coming up behind the Slytherin boys with Pansy, Millicent and Tracey. Harrison shrugged, “Sure. Charms essay about the Lumos spell and situations you could use it in, shouldn’t be too hard.”

The Slytherin girls joined the table the others had claimed and all of them began working on homework, Harrison being finished, because Rowena made him write this exact essay years ago, just started playing with magic.

He created a little light orb, without any of the other Slytherins- who were still writing- noticing and made it float above their head. After three minutes it exploded into little sparks that surrounded them.

Nobody in the library noticed it because they were sitting in the back of the library, surrounded by bookshelves.

“What-“ Tracey looked around in amazement and Harrison smirked at

the table, this spell had been a spell he created out of pure boredom. He perfected it when he was eight years old. He waved his hand making the sparks twirl around and changed the colour into a mix of silver and green.

“How are you-“ Draco started, but suddenly froze. Harrison just laughed and made the sparks freeze by clapping his hands.

“Harry James Potter.” A voice behind him said and Harrison froze, slowly turning around. “Hi, dad.”

James eyes narrowed and he looked around at Harrisons friends, “You’re having dinner with Hope, Lily and me tonight. Be there in 30 minutes, max.”

“You could’ve just invited me, no need to make it an order.” Harrison said and James scoffed, “You, Mr. Potter, are in so much trouble.”

“What have I done?” Harrison asked innocently and he swore that he heard Millicent groan behind him.

“Look, kiddo. I know you never had parents, but that doesn’t mean that you can disrespect me now. You shouldn’t blame me for the fact that your aunt and uncle didn’t raise you right.”

“Like it’s not your fault?” Harrison asked, “Like you weren’t the one to convince Lily that Dumbledore is right? You, dad, are the exact reason why I wasn’t raised well. The fact that you can even look at me and tell yourself it’s not your fault says enough for me.”

“I had to.”

“Keep telling everyone that, maybe one day they will believe it.” Harrison hissed and then turned his back to his father, “I’ll see you tonight, I guess.”

“Yes and you better have a real good explanation for that magical trick you did here.”

Harrison ignored him, instead of responding he took a few deep breaths. When he opened his eyes he gave his friends a small smile, “Sorry for that.”

“Are you okay?” Pansy asked and he could see the genuine concern in her eyes, all of their eyes. Harrison nodded, “I’m okay.”

“I don’t know how you did that,” Theo whispered and Harrison shrugged, “It’s easy to piss people off when just existing already pisses them off.”

“Anyways, what was that spell you used?” Blaise asked, obviously wanting to change the subject. Harrison smirked, “I don’t actually have a clue, I made it a while ago it has no incantation yet. I just like playing with magic.” He paused and then decided to just make his whole childhood sob story even worse, “I got locked away as a kid a lot of times, sometimes under the stairs and sometimes if I was lucky in the smallest bedroom. The only thing I had was magic and since I lived with muggles it was a risk of course, but I was young enough to let it pass as accidental magic. I started playing with magic to pass time, sometimes I was locked in there for days, only getting a bit of bread and water. So I kind of accidentally made that spell.” Harrison explained softly and then shrugged, “It’s not as hard as it looks, though.”

The Slytherins sat in a sort of uncomfortable silence after that, none of them really knowing how to respond. Harrison chuckled, “I’m sorry, I keep making the whole mood so sad. You guys should finish your essay, I won’t bother you with any weird distracting spells anymore.”

“Right, charms essay.” Tracey muttered, he could see none of them would be able to focus anymore though.

He smiled and copied his essay nine times, giving all the Slytherins one copy. “Just change it up a bit, I’m sure Flitwick won’t notice.”

“Thank you.” Millicent said and Harrison shook his head, “It’s no problem, it’s my fault none of you would be able to concentrate anymore. Don’t worry about the muggles, though. I won’t have to go back.”

“How are you sure? What if you do get disown-“ Daphne started only for Draco to cut her off with a hissed, “Daphne!”

“I have Sirius.” Harrison shrugged and then added, “I know he’ll take me in if he had to or even if he didn’t have to. I think he prefers that to me living with the Potters.”

The Slytherins seemed a bit calmer after that and Harrison really noticed for the first time why Sal always told him that Slytherins were the most loyal friends behind closed doors.

“We should probably go to dinner now,” Harrison muttered, “I’ll meet

you all afterwards, if they even let me go, that is."

"Yeah, good luck with your family." Draco said, motioning for the other Slytherins to follow them, they all picked up the essay Harrison gave them and walked out. Harrison sighed and also picked up his stuff, before walking towards his parents rooms.

He actually had no idea which of the teacher dorms his parents used, until he saw Hope standing in the hallway. She was glaring at the ground, until she heard his footsteps, "Hey, Potter."

Harrison snorted, "It doesn't quite have the same effect if that's also your last name." And Hope glared at him, "Mom and dad are waiting for us."

"Well lead the way."

And Hope did, not saying anything anymore. Harrison was quite happy with this, he managed to perfect his occlumency shields and his mask while walking, not even noticing that they had walked into the room until Lily made him sit down at the big table in the middle of their room.

"We have some things to talk about, so we thought why not have a family dinner." Lily said sitting down next to James, who had already been sitting at the table when they walked in.

Lily and James' room was disgustingly Gryffindor, the whole room seemed to be red and gold, till the point where it was just too much. Harrison could only be glad he wasn't a Gryffindor, he could only imagine how the Gryffindor common room looked.

"I wouldn't know why we need to talk." Harrison said, staring at his plate filled with chicken and mashed potatoes and some other things he had seen at the Gryffindor table.

"Is this actually what you guys eat?" Harrison whispered in slight disgust, he was honestly fine with the food, but it seemed so.. well let's just say he was glad to be a Slytherin.

"Yeah, what does Slytherin have?" Hope said, but Harrison could practically hear the disgust in her voice when she had to ask about Slytherin.

"I don't know, a shit ton of different kinds of meat, vegetables and sea food." Harrison answered, remembering that he could basically make

sushi with the food at the Slytherin table.

“There’s a difference in food?” Hope asked and Harrison nodded.

“About that-“ Lily said and James continued for her, “We think you should get a resort, Harrison.”

“No, no way.” Harrison replied and James said, “Look for a resort we need you to agree. We can’t force you, but we just think that your housemates could turn out to be a bad influence. Just look at the in the library, you all were casting fun little spells instead of making homework.”

“They were what?” Lily asked before turning to Harrison, “Look I get you want to practice magic after ten years in the muggle word, but you don’t want to already get behind on homework, it’s only your first day.”

“I already did my homework, I was just showing my friends a spell I came up with.” Harrison said and Hope snorted, “Right, I- who had tutors for ten years- can’t create spells yet, but you who just returned from the muggle world already came up with spells.”

Harrison just sighed and started eating, not interested in continuing this conversation at all.

Lily just looked at Harrison sadly, “You don’t have to come up with things like this for us to be proud of you, Harrison.” Harrison snorted, making Lily’s eyes narrow for a second before she added, “But I do think you should try to befriend some Hufflepuffs or Gryffindors.”

“Can’t you guys just be happy? For once just be happy about the fact that I’m still here? Look I know you don’t like that I’m not the perfect son you imagined I would be when I was younger, but in my defence you abandoned me. I was raised in a whole different way than anyone here, don’t expect me to fit in your perfect little family.” Harrison hissed, before standing up, “I’ll join my friends now, the next time you ask me to eat dinner with you guys don’t start trying to convince me to change myself the minute I walk through the door.”

He walked away, towards the great hall. When he joined his friends they asked him what happened and he just smirked, “I think I’m going to get disowned before Christmas.”

And they left it at that, talking about other subjects, like their next few classes instead.

~

The rest of the first week of school Harrison got ignored by the Potters, except for Hope, who instead started bullying- or trying to bully- him every chance she got.

His first history class had been fun, he again sat in the front and Sirius and Remus had thought to test everyone's knowledge on the founder time of Hogwarts, which was hilarious.

Especially when they started talking about a rumour of the four founders adopting a child for a few years, but then the child suddenly disappeared. Harrison had to stop himself from bursting out laughing and saying, 'yeah sorry, that was me. Had to go back to the future, you know?'

He did earn Slytherin a lot of points that class, by simply answering their questions. After class he had shrugged it off saying he liked history.

Herbology was another class he had and even though Harrison never enjoyed it like the other subjects, he had to admit there was something interesting about magical plants.

He still preferred learning about spells, like he did in DADA. Professor Quirrel- which turned out to be the name of the professor with the tulban. – had stuttered the whole class, but beside that he obviously knew what he was talking about.

Harrison had thought it was weird that Quirrel had been looking at him the whole class though, until his scar started hurting and Quirrel's eyes turned red for a second, not long enough for anyone else to notice.

Harrison smirked, he had just figured something out that would take other's a long time to figure out. If this actually was the Dark Lord possessing someone, he could help him and talk to him.

Harrison left the classroom satisfied.

They also had astronomy class and while Rowena and Salazar had spent a bit of time with him, teaching him the basics, he never really liked the subjects. He had to admit, though, that it was quite nice to just look at the sky for a period while listening to his teacher telling them stories.

The last class was the one Harrison was the most excited for, potions. They had the class two hours on Friday mornings with the Gryffindors.

And Harrison couldn't wait, he was waiting to be let in. When Snape arrived the Slytherins claimed the right side of the class room, Harrison pairing up with Draco, of course.

The first thing Snape did was calling names, he sneered when he saw Harrisons name, but when he called out Hope's name next he looked up and said, "Oh yes, Hope Potter, our new celebrity."

Hope pretty much beamed with the attention, only for Snape to ignore her and move on.

When Snape was done calling names he started an introduction to his subject, "You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making," he started, his voice not much louder than a whisper, but it still carried through the whole room. "As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses.. I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death- If you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads that I usually teach." He ended his speech.

Hope started whispering with Ron and Hermione about something, making Snape shout "Potter!" Before looking at Harrison and nodding his head towards Hope, making Harrison smirk.

"What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

Hope looked at Harrison confused, before realising Snape was talking to her. She stammered out, "I-I don't know, sir."

Snape tsked, "Clearly fame isn't everything, Miss Potter. Try again, where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?"

Hope's face flushed and she looked down at her table, "I don't know, sir."

"I thought you could open a book before coming to class. One last question: What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

Once again Hope looked embarrassed while saying, “I don’t know.”

Snape smirked before looking at Harrison and Harrison realised what’s about to happen, he nodded.

Snape said, “Let’s see if your brother knows the answers.”

“Well professor, if you add powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood you would get a potion currently known as the draught of living death, even if a few centuries ago it was just known as ‘powerful sleeping potion.’ To your second question, bezoar is found in the stomach of a goat, and monkshood and wolfsbane are the same plant, also known as aconite.” Harrison said and Snape nodded approvingly.

“Ten points to Slytherin, why isn’t everyone writing this down?” Snape asked and everyone scrambled together some paper to make notes. When Snape gave everyone enough time to write it down he said, “So for your first class, we’ll brew a Boil-Cure potion. He flicked his wand, making the instructions appear on the big board in front of the class.

“You grab the ingredients?” Harrison asked Draco, who nodded and followed some other students to get ingredients. Harrison read over the instructions and rolled his eyes, this were the long instructions. They were easier, but took like twice as long.

He twitched his wrist under table to set up the cauldron and waited for Draco to return. When Draco returned with the ingredients they immediately started crushing the snake fangs before adding them to the potion, Harrison heated it up till 250 degrees and let it sit for 10 seconds before quickly cooling it down.

“It’s so much easier to do this with someone who doesn't need a wand.” Draco said and Harrison laughed.

Waving his hand he muttered, “If you counter clockwise stir twice while we add the horned slugs we can basically skip the waiting. Well-we’ll only have to wait for 10 minutes instead of 33.”

Draco looked at him and nodded, grabbing the horned slugs while Harrison stirred, Draco did however mutter, “This better doesn’t fuck it up or I’m never working with you anymore.” Harrison smirked in reply.

Afterwards they waited 10 minutes before taking the cauldron off the

fire, to add the porcupine quills. Harrison let Draco stir 5 times and then waved his hand.

They completed the potion in record time. “We’re done, Professor.” Harrison said and he heard Hermione say, “That’s not possible! We have to wait for 30 minutes!” But Snape ignored her to check their potion, “This is a perfect Boil-cure potion, pray tell me, Potter, how you knew of this faster way. I know Draco didn’t.” Snape said and Harrison shrugged, “Sal explained me some things in his portrait.”

Harrison knew Snape didn’t trust him one bit, but that made this whole thing so much better.

“Well you better go, before you get hurt by any Gryffindors messing up their potion.” Snape said, clearly dismissing him and Draco. They left the classroom and found out an hour later that Snape had been right, Neville had ended up in the hospital wing, his whole body covered in bruises.

And just like that their first week of classes ended and Harrison only had one goal for this weekend: find a portrait with all the founders.

Oh, and he wanted to talk to Remus. He hadn’t had the chance to talk to the man yet and while he assumed Sirius had told him most of it, he could never be sure, so he had to find the right time.

But first he had to finish his assignments.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm trying to keep up with how fast I'm posting right now, but turns out writing 9k words every week is pretty damn hard....
>
> I atleast have another three chapters ready, so I technically have 3 weeks to finish chapter 11...

Chapter 8: Firsts

Chapter Summary

> Harrison has his first flying lesson, first fight with Draco, becomes closer to Blaise and talks to Voldemort for the first time.

Chapter Notes

> This chapter is kind of fast! Just a lot of small plot points that I had to write, but couldn't make seperate chapters from.
>
> I also kind of rushed the 8k words lmao...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You heard what Hagrid said, Hermione! There has to be something!” Hope’s voice came from the back of the library. “Yeah and this Flamel guy obviously has something to do with it.” Ron said and Hermione’s less certain voice said, “Just because something was stolen and Hagrid happened to mention it and the Flamel guy doesn’t mean that this school has something to do with it.”

“Oh and the fact that Hagrid said, ‘hey that’s the vault Dumbledore made me go to to get something.’ Wasn’t a big hint that it did have to do something with our school?” Hope hissed and Hermione just shrugged, “I don’t know-“

“Look something is going on in this school and I want to solve it, so has any of you seen the name Flamel before?” Hope asked and neither Ron or Hermione responded.

At least Harrison couldn’t hear their responses. He had heard about Flamel before and remembered where; He had been reading about the philosophers stone. If the stone was in the school then that would be the reason Voldemort was here.

But could he trust something he overheard in a library, after one week of school?

No, he would wait, figure it out later. Harrison decided, maybe he would even go up to the third-floor corridor, he was still partly raised by Godric and would never let that side of him go.

Now, though, he wanted to make his assignments for the upcoming

week and decided to put up a privacy spell. He had to concentrate.

He started writing his essay for Defence, it was mostly about vampires, which admittedly was kind of interesting. The homework had just been to research these creatures and write a paper about them, Harrison was okay with that, he could finish it quickly.

Afterwards he started working on assignments for Transfiguration and History, because surprisingly they didn't have any other homework.

When he finished all his assignments he used this alone-time to search for a portrait with all the founders, the Slytherins basically hadn't left him since he was sorted into Slytherin so he hadn't had the chance yet.

He wandered through the halls of the castle he had lived in for ten years and everything seemed to be like then again; he felt like he could run up to the now headmasters office and just find the old meeting room there.

This was something he thought about a lot the past week; he wondered if maybe his life could have been easier if he refused to go back to the present, stay with the founders and live a long happy life with them.

But he had to help this wizarding world, deep down he knew that, because no one else would.

No one else but the dark lord, who was currently still insane, that was.

In a hallway close to the astronomy tower he found it; a big portrait of all the founders, it had been easier to find it than he thought it would be.

Well maybe he had just hoped for a challenge for the first time since returning to this time, after all there were thousands of portraits of the Hogwarts founders.

He sat down in front of the portrait, cast a privacy charm- just to be sure- and awkwardly said, "Hi," To the founders, who obviously hadn't been paying attention to the people walking through this corridor.

"Harrison!" Helga said and Rowena literally cheered when she saw him, Godric offered him a smile and Sal just winked.

“Are all the portraits connected into having like one mind?” Harrison asked, he couldn’t help it, Salazar had greeted him so casually. “Yes, actually. It’s weird.” Rowena said and Godric snorted, “She just finds it weird because this is one of the kind of magics she can’t understand.”

Harrison laughed, “I missed you guys.”

“How long has it been, Harry?” Helga asked, “You still look the same.”

“Only one month and a week, it’s more boring than I thought it would be. I miss being able to practice magic with you guys, duel Godric, just anything that gives me a challenge.”

Rowena giggled, “You poor child!”

“I know right? On the bright side, I did find Voldemort, he’s teaching us DADA right now, well he’s possessing the man who teaches us.” Harrison said and Salazar raised his eyebrow, “You didn’t tell me that yet, can’t say I’m surprised you figured out so quickly, though.”

“Dumbledore actually allowed him into the wards? We always had protection against people who had been possessed.” Godric looked surprised and Harrison shook his head, “Of fucking course he knew. He literally got the philosophers stone into the school, he’s making it more dangerous for everyone here.”

The founders, who had been told what the philosophers stone was looked like they could kill someone.

Rowena was the first to speak up however, “Language, Harrison.”

“Oh! Now you’re acting like parents, I remember. I had to tell you guys about how I already almost got disowned, I won’t be a Potter by the end of the year.” Harrison said and Salazar shook his head, “I still can’t believe the Potters.”

“We heard them talk about you the other day, there’s a portrait close to an empty classroom Lily has been using for tutoring. They were talking about you like you were some upcoming dark lord.” Helga said and Harrison snorted, “They might be right about that one, if the light keeps acting like this.”

“I just don’t understand how they can talk about their own child like that!” Godric said and Rowena nodded in agreement.

“Talking about children, do I have any heirs of you to look out for? Beside the dark lord.” Harrison asked, just to change the subject, and so the founders started talking about Helena Ravenclaw and other children that still wandered the castle as ghosts.

Harrison just sat and listened happily.

~

When Harrison finally returned to the common room that afternoon, he was greeted by a very excited Draco, “Flying classes, Harry!”

Harrison laughed, shoving Malfoy away softly, “I heard you the first time.”

He took the paper from Malfoy’s hand however, and groaned, “With the Gryffindors, you’re kidding?”

“For real?” Draco asked and Harrison shot him an amused look, “You forgot to look with who we had the class in all your excitement.”

Draco looked at the floor in embarrassment.

“We’ll live, it’s going to be fun.” Theo said, coming up behind them and Blaise- next to Theo- nodded in agreement.

“I just hope that My sister and her friends won’t embarrass me for my flying,” Harrison said and then added, “I’ve never been on a broomstick before, well besides the baby broomstick Siri bought me when I was a child.”

Absolute lie, Harrison was a natural at flying and knew it, Godric had told him he had never seen someone fly like Harrison.

“I’m sure you’ll be fine, knowing you you’ll have some sort of secret talent for flying. Is there anything you can’t do?” Blaise asked, with the most serious look on his face. Harrison laughed, “Cleaning-charms.”

“What- you can’t do-“ Theo started laughing, Draco was obviously trying to not laugh.

“What? They don’t make sense like, you just imagine the room being clean and cast the spell? But what if I imagine something on the wrong place and won’t be able to find it afterwards? Cleaning-charms are scary.”

“I can’t believe magical-prodigy Harrison James Potter can’t cast cleaning-charms, we have to test that.” Blaise said, also laughing now.

Harrison scowled, “Do you have to use my full name? And for the record, I’ll show you how bad I am at them once you can cast them successfully.” That silenced them, none of them had any experience with cleaning charms.

“That’s what I thought.” Harrison muttered, before saying, “I also can’t dance.”

That made the Slytherins laugh again, this time Harrison allowed them to make jokes about it, knowing all of them had gotten dancing classes as kids.

~

Turns out, Harrison could fly- which he had known, of course, but the rest of the Slytherins hadn’t.- Ron Weasley and Neville Longbottom however weren’t doing that well, Weasley made the broom hit his head while trying to mount it.

Neville was a whole different kind of bad, his magic had lashed out and made the broom shoot up into the air, Neville fell off his Broom and had to be taken to the hospital wing immediately.

Hooch had trusted them to act grown up for a few minutes while she brought Neville to the hospital wing, that hadn’t ended well.

Draco had picked up Neville’s Remembrall, taunting Hope with it, which Harrison found kind of funny. That was, until he decided to shoot up into the air and threaten to throw it.

“Draco! Don’t you fucking throw away Longbottom’s possession to annoy my sister.” Harrison shouted, but Draco wasn’t listening to him. Instead he was looking at Hope, who looked like she could kill someone.

Draco threw the Remembrall away when he didn’t get the reaction he wanted and Harrison could hear Blaise groan behind him.

He did the only thing he could do at this point, fly after the ball hoping he could save it with a dive.

It honestly felt good to really fly again, not the boring up and down stuff they had to do for their class. He took a ridiculously dangerous

dive to get the Remembrall and grinned, it felt like playing quidditch with the Hogwarts kids again.

He closed his hands around the ball and made his broom go upwards again, when he heard a voice behind him.

“Mr. Potter! What do you think you’re doing?” He heard Snape shout and realised that he probably flew past some of the classroom and office windows, groaning he flew back and threw the ball to his sister, “You give that back to Longbottom,” He muttered before turning to Snape.

“Sorry, sir. I wanted to save a student’s possession, because Draco here can’t seem to realise that sometimes it’s not a whole house, but rather a few people, who deserve to get this kind of treatment.” Harrison said, smirking slightly, Snape wasn’t actually mad at him and he knew that Draco would get away with this easily, even if he would hate Harrison for the next day.

He could use the alone time.

“That was some impressive flying,” Snape said, ignoring the fact that Harrison obviously just told him that Draco was bullying Longbottom.

“Thank you, sir.” Harrison said and Snape smirked- and oh no, that couldn’t mean anything good.

“If you would come with me Mr. Potter.” Snape said and Harrison nodded, following Snape after telling the Slytherins to meet him in the library later. Draco stubbornly didn’t answer and Blaise rolled his eyes and told him that they would be there, even if they had to drag Draco there.

Snape lead him to the charms classroom, where the 5th year Gryffindors and Slytherins had a class right now. Snape knocked on the door before opening it, “Excuse me for the rude interruption, Filius, but if I could borrow Mr. Flint for a moment?” He asked and Flint looked at the head of his house in surprise, but when Flitwick gave permission he left the classroom quickly.

“Eh-“

“Mr. Flint, I have found the new Slytherin seeker for you.” Snape said and Flint raised an eyebrow, “What about Terence? He’s been seeker for the past few years.”

“Mr. Higgs would rather be chaser, at least from what I’ve heard. Or would I be wrong if I said that you convinced him to be seeker instead, because you were desperate?”

Flint smirked, “Yeah, I might’ve done that. So why the first-year prodigy?” He said looking at Harrison and now it was Snape’s turn to smirk, “I believe this first-year here could give Charlie Weasley a run for his money.”

“Is that so?” For the first time Flint looked intrigued, “Care to prove that, Potter?”

“Sure, Captain.” Harrison responded, not feeling intimidated at all, it was kind of hard to intimidate him, he had lived with Salazar Slytherin for ten years.

“Well then, I suspect you to be on the quidditch field this evening.” Flint said and Harrison nodded, “I’ll be there.”

Snape said, “Now, I have to go convince the headmaster, Mr. Flint, you should get back to class. Mr. Potter, I believe you have a pissed Malfoy to get to.”

Harrison snorted, “Yeah, see you tonight, Flint.” And he left to find the other Slytherins.

Walking towards the library Harrison could only prepare himself for his year-mates reactions.

“Harrison!” He heard someone shout and he realised he totally walked past the table the Slytherins were sitting at, “Sorry, I was distracted.”

“What did Professor Snape want?” Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged, “He took me to Marcus Flint to convince him to let me try out for seeker.”

“Isn’t Terence Higgs currently seeker?” Theo pointed out and Harrison nodded, “Turned out he wanted to be chaser, but Flint convinced him to be seeker, in Snape’s words ‘Or would I be wrong if I said that you convinced him to be seeker instead, because you were desperate?’” Harrison said, trying to talk like Snape, making Blaise and Theo laugh while Draco was still sitting silently glaring at the table.

“Draco, we both know you won’t get into any trouble, I wouldn’t have told Snape anything otherwise.”

“You still took Gryffindors side in the Gryffindor-Slytherin rivalry.” Draco said and Harrison groaned, “Stop being a child, Draco, Neville is quite literally an outsider. None of the Gryffindors even cared when you stole his possession. My sister might look like she cared, but we both know it’s only cause you were taunting her.”

“Now if you had stolen something from my sister I might’ve let you, just to spite her and my parents, but you had to steal something from the one boy who doesn’t even fit in his own house, who has no one.” Harrison said and then turned away, “I’m going to find the others.” ‘The other’s’ obviously meaning Daphne, Tracey, Millicent and Pansy, or even Crabbe and Goyle, who Harrison would still like to get to know.

Crabbe and Goyle made themselves look stupid, but Harrison had seen their work and they have potential.

He heard Blaise mutter angrily, “Merlin, Draco can you for once just not get pissed at the smallest things? Potter is a valuable ally and a great friend, so stop fucking pouting and apologize.”

Harrison smiled, he knew the Slytherins probably befriended him because he was a valuable ally, but hearing he was a good friend felt good, honestly.

When Harrison walked into the great hall- for dinner- a few hours later, it was spread around the school that he would be the new Slytherin seeker, and while he did shoot Higgs a look to see if he was really okay with it- which Higgs answered with two thumbs up- he didn’t say anything about it.

He just sat down like normally and was surprised to see Blaise talking to Draco looking furious.

“Eh- hello?” Harrison said while sitting down and Blaise looked up, “Hey.”

“Any reason for this?” Harrison said pointing at a very embarrassed Draco and Blaise scoffed, “Well in all his anger, this idiot decided to challenge Hope and her friends for a midnight duel in the trophy room. Your sister, being the Gryffindor she is, accepted.”

Draco looked like he wanted to say something, but Harrison cut him off, “You’re not going.” It was obviously an order.

“What?” Draco asked, surprised.

“You’re not going, they’re Gryffindors, they’ll go and we’ll just snitch on them. It will make them lose a lot of points without us doing something.”

Draco looked like he wanted to protest, but Blaise quickly said, “I agree with Harrison here, Draco, going will do nothing good for us.”

“Okay fine, but I’m not snitching.” Draco said and Harrison smirked, “That’s okay, I’ve been meaning to speak with Professor Lupin anyways.”

He saw Flint walking towards them and laughed when both Blaise and Draco jumped when he started talking, “Aye, Potter, quidditch pitch at 8pm. Dumbledore accepted Snape’s request, if Hope could also join the Gryffindor team, after that we made sure that the quidditch pitch was free. Turns out there are Gryffindor try-outs till 7.30pm.”

Harrison cast a quick tempus and nodded, “So I have 90 minutes to finish eating and talk to Sirius and Remus, easy. I’ll meet you there.”

Flint nodded and walked away, probably to join the other 5th years.

Harrison quickly finished eating, while still trying to eat in a way that at least looked somewhat pureblood. Really, learning how to eat properly was one of his least favourite parts of the pureblood classes the founders gave him.

After eating he tried to meet Sirius eyes, who was talking with Remus and nodded his head towards the doors of the great hall. Sirius looked at him with confusion, but nodded, before turning to Remus.

“Okay, I’m going to talk to Siri and Remus now, I’ll see you guys later.”

He met up with Remus and Sirius in front of the great hall, together they walked to the history classroom. When everyone was finally sitting, Harrison laughed, “Sorry I’m going to need you guys as Professors now. Hope will sneak into the trophy this night, Draco challenged her for a midnight duel, but none of us will show.”

“Our cub is a Slytherin, Pads.” Remus said and Sirius nodded, “That he is.”

“We will make sure to tell Filch.” Remus said and Sirius nodded in agreement, Harrison thanked them and then asked, “So how have you guys been?”

He then had to listen to Sirius complain about grading homework and how Minerva made him oversee a lot of detentions for payback of his own schooltime. Meanwhile, Remus talked about all of this in a more positive way, having never expected to actually get a good job as a werewolf.

“What about you?” Remus asked, he and Harrison hadn’t really talked yet, so it felt good to talk to him again, even if Sirius told them about his whole conversation with Harrison last week.

“Well, I got accepted into quidditch, but only if perfect Hope can play too.” Harrison scowled and then his expression brightened again, “I can’t wait to beat her.”

Sirius laughed and said, “We have to get our pup a broom, Moony!”

“Just wait until after my try-out at least, please.” Harrison said, “Who knows, maybe Flint would rather keep Higgs after seeing me play. Or maybe he would just keep Higgs, because Higgs never wanted the position anyways, and that’s funny to him.”

Sirius snorted, “Right, pup. You managed to impress Snape with your flying, that’s hard enough to do, I think you’ll be fine.”

Harrison just smirked in reply.

“Oh! By the way, I wanted to ask if you wanted to spend the Christmas holiday with us. I know it’s a while away, but just thought the earlier the invitation the better-“ Sirius said, Harrison’s laughing cut him off, “I would love to. Anything to not spend the holidays with the Potter family.”

“That bad?” Remus asked, looking worried. Harrison shrugged, “It’s kind of annoying how they get suspicious at me for breathing. Also the power Hope has over our parents is annoying.”

“I can imagine.” Sirius grimaced, he obviously noticed the same thing before.

Harrison cast a quick tempus and swore, it seemed that Sirius and Remus talking about their time at school had been longer than expected, “I have to go, quidditch try-outs.”

Remus looked disappointed for a second before saying, “Visit us more often, you don’t need a reason like you had today.”

“Will do,” Harrison replied and Sirius ruffled his hair, “Goodluck at the try-outs, pup.”

“Thank you.”

When Harrison had quickly changed into more quidditch-appropriate clothing he literally ran towards the quidditch pitch, he didn’t want to be late. When he arrived he saw Flint standing in the middle of the pitch, and surprisingly Higgs was sitting in the stands, watching his try-out. He smirked when he noticed Harrison noticed him.

“Just on time, Potter.” Flint said and then motioned him to come over, he opened the box in front of him and barely stopped the bludgers from flying straight into Harrison. Smirking he looked at Harrison, “I trust you know what these are?”

Harrison nodded and Flint grabbed the snitch, “We’ll only need this one today of course,” He then lead Harrison to a broom, “Higgs lend this to you for today, we don’t want you to have an accident ‘cause the School doesn’t know how to take care of their brooms.”

Harrison nodded and mounted the broom when Flint told him to, “Just catch the snitch as fast as possible, me and Terence will decide if you’re actually good enough.” He said and while many would be scared by his slightly threatening voice, Harrison just smirked, “Alright, Captain.”

Harrison blamed Godric for not being scared. Really that man made his sense of self-preservation lower than it should be. Sal had done everything he could to bring it up again, though.

He rose up until the air and Flint let go of the little golden snitch, and Harrison silently thanked Rowena for fixing his eyesight at such a young age, otherwise this would’ve been impossible.

He took off after the snitch, following it easily even with all the sharp turns he had to make. In the end he caught it in the middle of a pretty dangerous dive, he pulled his broomstick up right before hitting the ground.

His time was 1 minute and 24 seconds, when he heard this he scowled, he could’ve done better. Had done better in the past.

Flint however looked like he had just won the quidditch world cup, he looked at Higgs and saw a look of amazement on his face, smirking Harrison stepped off his broom, “I trust that I’ve proven my skills to

you?"

"Welcome to the team, Potter, Terence you get chaser position!" Flint said and Harrison laughed when Higgs started cheering, "Thanks for freeing me, Potter."

Harrison just gave him a mock-bow and Higgs chuckled, "I like you, Potter!" Flint nodded in agreement, "You'll fit into the team just fine. There's a team training in two days, 7.30pm, be there."

"Okay, I'll see you then, Captain." Harrison said, giving Higgs his broom and walking away.

"When the lost Potter got sorted into Slytherin, I never expected this." Higgs muttered to Flint and Flint nodded in agreement, "People say he grew up with muggles, I don't believe it."

"There's no way, with his skill. He could probably graduate Hogwarts already if he wanted to." Higgs said and Flint snorted, "That might be exaggerating."

"I wouldn't be so quick to say that, I saw a little magic trick of him in the library when he was studying with his friends. Some of them looked suspicious, but he gave them a sob story of his bad childhood and suddenly all of them believed him."

"Yeah, he sure as hell has a way of charming people," Flint said, "You should've been there when Snape pulled me out of charms class, he made the head of Slytherin tolerate him. Which wouldn't be that hard, but he's a Potter and we both know the history."

"It'll be interesting to have him in the team, that's for sure."

~

Harrison was walking towards the dungeons, the Slytherin common rooms, when he suddenly got pulled into a classroom.

He was ready to defend himself when he saw Fred and George Weasley. "Hey, snake." George said and Harrison snorted, "Hey, George."

"He's not George, I am!" Fred said, but that just made Harrison snort again, "Right." Harrison hadn't talked to the twins since Hope's birthday party, but he still believed he could trust the two Weasley brothers.

“Well, my brother I believe-“

“- Yes, I must say I agree.” George answered, not letting Fred end his sentence, Harrison just laughed and said, “So what did you guys want?”

“Well, Harrikins-“ George started this time, Harrison groaned at the nickname.

“- We heard this little rumour that this first-year-“

“- Would be the new Slytherin seeker.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, “Yes, you might be right.”

“So you see we were over joyed-“

“- Ecstatic even, for you.” Fred said and then George scowled, “But then our little brothers friend-“

“-Perfect little Hope-“

“- Had to be the new Gryffindor seeker.”

Harrison shrugged, “I can’t do anything against that, sorry.”

“Okay no, but like seriously.” Fred said, the lack of twin-speak told Harrison that they were going to either tell him something serious or offer him something.

“We want her off, all we want to ask you is just give her bad time. We are beaters so in return we will try not to hit you.” George offered and Harrison smirked, “You would let Gryffindor lose, just to spite my sister?”

“Well, we were almost sorted into Slytherin, but didn’t want to get disowned. However pretty much everyone heard how you don’t give a shit about getting disowned and you kind of inspired us, but we can’t really get resorted so instead we want to make the Gryffindors life horrible.”

“It’s not like they’ve always been nice to us and Lee. Turns out that the whole loyalty in house thing counts for every house, but Gryffindor.”

Harrison looked shocked before he mumbled, “Godric would be so disappointed,” The twins actually nodded in agreement and it made

Harrison wondered if they had talked to the founder in a portrait.

“Well, I will accept your offer, since I intended to make her have a bad time anyways and I would never refuse an offer of not getting hit in the skull with a bludger.” Harrison wrinkled his nose, he had been hit in the skull by a bludger when he was eight, it hadn’t been a fun week. “And I’ll look into resorting for you guys, a way without needing a signature from your parents. I think the founders told me something about that.”

“Really?” George asked and Harrison nodded, “Of course.”

“Thank you.” Fred said and Harrison shrugged, “Anything to help a fellow snake, am I right?”

Fred and George smirked and nodded, “We’ll see you later, little brother.” And then they disappeared into nothing.

Harrison for a second thought about the fact that he might be going crazy and this conversation never happened, but then he remembered that the twins were known as the pranksters of the school. If anyone could just disappear into nothing, to scare people, it would be them.

Being called little brother by someone he only talked to twice felt weird, but honestly he couldn’t get himself to mind. The twins did look like great older brothers and if Ron couldn’t appreciate that, he would.

After all, the twins might be handy allies in the future.

~

When Harrison sat at breakfast eating while quietly talking to Blaise, because Draco still was kind of pissed. Harrison had expected a lot of things, for example the Gryffindors losing a lot of points- they had lost 300 points last night!- but one of the things he hadn’t expected was being told to come up to the headmaster’s office after breakfast.

“Why would the headmaster need you?” Blaise whispered and Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know, don’t worry, though. My occlumency shields are really strong.”

Harrison heard Blaise sigh in relief and wondered when the boy- who had quite literally slammed him against a wall to question him the first night- had become so worried about him, or when he became one of Harrisons best friends.

Harrison didn't mind, though, Draco was a great friend, but he could explode any moment. You had to kind of tiptoe around some subjects to not lose the friendship with one conversation, Blaise- like all the other first year Slytherins- was a lot more open minded.

The other Slytherins seemed to accept that the four of them- so with Theo- kind of formed their own little group, but that didn't mean that Harrison didn't still enjoy talking to Pansy, Millicent and Tracey, or even Vincent and Gregory- who he talked with once and seemed to be genuinely more nice than they pretended to be.

"It's probably because last night," Theo muttered, he had joined somewhere in the conversation and was half glaring at Draco now, "You're lucky Harrison stopped you or we could've lost a ton of points, too."

"I'm sorry," Draco said and Blaise and Theo seemed surprised, "A Malfoy apologizing, must be a first." Blaise said and Theo laughed.

"Okay guys, that's enough." Harrison said, he really didn't want to annoy Draco too much. "You know I already forgave you yesterday, Draco, so please stop whining and start acting like the Draco we know again."

Draco smirked, "That I can do," But Harrison could still see the guilt and anger in his eyes, the Malfoy mask really wasn't as good as they took credit for. "Good, now are there any rules about going to the headmaster's office, like should I ask a professor to come with me?"

"Officially the head of the house must always be there, however Dumbledore tends to ignore this rule." Theo answered and Harrison nodded, "Okay, so I'm going to Snape now, ask him to come with me and then go to Dumbledore." He said, pushing his now empty plate away from him.

"Tell us about it later!" Blaise said and Harrison nodded, "Will do."

Snape looked up in surprise when Harrison was suddenly standing in front of him, "Mr. Potter?"

"Hi, ehm, sorry. Correct me if I'm wrong, but head of the houses should always be there when the headmaster invites a student to discuss something." Harrison said and Snape nodded, "That is correct, I assume Headmaster Dumbledore requires your presence for something."

“Yes and if I’m being honest, I don’t know what I did.” Harrison said, his pureblood mask carefully in place, he knew that all the professors were watching him right now.

“Okay, I will join you to this meeting with Dumbledore.” Snape said, while getting up and Harrison sighed, “Thank you, sir.”

“It is my duty as your head of house, Mr. Potter.” Snape said and Harrison shrugged, while they started walking. “I know, but somehow I feel like this conversation would’ve been different as a Gryffindor with McGonagall.”

“You might be right about that, Minerva is a good teacher, but Albus got her wrapped around his finger.” Snape said and Harrison nodded, “I believe that, sir.”

“So did he mention his password to you?” Snape asked and Harrison nodded, turning to the gargoyle he said, “Sherbet lemon.”

The gargoyle slowly turned, giving Snape and Harrison access to the Headmasters office. Harrison could only look around in amazement, the office was, of course the old meeting room, but it had been totally changed. It had a simple desk with a phoenix next to it, making Harrison wondered if Dumbledore forced the poor animal to bond to him. The room had a lot of small magical artifacts and trackers in it, the whole wall was covered with portraits of past- headmasters and headmistress’. Harrison was pleased to see the founders, too. He nodded at them and then turned to Dumbledore who was looking at him with an amused expression.

“Sorry, sir, I was just amazed by your office.” Harrison muttered and Dumbledore smiled, “It’s quite alright, my boy.” Harrison was looking everywhere, but Dumbledores eyes, the small moment he had actually looked into the man’s eyes he had felt a little push against his mind.

He knew his shields should be able to stop Dumbledore, but Harrison wanted to be sure.

“I also have to apologise, for I had not thought you would finish breakfast this quickly. We have to wait till your parents and Hope join us.”

“My parents, sir?” Harrison asked, an confused expression on his face. Snape sneered at Dumbledore, “Can you at least explain why you called Mr. Potter here.”

“I don’t think it’s your business, Severus.”

“As the head of Mr. Potter’s house, it indeed is my business.” Snape sneered and then a voice behind them spoke up, “As Harrisons father, I don’t think it’s your business, but fine you can stay.” James said.

“So pray tell, headmaster, why am I here?” Harrison asked, now that his family was here. Dumbledore sighed, “Hope here told us you challenged her for a duel yesterday and then didn’t even show up.”

“A duel, sir?” Harrison asked innocently and James growled, “You’re not convincing anyone, Harrison James Potter.” Harrison faked wincing, “Ohh the whole name usage, this must be serious.”

“So you didn’t invite Hope to a duel? Mrs. Potter can you tell me what you told me yesterday?”

“Well, I walked past my dear brother,” She rolled her eyes, “When he left the library yesterday and then Malfoy was suddenly in my face, challenging me for a duel.”

“So you had nothing to do with this, Mr. Potter?” Lily asked and she looked angry, Harrison just rolled his eyes, “I don’t control my house mates. I left the library because Malfoy was pissed at me and I was done with his bullshit.”

“Language,” Lily hissed and Harrison scowled, “So no, I had nothing to do with the duel, I only told Draco to stop being childish when he told me.”

“So you are the reason Draco didn’t show up?” James asked and Harrison nodded, “I wasn’t going to just let him go on his own and I wasn’t going to sneak out with him.”

“So it is your fault, Mr. Potter.” Dumbledore said and Snape raised an eyebrow, “You’re blaming my student for not leaving after curfew? And not Hope, because she did leave after curfew? This is a new low, Dumbledore.”

“Stay out of this, Snivellus.” James said and Severus scowled, “This is just childish, I’m leaving with my student.” He grabbed Harrisons arm and pulled him out of the office muttering about the stupid headmaster.

When they were far enough away from the office for none of them to hear them, Harrison snorted, “I don’t understand how they come up

with things like this."

"Dumbledore always acted stupid, but I've never seen him do something like this before." Snape said and Harrison shrugged, "Hope has that influence on people, making them like her and then making them protective of her to the point where they are wrapped around her little gremlin fingers."

Snape snorted, "You're one to talk, I believe you could have half of the school would bow down to you if you tried." Harrison smirked, "Want me to test it?"

Snape looked at the boy unimpressed, "I would tell you to test it, but I fear Dumbledore would believe you're some upcoming Dark Lord."

Harrison inclined his head, "Yeah, I believe that. Now I think I should search for the other Slytherins," And then muttered, "Before Blaise kills himself with worry, really that boy is too worried for me."

Snape shook his head, "He isn't the only one, I believe. Good luck, Mr. Potter, I'll see you in potions class tomorrow."

"Right, bye sir."

And Snape had been right, when Harrison walked into the common room he was immediately hugged by at least three different people, maybe more.

"Okay, okay, so much love here." He muttered, making someone in the group hug giggle. "Are you okay?" he heard Tracey's voice and Harrison nodded.

"Yeah, the old coot tried to blame me for Draco's little stunt yesterday. Snape told him that he could only blame me once he blamed Hope for being out after curfew, then he dragged me away."

"That reminds me," Harrison muttered and then tried to release himself from the group hug to turn to Salazar, "*Would you mind spying on the headmaster for me?"* He hissed and Salazar smirked, "*Of course not, little snake, it'd be fun to actually do something again."*

"What?" Daphne asked and then laughed, because she realised how stupid it sounded, asking 'what?' after hearing Harrison talk in parseltongue.

Harrison didn't seem to mind though, he just shrugged, "Asked him to

spy on Dumbledore." He then looked around the common room with worry, "Where's ebony, normally he comes out when I speak Parseltongue?"

"Oh, the pissed off little snake went back into your dorm this morning. I think he's shedding, his skin looks all grey." Blaise said and Harrison nodded, "Right, snakes, reptiles, shed."

Millicent nodded, "Right, Potter. Anyways what did your parents think about Snape's little stunt?"

"Oh they were pissed, I'm really going for getting disowned before the holidays." Harrison smirked and all the first year Slytherins shook their head, not quite used to someone who didn't care about the scandal of getting disowned yet.

"Oh, does anyone here know the rules about resorting in Hogwarts?" Harrison asked and Salazar pointed at himself making Harrison snort, "You know rules have changed over the years, old man."

"Shut up, child." Salazar said, "I still have a portrait in Dumbledore's office and I don't think it changed. In our time you could just request a resort in 3rd and 5th grade without needing a letter from your parents, because teenagers change a lot over the years."

"Why isn't it done more often then?" Harrison asked and a third-year Slytherin snorted, "Sorry I was listening to your conversation. Dumbledore hides things like this, 'We can't change them so we will hide it.'"

"The board of governors never allowed him to change rules like this, because students tend to change a lot. Also bullying happens and people who get sorted into the wrong house the first time." Pansy explained and Harrison hummed, "That makes sense," He turned to Salazar, "*So why did it never happen when I was with you guys?"*

"*It did, a lot, but you just never paid enough attention. You were always in your own little world."* Salazar laughed and Harrison just rolled his eyes.

"Why? Do you want to get rid of us, Harrison?" Daphne asked, sounding slightly worried. Harrison quickly shook his head, "No don't worry the Slytherin house will keep the first-year prodigy who earns too much points and makes it impossible for Slytherin to not win the house cup."

Blaise snorted, “So who are you asking it for?”

“Fred and George Weasley.” Harrison said, laughing at the reactions. “They’re good people and very different from their family, well at least the younger two.”

“What house are they supposed to be in?” Pansy asked, Harrison just raised an eyebrow, making most of the Slytherins groan.

“You’re kidding!” Daphne said and Harrison just shook his head, “Don’t worry, I’ll make them behave.”

“I didn’t know you knew the Weasley’s.” Draco said, speaking up for the first time, but he was sneering. Harrison groaned, Merlin had told them about the Malfoy-Weasley rivalry, “Really Draco, Fred and George are fine. I don’t think they even like their family, though I doubt if any of the sons besides Ron do.” He muttered the last part. “They actually let themselves get sorted into Gryffindor to not get disowned, but having me as a perfect inspiration they decided to not give a shit.”

“You’re such a good example,” Tracey said sarcastically and Harrison smirked, “I know right? People should appreciate me more.”

“As much as I hate to stop this conversation,” Blaise said, rolling his eyes, “I think we should go to DADA.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, they were usually the first ones there and Harrison had talked to Quirrel about a lot of different subjects before the past two classes. He also got to know Voldemort a bit better through these conversations, everyone thought it was weird that he talked so much to their defence Professor, but he couldn’t blame them. No one knew that the professor was possessed by Voldemort yet.

Quirrel- like always- was sitting behind his desk when they came in, and Harrison- like he did the past two classes (they only had three defence classes till now.)- walked up to him and started talking.

Since he wanted to talk to the man about the stone after class, he decided that now was a good moment to start talking about horcruxes and freak the man out a little bit.

It was only the second week of class, he still had a whole month to come up with a plan; he wanted to get the stone on the 31st of October, he could slip away easily and blame it on the bad memories.

“Sir, would it be possible to make a living horcrux, hypothetically, of course?” Harrison started and Quirrel looked up at him, his eyes flashing red for a second. Harrison smirked.

“Ehm- w-well I don’ th-t-think there has b-been an example yet, but I do think that u-under the right c-cir-c-circumstances it would be a possibility. Now tell me, Mr. p-p-Potter, how did you come across ho-hor-horcruxes?”

“I read a book about them,” Harrison said casually, he really hated the obvious fake stutter, “What would be the right circumstances? Would it be like standing close to a murder? Or maybe even getting hit with the killing curse and surviving?”

He could feel the Slytherins staring at him, some of them would know what horcruxes were, others didn’t. Most of them did notice that this wasn’t just a conversation.

“I wo-w-would say that if you were to survive the k-killing curse, there would be a big ch-ch-chance that a piece of the other’s soul would try to hide it-itself in you. Other c-circumstances could be s-s-standing close to a m-muh-murder in an empty field. If there’s nothing else it could attach to, it might attach itself to a.. huh-host instead.” Quirrel answered, his eyes moving up to Harrisons scar, which he still had, but at least wasn’t as big as Hope’s scar.

He never really suspected that he himself could be a horcrux, but still his parseltongue ability had been weird. And the twin wands were a pretty obvious sign, even if he denied that that could be because he carried a piece of Voldemort’s soul at first. This conversation made him rethink that, it made things a lot easier, though. If he was a horcrux the Dark Lord wouldn’t kill him, and he could make the Dark Lord sane without the Dark Lord losing his immortality.

“I believe it might be best if we keep this conversation between us,” Harrison said, when he saw that the class was slowly filling. He also shot a warning look at the Slytherins, who just nodded.

“I b-believe so too, Mr. Potter.” Quirrel answered, before his eyes went red again and he said, “I believe we also have a lot to discuss, if you c-c-could stay after class.” He noticed that Quirrel was also done with his fake stutter in long sentences, he didn’t use it a lot.

“Of course, Professor.” Harrison smirked, before moving back to his place, next to Draco and Blaise.

“What was that all about? Horcruxes? You’re kidding, Harrison.” Blaise whispered and Harrison rolled his eyes, “I’ll tell you later, don’t worry, I’m not planning on making some living horcrux.”

“I sure hope you won’t, because I will lock you up and not let you go until you get this stupid idea out of your head.”

“Just wait till after class, I’ll tell you all later.” Harrison said, knowing all the Slytherins around them were listening.

So they waited till after class, none of them really paying attention to Quirrel explaining duel rules.

When they were dismissed, Harrison whispered, “Wait for me in the library, I’ll join you guys in a bit.” He didn’t let them answer before he walked towards Quirrel, though he did see Blaise nod.

And thank god for Blaise, because he was sure some of them would’ve refused leaving him if Blaise hadn’t forced them.

“So, horcruxes, Potter?” Quirrel said, not bothering to stutter now. Harrison smirked, “I have something your little friend would be interested in. If you would let me talk to him.”

Quirrel opened his mouth, but Harrison just raised a hand, “Don’t even bother lying, I saw the red eyes I saw ten years ago.”

“Fine,” The eyes turned red, “What do you want, Potter? Obviously you wonder if there’s a chance if you’re a horcrux and to be totally honest, I don’t know.”

“Actually that was purely my curiosity, I did have something to talk about.”

“What would that be.”

“The stone,” Harrison smirked, “I’ll help you, you’re obviously too weak in this form.”

“How did you find out about the stone?” Voldemort hissed and Harrison shrugged, “My dumb sister doesn’t know how to put up privacy charms or silencing spells, not even an muffliato.”

“That’s not important, though. What is important is, I’m willing to help you, if you let me decide which ritual we use to get you a new body.”

“And you think you, an eleven year old boy has enough power, while I don’t?”

“I don’t think so, Voldemort, I know so.” He released a bit of his magic levitating different items in the room, with enough care to not break them, “That was what I learned to do when I was four, now if you want my help I suspect you to tell me so, before Halloween. I have to get ready to get the stone till then.”

“Okay fine, Potter, I’ll think about it. Now get out.” The red eyes were flickering to blue and then back to red, and Harrison understood that actually being in control of the body must take a lot of Voldemort’s energy.

So he nodded, he had to go to his friends anyways. Entering the library he saw the group of Slytherins all shooting looks at the entrance once in a while. He laughed and joined them, putting up his privacy charm.

“So what was that about?” Blaise hissed, but Harrison saw through his angry act this time, noticing the worry in his eyes. Shrugging, Harrison answered, “Voldemort is possessing Quirrel, I found out the first DADA class. His eyes kept going red for a second when he looked at me and then they turned back to blue.”

“Okay, while that is worrying, it doesn't explain everything, Harrison.” Millicent said and Harrison shot her a confused look, “Wait, I didn’t tell you guys yet?”

“Tell us what?” Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged, “Voldemort tried to kill me not Hope, Hope has never been the chosen one. I thought I already told you guys, because Theo figured out the whole heir by conquest thing.”

“You didn’t tell us that!” Pansy gasped and then looked at Harrison with worry, “Wait that mean you’re the prophecy child, the one to beat Voldemort.”

“Nah, I’m helping him right now. I don’t think the prophecy told the total truth anyways.” Harrison said and then added, “I’m planning on bringing Voldemort back this Christmas, but it will take some convincing.”

“What about celebrating yule with us?” Draco asked, sounding slightly disappointing and Harrison looked up, “Wait- you guys still do that? I thought it was illegal now?” then he literally face palmed, why did he

always almost give away that he wasn't from this time.

"I'm just going to pretend that you don't know what yule is, because the Potter's stopped celebrating it thirty years ago." Blaise muttered and Harrison shot him a grateful look, he knew he would tell the Slytherins, or at least some of them this year. He had to, he hated his whole life being a secret. Hated the fact that he had to pretend to know nothing about magic. But he had to wait for a bit, it had only been two weeks and two weeks didn't tell him enough about these people.

He would of course make them all swear secrecy with a spell, force them to let him protect this piece in their mind. If Dumbledore found out he'd be fucked.

But he just hated this, having a whole different secret life. So yes, he would find out who he could really trust soon enough and then tell at least some of them.

"You guys want to know another of my secrets?" Harrison smirked and the Slytherins nodded, if Harrison was willing to share, they would always want to know more.

Something about no one really knowing Harrison made him so interesting, Harrison was fine with sitting back and not talking to anyone, just listening. Somehow he still made friends, he still attracted people's attention.

"I wasn't the one to defeat Voldemort." Harrison said and now everyone looked confused, had Harrison lied to them a few minutes ago, or had they just not understood what he meant?

Harrison chuckled at their confused looks, "Dumbledore killed him, that's why I believe the whole prophecy is bullshit. That's why I'm still trying to figure out the whole living horcrux thing. If Dumbledore killed Voldemort, how did the soul end up in me? But still I feel out magic connecting, it's like Voldemort poured a proportion of his magic into me and then the soul just thought he was home. It's weird, I'm not even sure yet."

"He did just shoot the killing curse at you, his magic might've actually been resting inside your core or whatever. No one knows what happens if you survive the killing curse, because it only happened once and then they studied the wrong person." Blaise said and Harrison nodded, "I think Dumbledore knew Hope wasn't the chosen one, like he didn't want people to study the right one." He muttered,

but no one knew what to say to that. So instead they started talking about normal subjects after an awkward silence.

No one mentioned the fact that if Harrison hadn't been the one to kill Voldemort, he couldn't be the heir of Slytherin- or at least not in the way he claimed he was.

But the looks everyone kept shooting at Harrison told him that all of them noticed, but respecting his secrets, didn't mention it.

Harrison silently thanked whatever god had blessed him with this friend group.

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you all for the positive reactions to this story, I never suspected or even dared to hope that my story would be received this well. So thank you! <3

Chapter 9: Philosophers stone

Chapter Summary

Harrison gets the stone and shares more secrets.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the late and kind of rushed update, I literally got home at 10pm and have to get up really fucking early tomorrow.

The week before Halloween was a busy one for Harrison, he had to talk to Sirius and Remus about their side in the wizarding world. He had to prepare to get the stone, tell the Slytherins about his plan and convince them that he could do this alone.

He had figured out that the stone was indeed on the third floor corridor, if the big three headed dog meant anything. And he knew how to make a Cerberus sleep, just a bit of music made by charms. Easy.

But before he did all of that he wanted to speak to Fred and George Weasley, having them in his house, and distracting the others while he was gone, would be useful.

So here he was, sitting in an abandoned classroom waiting for the Weasley twins, he had send them a letter after all.

“Hey Harrikins-“

“- Dear little brother of us.”

Harrison sighed, “Hey, okay so I figured out about the resorting.”

“You did?” George asked, Harrison nodded, “Well, 3rd and 5th years get the chance to resort, so you’re in luck. You just have to request a resorting and it’ll be done.”

“It’s that easy?”

“Yeah, Dumbledore tried to hide this option, to manipulate students or whatever. But Sal told me about it.” Harrison rolled his eyes at Dumbledore’s stupidity, and then he was suddenly wrapped into two pairs of arms.

“Thank you.” One of the twins said, but Harrison had to admit their voices sounded very similar and he didn’t quite hear the difference.

“You’re welcome,” Harrison said, “I also wanted to ask if you could just do some pranks on Halloween, I’m on a mission and don’t want anyone to know.”

“Ohh, A mission you say-“

“- tell us about it, Harrikins.” The twins said while letting go of Harrison and Harrison snorted, “You’ll find out eventually, but please, distraction?”

“Of course,” Fred said and now it was Harrison’s turn to thank the twins. “Okay, I kind of have some business to deal with. But you can just go to Dumbledore’s office and request the resorting for tonight.”

“We will-“

“- Thank you, again.” George said and they left.

Harrison was honestly surprised how easy that went. He felt like his conversation with Remus and Sirius would be a lot harder, which was where he was headed now.

Sirius and Remus were preparing for their classes tomorrow when Harrison walked into their living quarters, which they had showed him a few weeks ago.

“Hey, Moony, pads!” Harrison said, throwing himself on the couch in their living room.

“Pup!” Sirius said in surprise, before giving him a quick hug. Afterwards Remus also gave him a hug and then Harrison said, “I actually have something I want to talk about.”

Sirius and Remus both shot him a curious look and sat down, Harrison sighed, “It’s about the war.”

“No! Don’t feel forced that you have to do anything, fuck the prophecy.” Sirius said and Harrison shook his head, chucking. “Don’t worry, Padfoot, I’m not going to do some Gryffindor move and destroy the dark lord now.” He said while pointing at the Slytherin crest on his school robes, “I just wanted to know what side you guys are on.”

“Harrison- Harry, we don’t want to influence your choice. We’d fight

for you, whatever side you pick." Remus answered softly, Sirius nodding in agreement.

"But you do have a preference." Harrison stated, Sirius nodded and hesitated before saying, "I am obviously a dark wizard, my whole family has a dark core. Moony, he's a dark creature. The light side tries to take away our rights, we didn't know what we fought for when we fought with them," Sirius laughed bitterly, "Dumbledore used my hatred for my family to get us- since we're both quite powerful- on his side, never really honest about what the goals of both sides were. When- well your parents abandoned you, we started looking more into it and we actually agree with the dark lord."

Harrison smiled, "I'm glad that will make this a lot less hard." He took a deep breath, "I'm planning to bring the dark lord back. I have everything planned, found a ritual to restore his sanity and the dark lord even agreed to me picking the ritual."

"What- the dark lor-" Remus started, Harrison nodded, "He's in the school, Quirrel."

"Merlin's pants, I knew there was something up with that dude." Sirius breathed, Harrison wrinkled his nose in disgust. He knew people used the founders or Merlin's name to curse in this time, but Slytherins usually didn't swear a lot, so he wasn't quite used to it yet.

"Language, Pads." Remus said and Harrison snorted, before saying, "I just wanted you guys to know, since this week I'm going to be working on getting everything ready, and I didn't want you guys to worry about my absence. At Halloween for example I won't be at the feast."

"What do you actually have to do?" Sirius asked and Harrison shrugged, "Steal the Philosopher's stone."

"What- no, no way." Remus said and Harrison froze, "You knew it was in the school?"

"Of course we knew, Dumbledore made us all swear to secrecy, though." Remus said, looking kind of guilty and Harrison sighed, "I don't blame you for not telling me, I'm just surprised."

"That doesn't mean that we're okay with you stealing it for the dark lord, it's too dangerous, Harrison." Sirius said and Harrison raised an eyebrow, "I don't actually care, to be totally honest. I'm probably more powerful than Dumbledore himself, so I should be fine."

Remus sighed, “We know you’re powerful, Harrison, we’ve seen it. Don’t let it get to your head, you’re not immortal, we just want you to be safe.” And Harrison swore he also heard Sirius mutter, “And I thought Slytherins have more self-preservation.”

Harrison snorted, “I don’t think any of you know how powerful I am, yet, I’m not letting it get to my head. Also Sirius, most Slytherins do, I think most Slytherins will try to body bind me to a chair when I tell them about this, but I have to do this.” He sighed, “Can I trust you guys?”

Sirius and Remus both gave him a weird look, kind of offended that he even asked.

Harrison sighed again, “This is serious, more than anything else. No one knows this.” He was about to do it, trust the two men in front of him with his biggest secret. He wanted to do this, had wanted him after the first month of school had past, Sirius and Remus had been better parents to him than his real parents.

Talking about his real parents, Lily and James had started ignoring him after he had told Hope that for a witch with years of training she was impressively bad at magic. They hadn’t liked that and started ignoring him, honestly Harrison was surprised that they hadn’t disowned him right there and then, but he thought they would probably want to disown him in a more public place. Like the great hall.

“You can trust us,” Sirius whispered and Harrison muttered, “Would you be offended if I asked you to swear secrecy?”

Remus shook his head, “If this is that important to you, we will do it.” Sirius agreed immediately. And so they swore that anything Harrison told them would never be spoken about to other people. Only with Harrison consent they would be able to tell other’s.

“Thank you.” Harrison gave them a small smile, “Well- this is going to sound unbelievable. It all started when my parents abandoned me, 31st of October in 1981. They send me to the Dursleys the next day, but I never arrived, because Dumbledore left me on their doorstep instead of giving me to them directly. A time travelling Merlin brought me to the Hogwarts founders, years in the past and they have taught me everything they know in the ten years they took care of me. I even beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel when I was nine.”

Sirius and Remus looked at him like he was insane, Harrison looked

away, “I knew you wouldn’t believe me.” Sirus cursed under his breath before saying, “No, no. We believe you, it’s just slightly weird to think about. It explains a lot, though, your magic was always too good and we all saw your casual shows of wandless magic.”

Harrison laughed, “The wand I use in class isn’t even real,” He grabbed the wand from his pocket throwing it to Sirius, “It has no core.”

Sirius picked the wand up and felt nothing, it was just wood. Harrison softly explained, “I have a real wand, but wandless magic is a gift that you can lose. If I stop doing wandless magic I would stop being able to do it at some point.”

Sirius nodded, handing the wand to Remus, who was looking at Harrison with amazement. “You are so- so powerful. It does make sense, everything, the amount of details you gave on the founders and their ‘lost child’ in your first essay was kind of weirdly impressive.”

Harrison snorted, “It was funny to write about myself, but pretend I don’t know anything about myself.”

“I can imagine,” Sirius laughed, “So what else can you do?”

Harrison shrugged, “I finished the Hogwarts curriculum in the past, started when I was six- I think and finished at nine or ten. So everything we learn at school and some extra’s.” Then he muttered, “They refused to teach me the Patronus charm, though.”

Sirius gaped at him, “The whole Hogwarts curriculum?”

“It wasn’t that hard, I was kind of bored so they also taught me how to edit spells and potions. Oh! And private lessons of course, the etiquette lessons sucked, though.”

“You are crazy.” Remus concluded and Harrison smirked, “I know, so am I okay to get the stone now?”

Remus and Sirius hesitated and Harrison threw his arms up, being so done with the over-protectiveness from his godfather and Moony. He knew that some of the Slytherins would react in a similar way and he honestly wished that his godfather and Moony wouldn’t take as long to convince.

“What do I have to do? A guy beats Godric in a duel and still his godfather and honorary uncle think he isn’t powerful enough to get a

stone from a Hogwarts corridor."

Sirius snorts, "Fine, get the stone, but visit us immediately after. You have one evening, if you're not here by curfew we will tell Snape about your stupid plan and come after you."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Thank you! Now I've got to go, convince some friends that this is a good idea."

Remus laughed, "Goodluck with that!"

Harrison just left, not bothering responding. He had no actual clue where the rest of the Slytherin first years were, so he started with going to the common room. It was Saturday, which was usually the day he fed Ebony. Unless the snake was shedding and just stopped eating, then Harrison would instead feed him once he was done with his one or two weeks shedding period- because yes, Snakes can really take that long- and would feed the snake then.

The common room was empty so instead he went to his dorm, the dark lords dorm had proven to be totally safe, nothing happened to either him or Ebony yet in the almost two months they had spent at Hogwarts.

"*Ebony, do you wish to join me today?"* Harrison asked, knowing that the snake hated being held after he ate, Ebony looked at him and shook his little snake head, making Harrison smile.

"*Okay, here eat up."* He quickly conjured a rat for the snake who hissed his thanks and started hunting the rodent. Harrison smiled at the snake before leaving, really the snake wasn't that social and spends days up in Harrison's room, but that didn't make Harrison love him any less.

The next place Harrison went to was the library, where surprisingly, he found no Slytherins either. Next he visited the great hall, where his whole friend group was sitting talking. Really he should've looked here first, it made so much sense, it was normal for them to spend Saturdays in the great hall.

"Fucking finally," he muttered, while sitting down next to Pansy who gave him a smile, "I've been searching the whole school for you guys."

"It's not our fault you had to meet up with people," Pansy said, smirking and Harrison groaned, "I know."

He hadn't realised how tired he was until he sat down, making plans to save an evil dark lord was *exhausting.* And he had spent nights planning to make sure people wouldn't get suspicious. If only he didn't have a group of amazing people to care about him, it would make this so much easier. He could just disappear on Halloween, no one would look for him, he would just be gone and reappear the next day.

It would've been less exhausting, yet Harrison wouldn't give away his friends for the world.

"Harrison? You okay?" Draco asked, he had gotten over his anger after two days and returned to the way he was before. That surprisingly didn't change the fact that Blaise was one of his closest friends.

"I'm tired, don't worry, though." Harrison muttered, he had the urge to lay his head down on the table, fall asleep. But he was in public, he had to keep an image up.

"Who did you meet up with?" Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged, "Fred and George and after that Sirius and Remus. Surprisingly, the one with Fred and George was the less exhausting conversation." It was true, while Harrison loved the fact that he had some people who knew the truth now, it felt weird. And just telling people about his past made him miss the founders more than before. "I also barely got any sleep last night." He added.

Now more of the Slytherin first years were looking at him with worried looks, he understood why, he was always the person who just didn't really care about anything, he was always okay. Him admitting he didn't sleep well and the fact that he was so tired from a couple of conversations was weird to the group.

"I'm okay, though. I've just been planning." He said and then looked at the group, "I wanted to talk to you guys about that, by the way."

They all looked at him and Daphne said, "Maybe stop the planning for today, we have time."

"I can't, I'm sorry. It's Halloween on Thursday and I still need to talk to the bloody dark lord before actually doing anything." The dark lord hadn't actually agreed to anything yet, he just told Remus and Sirius that to make them agree quicker. The dark lord hadn't said anything to him about this since that one DADA lesson.

“When we wanted to see if you were on our side of the war, we didn’t want you to do anything to prove that you are, Harrison.” Draco muttered and Harrison smirked, “Don’t worry, I actually planned this before I even met you guys. I didn’t know how to, but now I have the perfect idea. Also I’m not even sure about fully joining the dark side, yet, I just want to talk to Voldemort see what he has to say and then I’ll decide.”

“I’ve never heard anyone talk about our lord so casually.” Pansy muttered and Harrison snorted, “Don’t worry, I think I’m on his side, but I’m not too worried about the evil Dark Lord.” Harrison rolled his eyes, people feared too easy in this time. Back in the founders times, witches and wizards would taunt muggles just to get the experience of being set on fire by them- after that they would quickly apparate and wear the burn scars it gave them with pride.

Okay, Harrison had to admit, people might’ve been a bit insane back then.

“Okay so tell us about your plan,” Tracey said, obviously done with all the talk about the dark lord and sides of the war. None of them were on the light side, so it didn’t even matter.

“Oh right! So the philosopher’s stone is in Hogwarts, third floor corridor. A big Cerberus is guarding it. I’m going to get the stone for Voldemort this Halloween, just so I can use the excuse of trauma if any teachers ask.” Harrison said.

“No- no way.” Blaise said and most of the others agreed with him, Harrison groaned. “I just convinced Sirius and Remus, so please just let me have this this once and I’ll act like the proper Slytherin with enough self-preservation for the rest of the year.”

“Right,” Blaise snorted and Harrison shot him a glare, “Okay fine, I’ll admit I can act a little Gryffindor-ish. But honestly blame Godric’s portrait, not me.”

“Can’t you just let one of us go with you?” Theo asked, who had been silently listening till now.

“No, no way. It’s way too dangerous.” Harrison shook his head, “My magic- it’s well, powerful I can protect myself. I don’t want anything to happen to one of you guys, because of my stupid plan.”

“Harrison, just let us go with you.” Tracey said and Harrison shook his head, “I have to do this alone.”

Harrison sighed, the great hall was pretty much empty, there were only a few Ravenclaw girls. The great hall was usually empty on Saturdays, most older students were in Hogsmaede and the younger students often preferred the common rooms. That's why they had chosen the great hall as their Saturday place, it was always almost or completely empty.

"Fuck it," He said and then took a breath, releasing his magic which he hadn't released for literal years. It surrounded them like some dark cloud, and the few Ravenclaws who were also in the great hall gasped at the sheer power of the Slytherin boy.

Harrison shot the Ravenclaws one look with his now even brighter glowing AK green eyes- which he still loved, it reminded him of the day the founders adopted him. – and was sure that they would be silent.

"Is this convincing enough?" He asked the Slytherins, who were looking at him with a mix of fear and amazement. Some of them had some jealousy, too, but Harrison ignored that. He quickly hid his magic again, sorting his mind and core shields to make the cloud totally disappear and he heard the students around him- and even the Ravenclaws- breathe heavily.

He looked at the Ravenclaws, "You won't say a word about this, or do I have to obliviate you?" They all shook their heads and Harrison smirked, Snape's word of a few weeks ago going through his head; '*You're one to talk, I believe you could have half of the school would bow down to you if you tried.'*

"You convinced me," Pansy said and Millicent nodded, the girl hadn't cared enough to actually say anything. She didn't want Harrison to go alone, obviously, but the argument went well enough without her help.

Now there wasn't an argument anymore, Harry Potter had an unbelievable amount of power and she realised it would be safer for him to go alone.

Harrison sent Blaise an apologising look, Blaise glared at him. The boy obviously didn't want Harrison to go alone, still he wouldn't complain anymore. He knew that Harrison could protect himself.

Harrison was still surprised by how worried Blaise would get over him sometimes.

“So how can we help?” Blaise asked, wanting to do something. Harrison smirked, “Well, the Weasley twins are going to distract people, but just tell people I don’t feel well and wanted to be alone. That I have too much memories of the day, whisper, ‘he remembers everything.’ To people or something like that. Make sure they won’t check on me, though.”

“We can do that,” Tracey said and Harrison smiled, “Thank you, you guys are the best.”

“We’re aware,” Was said by multiple people and Harrison laughed, “And so modest, too.”

~

That evening Dumbledore stood up from his chair, “Before we start with the feast, there are a few resorts needed.” He waved his wand, summoning the sorting hat, “Minerva if you could please?” McGonagall quickly stood up, grabbing the hat and transforming a fork into a chair.

“Well, let’s not wait any longer. Fred and George Weasley and Lee Jordan if you could come forward, please.”

The twins and Jordan were smirking at all the questioning glances.

“Jordan, Lee!” McGonagall said, like they were first year students. Lee turned to Fred and George, “See you guys in Slytherin.” Then he walked to the chair, sitting down on it.

It took about 20 seconds before the hat sorted him into Slytherin, shocking a big part of the Hogwarts students.

Lee sat down next to Harrison, who welcomed him and glared at the students around them to not say anything rude.

The process of sorting Fred and then George went pretty much the same, they too joined Harrison at the feast.

After they sat down food appeared, Dumbledore didn’t even make a second speech.

“I didn’t think Harrison was serious,” Tracey said, being the first one to talk. Fred and George just smirked at her before turning to Harrison.

“So Harrikins-“

“- Dear Little brother of us-“

“- Please introduce us to these-“

“- People you call friends.” George finished and Harrison laughed, “I thought you already knew them, but fine. These are Draco, Blaise and Theo.” He said introducing the people who were sitting the closest to him.

“The girls are Pansy, Millicent, Tracey and Daphne.” Harrison said, “And there are Gregory and Vincent, they don’t talk a lot, though.”

“Good to meet you all,”

“A pleasure!” Fred said, grinning and Lee sighed, “You probably know us already.”

The Slytherins nodded. During their little conversation no one noticed Ron Weasley rushing out of the great hall to tell their parents about the resorting, making sure the twins would be punished for their little stunt.

And even later when the Slytherins would all leave the hall, Snape would be waiting for them. He welcomed the three new Slytherins and then told Harrison that they’re *his responsibility*.

Harrison groaned, but accepted his faith.

He just hoped the twins wouldn’t behave *too* crazy.

~

The next defence class he went to talk to Quirrel again, but this time only to ask if he could talk with his defence teacher after class. Quirrel quickly nodded and Harrison decided not to ask anything else, he just went back to his place next to Draco and Blaise.

The class went by pretty quickly, Quirrel just let them practice shield charms, which turned out to be quite hard for most students.

After class Harrison noticed that all the Slytherin students stayed in the class room, he glared at them, but when none of them moved he sighed and decided to let them stay.

“Voldemort,” He said, some of his friends still flinched when he used

the name, “I need your answer, the next class is Halloween and I won’t have time to prepare everything anymore then.”

Quirrel’s eyes turned red and he heard some of his friends gasp, “like you wouldn’t steal the stone anyways?” Harrison snorted, “I would, of course, but that doesn’t mean that I’ll still give it to you.”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed and Harrison smirked, “Now, do we have a deal? All I need you to say is that I can pick the ritual. I’m not going to let you walk around like an insane man.”

“Fine, Potter, but only because I’m done with possessing animals and some of my followers.” Voldemort said and Harrison sighed, “Thank you, now I need you to make sure all the students get to the common rooms early, I’ve already made sure that there is distraction, but I need to be able to get away without getting caught.”

Voldemort smirked, “I have a plan,” Harrison raised an eyebrow and sarcastically said, “Please, share with the class.”

“A troll.” Voldemort muttered and Harrison just stared at him like he was insane, which he was, by the way.

“You do you,” Harrison muttered and then said goodbye, because he didn’t want to deal with an insane dark lord longer than he had to.

When he was finally out of the classroom that smelled too much like garlic to be considered healthy, he rested against the wall, the Slytherins gathering around him.

“I can’t believe I’m actually doing this.” He said and Pansy snorted, “We all thought you would be totally light side, imagine our surprise.”

“I’m surprised, too.” Harrison said, “I didn’t know what this world was going to be like. I never even suspected helping either side, but here I am. I’m just doing what feels right and if I fuck this up I’ll just have to fix my own mistakes.”

“Well, I think you’re doing what’s right.” Tracey said and most of the other’s nodded in agreement. Harrison smiled, “Thank you, now let’s go find some empty class room and practice your shield charms, because you guys were horrible.”

“Rude,” Draco muttered, but he was smiling and the rest followed Harrison without saying anything. It wasn’t the first time Harrison decided that they absolutely sucked at some spell and took it in his

own hands to teach them how to do it right, so that they could earn points for it in the next class- and maybe because the spells are usually actually useful.

So they found themselves an empty classroom and Harrison started instructing them how a to make a good shield, they continued to practice for the next few days and by the time that Halloween arrived, every first year Slytherin was at least able to make an average shield. Only Millicent and Theo made a strong shield, though, but that was okay.

They also spend one day after Harrison told them their shields were good enough, decorating a stone to make it look like the philosophers stone.

The Slytherins had lots of fun trying to figure out what creative magics to use and ended up making a stone that looked exactly like the philosophers stone- well maybe it had a different shape, but it was enough to fool people.

Harrison wasn't going to steal the stone without planting a fake one at the same spot, it would be too risky. So this was the perfect solution.

The Slytherins were happy they got to help.

~

On Halloween everyone went to their classes as usual, Hope seemed super confident the whole day, it was her day. Every teacher praised her- except for Snape and Quirrel- and all her friends would stop people in the corridors to tell them how great Hope was.

So it was as normal as a day like Halloween could get.

When the feast started, Harrison slipped away from the crowds with the fake stone in his pocket- after reassuring the Slytherins once more that he didn't need someone to come with him.

The first part was relatively easy, the Cerberus fell asleep as soon as he used a spell to play music, the next part was also easy. Harrison stopped moving as soon as he noticed it was Devil's snare, he didn't want to destroy the plant. He fell through it after laying totally still for about 30 seconds.

He walked further into a room with brooms and flying keys, and decided that this part was harder than the other two without even

trying first.

He stepped on the broom and shot up into the air trying to look for a difference in keys when he saw a big, old looking key between all the golden ones. One of the key's wings had already been broken, so it didn't fly as fast as the others.

Harrison shot after the key, trying to trap it in a corner, which worked after trying for a while, when he grabbed the key all the other keys started following him.

"Fuck," He muttered and flew towards the close door, quickly unlocking it and slipping through. He closed the door behind him and sat down against the door, catching his breath.

That had honestly been harder than expected.

He looked around and saw a chess board, with a lot of charms on it to not let anyone through. He snorted and blew up some of the pieces, until he cleared out all the pieces in front of the next door.

"Should've thought about that when they made it," he said, even though there was no one with him. Through the next door was a troll, Harrison smiled, this was exciting.

He hadn't really fought anything in a while and trolls were pretty dangerous, because their thick skin reflected almost all spells.

He used whatever he could use, stones, sticks, he even transfigured a stone into a sword. In the end he beat the troll by using its own wooden club against him, knocking him out and allowing Harrison to pass.

The room he came in next had a long table with a row of seven potions and a letter.

He took the letter and read it out loud, to himself.

"Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind.
Two of us will help you, whichever you would find.
One among us seven would let you move ahead,
Another will transport the drinker back instead.
Two among our number hold only neffle wine,
three of us are killers, waiting hidden in line.
Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore.
To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide,
You will always find some on neffle wines left side;
Second, different are those who stand at either end,
But if you would move onwards, neither is your friend;
Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,
neither dwarf nor giant hold death in their insides;
Fourth, the second left and the second on the right,
are twins once you taste them,
though different at first sight."

Harrison read it through a couple more time, and then grabbed the smallest bottle. He drank it, not thinking about the consequences if this would be the wrong bottle, but when his body started feeling icy he did sigh in relieve.

He walked through the flames in front of the last door he had to pass. Suddenly he was in front of a big mirror, he saw himself with the Hogwarts founders.

"Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi" Harrison read and then pretty quickly realised it was mirrored, "I show not your face, but your hearts desire." He muttered.

He looked into the mirror again, thinking of swapping the stone in his hand with the stone in the mirror. Suddenly he saw his reflection swap the stones and he felt the stone in his hand get more heavy.

"Thank you." He said to no one, being alone really made him go crazy. And then he looked for a way out, finding it by looking at the parselscript that was for some reason on the wall.

"*Open please,"* He said to the walls, and the walls did open for him. He looked around the room that just appeared and noticed it had all of the founders colours in it. There was a big couch with a lot of tables and chairs around it. There were also a couple of loveseats scattered around the room in groups with separate coffee tables. It looked like one big common room for all four houses.

"Awesome." Harrison whispered and then walked towards the back of the room, there was a door with stairs behind it. Walking down the stairs he ended up in a magically appearing doorway in the corridor that led towards the great hall.

"That's so cool." He said and then noticed that all the students were already gone; probably back in their common rooms now.

He started running towards Sirius and Remus' quarters only to be stopped by a troll in the middle of the corridor, "I'm going to kill you, Voldemort." Harrison said and then started battling the troll in a similar way that he did the other troll.

In the end he finished this troll by transfiguring some knives and making cuts all over the body of the troll, who passed out after a few minutes.

"Mr. Potter, I believe we told all students to go to their common rooms!" McGonagall said, the moment she arrived at the scene: Harrison was sitting against the wall, the troll lying next to him.

He gave her, Snape, Sirius and Remus- who were with her- a small smile, "I'm sorry, Miss. I wasn't at the feast, because Halloween is kind of traumatic to me and I had nightmares about it last night. I told the rest to not worry about me and go to the feast, have fun. I just wanted to wait for Sirius and Remus in their quarters when I ran into this troll-"

"Minerva, I did ask Harrison, as my godson, to meet me here after the feast." Sirius said and Harrison shot him a grateful look. "Okay, Mr Potter." McGonagall sighed, "Just make sure you let Poppy check you for any wounds, trolls are nasty creatures."

"I will, thank you, miss."

"Of course, Mr. Potter." She shot him a small smile, "50 point to Slytherin.. for being able to defeat a troll at such a young age." Then she turned and walked away.

"I double that," Snape smirked, and Harrison knew that Slytherin would currently be 100 points up if you were to check, "I don't believe your little story, by the way."

Harrison smirked, "I didn't expect you to, sir. I'd be disappointed if you did."

Snape nodded and left him too, Harrison turned to his godfather and uncle and smiled, "I did it."

Sirius smiled at him, "I didn't doubt you for a moment, pup." Remus snorted, "Sure you didn't. Good job, cub."

"Thank you- though, I should really get back to the common room I have some concerned friends there." Harrison said and he saw a flash

of disappointment on Sirius face before Sirius nodded, “Of course. Have fun, pup!”

“I’ll come and visit you tomorrow after classes!” Harrison said and then ran- literally ran- towards Slytherin common rooms.

Walking into the common room was a whole different experience, Fred and George were there, of course. They had been resorted a few days ago and also with them was a part of the quidditch team, who Harrison bonded with.

“Thank fuck, you survived.” Said Daphne, who broke the silence. Then the common room exploded, people asking him how stupid he was, a lot of people questioning if he wasn’t a Gryffindor and a lot of congratulations.

“It wasn’t that hard, a first year could’ve done that.” Harrison shrugged everyone off, only for Flint- Please, you can call me Marcus- to snort, “You are a first year.”

Harrison smirked, “Exactly my point.” Making more snorts and laughter appear, but one person did point out Harrison wasn’t a normal first year.

“I also killed the troll, which is two trolls in one evening.” Harrison said and that raised another wave of concerned talking, which Harrison shrugged off again. He did tell everyone he would go to Pomfrey to get checked for any injuries, but had to rest first. He was scared that traces of the potion he took would be found in his blood.

The Slytherins nodded in understanding at that, after he explained why he had to take a potion, which quickly turned into him explaining his whole adventure. There were a lot of mutters of people asking if he was sure he wasn’t a Gryffindor, but Harrison just laughed and pointed out that you could have traits from two houses, all houses were after all based on stereotypes.

That silenced most of them.

He looked around the room, now filled with most of the Slytherins, even the seventh years were listening to him. He had, somehow, earned their respect by the many tales of him doing wandless magic and being very magically powerful.

Oh, and being friends with Salazar also helped.

“I did find something interesting, though.” He said, to no one in particular. It made everyone look at him, though he ignored most of them instead walking towards Salazar’s painting.

“You, old man, why did you never tell me there was a room for all four houses?” Harrison asked and Salazar smirked at Harrison, knowing Harrison only called him that to make the other Slytherins scared- or something like that.

It worked, though, a lot of them looked at Harrison with a shocked expression, mixed with a bit of fear making Harrison smirk, too.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, little snake.” Salazar said, most of the Slytherins relaxed when they heard the man talk with a certain fondness in his voice. Salazar could of course, have masked it, but this was more fun.

“Eh, it looked like some sort of common room, but for all four houses.” Harrison explained, “Why did you never tell me about it?” He asked and Salazar snorted, “Well, I thought you knew about it.” Before he switched to parseltongue, “*You sat there quite often, remember when the seventh years wanted to teach you chess?”*

“You’re kidding! That’s not the same room.” Harrison exclaimed, making everyone in the room quite confused and Salazar chuckled, “*It is, little snake.”* Harrison sat down on a chair, the room he knew as a boring room with wooden tables and chairs and was only used to play chess or make homework now looked like the most comfortable common room ever.

Yes, it was really that bad, Harrison always loved Hogwarts, but that room he hated. The chairs weren’t even comfortable in that room.

“*We- all four of us- changed the room after you left, remembering how you hated it. We just missed you and wanted to do something in memory of you. I believe there is even a big parselscript on the wall just spelling your name. We couldn’t write it normally of course, it would’ve been too risky. So instead the founders forced me to write a bit about you in parsel, I agreed immediately, of course.”*

Harrison looked at the man in shock, “You’re- you’re kidding.” He whispered and Salazar shook his head, “I’ll admit it was hard making it, especially with the memories so fresh, but it was a good distraction.”

The Slytherins looked even more confused now, some looking in

worry other's just curious and other's even in suspicion. Neither Harrison or Salazar cared at this point, both being more emotional than they've been in a while.

That's what confused the Slytherins most of all, both of them had always had a perfect mask, only showing amused expressions. So now to see actual sadness, or pain, or grief, or whatever you want to call it on their faces.

It was weird.

"*I'm so sorry,"* Harrison hissed, not knowing what he was apologising for. "*I always forget you guys went decades without me. The rest of your lives, yet I'm here being sad while I still have the chance to speak to you every day."*

Salazar shook his head, "*The fact that things have an ending makes them more beautiful in a weird way."*

Harrison nodded, wiping his eyes- was he crying?- he hadn't really been this emotional in a while and it felt weird showing so much emotions to a whole room full of Slytherins.

"You should go to sleep, you must be exhausted." Salazar said and Harrison nodded, "Yes I will, I'll try to find you guys some time soon, as in all five of you."

"There is a corridor with our portraits next to Merlin's portrait." Salazar said and Harrison smiled, "I'll find it."

The Slytherins were even more confused than ever, but at this point they weren't even trying to make sense out of anything Harrison James Potter did.

"Okay, now go to sleep child." Salazar said before looking at the other first years, "You guys, I am trusting you make sure he gets at least one good night of rest. Really he shouldn't have pushed himself this hard for the past week."

"That's what we've been saying." Blaise muttered, Harrison shot a glare at both him and Salazar, but both of them ignored him. Harrison sighed and stood up, not bother saying anything before going to his room.

He let himself fall on his bed and fell asleep immediately.

He would deal with crazy dark lords tomorrow.

Now he would sleep, for the next 10 hours, at least.

Chapter 10: Just another day

Chapter Summary

> Harrison talks to the dark lord and some other important plot points

Chapter Notes

> Hey! So the next few chapters will be a bit shorter, I'm really stressed because of school right now and I can't spent a lot of time to write 8k words chapters.
>
> (Most of them are still 3-4k words.)

Harrison woke up pretty late the next morning, just on time for a quick breakfast and then go to potions. The class was pretty uneventful, besides the fact that somewhere in his morning routine Ebony had snuck into his pocket and made his presence known during the class, there may or may not have been a few screams from Gryffindors when the now pretty long snake- he had a long way to go but 4'9ft was pretty alright- showed himself.

"You can keep your snake with you, just make sure he doesn't ruin the potions." Snape said with a nod and Harrison shot him a grateful look, he didn't want to deal with a pissed off Ebony.

"*You're more trouble than I thought you would be when I bought you.*" Harrison whispered to Ebony making the snake look at him, "*You should've expected it, I'm just that awesome.*"

Harrison snorted, "*Sure you are.*"

Draco sighed, "Harrison can you stir?" Harrison nodded, twitching his wrist, stirring the potion clock-wise.

"Thank you." Draco said and then smirked, "Really teaming up with you in a class where we're not allowed wands yet is really helpful."

"Why can't you just stir our potion, too, Harrison?" Theo said, smirking when Harrison twitched his wrist again, making their potion stir. "Just tell me if you need more of my amazing magic again, for example with heating your potion."

"You're amazing." Theo said and Harrison snorted, "Right."

Snape was looking at the whole exchange with a smirk on his face, it is true he didn't allow first years to use their wands yet, magic could mess up a potion. But he would allow Potters wandless magic, he seemed to know what he was doing.

Normally he would start teaching spells to help with potions around half way the second year, but Potter seemed to already know all the spells. He wondered once again just how Harrison seemed to already know everything, but he wasn't going to push the boy to tell him, he felt like that would only make the chance that he would ever know smaller.

At the end of the class about half of them finished their potion perfectly, most of them being Slytherins.

Harrison had ended up helping all the Slytherins with little twitches and waves of his hand and it made the people who hadn't felt his magic once again wonder just how powerful the boy was.

Stirring one potion didn't take a lot of magic, two was harder, but only because you needed to focus. But Harrison had been stirring at least eight potions and at the same time heating another few potions.

He had even helped Longbottom with his potion, to not make him mess up during class.

And that with a still growing core, Snape honestly feared what the boy would be able to do when he was a fully matured wizard.

He dismissed the class and decided to stop thinking about it now, he had a NEWT class to teach and he couldn't be distracted by some powerful first year.

"So I was wondering, why do you always twitch your hand when doing wandless magic, is it impossible to do it without moving your hands?" Blaise asked while they were walking from the potion classroom to the defence classroom, the Slytherins refused to let Harrison go alone, Harrison had just rolled his eyes and allowed them to come with him.

"It's easier to concentrate the magic and it's kind of like a wand movement. I just kind of bonded certain movements to certain spells, some I really have to do, other's I just use because it's easier." Harrison explained.

"Wait there are spells that are impossible without them?" Tracey

asked and Harrison nodded, “Mostly spells I created.”

“You- you created more spells than that one in the library a while ago?”

“Yeah,” Harrison shrugged, “I really want to tell you all the truth soon, but I need to prepare some things.”

“I knew you weren’t being honest,” Blaise muttered and Harrison smirked, “I didn’t completely lie about everything, don’t worry you’ll find out soon.”

“Want to see one of the spells I created?” Harrison asked, mostly to change the conversation topic. The Slytherins looked at him with curiosity and nodded, “It’s a summoning charm, but without the item flying to you.”

He waved his hand, his wand appearing in it. He threw his wand to Pansy who looked at him with confusion, “It has no core. I feel nothing.”

Harrison smirked and continued walking, “You’re telling us all this time you had a wand with no core? But what about the whole twin wands book search this summer?” Draco asked and Harrison shrugged, “I do have a wand with core.” He grabbed his other wand from his pocket.

“It’s phoenix feather and horned serpent.” Harrison said, “I just made the one without core to be able to use magic without losing my ability to use wandless magic.”

“You can lose the ability to cast wandless?” Tracey asked, Harrison nodded, “Everyone can learn to cast spells wandless, but it’s easier as a child. Most people lose the ability before they know they have it. Think about it; centuries ago we didn’t have wands yet, but wizards and witches were still there.”

“Accidental magic,” Daphne whispered in amazement. Harrison nodded, “Mostly you’re ‘accidental magic’ is actually your magic reacting to your emotions and what you want at that point. If you learn to control that, you can do wandless spells.”

He stopped in front of the defence class room, “Okay let’s do this.”

“Wait, you are teaching us the summoning charm you made soon, right?” Millicent asked, Harrison nodded and then knocked on the

defence classroom's door.

"C-come in!" He heard Quirrel say and Harrison motioned for the Slytherins to follow him, but stay quiet.

"Hey, can I talk to him?" Harrison said in a voice way too cheerful for someone asking to speak to the Dark Lord. Quirrel sighed, but his eyes did turn red, "Did you find it?"

Harrison raised an eyebrow, "You're seriously asking if I succeeded, you don't believe I could?" He grabbed the red stone from his pocket, "I have it."

"Now, I'm going to have to know where your biggest soul piece is." Harrison said, calmly, "The one that has at least 50% of your soul."

Voldemort scowled, "Why would you need my soul piece?"

"The ritual, I'm not going to let you return as an insane man." Harrison sighed, "Plus I want to see if I can feel the connection between me and your soul pieces. We have twin wands, you know?"

He heard Draco gasp, suddenly the reason why Harrison wanted the book so badly made sense.

Voldemort just stayed silent and Harrison gave him an unimpressed look, "You're whole resurrection is in my hands right now. I know enough people who would love to have this stone in their possession, so you either tell me where it is, or I leave and don't help you."

"Fine," Voldemort said, Harrison was honestly surprised with how quickly the man gave up, giving him the answers he wanted. "Lucius has my first horcrux, it's a diary from my sixteen year old self."

"You were sixteen when you made the first one?" Harrison asked and Voldemort nodded, "I used the basilisk." Harrison smirked, Salazar had been fond of the basilisk and showed her off to Harrison multiple times. All the other founders had been scared, but unable to stop them since they couldn't come into the chamber of secrets.

"Smart, indirect murder." Harrison mused and Voldemort nodded, "I didn't even mean to kill her, Myrtle, but when I killed her on accident I thought I would use her death for my path to immortality."

"How many horcruxes are there?" Harrison asked and Voldemort looked at the Slytherins, Harrison rolled his eyes, but put up privacy

charms around them.

“6, right now, I was planning to make a seventh one, my snake after killing you. Well at that time I thought it would be my sixth one.”

“We’re not even sure if I am one.”

“We’re pretty sure, I know you feel the magic pulling your very soul towards me and this is in somebody else’s body, just imagine when I have a body again.” Voldemort said and Harrison snorted, “Right,” Harrison said, “Might be useful, though, I wonder if it makes me immortal.”

“It probably will,” Voldemort said, “I won’t die unless you die, but you have two souls so probably won’t die until I do.”

“Does that mean I can give you all your soul pieces back except for mine?” Harrison asked and Voldemort sighed, “I don’t think I’ll be able to stop you.” Harrison saw his eyes flicker from red to blue and the man stopped responding angrily. So Harrison sighed and said, “I’ll send you more information of where and when we’ll do it.”

“Wait you don’t need to know what the other’s are?” Voldemort said, though his voice cracked a few times and his eyes stayed blue for longer each time before flickering back to blue.

“No, the magic will recognise your soul with the help of the stone, all I have to do is make sure it doesn’t take the piece in me with it. Now stop wasting your energy and let Quirrel take over.”

Voldemort did and Harrison nodded at Quirrel before he walked back towards his year mates.

“What was that about?” Daphne asked and Harrison shook his head, “Nothing important. Just some more specific information about the Dark Lord, which he didn’t want all of us to know. He knows he can’t stop me from finding out in another way, though, so told only me instead.”

“He trusts you?” She asked, shocked and Harrison shrugged, “I wouldn’t call it trust, more me threatening him to use the stone for myself and not resurrect him unless he gave me answers.”

“Like a true Slytherin would,” Draco said in his pureblood voice, making Harrison and some other’s laugh, while Draco just looked around with confusion.

“A true Slytherin would fall to their knees in front of the Dark Lord and beg for their lord to let them help bring him back,” Harrison snorted, “Salazar would be embarrassed.”

The Slytherins looked at him, slightly surprised and hurt. Harrison was obviously talking about most of their families, “He’s not wrong.” Pansy muttered to the rest and Harrison nodded, he shouldn’t have said something like that, but it was the truth.

They quickly changed the subject after that, Harrison mostly staying silent. They went to lunch and afterwards made their homework, Harrison helping the rest, he still felt kind of guilty over his comment about Slytherins.

“What is *spongify* used for exactly?” Pansy asked and Harrison shrugged, “A lot of things actually, it’s a quite handy charm. Since Spongify makes something soft and bouncy it’s often used to stop someone from falling too hard when they fall off a broom, for example. Some professional Duels have *Spongify* agents, whose job it literally is to cast *spongify* if one of the contestants would fall, especially if it’s a duel on a high platform. And those are only some of the most used situations.” Harrison answered her and Pansy looked at him, “That’s kind of cool, actually.”

Harrison shot her an amused look, “Is it?”

“It is, how do you even know these things?” Daphne asked, she had been listening to the conversation, “Flitwick never mentioned these things.”

“I’m just that smart,” Harrison said and Pansy laughed, “You’re so modest!”

“Tell me I’m wrong, then.” Harrison smirked, silencing her and she glared at him. Now it was Harrisons turn to laugh, “Anyone else needs help?”

A couple of “Me”s were heard around the table, and Harrison answered all their questions.

None of them noticed the blue eyes that followed them, watching them suspiciously.

~

The next morning Harrison, once again, got called into the

headmaster's office.

"What does the old coot want now?" Harrison asked, "Have I done anything wrong?" He looked around and most of the Slytherins shrugged, some of the second year Slytherins were also listening and one of them said, "Dumbledore would be suspicious of you either way, you're a Potter in Slytherin, who is also somehow a magical prodigy and a Parselmouth."

"Don't even get us started on you knowing the founders," another second year said, and Harrison thought he really should start learning their names, because at this point most of them probably saw him as their ally, friend or whatever.

Harrison snorted, "Dumbledore literally has no reason to call me up to his office, right?"

"Not really, besides what the second years just said," Higgs answered, also listening to the conversation and Harrison shrugged, "I'll just go see what it's about and then decide if it's actually something to worry about."

"Take Snape with you," Theo said and Harrison nodded, "I was planning to."

He once again walked to the teacher's table, this time Snape just nodded without Harrison actually having to say anything, following the boy to the Headmaster's office.

Dumbledore was waiting for them, "Lemon drop?" He asked with a smile, Harrison shook his head, and based on Dumbledore's glare, so did Snape.

"I've heard that you were missing at Halloween and then turned up after killing a troll," Dumbledore said and he sighed, "I'm worried about you, my boy."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Halloween is a bit traumatic for me," The headmaster looked at him with surprise, "I get nightmares about that.. night. I had a bad one the night before Halloween so I decided to skip the feast. However, I had promised to talk to Sirius and Remus after the feast and ran into the troll."

"So you killed the troll?" Dumbledore asked and Harrison shrugged, "It was either kill or get killed, I used some charms I learned in class, is there something wrong with protecting myself?"

Dumbledore shook his head, “No and I’m quite sure the whole school should thank you for acting so quickly. A lot of accidents could’ve happened with a troll in the school.” He sighed, “still one can wonder how you a first year could beat a troll, when some grown witches or wizards can’t.”

“I believe people can do a lot more than you would believe they can, when it’s a life or death situation.”

“You are right, of course.”

Harrison smirked.

“I am wondering however why you didn’t listen to your parents when they said Remus and Sirius were dark wizards, they are dangerous, you should understand that.”

Harrison snorted, “All of Slytherin is labelled as ‘dark’, I’m sure they won’t hurt me. I took their warning seriously, but decided to see for myself just how dangerous they are and if I’m totally honest they’re not that dangerous.”

“Still, you should’ve listened to your parents.” Dumbledore said and Harrison shrugged, “They never told me to not talk with them, they made their hatred for them quite clear, though.”

“Dumbledore, I don’t think you should meddle with family business.” Snape said and Dumbledore glared at the man, “I’m very disappointed in both of you,”

“To be totally honest, I don’t really care what you think of me. Now can I go or did you need anything else, Headmaster?”

“Actually, your parents requested for a resorting after the Weasley’s resorting.” Dumbledore’s eyes were twinkling and Harrison scowled, “Well, maybe they should’ve read the rules before requesting it. A request should always come from a student, with parental consent in the grades 1,2,4,6 and 7. In year 3 and 5 you can request one without.”

“You think you know the rules better than I do?” Dumbledore asked, losing the twinkles in his eyes once again.

“I know I do and I’m sure the past headmasters or headmistress would tell you so.” Harrison smirked, immediately Godric spoke up, “He is right, Headmaster.”

Dumbledore gaped at the paintings, the paintings in his office were always silence, never giving him input in anything. Now Harrison is here and suddenly they help him?

“Even in my time the rules were still the same,” Headmaster Black added and Dumbledore frowned, “It seems you are right, my boy. I’m sorry, you can go back to your friends now.”

“Thank you,” Harrison smiled, “Oh and Headmaster?”

Dumbledore looked at him.

“Never call me to your office for this bullshit again.” Harrison smirked and then left the room, Snape following him out.

The moment they left Dumbledore started screaming at the paintings, but they just watched him with an amused expression. None of them really liked the current headmaster and they were all glad that they finally found a student who stood up against Dumbledore.

Rowena, Helga, Godric and Salazar all watched the boy leave with a sense of pride, Harrison would change the wizarding world for the better and they were glad that they could see it, even from their portraits.

~

Harrison sat down in the common room, some of the older Slytherins standing around- most of them were part of the Slytherin quidditch team- his friend group.

“What did the old coot want?” Pansy asked and Harrison snorted, “Nothing really, just the usual blame me for not being at the Halloween feast, blame me for killing the troll and then force me to get resorted.”

“What- that’s the usual?” A 4th year student- named Evan Vanity, Harrison reminded himself, learn their names- asked.

“Eh, I mean not really, I’ve only been called up to his office twice. Both times because the headmaster thought I was doing something wrong, while I was just following the rules.” Harrison said, “More like, the headmaster wants me to do something wrong so he can use it against me, though.”

“Thank Godric for me Salazar?” He asked the portrait and Salazar

snorted, but left his portrait.

“What did Gryffindor do?” Adrian Pucey, one of Harrison’s quidditch team mates asked, Harrison answered, “He told Dumbledore he was wrong when he tried to convince me that my parents could force me to get a resort. Which they can’t by th-”

The stone wall of the Slytherin common room opened and Terence Higgs walked through, “Harrison, you better go to the great hall before Snape kills you.” He said, catching his breath, he probably ran to the common room.

Which was rare on its own. “What happened?” Harrison asked and Terence looked at him, “Your twins were throwing curses at Hope when they heard them talk shit about Slytherins.”

Blaise snorted, “Good luck,” He said patting Harrison’s shoulder and Harrison groaned, “Okay, fine I’ll go.”

He honestly hadn’t seen a lot of the twins since they got resorted and if he was totally honest, he was okay with the twins cursing Hope. And their own little brother. He just hoped it was just because they felt like it and not because Ron Weasley had told their family about the resort, he knew Percy didn’t give a shit about houses, so wouldn’t tell their family.

Ron however, would. He just hoped that the twins didn’t just get disowned.

“Did they get disowned?” He asked and Terence shrugged, “Could be.”

Harrison nodded and left, leaving all the Slytherins behind, he had some twins to get under control.

Entering the great hall was an whole experience on its own, he had to get through a crowd of students and some teachers to even get to the twins. Once he reached them he saw Snape, James and Lily watching Hope- and her friends- defending themselves against some angry looking twins.

Snape looked way too amused when he noticed Harrison.

Most of the first years were looking at the twins shooting multiple spells at Hope, Hermione and Ron.

None of the spells were harmful, though, they mostly seemed to be

prank spells with some weak nightmare spells.

“Cursing us doesn’t change the fact you guys don’t have a family anymore!” Ron shouted, dodging a spell aimed at his forehead. “Ron!” He heard Percy shout, who was somewhere in the crowd.

Ron ignored everyone, though, shooting his own weak spells back. It was honestly pathetic to see, the twins weren’t trying and Hope’s friends didn’t know the spells to use, so instead they used some minor hexes.

Harrison sighed, then smirked and said, “Hey,” While shooting making a shield between the twins and Hope and her friends.

Every head snapped towards him, Hope clenched her fist, her wand still in her hand. Fred and George at least looked somewhat guilty.

“That fight was honestly pathetic,” He said, “Really we should start a duelling club or something like that. If this is what we’re working with, we have a lot to do.” He smirked at the twins, they shot him matching grins back.

“Now please, slowly, why did this happen?” He asked and he heard Granger snort, “Why would you care, you’re only a first year!”

“A first year with enough power to stop the fight even the teachers didn’t bother trying to stop.” Harrison said, pointing at the row of teachers, some of them looked embarrassed, other’s- like Snape, Sirius and Remus- just smirked or grinned at him.

“Now please, why did this happen? I heard something about having no family?”

“Fred and George are no longer Weasley’s.” Percy answered his question, “Mom didn’t like their resort and she practically has dad wrapped around her fingers.”

“Ah, that’s why they weren’t actually trying,” Harrison muttered, “They wanted you to think they actually cared. Now I’m sorry I broke this up, but I was worried about… the new Slytherins.”

“That’s not true! They were trying!” Hope said, “I just used my training to defend us.” Granger and Ron Weasley nodded in agreement.

“If that was all you learned in your special training I’m honestly

worried about the faith of the wizarding world," Harrison was trying to get disowned at this point, trying stir the attention away from the Weasley disownment.

Plus it was fun to speak his mind for once.

"Harrison! Don't be rude to your sister." James shouted and Harrison looked at him, "Sorry dad, just being honest." He shrugged, "If you think Hope will protect us with some knockback jinxes, you're wrong. Voldemort won't hesitate to AK us all. Now can I go?"

Lily looked at him, "No! You can't just say that and leave!"

"Can we at least go to a more private place then?" Harrison said and the Headmaster looked around, "We can go to my office." Harrison nodded, turning to the twins, who were now standing next to him. "Tell my friends I won't be back for a bit."

"Harrison-" Fred said and Harrison waved his hand, "Don't thank me, honestly I've wanted to do that since the day they got me back."

That was only 4 months, Harrison had to remind himself. He had been here for only 4 months.

Walking into the headmaster's office, with Snape following him felt different this time, he was less sure about how much bullshit this meeting would be.

"Why must Snivellus always be here?" James scowled, Lily elbowed him in his rib. "Because he's the head of my house, who can be present for every meeting with the headmaster." Harrison said and James rolled his eyes, "We're your parents."

"Okay, okay, stop it." Dumbledore said, no twinkle in his eye, "Harrison, my boy, why did you say those things? You have to understand that Hope is trying her best, there is no reason to panic."

Harrison fake shuddered, "I just keep remembering that night, it's really hard, headmaster. Just imagine my surprise when Higgs comes into the common room telling me that Weasley started fighting with Fred and George after their disownment. They're my friends, sir, I had to stop the fight, I just kind of lost it."

James scoffed, "We're seriously believing the traumatised child act?" Lily seemed to wonder the same.

“I’m so done. I get it, he’s our son, but he doesn’t respect us even a little bit. He’s been rude to Hope since he came here and expect us to just pretend everything is okay, that we still love him the same as when he was a literal baby.” James said, “We all changed, but you’re not even trying to fit into the family.”

“Because I don’t,” Harrison answered, “I don’t fit into the family, because I spend 10 years at a muggle house after you left me there. I spend 10 years trying to secretly learn about magic from books, because I remembered all of it- I needed to know that all my memories weren’t just fake. The moment you took me back you thought I would love all of you immediately, but all I remember is you guys abandoning me for Hope.”

“You weren’t supposed to remember,” Lily whispered and Harrison scoffed, “Well, I did. Maybe you should’ve thought about that before you gave me away. We will never be like a normal family and I won’t forgive you guys until you show that you actually care about me and you didn’t just take me back to better your family image.”

“Harrison, surely you can give your family another chance.” Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling. Harrison shook his head, “No, headmaster, I can’t. You don’t understand what I went through for years. I got dumped by a family who thought I was a freak for magic and the only family who was supposed to love me with my magic- you guys- didn’t want me. I wasn’t good enough for them, I trained for ages trying to be able to fit in the moment I went back here, if I ever went back. All of it was for nothing, you don’t care about what I do. All I’ll ever be to you is a upgrade for your reputation.” Harrison didn’t know if he suddenly got better at acting or if he was actually crying right now, all he did know is that he felt tears rolling down his cheeks, he wanted to hide.

He always pretended it didn’t hurt, he didn’t care, because in the end he ended up with way better people. A happier childhood than he could ever have in this time.

But the feeling of being unwanted never really left.

“Harrison-“ James said and Harrison shook his head, “You either disown me or pretend to actually care. I’m done pretending to be okay with this, bye Professor.” He took at least a bit of satisfaction in the quick flash of hurt on James’ face when he called him Professor instead of dad.

James sighed, “Fine, you’re disowned. I, James Charles Potter, hereby delete Harrison James Potter from the Potter family tree. So mote it be.”

Harrison gaped at his dad, he hadn’t expected his dad to actually do it. He felt the magic around him snapping in place and turned to the headmaster, “If you would allow me, Headmaster, I would like to visit Gringotts tomorrow.”

Dumbledore snapped out of his shock, “You can’t go without a grown-up, Harrison.”

“I’ll take Siri with me.”

Dumbledore sighed, “Fine, my boy. Now I think we’ve talked enough, you should get back to your common room, Harrison.”

He kept everything together until he entered the common room and sat down on the couch- he knew the Slytherins wouldn’t let him leave to his room, after seeing his tears stained cheeks.

He could hear people turn silent, the normally alive common room turned dead silent. No one was used to seeing him in such a state, such an emotional state.

“*Sh, It’s okay.”* Salazar hissed, Harrison felt a hand on his back, probably one of his friends. “*I’m proud of you. It’s okay to not be okay sometimes, you know? You always pretend nothing of this hurts even the slightest, even when you were little, but all of us know it isn’t always okay.”*

Harrison looked at Salazar and offered him a small smile, but he said nothing. He could practically feel the curiosity of some Slytherins, wanting to know what happened.

All he said to them was, “Sorry, the headmaster and the Potters are arseholes.”

Then he turned around to look at the person sitting next to him- or people- Blaise sat there, with Daphne next to him and most of the other first years stood around him.

“I’m okay,” He said, at the disbelieving look Blaise shot him he insisted, “I am.”

But he didn’t answer any questions, didn’t even talk about how he felt

unwanted, how he wished he wasn't here right now. How he wished he was with the founders instead, with the people he knew really cared about him. He did however whisper one sentence in parseltongue, "*I miss you.*" And even though he couldn't see the portrait he knew that Salazar's probably had the softest expression anyone had ever seen on his face.

And he knew that the founders missed him just as much.

Chapter 11: Gringotts

Chapter Summary

> Sirius and Harrison visit Gringotts, the twins receive a letter and Harrison has an idea.

Chapter Notes

> Pretty much all the chapters till Christmas are filler chapters now. (So like another two, probably?)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning Harrison sat in the common room with the Slytherins in his year. He knew they had been curious about what happened last night and Harrison decided to tell them, because Hope probably spread the news already.

Harrison sighed, looking around the room, “I got disowned.”

“For real?” Pansy asked, looking surprised and Harrison nodded, “I didn’t expect my dad to actually do it, but I guess it makes sense. I’m going to drag Sirius to Diagon Alley today, so I can either claim my heirships or he might adopt me. I feel like he would’ve already, if it wasn’t for the fact that I was still a Potter.”

“Being a black might be smarter than claiming the last name Slytherin,” Blaise said.

“I know, I would like the chaos it causes, but the Potters would ask for an explanation and I don’t want them to know the truth.”

“You want no one to know the truth, no one knows yet.” Draco said and Harrison shook his head, “I told Sirius.”

“You told him, but not us?” Draco asked, sounding bitter and Harrison shrugged, “I had to, it was the only way to convince him to let me get the stone at Halloween. I will tell you guys soon anyways,”

“So you’ll try to use Black as last name?” Blaise asked, changing the subject, Harrison shot him a grateful look, “Yeah, I don’t want to cause chaos now, I want the attention on me to at least fade before Yuletide so I can bring the Dark Lord back in peace. Talking about the Dark Lord, Draco could you please ask your father if he’d like to be

present at the ritual I kind of need his help."

Draco looked at him with surprise and nodded, "Yeah? I mean sure."

"Thank you," Harrison shot Draco a smile, then he sighed, "We should probably go to breakfast, I still have to ask Siri if he actually has time to come with me."

And like that they all left, when they arrived at the great hall Harrison quickly noticed Sirius pacing in front of the big doors of the great hall, Remus standing next to him, his eyes shining a bit brighter- a goldish tint in them, Harrison realised it must be the wolf in him.- than usual.

"Harrison you're okay!" Sirius shouted when he saw Harrison, running towards Harrison to hug him.

"I'm okay, Siri."

Sirius sighed, "I was ready to kill him when I heard what happened." Remus also came up to them, ruffling Harrisons hair, "I had to stop him from killing them," he informed Harrison.

"It helped that I knew you would need me, so I didn't want to get locked into Azkaban." Sirius said and Harrison smiled at him, "So you don't blame me?"

"Blame-" Sirius snorted, "Have you even listened to any of our past conversations, I don't like the Potters, Harrison. I could not blame you for getting disowned."

"I mean I did kind of tell them to disown me," Harrison said and Sirius shook his head, "That's their problem, now Dumbledore informed me you wanted to go to Diagon Alley?"

"Yes, I need to go to Gringotts to fix my last name problem." Harrison said and Sirius nodded, "I already have the adoption papers ready."

"You- I- What?" Harrison asked, honestly shocked, him and Sirius hadn't even *talked* about him adopting Harrison yet.

"What you think I'd just let you claim the Hogwarts titles and live alone? No, pup, you're stuck with me now." Sirius laughed and Harrison fake-groaned. The Slytherins looked at the scene with amusement and confusion when Sirius said 'titles' instead of 'title', which would mean Harrison had more than one Hogwarts title.

“You’re part of my family now!” Sirius teased, poking Harrison in his side and Harrison swatted his hand away, “I’m not sure if I want to be,” He said back sarcastically.

“You’re a horrible child! Don’t talk like that to your poor godfather, who’s taking you in at such an important time.” Sirius pouted and Harrison laughed, Remus was also looking at them with amusement now.

“Well, we’ll see you later.” Remus said, motioning for the Slytherins to walk into the great hall, “Bye guys!” Harrison shouted and then turned to Sirius, “So we’re having breakfast in Diagon Alley?”

He swore he heard Blaise say, “All of you owe me a galleon, told you he would get disowned yesterday.”

“How the fuck did you guess the exact day?” He heard someone reply and laughed.

“Of course we are, Kiddo, you didn’t think I would let you starve on the first day of you being my family, did you?” Sirius asked and Harrison just snorted.

“Glad to know you care.” Harrison shot back, amused.

Sirius shook his head, laughing quietly, but said nothing. Together they walked to where the wards ended, so Sirius could apparate them to Diagon Alley.

Harrison quickly noticed that apparating wasn’t *that* bad, if you knew you were going to apparate and someone didn’t just grab you and apparated.

“So where to first, Gringotts or breakfast?” Sirius asked and Harrison immediately answered, “Breakfast, I feel like our trip to Gringotts might take a while.”

Sirius shot him a confused look and Harrison answered the non-verbal question, “I want to claim my heirships.”

“Ah,” Sirius said and lead Harrison through Diagon Alley to find a place to eat breakfast.

~

“I can’t believe it actually happened..”

“Yeah, the poor boy.”

“What do you mean, poor boy? He literally disrespected his family!”

“Yeah, like you wouldn’t after they abandoned you for 10 years.”

The whole great hall was talking about disowned son of the Potters. And while the opinions were spread, most of them agreed that Harrison wasn’t the bad guy in this situation.

Well, except for the first year and some second year Gryffindors that was.

“I’m just glad that Harrison doesn’t mind too much,” Pansy said, sighing. While she had made herself known as a gossiper the first few months in Hogwarts, even she admitted that this much attention on their friend was annoying.

“I feel like he cares more than he lets us believe,” Blaise muttered, “I mean remember yesterday evening? That wasn’t someone who didn’t give a shit.”

“I mean I don’t think it would’ve been healthy if he didn’t care at all,” Daphne said, “Even after everything that happened it’s still his family. Everyone would feel bad. I feel like the fact that he got disowned so quickly was a big part, I mean imagine how *unwanted* you must feel. Your family abandoned you, finally decides to get you back, only to disown you a few months later again.”

That silenced everyone around them, obviously no one had thought about that yet.

“That’s it, we’re killing the Potters.” Fred said, George nodding in agreement. Most of the first year Slytherins looked surprised, not knowing they had even been there, but they shouldn’t be surprised it were the twins after all.

“No killing without permission from Harrison,” Millicent said, making the teens around her laugh. Fred and George groaned, but did sit down.

“We’ll wait then,” George said, Fred nodded.

~

Harrison and Sirius finished eating and immediately went to Gringotts

afterwards. Sirius asked to speak to a goblin called ‘Griphook’, he quickly explained that Griphook managed the Black vaults.

He also explained how he took the role as Lord Black very seriously, James had always held him back, but after he send Harrison away Sirius decided to finally take up the role.

“Welcome, Lord Black, Heir Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-Emrys. I’ve been expecting you.” Griphook said, when they finally walked into his small office, he looked amused while saying Harrisons name.

Harrison bowed slightly, “I’m glad you had time to meet with us, Mr. Griphook.” Sirius looked way to amused by the whole exchange, Harrison ignored his look.

“Yes, yes, now please sit down, we have a lot to talk about.” Griphook said, motioning to the two chairs at his desk.

Harrison and Sirius sat down and Griphook pulled out some papers, “Now I have the adoption files,” Griphook said and at Harrisons surprised look he said, “We were all prepared for this to happen.”

Harrison nodded, but said nothing, so Griphook continued.

“But I think it might be smart to start with an inheritance, it won’t show a lot you don’t know, but it will make you able to claim your other.. Heirships.”

“Okay,” Harrison nodded in agreement and Griphook gave Harrison a piece of paper, instructing him to put 3 drops of blood on it. Harrison followed the instructions, afterwards he began chanting in Gobbledegook and quickly ink started to spread on the paper.

Harrison looked at the magic, sometimes he forgot just how many types of magics existed, how he didn’t know even a quarter of what was possible with magic.

“Okay so like I expected,” Griphook said, “Or well maybe there is something new on here for you.” He pushed the paper towards Harrison and Sirius.

Name: Harrison James Potter

Birth date: 31st of July 1980

Biological parents: *James Potter (Father)*
Lily Potter- Evans (Mother)

Godparents: *Sirius Orion Black*

Heir/Lordships:

Slytherin (Blood-adoption)
Hufflepuff (Blood-adoption)
Ravenclaw (Blood-adoption)
Gryffindor (Blood-adoption)
Emrys (Blood-adoption)
Black (Godfather)

Core: Parsel-core (100% grey)

After that there was a long list of vaults, Harrison honestly didn't care about those right now, so Harrison handed the paper to Sirius, who also looked through it and looked at Harrison in surprise, it was another reminder that Harrison had indeed grown up in the past.

"How did you expect this?" Harrison asked and Griphook gave him an another amused look, "Goblin magic doesn't quite work the same, we've known you would return for a while. I'm surprised that was your first question. If you have no other questions, we can go ahead to the claiming process."

Harrison slowly nodded, he would like to at least have access to the vaults.

Griphook waved his hand in the air and a box of rings appeared.

"Lord Slytherin claimed his Lordship a while ago, but because of his… situation he can't give you access to the main vaults. You can however access the Heir vaults." Griphook explained, "Since you are the last remaining heir of the other bloodlines, you are able to access all the vaults."

Harrison nodded again and Griphook handed him the first ring, the Slytherin one. He slipped it on a finger and felt a wave of magic, this

process he repeated until he slipped the last ring- the Black one- on.

“Now that’s done, we need to finish the adoption. This will make Sirius Black your magical guardian, for any other form of adoption, like blood-adoption, you will have to do on your own.”

“I already blood-adopted you,” Sirius said, “After begging for six months, James and Lily allowed me to do it when you were one year old.”

Griphook nodded, “The Godfather bond was established earlier, which would be why it doesn’t show on the inheritance test.”

“I didn’t know that-“ Harrison muttered and Sirius shrugged, “I was going to tell you, but I just forgot to, I guess.”

After that the adoption was finished pretty quickly, they signed the paper with a blood quill and Harrison changed his name to Harrison Sirius Black.

Sirius looked at him with surprise when Harrison said he would use Sirius’ name as first name. Harrison just gave the man a small smile.

“Thank you for helping us today, Griphook.” Harrison said as they were about to leave and Griphook gave him a toothy grin, “It was my pleasure, Heir Black.”

“May your gold always flow,” Harrison said goodbye, bowing respectfully at the goblin. Rowena and Sal had spent a long time teaching him how to behave around goblins.

“And may your enemies flee in terror, Heir Black.” Griphook replied, though he looked slightly shocked. Sirius also gave a small bow and together they left.

“So what now?” Sirius asked, “We still have a bit of time before we have to get back.”

“I kind of need to get a heated rock for Ebony, he’s been complaining about cold, even with multiple heating charms.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded, “To the pet store it is.”

Harrison nodded and started leading the way.

~

“I wonder when Harrisons coming back.” Draco said, laying down on

the couch in the Slytherin common room, a rare sight, the boy always tried to behave pureblood.

“He’s probably in a long boring meeting with goblins.” Tracey said and Theo shook his head, “No, I think him and Sirius are just wandering around Diagon Alley. Contrary to popular belief, goblins hate long meetings, they think that they’re a waste of time.”

“This is Harrison we’re talking about,” Tracey said, “I’ve never seen anyone admit that a meeting with him is a *waste of time.”*

“She has a point.” Pansy said and Blaise snorted, “So has Theo, I don’t think that anyone- even Harrison- could get goblins to like them.”

“If there was anyone who could do it, it would be Harrison, though.” Millicent said.

The first years had been sitting, making their homework for the coming week, only to realise just how much Harrison helped them. They could all do it on their own, of course, but that didn’t change the fact that it took a lot longer.

“How does Harrison even make his homework in such a short time?” Pansy changed the subject, she was still working on her transfiguration essay. She was sitting on the ground next to the coffee table, so that she didn’t have to leave the other first years who were all sitting on couches or chairs, around the same table.

“Being friends with the founders probably helps,” Draco said and everyone had to admit, he probably wasn’t wrong.

“And the fact that literally all the grown-ups he is close to are teachers.” Daphne said, agreeing with Draco.

“Or maybe, he’s just a genius.” A bored voice behind them said, Daphne turned around and saw Harrison standing there, smirking.

“I’m back? Hi?”

“How’d it go?” Blaise asked and Harrison laughed, “I’m now officially a Heir of seven houses, six of which I already knew I would be. Oh and I am now Harrison Sirius Black.”

“Seven?” Millicent asked, Harrison nodded, “Seven, I suppose I can let you into another secret.”

The Slytherins all moved a bit towards Harrison, without noticing.

Being Friends with Harrison feels like slowly taking down a wall, brick by brick. Waiting till you finally get to see whatever was built behind the wall.

“I- Don’t ask questions about this one, though.” Harrison said, “I’m not ready? To tell everything yet, I suppose.” When the Slytherins nodded, Harrison sighed. “Okay, so I claimed my Heirships, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, Emrys and Black…. I practically own Hogwarts now.”

“You- I- What?” Draco said and Harrison laughed, “Yeah, I know. Believe me I will tell you after Yule, after the whole Dark Lord business. I do trust you guys.”

The Slytherins looked sceptical, but nodded, knowing it was probably better for Harrison to expose his own secrets in time.

~

While the first years were hanging out with Harrison, Fred and George were sitting in an abandoned classroom.

“Are we really going?” George asked and Fred raised an eyebrow, “Do you really want to say no to Aunt Muriel, because you’re free to, but I won’t.”

George shivered, “Good point.”

“She also sounded like it was really important.”

“You’re right, we really can’t say no.” George sighed, Fred nodded, “So we write her back and tell her we will meet up with her.”

Fred and George had gotten a letter from Aunt Muriel earlier that day, asking them to come over some time in the Christmas break. She told them it really was important, so no it couldn’t be later.

And to be quite honest, everyone in their family feared aunt Muriel, while she could be a nice woman, but she could also be quite harsh.

And she had a lot of power, not only magical, but also political- somehow.

So yes, Fred and George were scared of what was going to happen, but they also knew that refusing to meet up with her would make it even

worse.

So they decided that, yes, meeting with her somewhere in the Christmas break was the better option.

~

That evening everyone had heard about Harrisons Heirships and the new Black son got a lot of respect from every house.

Even the older Gryffindors started talking to him, offering him their assistance would he ever need it.

Harrison was once again reminded how much power mattered in this fucked up world.

Dumbledore wasn't there and Harrison hoped that the man was currently destroying his office in rage, because he hadn't know how *valuable* Harrison could be for his course, he hadn't known what he threw away when he gave Harrison away.

The Potters were probably worse, trying to convince everyone that *they* were the rightful lord to all these houses, being Harrisons biological parents. They kept saying how they would make sure Harrison had no power soon, how Hope would get all these Heirships.

Harrison and most of the Slytherins had laughed at them and then ignored them.

They dragged Hope away from the great hall, probably not used to all the negative attention.

"I mean, I know this would stir things up, but this is crazy." Harrison muttered, "Maybe I should've just called myself Harrison Black-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-Emrys or whatever."

Blaise snorted, "Teachers would have liked that, just imagine; '10 points for doing the spell first try, Mr. Black-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-Emrys.'"

"Okay, no, I would hate that. You're right." Harrison said and Blaise laughed.

"I don't think anyone has ever had all four of the houses, you're children would be powerful. Just imagine you marrying a- well for example, Draco. They would have eight of the most powerful

lordships.” Tracey said, Harrison shook his head.

Draco had a weird look on his face, probably disgusted by the thought.

“Yeah no, I should’ve used another example.” Tracey said, Pansy giggled, “No, you’re kidding! I think it would work.”

Harrison fake gagged, “Nope, no sorry guys, not happening.”

“We’re only eleven, who knows what will happen in the future.” Pansy continues and Harrison rolls his eyes, honestly not bothered at all by the teasing.

“Stop it, Pansy.” Draco said and Pansy laughed, “Harry seems okay with it.”

“Just because I don’t mind your teasing and keeping the subject on something that’s not about my lordships, doesn’t mean I’m okay with it.” Harrison said and Blaise snorted, “I don’t see it, though.”

“What do you mean? They would be cute.”

“Fucking children.” Harrison whispered, Theo- who was sitting next to him- nodded in agreement, being the only one who heard him.

“They really would not be ‘cute’, Pansy. Draco has a lot of growing up to do before it could even be a possibility and even then Harrison is just too- too secretive for someone like Draco.” Blaise said and Draco looked offended for a second before shrugging it off.

Harrison shook his head, quietly laughing. He hadn’t even thought about relationships once. Why would he? He was eleven, it wasn’t important.

Plus he had a lot of other things to deal with, actual important things.

“Yeah, but if you look at it like that no one could be together with Harrison. I mean he’s like this with everyone and let’s no one get particularly close to him.” Pansy argued and Harrison decided to stop this, because really why were they even discussing his love life?

“Pansy, we’re all eleven, I really don’t care about relationships. Even if I’m alone forever I feel like I’d be okay with it, please take pity on poor embarrassed Draco and stop discussing this.”

Pansy snorted, “Of course, oh Heir Black.”

Harrison smiled at her and she winked, before turning to Draco to embarrass him about something else.

After dinner Harrison went to Sirius and Remus, he hadn't told them he would visit, but technically he *was* Sirius' son now.

The door of their room opened for him, when he walked in he saw Sirius and Remus sitting on the couch, talking about something- he honestly didn't know about what.

"Hey," Harrison said and they both looked up in surprise, before Sirius smiled and exclaimed: "There he is! My favourite son."

Harrison rolled his eyes and sat down on the couch, next to Sirius and Remus.

"How are you, Harry?" Remus asked and Harrison shrugged, "Okay, surprised by how quickly the news went around the school- but I should've expected that."

"Most of the reactions were positive, though, right?"

"Yeah, they were. I'm glad they are." Harrison said, "Talking about reactions, I have an idea."

"Idea?" Remus asked, "I don't like the sound of this, pads."

Sirius snorted and motioned for Harrison to continue.

"Well, spreading the news- by for example a newspaper- that the poor boy who lived got abandoned again and then got adopted by dark wizards, well let's just say it might help us later."

"You want to just tell everyone? Like whole wizarding Britain?" Sirius asked and Harrison nodded, "It's not like they won't find out, but now we still have the chance to make it a sob story."

"We should do it, padfoot." Remus said and Sirius nodded, "It's a smart idea."

"Okay so you guys know a reporter?"

"Do you even have to ask?" Sirius said and Harrison smirked, this would be *perfect*.

Chapter End Notes

Short, but fun. Also we all know what's going to happen now.

Chapter 12: Quidditch and interviews

Chapter Summary

First quidditch match and Harrison meets a reporter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A week later, the 9th of November was Harrisons first quidditch match. The whole Slytherin quidditch team were sitting at breakfast together, anxiously eating while going through strategies once more.

“Black, just ignore the rest of us, make sure you get the snitch!” Flint said and Harrison nodded, then Flint turned his head to Fred and George, who had taken over the positions of beater from Fae Drusus- a 6th year Slytherin, who liked quidditch but didn’t quite have the skills the rest had. And Ethan Grimstone, a 7th year who had been meaning to quit to focus on his studying.

Overall, there were no hard feelings about the Weasley Twins joining the quidditch teams. The Twins were probably the best beaters the school saw in a while, being able to communicate without talking helped with that.

“Weasley’s focus on Hope,” Flint said and Fred shook his head, “Not Weasley’s anymore, but you got it captain!”

“Okay the rest knows what to do, right?” Flint asked looking around the table, Terence snorted, “You’ve only been through it with us for like a hundred times, Marcus.”

“Right,” Flint muttered, his eyes darting to the Gryffindor table and then back to looking around the Slytherin team, “We can win this.”

“We will,” Pucey said, Montague had decided to try out for keeper when Terence became chaser and since he was the best one in the try outs he was now on the team as Slytherin keeper.

They all went to the changing rooms after breakfast, Flint going through their strategy once more. Harrison had honestly zoned out the whole time, he didn’t think that beating Hope was going to be a challenge.

However, since Fred and George were Slytherins now he did still have to make sure a bludger wouldn't hit him.

Walking onto the field was a whole different experience, he had never played quidditch with a full audience before. He looked at the Gryffindor team and noticed that Hope was, of course, loving all the attention.

Flint shook hands with Oliver Wood- the Gryffindor captain- before madam Hooch let them mount their brooms. Harrison took that time to study the other team and he quickly noticed none of them looked thrilled to have Hope in their team.

That was besides Hope herself.

He didn't have time to look any longer once he was on his broom because Lee Jordan- the commentator, of course, and how weird it would be to hear him make positive comments about Slytherin instead of Gryffindor this time- started talking.

"Ladies and Gentleman, welcome to the first quidditch match of this school year! Like always we start with the Slytherin against Gryffindor match." Lee said, "On the Slytherin team we have, Captain Flint, Terence Higgs and Adrian Pucey as chasers, Graham Montague as keeper, Fred and George as beater and child-prodigy Harrison Sirius Black as seeker." There were a lot of cheers, Harrison looked down and quickly noticed the whole Slytherin house was here.

"For the Gryffindor team we have Captain Oliver Wood as keeper, Angelina Johnson, Alicia Spinnet and Katie Bell as chasers, Maeve Smith and Ivan Raven as beaters and the Girl-Who-Lived Hope Potter as seeker. And aren't we excited for a little sibling rivalry am I right?" The cheers for Gryffindors were obviously louder, but Harrison honestly didn't care. Hope was smirking at him and Harrison smirked right back.

The new beaters of Gryffindor didn't seem to be totally sure what to do, so Harrison decided he shouldn't panic about that too much.

As soon as the snitch got released Harrison started circling the pitch, knowing Hope was following his every move.

He decided to play for a bit, making some dangerous dives, Hope following him- but almost crashing. He spend the entire first half of the match tiring Hope like this, while also avoiding bludgers.

“Slytherin scored! That makes it 60-40 for Gryffindor!” He heard Lee call out, Harrison sighed. He hadn’t caught sight of the snitch yet and the Gryffindor team had caught up with the Slytherins quickly.

The Slytherins had a 30 points lead after ten minutes, now fifteen minutes later the Gryffindor’s had a lead of 20 points.

It honestly wasn’t a surprise, the Gryffindor chasers were *Good.* And let’s not even get started on quidditch addicted keeper Oliver Wood.

Still it would be fun to win with a big lead, so Harrison stopped annoying Hope, instead went back to circling the pitch to look for the snitch.

“Stay focused, Black!” He heard Flint shout, when he dodged a bludger that almost hit his face, Harrison laughed.

“Don’t worry, captain!”

Another twenty minutes past, now the Gryffindors had a sixty point lead, 140-80. How they had managed to score eight times in such a short time, Harrison honestly didn’t know.

He dived down again, Hope- and a bludger- on his tail, when suddenly he saw a flash of gold. He redirected his broomstick in an angle that made Hope hit the stands, not being able to make her broomstick move in the way he did.

He followed the trail of gold, ignoring the shocked gasps. Hope, however had gotten up and jumped on her broomstick again, but she had no way of catching up now. So no one was surprised when Harrison caught the snitch and Lee shouted that Slytherin had won the match.

Harrison was soon pulled into a big hug by the Slytherin team, ignoring Hope’s and the other Gryffindor’s glares.

“I knew you had it in you, Black!” Flint said, swinging his arm over Harrison’s shoulder, Harrison steadied his broom stick and laughed, “Of course you did.”

“Party in the common room!” He heard Fred and George shout in the distance, somewhere close to the Slytherin stands. And when he looked at them, he saw Snape scowling at them, but even Snape couldn’t hide his happiness of the win.

McGonagall however, didn't look so Happy, Harrison understood why. Gryffindors had been the top team for a while, Charlie Weasley had been the *Best* Seeker in the school for the full seven years of school and Gryffindor barely lost any match.

Now, with Harrison against the Gryffindors that would change.

"That's our pup, Moony!" He heard his godfather shout, the man was waving at him, trying to catch his attention. Harrison laughed and waved back.

"Snape wasn't wrong when he said the Slytherin team could use you, Harrison." Terence said, coming up next to Flint and Harrison.

"Guess I'm a natural." Harrison said, smiling and Terence snorted, "Just keep saying that, I won't ever believe you."

He and Terence had had a lot of discussions about if you could really be this good without training, Terence absolutely refused to believe it was all a natural talent from Harrison.

Entering the common room after changing was a whole different experience, there was loud music and people were dancing all around the room.

If a Gryffindor saw the Slytherins they would say it's impossible that these people were really Slytherin.

Somewhere in the common room drinks were given away, Harrison knew Fred and George probably used their own alcohol stash that they probably had somewhere for this.

He sat down on the couch and was quickly joined by his classmates.

"Come on Harrison, you got to give us a speech." Pansy said and pretty much everyone around him began chanting 'speech, speech, speech!'

Harrison sighed, but stood up. He knew it was better to just listen to people, especially if everyone in the room tried to convince him to give a speech.

"I honestly don't know why you want me to do this," Harrison started, making more than a couple people groan, "While obviously Flint here should give the speech." He continued pointing at Flint, Flint shook his head, "Nope, no, not happening."

Harrison laughed, “Okay seriously, what we did today is a new start. From now on we’ll win, be known as the new strongest team, after all since Charlie Weasley left and Hope joined the Gryffindors there is no way they are the strongest. We will win, get the cup at the end of the year! Our team can only get stronger at this point and I know I talk for the whole team when I say we’ll do anything to make sure we’ll get stronger. It’s time for Slytherins victory!”

Harrison honestly didn’t know how to make speeches, but no one seems to care enough, there were a lot of cheers through the room. The Slytherin team cheered the loudest for sure.

Harrison laughed and honestly wondered how the Slytherins would show up at dinner.

“Probably drunk,” Blaise answered and Harrison realised he said it out loud, “You’re right about that one.”

“It would ruin the image of our house,” Daphne said, “Everyone thinks we’re these scary, heartless people. Just imagine them seeing most of the house drunk after one quidditch win.”

“That’s why we have sobering potions, dear Firsties!” Fred said, suddenly standing behind them.

“Of course we wouldn’t want to ruin the houses image, doesn’t mean we can’t get pissed now.” George said.

“Aren’t you guys like thirteen?” Tracey asked, staring at the half empty bottle of firewhisky in George’s hand. She looked quite concerned.

“We are-“

“- But that never stopped Gryffindors before-“

“- And we’re still like at least twenty-five percent Gryffindor.” Fred ended, most of the Slytherins still looked a bit confused at the twin-speak.

“Well, don’t get too drunk, we want you guys to at least remember where the potions are.” Harrison said, making George point at him.

“This is why we like you!”

“Why are you supporting this?” Tracey asked and Harrison shrugged,

“Let them have fun.”

~

Before dinner it was chaos in the Slytherin common room, everyone was trying to get to the stack of sobering potions and all of them seemed to regret everything once they got sober.

The first years were looking at the chaos with amusement.

“I hope this doesn’t happen every time we win a quidditch match,” Theo said, Harrison laughed, “It probably won’t, they’ll get used to winning eventually.”

“You’re modesty always surprises me.” Draco said, behind them, sarcastically.

“I didn’t say that it had anything to do with my skill.” Harrison said and Draco looked unimpressed, “You implied it, though.”

“If you say so,” Harrison shrugged.

“Boyss! Come we got to go to the great hall.” Pansy said, she was standing on the other side of the common room with Millicent, Daphne and Tracey.

Draco mumbled something about being bossed around by Pansy and quickly got up, the rest following him. Harrison waited a bit longer, before going to his room to check on Ebony before dinner.

The snake hadn’t taken his rat earlier and Harrison really didn’t think it could even be possible for the snake to shed again, seeing how the snake had shed a week ago.

“*Ebony, are you here?”*

“Hey! Master, I’m so cold.” Ebony said from his space on the heating rock, Harrison looked at him and then at the rock.

“*What do you mean cold?”* Harrison asked and then Ebony looked up, ”*Are you dumb? I mean if you don’t make this rock warmer I will hibernate in spite.”*

Harrison laughed at the snake, before checking the warming spell on the rock, seeing it actually failed.

“What?” He said quietly to himself before looking at the snake,

"*You're going to have to move if you want me to fix this."*

"Ughhh, you're kidding." The snake glared, well that was if a snake could glare, at him. He did however untangle himself and move away from the rock.

Harrison put his hand on the rock, magically charging it to warm up again.

"*You're welcome, grumpy snake."*

"You're the best," The snake said, though he sounded sarcastic.

"*I know,"* Harrison replied before turning away, "*I have to go, I'll be back later."*

"*Okay,"* Ebony hissed, but he didn't look interested, instead he just moved back to the rock.

Harrison got up and joined his year mates at dinner.

When Harrison sat down Draco passed him a letter, Harrison shot him a confused look, but opened the letter.

Draco,

I am quite surprised to hear that the new Heir Black is serious about his intention to resurrect the Dark Lord. However, I could, of course, not say no to such an offer.

And he needs my help? Tell Heir Black that I am quite prepared to do anything for Our Lord. His return is needed and if I could be a part of his return, how could I refuse? He could send me an owl with what exactly he needs from me, please tell him that he doesn't need to use you for communication.

We have a similar goal, after all.

Then he talked about the usual Father-son crap. Harrison honestly didn't care to read that too, he did however sigh in relieve, "Thank god." This would make everything a lot easier, having Lord Malfoy's help would mean not needing to steal the horcrux to make the Dark Lord sane again.

He passed the letter back to Draco and grabbed an empty piece of parchment, forgetting the fact that this is dinner and he had to eat.

He made a list with what he had to gather before Christmas, who he needed to invite and other things.

The rest of the Slytherins ignored him, knowing to not interrupt while *Harrison Sirius Black* is planning something. Harrison just sat there quietly writing on a piece of parchment for the rest of dinner, not one comment about how he wasn't eating any of his food.

That was until Hope came up to the Slytherin table, "Black!"

"Oh, please no." Harrison muttered quietly to himself. Hope hadn't really bothered him since his disownment, however he had beat her at quidditch so he should've expected this.

"Don't ignore her, Black." Granger said, "It's rude to ignore people."

Harrison turned around and smiled at them, "Potter, Granger, Weasley." He inclined his head before turning back to what he was working on.

"What's that? It should be important if you forgot about eating to make this." Hope said picking up the parchment he had been working on.

"A list of potion ingredients?" Hope asked, looking confused. Harrison noticed how the whole great hall was quiet now, waiting for either of them- but especially Harrison- to do something.

"Yeah, potions, you know me always working to be as good as you are." Harrison said and Hope laughed, "You are so desperate."

"For sure," Harrison rolled his eyes.

"Wait, Hope, there's names on here." Weasley said looking at the list, "I don't think he wants to use Malfoy's father in a potion."

The whole hall was looking at Harrison, who was just smiling at the three Gryffindors.

"Why wouldn't I? Blood has quite interesting effects on potions, especially strong magical blood." He said, "Did you know that a single drop of your blood is enough for me to make your whole life a living hell? I invented this potion you see, it was quite annoying while testing, but every single thing that happened while testing it was worth it for the results."

“W-what?” Hope asked.

“It’s quite a simple potion, really, it just makes your worst fears come true. You don’t even have to drink it, I just need your blood to make it. You should be lucky Voldemort doesn’t know about it yet, or well otherwise-“

“Mr. Potter!” Dumbledore shouted and Harrison ignored him, he didn’t use the right name after all.

“Well you can imagine for yourself what would happen.” Harrison said winking at his sister, “However if you really want to know, this is a list of people I have to talk to, the ingredients were already on there. It’s an old piece of paper.”

“You just said all of that to scare me,” Hope said.

Harrison shrugged, “You can believe that.”

“100 points for scaring another student, Mr. Potter!” Dumbledore said, not even noticing the magic not registering it because he used the wrong name again.

Really the man had been there when the Potter’s disowned him, had given him permission to go to Diagon Alley with Sirius, yet he was the person who couldn’t say the right last name?

“You’re a freak.” Hope said before throwing the paper back and walking away, leaving Harrison laughing to himself.

The rest of the hall didn’t start talking again until someone asked to pass over the bread.

Which Harrison totally understood, bread is just superior food.

“What was that, Harry?” Draco whispered and Harrison shrugged, “I’m so done with the Potters.”

“Was the potion you talked about real?” Blaise asked and Harrison shook his head, “It works differently, so no not really. Though I did make a potion with those effects.”

“Sometimes I forget you really are a genius,” Blaise said and Harrison laughed.

“Potter was right, though, I haven’t seen you eat anything. So eat.” Blaise said then and Harrison rolled his eyes, but listened.

He was quite hungry.

After dinner he told the Slytherins he wanted to search for Merlin's portrait, giving the Slytherins the choice to either join him or go to the common room.

Blaise, Draco and Pansy joined him, unsurprisingly. He did find it surprising that the rest decided to go back to the common room, but he wasn't going to stop them.

"So Sal told me there was a Merlin portrait with a portrait of all the founders next to it, but I haven't found it yet." Harrison explained while walking, "I feel kind of bad for not visiting them, but especially Merlin, I haven't talked to him in a while."

"And how do you know them again?" Draco asked, Harrison rolled his eyes, but didn't respond.

"I'm surprised Sal even told me there was a place with all their portraits, it seems more like him to just not tell me and act surprised when I finally find it." Harrison muttered, "Wait no, that's more something that Godric or Rowena would do."

"You really know them well," Pansy said and Harrison nodded, "I've known them for years, of course I know them 'well'"

They were currently heading in the direction of the defence corridor, though Harrison didn't suspect the portraits would be there.

And indeed, the portraits weren't there.

They wandered through corridors for hours, not finding a single thing.

"Are you sure Salazar Slytherin didn't lie to you, Harry?" Pansy asked, resting against a wall and Harrison frowned, "He wouldn't, not about this, this is too important for him too."

"What if it's some secret place no one knows about?" Blaise asked and Harrison looked at him, "Could be, probably. Dumbledore would try to separate the portraits."

"We might as well give up, then." Draco said, resting next to Pansy, "None of us knows this castle well enough."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "I do, if I didn't know where it was Salazar wouldn't have told me there was a place."

“That’s probably true,” Pansy said, “But maybe you should make a list of places to search first, instead of just wandering trying to find it.”

“You’re probably right,” Harrison admitted, “We should get back to the common room, then.”

“Sorry,” Pansy said quietly, “I don’t know what they mean to you, but they obviously mean a lot. So I’m sorry we haven’t been able to find a place with all their portraits yet.”

Harrison looked at her with surprise, “Ehm, Thank you. I shouldn’t have expected to find them in one time, really. The castle is huge, especially with all the secret passages. They could be anywhere.”

“We’ll find them,” Pansy said and Harrison nodded, “Yeah, we will.”

And that was the last thing they said until they arrived at the common room. Harrison stopped and said, “I’m going to visit Siri, I’ll come back later.”

“You okay?” Blaise asked and Harrison nodded, “Why wouldn’t I be?”

Blaise sighed and turned around, following the others into the common room.

Harrison was disappointed, he hadn’t been able to talk to Merlin ever since he arrived here, but he also didn’t suspect that finding their portraits would be easy.

All the way up to Sirius quarters he was looking at all the portraits, trying to spot the man, but didn’t see a single portrait.

“Harrison! I was just searching for you.” Sirius exclaimed, he was standing in front of Sirius doors, he realised. “Hey, padfoot.” He gave Sirius a small smile.

Sirius raised an eyebrow, “Come in,” He stood aside, showing Harrison Remus sitting on Sirius’ couch. “And tell us what happened.”

“I’m fine!” Harrison said and Sirius shook his head, “You’re not.”

Harrison didn’t argue any further, instead he listened to Sirius and sat down next to Remus, “Hey Moony.”

Remus smiled at him, “So what’s wrong?” Harrison heard the door close and sighed, “It’s stupid.”

“I was just trying to find Merlin’s portrait, because Sal told me there is one next to a painting with all the founders. We sought for a while, but didn’t find anything. I just feel guilty, I guess. The man literally saved me and I’m just now trying to find his portrait.”

“And would Merlin mind you haven’t had the time yet to find a portrait of him?” Sirius asked.

“No, but-“

“So stop it, the man is probably glad you made your own life here.”

Harrison groaned, “I know, that makes it even worse, they would never blame me for anything. He would probably thank me for finding his portrait even if it took multiple years.”

“Maybe, just listen to him this time. He saved you, yes, but he also brought you back for you to be able to have a life here. He probably doesn’t expect you to talk to him, even if he hopes you will.”

“You’re right,” Harrison said, “And I hate saying that.”

Sirius laughed, “I’m always right, kiddo.” Harrison made a face at the nickname. “Anyways, we got a letter back from Rita Skeeter.”

Harrison’s expression changed immediately, this sounded like good news. Sirius had send the reporter a message about a week ago, offering her a lot of money to write articles- accurate articles, not her usual crap- about whatever they want to.

“I think you’ll like what she said, cub.” Remus said and Harrison nodded, he was sure he would.

Sirius opened the letter and started reading out loud.

“*Lord Black,*

I was quite surprised by your offer. I thought you wanted nothing to do with me after the accident of 1977.” Both Sirius and Remus had a weird expression on their face and Harrison told himself to ask them about it later.

“*However I am glad, of course, this is an once in a life time opportunity. So I accept your offer, I would like to meet with you, your Heir and Mr. Lupin sometime to discuss the details of this deal we’re making. To have no misunderstandings, you understand.*

Please write me back to make an appointment,

Rita Skeeter."

"She sounds a lot nicer than you told me she would be," Harrison said and Sirius groaned, "Please don't let her charm you, that's the reason why she's so dangerous."

"I don't get charmed," Harrison said and Remus laughed, "Just you wait."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Am I allowed to leave the school or do we have to sneak me out?"

"I don't actually know, I've never had a child before." Sirius answered.

"You used to be a child, padfoot."

"Right, like my parents cared enough about me to let me leave school." Sirius scoffed, "I don't think it's allowed, it would happen more often if it was."

"Or Dumbledore hid the fact that it's allowed once again." Remus said and Harrison shrugged, "Sneaking out is easier, anyways. I'll get Snape to cover for me."

Sirius looked at Remus and then nodded when he saw that Remus approved of the plan.

"Okay, next weekend, then?"

Harrison shrugged, "Fine by me."

~

Time tends to pass really quickly when you're in a rhythm. Stand up, eat, classes, eat, more classes, homework, eat, free time, sleep. Harrison was currently in that exact rhythm, so it was no surprise that he woke up on Saturday and totally forgot about his meeting with Rita.

When Sirius told him to visit them after breakfast he gave the man a confused look and then realised. "I have to talk to Snape." He said, a little too loudly, standing up and walking out of the great hall.

He ignored the fact that the whole hall went silent.

Sirius started laughing and said, “I imagine that must be important,” Which made the students start talking again.

“Mr. Black!” Pansy said and Sirius looked at her, “Sorry- ehm, I didn’t mean to sound disrespectful. I was just wondering what was so important that Harrison just ran out of the great hall?”

“He didn’t tell you?” Sirius sighed before quietly explaining, “He must’ve really forgotten then. We are going on a meeting, Snape needs to cover for him. It would help if you guys would also cover for him?”

“Harrison is sneaking out?” Theo asked, looking surprised, “I thought he’d be the last person to do that.”

“It’s the Gryffindor in him,” Blaise said, “Of course we’ll help and cover for him.”

“Thank you,”

“No problem, Mr. Black.” Pansy smiled. Sirius nodded and walked away, but only after whispering, “10 points to all of you for helping another student.”

“He seems great, to be honest.” Draco said, “I never understood why mother was so sad when talking about ‘Her favourite cousin Sirius getting manipulated to the light side.’ But I might just understand her now.”

“I keep forgetting you guys are basically cousins.” Pansy said.

“We noticed when you implied they would end up together,” Blaise told her and Pansy shrugged, “Isn’t that basically what all purebloods do, marry their cousins.”

“My family doesn’t.” Blaise shot back and that silenced Pansy. “I don’t think Harry would be happy if he had to marry his cousin. He needs freedom from all this pure-blood crap.”

“Good-bye most powerful children ever.” Pansy said dramatically, Blaise raised an eyebrow, “Cause Harry isn’t the most powerful child ever?”

“You ruin everything, let a girl be dramatic.”

“I live to stop you from having fun.”

“You know what? You’re my least favourite person here.”

Blaise snorted and Pansy giggled.

“That’s something new,” Harrison said, joining them at the Slytherin table once again. “I’ve never seen either of you act like that before.”

“I keep forgetting you didn’t know us before Hogwarts,” Draco said, “They were like this all the time. It’s gotten less since we’re here, though.”

“Pansy and Blaise were those best friends who were always together and always arguing.” Tracey said, joining their conversation, since Millicent and Daphne were now talking about some magic kind she didn’t know about.

“Ah,” Harrison said, “What made you stop when joining Hogwarts?”

“We have to wear our Slytherin masks outside of the common room usually, but you were always in the common room and it felt weird.” Pansy explained.

“You’re not in the common room now.”

“Wow! No shit, Sherlock.” Tracey shot back and Harrison just looked at her, “That’s a muggle phrase.”

“Sherlock Holmes, oh how my parents loved those stories.” Tracey said and Harrison smiled, “You’re a half-blood?”

Tracey nodded, “We’re the same, you and I.” She said with a deep, dramatic voice, making Harrison laugh. Harrison himself had limited knowledge of what it was really like to live with muggles, of course. The founders, however, forced him to learn somethings about the muggle world in his time, so he could convince people he actually lived with muggles for a while.

The rest of the Slytherins just looked confused, but didn’t have any more time to question it. Harrison jumped up from his seat and said, “Well, I’m going. I’ll see you all later.”

And then walked away, leaving Tracey with a lot of questions about the man named ‘Sherlock Holmes.’

~

Harrison quickly spotted Rita when they walked into the Daily Prophet building. They decided to have their meeting here, since it’s

probably the most private place they would be able to meet.

“Lord Black! I’m so delighted to see you.” Rita said, while waving enthusiastically. Sirius sneered, but quickly masked his expression. He clearly didn’t like the woman.

“I’m glad you accepted our deal.” Sirius said back respectfully, while they joined the woman at a small desk.

“Well, it’s not every day a woman gets a deal like this.” Rita smiled, “Of course, I would like to know exactly what the deal would mean, because you weren’t very specific in your last letter.”

“We expected no less, Mrs Skeeter.” Harrison said, the woman smiled, “Call me Rita, please.”

Sirius was glaring at the woman, Remus didn’t look much happier.

Rita cleared her throat, “Now what you said was that you will give me interviews and give me money, but only if I write exactly what you guys want, I can’t twist your words..”

“You are right,” Sirius agreed, “We need you to write the truth, in exchange you get free interviews and we’ll even pay you.”

“And you will be able to give me an interview now?” Rita asked, “I have so many questions for Heir Potter, you have to understand.”

“It’s Heir Black now, Rita.” Sirius said and Harrison smiled and nodded.

“Oh?”

“It’s part of the story.” Sirius said and then Remus finally answered Rita’s question. “We’d be happy to give some… answers already.” Remus said, “Only after signing the papers.”

After Remus said that, Sirius took out some contract. Harrison raised an eyebrow, Sirius was never one to be this prepared.

“I believe you know that after signing this, it would work as an unbreakable vow?” He said, while sliding the papers over to Rita, she nodded and started reading.

“Oh and Rita?” Harrison said, a smile on his face. “Don’t use the quill that’s in your hand right now, I won’t return here ever again if you do.”

Rita looked shocked and then said, “Of- of course, Heir Black.”

Sirius and Remus both looked at Harrison with proud expressions.

After that the process of signing paperwork went pretty quickly, they all came to an agreement and then Rita took them with her to a more private room, so they could start the interview.

“Sit down, please.” Rita said and then hurried out of the room to get another quill.

“How did you know about the quill?” Remus asked and Harrison shrugged, “I recognized it from some interviews the founders did. Those quills exist for a while and I’ve never liked them. They have a mind of their own.”

“That’s impressive,” Remus remarked, “The fact that you remember exactly how the quill looks.”

“It’s the magic, the quill sends little pulses to all magical beings around them, so they can use emotions to write more specifics. I might not be very sensitive to other magics, but I always notice when someone touches my magic.”

“I’m sorry I was gone for that long, I haven’t used a different quill in a while.” Rita apologized, while hurrying back into the room.

“It’s okay,” Harrison answered, “We do however need to finish this quickly, I’m not exactly allowed to leave the school ground without the Headmaster’s permission.

Rita smirked, “Sneaking out, young snake?”

“Don’t ever call me that again.”

“Woah, sorry, sorry.” Rita laughed. “Let’s start, then. I heard there was an interesting story you wanted to share.”

Harrison smirked now, “The Potter’s disowned me, imagine the headline: ‘*Abandoned Potter once again abandoned!’* Or whatever.”

“I like your thinking, can I ask some questions about this?”

“Why else are we here?” Sirius asked and Rita started interviewing them about the disownment.

~

Harrison crashed on a seat in the Slytherin common room, “I am exhausted.” He announced, to no one in particular.

“You were gone for a while,” Blaise said, “Will you finally tell us what you were doing?”

“Nah, you’ll figure it out soon enough.” Harrison smirked, “Believe me, you will.” He said to the unconvinced looks.

“He says that more often.” Fred stated.

“We don’t believe him.” George finished, Harrison rolled his eyes at them, “I am totally being one hundred percent honest right now, give it a week or so.”

“Fine, but if we don’t know by the time Christmas holidays arrive, you will tell us.” Draco said and Harrison nodded, “I promise.”

No one believed him.

Chapter End Notes

Hey :)
I've been thinking about making a discord server... It would mostly just be to meet people. I will also take requests and idea's from that server and post small spoilers in there.

Oh, and screen sharing while writing- maybe?

I just wanted to know if anyone would be interested in this before I put a ton of effort into creating a server lmao
So please comment if you would join

Chapter 13: Normal teenage life (Or something like that)

Chapter Summary

Hope, Transfiguration and Fred and George :)

Chapter Notes

LAST CHAPTER BEFORE THE DARK LORD RETURNS? I THINK AT LEAST..... AHHHHHHHHHH

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Black family saved the abandoned Potter son!

A few days ago Harrison Sirius Black- we'll get into why his name changed later-, Sirius Orion Black and Remus Lupin came to the Daily Prophet building and offered me a story no one had heard yet.

It's a well-known fact that the abandoned Potter son returned to us a few months ago, just before the start of the Hogwarts year. No one knows where he spent years of his life and no one knows if he was actually safe the time he wasn't with the Potters. None of the Potters ever seemed to care, though. This split up the dark and light families even more, a big part of the grey families moving to side with the dark.

Now, however, we do have more information about Harrison Black's past. He seemed upset while telling us the following story:

"I remember a lot of that night, Sirius and Remus tried to stop them from giving me away, but the Potters and Dumbledore insisted it was for 'the greater good'. The next day I was sent to my muggle family, the very same family my biological mother left, because of their hatred for magic. They were abusive to say the least, but I took comfort in the fact that I knew I was special, I remembered my magic. I found some old portraits in the attic, my aunt tried to hide them from me, but I was a curious boy who was left alone for weeks if not months sometimes. So of course, I found them. The portraits, which turned out to be the Hogwarts founders helped me a lot. They taught me about magic, since all my magic could be blamed on accidental magic I practiced for hours at a time. I don't think I would've been here if it hadn't been for those portraits, my magic saved me from my family multiple times."

I didn't ask him any more questions on this subject that obviously bought up bad memories, instead we moved onto talking about the more recent events, I asked him what it was like being back with Potters for the past few months.

"It hasn't been great, to be honest. I suspected they would be happier to see me, but instead they treated me as some sort of trophy to show people that they were kind people, by taking the poor orphan boy back. It didn't work of course, since the only reason I didn't have a family was them. The first month they pretty much ignored me, only when people were visiting they acted like proper parents. Then Hogwarts started and all they did was complain about me doing well in school, about how there was no way I was better than Hope. They couldn't even stand me for more than 4 months until they disowned me again."

And, my dear readers, if that wasn't a shock! Harrison seemed surprised by the fact we didn't know about the disownment yet and then said it was probably because the Potters didn't want people to find out, though.

"Luckily Sirius saved me, the day afterwards he officially adopted me. It wasn't weird for either of us, since even as a little kid Sirius was always more a father to me than James ever was. I hate to think what would have happened if Sirius hadn't been there, I wouldn't have a house, a family or well anything really. Sirius quite literally saved me." Heir Black laughed a little, "And if that isn't surprising! Since everyone is always telling me how bad the dark side is, yet they are the ones that cared about the fact I was abandoned, not the light side."

And Heir Black has a point, dear readers, maybe the dark side isn't as bad as we think it is.

Rita Skeeter, the Daily Prophet.

"It's front page?" Harrison asked, his friends were reading the Daily Prophet with shock written across their faces.

"Of course it is," Blaise said, "There hasn't been a story like this for a while, how did you even get Skeeter to do this?"

Harrison shrugged, "It wasn't that hard, Sirius did most of it."

The great hall was slowly started getting louder, everyone was talking about the same thing though.

“Black!” He heard a voice, there they were, the Potters.

“Hi? Did you enjoy the news?” He asked, a small smile on his face. In the corner of his eyes he saw Sirius getting up from his seat and approaching them.

“You had no right to write about us!” James said and Harrison blinked, “It’s just my life story, is that a crime? I thought people would like to know a bit more about me.”

“We will sue you!”

“I still don’t think I’ve done anything illegal.”

“I noticed how you didn’t write that you kept being rude to us until daddy disowned you.” Hope smirked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “I think the ‘They couldn’t even stand me for 4 months.’ Summed that up pretty well. I don’t think I was that rude anyways.” Some people around him laughed.

“Lord Potter, I would appreciate it if you stopped annoying my son.” Sirius said with a blank face, though Harrison could easily see the amusement in his eyes.

“He’s not your son!” Lily said, “I don’t remember you giving birth to him.”

“He legally is my son, anyways, I think you might want to stop embarrassing yourselves.” And Sirius was right, the whole great hall was pretty much laughing at the Potters.

“I don’t think they notice how much they’re embarrassing themselves,” Harrison said and then decided to add, “Dad.” Just to see the Potters reaction.

Sirius laughed, “You’re probably right about that one.”

“Sirius, he is not and never will be your son.” James said and Harrison stopped Sirius from responding by saying, “Well, the chance of me being Sirius’ ‘son’ feels a lot more possible than being yours, since you don’t seem to give a shit about me. Now please, let me eat in silence. If you really want to continue this conversation we can do so later, without a crowd.”

Hope seemed like she wanted to protest, but Lily stopped her by pulling her away from Harrison. Not without shooting Harrison one

last glare, though.

James followed his family.

Harrison sighed and turned back to the table, Sirius did not leave him with his friends, though. Instead he made the people around Harrison make place for him.

“We should’ve expected those stupid Potters to say something about it.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded, “Doesn’t mean I have to be happy about it.”

“I didn’t expect you to be happy about it.” Harrison said casually, while putting some food on his plate.

“Ehm.. Mr Black, I’m sorry, but could you explain the essay we got last week to me- not right now, don’t worry. I’m just really having a hard time with it.” A third year Slytherin spoke up, Sirius seemed to be confused right now before laughing, “Right, right.. Sometimes I forget I’m the teacher now, of course I can. You can come to the transfiguration classroom after breakfast.

“Thank you.” The girl said, before turning back to her giggling friends.

Harrison laughed at Sirius, “You forgot that you’re a teacher?”

“In my defence, Dumbledore told me he would never allow me to stand in front of a classroom after I graduated.”

“I’m not even going to question that.”

“You shouldn’t, believe me.” He groaned, “I have to go back to the old people’s table now, see you all later.” Sirius left them like that.

“Is your godfather the teacher everyone has a crush on now?” Millicent asked, she stopped talking to Tracey just to ask that question, Harrison realised.

“I suppose, rather him than James.” Harrison said, though it was kind of weird.

“Mr. Black is just so-“ Some fourth year started and Harrison stopped them, “No no! I’m not listening to this shit. And I’m also like ninety percent sure him and Remus are together.”

“Really? Bummer.” Tracey said, picking up a strawberry from her plate.

“You’re literally eleven,” Harrison said and Tracey shrugged, “I won’t be eleven for ever.”

“This is the worst conversation we’ve ever had, I’m done with you all.” Harrison groaned and stood up, leaving the great hall.

He thought it was kind of funny, though. Especially since he *knew* Sirius was oblivious about it and once Sirius realised he would hate the fact that he was that teacher.

So really, Harrison didn’t mind too much. Only because he knew Sirius would never date anyone that was still in Hogwarts now, he’d hate the age gap.

“*Expelliarmus.”* He heard a voice whisper behind him, he didn’t even have his wand with him. He turned around and saw what had to be a fifth year Gryffindor with his sister.

“He has no wand on him, Potter.” The fifth year said and Hope smirked, “He’s going to regret that.”

“You seriously need a fifth year to do the spells for you?” Harrison asked, “I thought you had special combat training.”

Hope’s smirk grew, “Not just one *Gryffindor* fifth year.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, when he heard people walk up to them behind him, “Look Hope, I’m really not in the mood. I don’t know how you convinced people to fight for you, but honestly it’s stupid.”

“You there!” He turned around, pointing at a Hufflepuff, “How did she convince you to fight? Because I know this isn’t something all of you would just do.”

The Hufflepuff girl shrugged, “She offered me money, well her parents did. Told me I’d have to duel a first year old and I’d get the money if I won.”

“I didn’t expect this, when they offered me the same.” The Ravenclaw girl next to her said.

Harrison laughed, “This is just sad, Hope. I’m not doing this, come duel me when you’re confident enough to do it on your own.”

“It’s not like you can get away, you don’t have a wand.” Hope said and Harrison laughed, “Can’t I?” Then he casted an easy wandless and

non-verbal *incarcerous* to body bind Hope and turned to the group, “Anyone else?”

He noticed half of them seems to leave already. The other half was looking at him shocked.

“If I’d known it was the bloody first year genius, I wouldn’t have even accepted the deal.” He heard someone whisper, making Harrison laugh, “You get an out now, if all of you leave.”

Just then the doors of the great hall open, Harrisons year mates walking out, together with some other people. That made the rest of the fifth years leave, honestly Harrison expected them to leave.

“What happened here?” Blaise asked, Harrison shrugged, “Hope build an army of fifth years to beat me. It’s kind of sad, really.”

“She was that mad for the article?”

“Probably.” Harrison shrugged, “It’s disappointing they all left, though. I was kind of hoping for a challenge.”

“And a bunch of fifth years would be a challenge?” Tracey asked and Harrison snorted, “I don’t know, I was about to find out.”

“Whatever, let’s go make homework.” Pansy said and Harrison nodded, even though he had already finished his homework.

~

Hope didn’t bother Harrison anymore after that, beside the dirty looks in classes and the creepy smirks that made Harrison wonder just what the Potter family was planning.

Voldemort seemed to lose a lot of energy, his classes now mostly being silently making essays. It made Harrison wonder if the man would even *survive* until Christmas.

However, the man was still standing when December finally arrived, so he only had another few weeks to go.

He planned everything now. He found a ritual he could use, told Lucius and Megan the details and made sure that the other 1st years won’t try to mingle with his ritual. He knew some of them wanted to see the magic, but he didn’t actually know how dangerous it would be, so he refused to let them join.

The only downside of the ritual was that calling souls to a location was very hard, especially if he wanted to keep the horcrux he was carrying. So instead he decided to only give back the 50% soul piece, hoping this makes the Dark Lord sane enough so he could find the others and give those back at their own time.

If the Dark Lord was still an insane lunatic he would just lock him up until he found a horcrux with at least 25%.

He would have to find them all in the end, anyways.

Now he actually gave himself some time to just chill, go to classes, make homework and act like every other teenager.

“Black, the fact that you could do this while dreaming, doesn’t mean you have to actually do it.” McGonagall said, a weird half-smile on her face.

McGonagall and him build a weird sort of friendship over the past few months, the woman loved impressive magics. And Harrison- well he had impressive magic, to say the least.

“Sorry,” Harrison replied. They were currently working on origami, if you could call it that. Everyone got a small piece of paper and was told to use their fantasy to create origami. They didn’t actually have to spell it to do things yet.

Sirius was currently showing off his running dog, which was obviously made with a lot of impressive magic.

“Well since you couldn’t care to pay attention, I think you would like to show the class how good you are at this piece of magic.” McGonagall said, Harrison smiled at her, “Of course.”

He quickly grabbed a piece of his untouched papers and waved his real wand, since it allowed him to concentrate the magic easier, without making a whole show of wandless magic. He still had some struggle of really focussing the magic with his fake wand.

The paper on his table slowly turned into something that looked like a paper plane, which made people laugh, cause it wasn’t that impressive. Then it began to fly around by itself, that silenced most of them.

“I hope that was impressive enough for you, ma’am?” Harrison said, sarcastically.

“It sure was, Mr Black.” McGonagall replied.

Harrison smiled at the woman before looking around the classroom to see other creations. Really, he didn’t know what to make. Paper planes were the easiest options.

His friends were currently struggling to make different sized snakes and Harrison laughed, he waved his wand and animated the already finished ones. Now they were hissing on top of Pansy’s table.

“Look! I made Ebony!” Tracey said, pointing at a grumpy snake that just seemed to be hissing at everything grumpily. Harrison couldn’t actually understand the paper snakes, they weren’t *actually* talking in parseltongue, but he could still tell that the snake Tracey made would probably act like Ebony.

“10 points to Slytherin for working together.” Sirius voice said, he now standing close to them instead of the opposite side of the classroom. “What are you guys going to do with them? World domination?”

“We might as well,” Millicent answered and Sirius laughed, “Well good luck, paper isn’t the strongest material.”

“Just throw some fire repellent charms over it,” Harrison shrugged, “It might work.”

“Sure it would,” Sirius said in his ‘I can’t believe you right now voice.’ Then he snorted, “I believe you, my son,” Giving Harrison a wink, “Could make anything work, if we just gave you some time to come up with a plan.”

“I seriously doubt that.”

“You Siriusly shouldn’t.”

“Ha-ha, go away, you mutt.” Harrison said and Sirius laughed, “I’m still your teacher, I could give you detentions, you know?”

Harrison dramatically gasped, “You wouldn’t,”

“I suppose I wouldn’t.”

“Good puppy.”

“If anyone here is a puppy, it’d be you. I swear your animagus is going to be an adorable little dog.” Sirius said and Harrison shook his head,

“It’s not.”

“It’s not- You mean you’re already an animagus? And you didn’t tell me?”

Everyone around Harrison had an equally shocked face and Harrison blinked, “You mean I didn’t tell you?”

“You never tell us anything, Harry.” Draco said and Harrison had to admit he was right.

“I transformed when I was nine- I think.” He admitted, “I will show you my form later, Moony has to be there.”

“Can we be there? Please?” Pansy asked and Harrison laughed, “Fine, you guys can be there.”

Sirius was still staring in shock. “You really didn’t expect this?” Harrison asked him, he shook his head, “I should’ve, though. I just thought I would get to teach you, give you the old books of me, Peter and James.”

Harrison sneered at the last two names, but then smiled at the man. “You can teach me the patronus, because *they* refused to.”

Sirius laughed, obviously noticing how all the Slytherins around Harrison seemed to suddenly get more interested. Harrison obviously hadn’t told them his big secret yet.

“Well, I suppose I should be thankful for *them*.” Sirius said, “Allowing me to at least teach you something.”

“In their words, ‘We can’t teach you everything, let the people who take care of you after us teach you somethings.” Harrison said, trying to imitate the founders voices, all at once.

“Tell them I’m thankful,” Sirius said and then the bell rang, “I’ll see you next class, pup.”

“See you in history.” Harrison said back, ignoring all the questioning looks from the Slytherins. At this point he wasn’t trying to keep it a secret from them, it was just funny to see them dying to ask questions, but knowing he won’t answer their questions even if they asked.

~

Now all of them- including Remus- could be found sitting in an empty

classroom. Harrison smirked, “Are you all ready?”

“We’re ready, pup.” Sirius said and Harrison laughed before transforming into his small black wolf form.

He heard some gasps and he started running around.

“Impossible, there’s-“ He heard Remus say, “A wolf animagus?”

“He’s our pup/cub, Moony! Look at him!” Sirius said before turning into his own animagus form, starting to sprint after the small wolf.

Most of the Slytherins just sat there in shock.

“Isn’t it impossible to be a wolf animagus?” Blaise asked and Remus shrugged, “It was, but this is Harrison.”

“He’s so adorable!” Pansy said, trying to pick up the now slower walking wolf. The wolf growled at her, making her back away. Then the wolf smirked, a bit too human to see on a wolfs face.

“At least he’s still Harrison,” Theo said and that made most of them laugh and Harrison changed back into a human.

“Animagus transformations aren’t that hard, when you’re good at wandless magic.” Harrison said, while Sirius was turning back.

“That’s fair, it took us the longest to teach ourselves how to actually do wandless magic.” Sirius then said, while sitting down on a chair. “Now who needs help with homework, because we’re here either way?”

A lot of Harrisons classmates admitted they could actually use some help and Sirius, Remus and Harrison himself were happy to help.

~

Fred and George slowly sneaked into the Gryffindor common room, it was way too easy. If someone even tried to do something similar at the Slytherin’s common room they’d be lying on the floor unconscious now.

Yet, here they were sneaking into the first year rooms, unlike the Slytherin’s Gryffindor’s had to share one dorm.

They grimaced when they saw Ron’s ugly old rat and then walked to his bed. They put down some nightmare powder- someone had to test

it! And they sure as hell wouldn't. They had created it in the past few months, it had mostly the same ingredients as the already well-known potion version, but you actually had to breathe it in instead of drink it.

They put some wards around the bed, making sure the other boys wouldn't get hurt by the effects of their powder. They didn't mind people like Dean Thomas or Neville Longbottom.

They slowly snuck out, hoping to see results tomorrow. They after all, needed results to know if their experiment worked.

And results they got, the next day Ron was loudly complaining at the Gryffindor table. They had never really seen Ron this tired before.

They might've high fived each other under the table.

Harrison had given them a small smile and they knew then that they wouldn't get a speech from the terrifying first year, which made them glad, honestly.

Because of course Harrison would immediately notice that this was done by them and it wasn't just nightmares. They would never understand how the boy did it, but they accepted it once they first figured out that Harrison would always know if they did something. Even if they made it look like an accident.

"That was actually creative, I have to admit." Harrison said, walking up to them after saying something to his year mates.

"Well thank you." Fred said and Harrison laughed, "Was it nightmare potion? I didn't notice you slipping anything into his drink."

"Kind of, it was a powdered version we created." George said and Harrison hummed, "Interesting. You can go far with your creations, if you're able to create something like that."

"So what did you do with the fairy wings? I never quite got that far." Harrison asked, seeming genuinely interested.

"We actually didn't use them, instead we made a weird mixture with asphodel and fairy dust, surprisingly it worked. We really were ready for that to blow up in our face- literally."

Harrison laughed, "That's fair, remind me to ask you guys if I ever need to create something."

They stared at the genius in shock, Harrison laughed, “It was nice talking to you, I have to go, though.”

“He just called us smart.” Fred said, once Harrison had left.

“He did.” George answered, “That’s surprising.”

“It sure as hell is.”

Chapter End Notes

HI I MADE A DISCORD SERVER
I'm going to try to keep it active...
ANYWAYS HERE'S THE LINK:
https://discord.gg/urYa7APnjP

Chapter 14: Yule

Chapter Summary

> Harrison first sees Grimmauld's place. Opens up to Draco and Blaise, has another fight. Learns more about Blaise... Leads a Yule ritual and resurrects the Dark Lord.

Chapter Notes

> A lot of scuffed translate Latin, cause I did not quit Latin after four years of classes to translate shit to latin myself in a fanfiction- ALSO the end is rushed cause im like mid examweek.
>
> (TRANSLATIONS AT THE END)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the Christmas break finally started Harrison didn't bother going with the train. Instead Sirius took Harrison to his home- Grimmauld's place.

The place had obviously seen better days, it was a dark gloomy home, but Harrison didn't really mind. A few cleaning charms- which he really needed Sirius' help with, even if it was embarrassing to admit- later he was actually able to admire the old pureblood fashion this home was still in.

Modern pureblood's were too extra, while the older families generally chose for less luxury in their big houses. The founder's castles were a great example- even if it was just a holiday place for them.

"Are you ready for everything you need to do this holidays pup?" Sirius asked and Harrison smiled at the genuine concern.

"Yeah, I'm just glad Lucius offered to take Voldemort in until he has a body, it would've been awkward otherwise."

"I'm glad he isn't staying in my house- our house." Sirius said and Harrison smile grew, "Thank you for taking me in. I really don't show my appreciation enough."

"I would've done it either way, those Potter's don't deserve you."

Harrison hugged Sirius, not the first time he had done that, but still

one of the first time. Sirius was shocked, he could practically feel the man freeze before hugging back.

“Do you want to see your room?” Sirius asked, smiling at his son? Godson? He wasn’t even sure what he would call Harrison now.

“Yeah- I mean of course.” Harrison said and Sirius quickly led him upstairs, through the last room in a- what seemed like- never ending hallway.

“This was Reggie’s- my brother’s- room. He well- he died a while ago. It’s the second biggest room in the house.” Sirius said and Harrison looked at him in shock, “I can take another room- if you want to keep this one like it is.”

“No- no, it’s fine. It’s about time someone takes this room, it’s been a while.” Sirius smiled sadly.

“If you’re sure.”

“I am, I really am.” Sirius said and then turned, “You can call Kreacher to move your stuff, I have to go downstairs so Remus doesn’t arrive to an empty house.”

“Okay, thank you, Siri.” Harrison said and Sirius walked away.

Harrison looked around the room, he had never heard of a ‘Reggie’ or well probably ‘Regulus’ he had to guess, by looking at the stuff in the room, before.

He had heard Sirius talk about his younger brother that joined the Dark Lord, of course, and he could only guess that that was the Regulus he was talking about.

It felt weird entering a dead persons room, trying to make it your own. Somehow, it felt wrong, a room was so personal, it basically told everything you had to know about a person. And just walking into someone else’s space and claiming it as your own was not something that you could just do. Instead Harrison tried to do what he could to keep Regulus’ stuff.

In the end he decided to take another room and make it an (almost) copy of Regulus’ bedroom. Like this they still had the stuff and could do anything with it they want.

This took multiple hours, but it was worth it to see Sirius almost

tearing up and thanking him at least one thousand times for not just vanishing all 'Reggie's stuff.'

After he was done with setting up that he made a small space for Ebony.

"*Please, just tell me if you're cold. Don't suddenly start complaining."* Harrison said, putting Ebony on his heating rock.

"*But it's so much more fun to complain."*

"Sometimes I wonder why I chose to buy you."

"You love me, don't even try to fool me master." Ebony hissed and Harrison laughed, "*You sound sure about that."*

"I am."

Harrison rolled his eyes.

"I'll never get used to that," A voice behind him said, Harrison turned around, "Moony!"

"Hey cub," Remus laughed, "Sirius told me to get you for dinner."

"It's that late?"

Remus nodded, then when he noticed Harrison was following him downstairs, he asked "Now tell me why did that snake look so smug."

"He was bullying me." Harrison said, "Really, snake's seem so cool, but then you start talking with them and they just turn into bullies."

Remus looked way too amused, "I'm sure Ebony is the biggest bully of them all."

"He really is." Harrison agreed easily.

~

"Is there anything I actually need to do this break, besides bringing back the Dark Lord?" Harrison asked, he was laying on a couch in the living room of Grimmauld's place.

"You need to go to Draco's Yule tide ball." Sirius said, "They probably want you to lead the ritual."

“Oh- right. What exactly do I do?” Harrison asked and Sirius gave him a look, “You never celebrated Yule before?”

“I did- but in the founders time it wasn’t as important, the magic was stronger we only gave her a bit of support.”

“So I suppose you know that Yule means we say goodbye to the darkness and hello to the light of the sun?” Sirius asked dramatically and Harrison laughed, “Yes, yes I do.”

“Okay, so you can pick a ritual, or knowing you make one. You have to include Mother Magic and any other Deity’s you’d like to thank. You would be the one to lead even with the grown-ups there, because no-one’s magic is as strong as yours.”

“Mother magic needs me,” Harrison understood immediately, “We need the strongest magic to support her, because not everyone does support her anymore.”

“Dumbledore is slowly killing her.” Sirius confirmed.

“That dumb old goat!” Harrison shouted, “Everyday I start to agree with Voldemort more, which feels weird.”

“He had the right idea’s, but didn’t do it the right way.”

“We’ll fix it.” Harrison said, “I know I will.”

~

It was a few days before yule now and Harrison had spent the time here with Sirius and Remus. He spend a lot of time on creating their birthday presents.

He was making two bracelets with identical runes, but slightly different designs. It took a lot of creative magic and Harrison silently thanked Rowena every time he worked on them. He would not have this skill if it hadn’t been for Rowena insisting he would use it once.

He was also working on making different potions, especially trying to figure out on how to make a better wolfsbane potion. Remus was currently slowly poisoning himself, without noticing.

Most werewolves did, which is why they usually died pretty young. He had tried to convince Remus to stop taking the potions, but his pleas were ignored. Remus always told him how he would rather

poison himself than accidentally kill someone else when he couldn't control himself.

Both Harrison and Sirius hated it. They both knew that the risk of Remus killing someone was pretty big, but they both would rather live with an accidental murderer than live without Remus, because he decided to poison himself.

And Harrison had tried to find a way to make a better not- poisonous wolfsbane potion before yule, but the research took a while and Harrison wasn't going to rush himself, it would only ruin the potion.

So instead he decided that the wolfsbane potion could just be an extra gift once he finished it, since neither Remus nor Sirius knew that he was working on this.

It's pretty easy to keep these projects from Sirius and Remus since Sirius declared the potions lab was now officially 'Harrisons territory'. Both of them never really liked potions and Harrison well, it was his favourite subject. So it was the only logical thing to do.

At least, that's Sirius' explanation.

He was currently finishing his bracelets when Sirius shouted, "Harrison, Blaise and Draco are here!"

"They are?" Harrison asked, honestly confused.

"Yeah!"

"Eh, sent them here for me?"

"I will!"

A few minutes passed before the two boys walked into the potion lab. Harrison laughed at their shocked expressions of how *huge* the potions lab was. The Black family had always been a bit extra with important spaces. Like the Library and Potion labs, especially since one of their recent ancestors had been a potion master.

"Hey," Harrison said, "Welcome to my domain, I suppose."

"This is yours?" Draco asked looking around the large room once more, Harrison shrugged. "Do you think Sirius would survive the process of making a potion?"

"Oi! I heard that!" Sirius shouted, Harrison laughed, "Stop

overhearing my conversations, pads."

"Fineeeee."

Harrison picked up his wand, casting some finishing up the line he was carving in the ring. "You actually do spells with a wand, that's a new one." Harrison heard Draco say.

"Carving is hard without a wand, a hand has no tip. Anyways, why did you guys suddenly decide to visit?"

"Draco here decided he didn't want to suddenly visit you alone, so forced me to come with him." Blaise said and Draco put his hands up, "In my defence, Harrison is scary. I had to tell you about the fact that you have to do the main ritual on Yule. If anyone else does it, their magic will try to over-power yours, so the caster would be magically exhausted, if not dead by the end of it."

"I know, Siri told me. I have to save Magic," he said dramatically, "You think I'm more powerful than all the grown-ups that will be there?"

Blaise snorted, "We're one hundred percent sure you are and we are also sure that at least one grown-up will get angry about the fact that a child is more powerful than them."

"I'll just have to show them then." Harrison said and then Draco continued, "You have to pick a ritual. We can't do it for you, magic will notice."

"I already made a ritual, don't worry. This one is all about healing Lady Magic herself. And well, asking for assistance in the next war."

Draco nodded, "Good, you can owl father if you need him to get anything for the ritual."

"I have everything I need, thank you, though."

"Now that that's over, can you please show us around the house. Being in a Black family house is like every purebloods wish." Blaise said and Harrison laughed, "Well, follow me."

And just like that Harrison lead them around the whole house, which was a lot bigger than you'd expect when you entered the small entrance-hall. The house had 3 floors, all of them pretty big. The highest floor was mostly his, Sirius and Remus' rooms- though

Harrison suspected Remus and Sirius slept in the same room.- It also had 'Regulus' room' Harrison made.

The second floor had the huge black library and some guests rooms, the 1st floor was mostly the normal things: Kitchen, living room and anything like that. Then they had a basement. Like any old pureblood it had dungeons, but those hadn't been used in a while. Harrison himself found it a bit weird. Even the founders had multiple people in the Hogwarts dungeons. The basement was also where Harrison's potion lab was.

"I can't believe we saw the Black family library." Blaise said, sitting down on the floor of Harrison's room. Harrison shook his head, "It's not the official one, there's a Black manor. The official one is there. This is just a recreation with about half of the books."

"You mean there's an even bigger library? This one was at least thrice as big as the one in Malfoy manor." Draco gaped and Harrison shrugged, "The Ravenclaw linage isn't the only one who likes taking care of their books."

"I wonder how big the Ravenclaw library would be in Ravenclaw manor." Blaise said.

"Ravenclaw castle," Harrison corrected, "All the founders had castle's instead of manors. Each of the castle being about a quarter of Hogwarts. They merged their castles and then perfected it to create Hogwarts. The original castles are under very heavy protection and secrecy spells."

"How do you even know that?" Draco asked.

Harrison laughed, making his Heir-ring flash to all of the Hogwarts houses. "You can't have seriously forgotten."

"I didn't, the idea of you being their Heir is still weird, though."

"It is." Harrison agreed. Because it was, the longer he spend in this time, the more his past feels like a dream. It's like it never happened. The only way he knows it did really happen is by his control over magic and his inheritance. The portraits were only so much proof.

Harrison knew everything that happened was real, but still he sometimes stopped to think about just what kind of magics he meddled with to make this possible. Those magics made it seem almost impossible; it was almost unheard of, meddling with time

magics and surviving long enough to tell other's about it.

There were millions of tales. Time travelling wizards slowly dying because the difference in time was too much for their body and consciousness to handle. And most of those wizards only dared travelling back a few days.

Some say Time himself decided to kill those wizards. He didn't like his domain to be meddled with. It was a well-known fact.

Even Dumbledore himself never dared to come close to time-travelling. He always lets his minions do it for him, since they would die in Time's wrath, not him.

"Harrison are you okay?" Blaise asked and Harrison blinked, slowly nodding. "Yeah, I'm good don't worry."

Blaise shot him a look that clearly showed just how much he believed Harrison.

"Okay fine, I think it's time I tell you two. The truth, I mean." Harrison said, "You guys deserve that."

"Wait you're for real now?" Draco asked and Harrison nodded. "I am."

"Can I put you guys under a secrecy spell?" Harrison asked and then said, "Sorry, it's just this is something that could *ruin* our future if anyone finds out."

"You still don't trust us." Draco said, "I can't believe you."

"What- Draco-" Harrison said, "I do trust you."

"No you don't! I swear Sirius and Remus aren't on a secrecy spell."

"You're right, they're not. The Black family rings cancel out most truth serums. Werewolves are already pretty much immune. You are not, the Malfoy families protection was taken away in a war a while ago. They all decided to lie under truth serum, cause their family rings allowed them to. Magic took away that possibility now, I'm sorry that you don't have that sort of magical protection, but I'm willing to put one on you. So please allow me to."

"Okay fine!" Draco said and Harrison knew the boy was doing everything to keep his anger down, but deep down he was still so full of jealousy and anger.

“Thank you. Now all you have to do is allow my magic to place a secrecy spell on whatever I’m about to tell you. Let it in while I’m talking to you. I’ll notice if you let it go even slightly.”

Both Blaise and Draco nodded in understanding. And just like that Harrison started the story of his life again, starting with his birth ending at the point where he went to Hogwarts.

“Oh-“ Blaise was actually in shock, which the boy wasn’t a lot. Draco however seemed to finally let go of his anger again.

“There’s no way you’re actually believing this Blaise.” He said, then turning to Harrison, “You really let us wait this long to tell another one of your stupid lies? I can’t believe you’d do this just for a bit of attention, just to feel special.”

Then Draco left.

“That went better than expected,” Blaise sighed, “He really tried to stop himself there.”

“What-“ Harrison couldn’t even finish his question before Blaise responded, “Draco can’t deal with surprises like this. Right now, he probably feels like everything we’ve been through was a lie. His anger will be gone in a few days and he’ll probably try to talk about it. It’s the way he was raised, Malfoy’s always think they know everything and when they find out they don’t and they’re actually very wrong they get angry.”

“Yeah, I noticed that in the past.” Harrison laughed, “The Malfoy’s were like that even back in the Founder’s time.”

“He’s really trying for you, if you’d be anyone else he would have exploded a thousand times already, but he finds you interesting and probably notices you’re a good friend, the type of friend he needs. I know this means nothing coming from me, but I know he’s probably really regretting what he said right now. The Malfoy pride won’t allow him to come back and apologise, though.”

“You’re really good at reading people,” Harrison smiled, “Even with me, a mostly closed off person.”

“Magic tells people a lot,” Blaise smirked, “I can feel emotions by feeling people’s magic. Since we’re sharing secrets anyways.”

Harrison laughed, “That’s actually impressive.”

“You’re magic is impressive, it was so hard for me to read, you hide your emotions really well behind your occlumency mask.” Blaise complimented him back. “You did the right thing, by the way.”

“What?”

“Putting me under the secrecy spell, too. We both know I have the same protection Sirius has.” Blaise explained, “I allowed it to happen so Draco wouldn’t get another fit of jealousy.”

“Yeah, that and the fact that you don’t know what’s going to happen in the future. We might not have that protection forever.”

“True, now tell me more about the Founders.” Blaise said and Harrison smirked, “I’ll tell you about the duels against Godric.”

And just like that the conversations went back to Harrisons past, neither of them were really worried about Draco staying mad forever. Because they both know he wouldn’t.

~

The day before yule was chaotic. Harrison had to try on the Black Heir robes- which were pretty much fully black with some shades of grey. And him, Sirius and Remus thought out the best way of making the ritual circle.

Harrison had prepared the whole ritual, but got stuck on how to place the runes in such a way that it would help magic and not hurt the people around it.

“This one, move that to the left side of the circle.” Remus said, pointing at a drawing, Harrison did and then Remus started instructing him further, after about half an hour he was finally done.

“Okay now you want to push a bit of magic into the middle, charge it.” Remus said, Harrison did what he was told and the whole circle lit up in a purple-ish colour.

“I can’t believe we finally did it.” Sirius whispered in awe.

“You’re welcome.” Remus smirked and Sirius rolled his eyes, “Yeah, yeah. We’ll give you the credit.”

“Fina- fucking- lly.” Harrison swore, he had been working on this a lot for the past two days. “Moony, you’re the best.”

“I know.” Remus said, “Now you go rest, it isn’t healthy to use this much magic in such a short period of time.”

“I’m fine.” Harrison said, making Remus and Sirius raise an eyebrow.

“I am, really. I can deal with a bit of magic loss, I have enough of it.” Harrison said and Remus sighed, “Just please, at least let your magic rest for a bit.”

“Okay, I will.” Harrison said and Remus nodded, “Thank you.”

“After I finish charming my robes,” Harrison added, making Remus groan and Sirius look interested, “Charming robes?”

“I’m charming snakes on the cuffs.” Harrison said, “Cause it’s fun.”

Then he walked away, leaving the two adult men just kind of stupidly staring at him.

He did not break his promise to Remus, though. He charmed his robes and then didn’t use his magic for the rest of the day. He didn’t even use *accio* once.

That evening Harrison gave both Sirius and Remus their bracelets, he also send gifts to his friends. Mostly books and candy.

“You made this?” Sirius asked, looking down at the bracelet with a dog and two wolves on it. Though, one wolf looked a bit more human than the other.

“Of course I did,” Harrison said, “It’s pretty similar to Remus’ though there’s a small difference."

Sirius and Remus began comparing the bracelets and pretty quickly realised it’s mostly how the wolves and dogs was standing and the band of the bracelets.

“It has a lot of protective runes on it, so it’s not just a bracelet.” Harrison explained quickly. “The runes might be a bit different, but it’s purely so it wouldn’t accidently hurt the werewolf here.” Harrison said pointing at Remus.

“I- wow.” Remus said, he was staring at the bracelet. “This is probably the most thoughtful and creative gift I’ve ever gotten.”

Harrison smiled, “I’m glad you like it.”

“I do, I really do.”

“Okay so our present is a bit different-“ Sirius said and Remus nodded in agreement, “Firstly, we got you this book.”

Harrison was handed a book called ‘*the rise and fall of the Dark Arts.’* One of the books he had passed while looking at books about Twin wands, he hadn’t shown his interest in it back then to not show the Malfoy’s his interests yet.

After that he had totally forgotten about it.

“Thank you, I totally forgot about this.” Harrisons said, staring at the book in his hand. “We have something else, Harry.” Sirius said and Harrison looked up.

“We got this from your vault- technically, but decided to give it as a gift.” Sirius laughed and gave Harrison a big squared present. He slowly opened it and inside of it was a portrait of Merlin.

“Wait- you- I-“ Harrison said and Merlin laughed, “Harry!”

“Merlin? I can’t believe this.”

“We’ll leave you alone to catch up.” Sirius decided and Remus nodded, but Harrison stopped them, “Thank you.”

Sirius gave him one of his rare soft smiles, “You’re welcome, pup.”

“Harrison, is that really you?” Merlin than asked, “Oh, it feels like it’s been forever.”

“It has been forever, for you.” Harrison said turning to the man, “I missed you, I’ve searched Hogwarts for your portrait, but I didn’t find one.”

“It’s okay, I’m just glad I finally get to talk to you.” Merlin said, “I have to say, I was kind of jealous hearing the founders’ portrait talk about you.”

“So it’s true, there is a place with all your portraits together?”

“Yeah, it’s hidden pretty well. I’m not sure where exactly, but it looks like a closed off space.”

“Are all your portraits connected?”

“Mostly, yeah. I know everything that happens to my other portraits, weird, but impressive magic. You can tell it’s not a spell, but just Lady Magic deciding this is the best way for it to work.”

“That sounds pretty cool, actually.”

“It is, if not slightly weird. You’re consciousness gets moved into a painting, but you’re also still dead? Oh and you suddenly live in like hundreds of places at the same time. Weird.”

“I can imagine,” Harrison said, “I’m glad, though. That I can still talk to you guys this way.”

“Believe me, we wouldn’t have let go of you this easily if we knew you wouldn’t be able to talk to us like this.”

Harrison laughed, “I can imagine. They need me here, though. The world really is fucked up, but no one besides Voldemort realises. Hell, I wouldn’t have realised had I not spend ten years in the past.”

“It is quite impressive that Voldemort noticed, even without your knowledge from the past.”

“Yeah, but he also lived in a war, all he saw was the worst part of people. And if nothing else, he is a smart man.”

“That he is, now if I’m right you have that whole yule thing tomorrow, you should get some rest.”

Harrison stared at the man and groaned, “Fine.”

“And there is the eleven year old boy in you.”

Harrison glared at Merlin, “I don’t like you, goodnight.”

“Goodnight.” Merlin chuckled.

~

The next day Harrison stood up pretty late, just because he could. He ate breakfast and went back upstairs again, just to get ready for the party.

He decided it would probably be okay to show up there early, he had to speak with Draco, see if the boy was okay again. Oh, and small detail, he had to get the ritual stuff ready.

He took a quick shower and then put on his house black robes, now with small snakes all over the cuffs. The snakes moved back and forth a bit, but not enough to scare people.

“Pads, Moony!” Harrison shouted and he heard Moony’s voice from Sirius room, “We’re almost done!”

“I fucking knew it.” Harrison muttered. Then changed his train of thought not wanting to think further about Remus and Sirius- his *godfathers.*

He scrunched his nose up in disgust.

“*They are not mating, master. No need to worry.”* Ebony said from his place on Harrison’s bed, Harrison laughed, approaching the snake. “*Why are you actually nice?”*

“Felt like it,” Ebony said, “*It’s funny to see you confused. You don’t get confused a lot, but you do when I say something that’s even a bit ‘nice’ as you like to call it.”*

“There’s the Ebony I know.” Harrison rolled his eyes, “*Thank you for letting me know they’re not, though.”*

“You’re welcome, Master.”

Harrison stroked Ebony’s scales and then stood up, “*I’ll be back somewhere tomorrow.”*

“Okay,” Ebony said, “*Don’t forget to feed me once you’re back.”*

“Have I ever forgotten you?“ Harrison asked the snake, “*No you haven’t, not yet at least.”*

“I’ll see you later,” Harrison said and Ebony rolled up into a ball on his bed.

Sirius and Remus were waiting for Harrison downstairs. They floo’ed to Malfoy Manor together and got greeted by Narcissa Malfoy.

“Sirius!” She almost shouted in such an un-Malfoy-like way it surprised all of them. Sirius opened his arms and Narcissa immediately hugged him, “Cissy, it’s been a while.”

“It sure has been, here let me lead you guys to my husband and son.” She said, still smiling. Then she turned, “And the Dark Lord, who is still weakening every day.” She said, though not quite happy like

before.

“Tomorrow is the day he will be back to his full power. Don’t worry too much,” Harrison said and Narcissa nodded. Her husband had told her that Harrison would stay at their house for a while to help their Lord.

“I am glad we don’t have you against us, Harrison.” She said, before opening the door to a drawing room with Lucius and Draco in it. The Dark Lord was nowhere to be seen.

“I am too.” Harrison admitted then he turned to Draco and Lucius, “Hello?”

“Harrison,” Lucius Malfoy inclined his head, “I do hope you found a good ritual.. And that you won’t spend all your magic tonight, it would be unfortunate since tomorrow’s plans are big.”

“Don’t worry, Mr Malfoy. I’ve got more than enough magic.” Harrison smirked, then Draco spoke up.

“Harrison- Harry, can we talk, please?”

Harrison looked at Remus and Sirius, who nodded, then turned back and shrugged. “Sure, why not?”

Draco nodded and motioned for Harrison to follow him, Harrison did. Draco lead him to - what Harrison suspected was- his bedroom.

“I’m sorry for not believing you,” Draco sighed, “The other day.”

And Harrison had expected *anything* but that. He literally gaped for a full minute before he finally responded, “It’s okay, I mean it’s not something I would just believe if I was in your place.”

“Yeah, but Blaise gave me hell about it, told me I was a shit friend. He told me this was the reason you don’t open up and it just made me realise that he was right. I mean I wouldn’t open up if I knew it would cause problems.”

“I should’ve known Blaise would do that,” Harrison sighed, “Don’t worry too much about it, I understand. I mean I’ve always known it would cause problems the moment I decide to tell anyone.”

“It really is true, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I miss them, but this time.. Well this is where- or I suppose

when I should be."

"So much makes sense now."

"I suppose it does."

And just like that everything was semi-normal again, even if it felt a bit more awkward then before. At least Harrison didn't have to worry about an angry Draco all night.

"As much as I'd like to sit here till the other guests arrive, maybe I should start preparing for the ritual… And I need to talk to Voldemort, where is he?"

"He's in his room," Draco said, "He isn't doing well.. He's getting weak."

"Yeah, Mrs. Malfoy- your mother, she told me."

"Here follow me, I'll lead you to his rooms."

Harrison walked behind Draco, but then Draco suddenly stopped in front of a door. Harrison looked at him and he said, "I'm not going in there with you, I don't have a death wish. No one and I mean no one enters the Dark Lords room. Even if he's weak."

"No one except me that is," Harrison muttered, he nodded at Draco and opened the door.

He could hear Draco sigh behind him, before he closed the door.

"Voldemort." Harrison said, the sick looking Quirrel was currently sitting on a chair before a fireplace.

"Of course it's you. Nobody else would be such a fool to come in without even knocking."

"You look… bad." Harrison noted and Voldemort snorted, "Way to start a conversation."

"Will you survive until tomorrow or am I going to have to do this tonight?" Harrison asked, sounding genuinely worried. It surprised Voldemort.

"I will be fine…" The man said, though he sounded hesitant. "If anything were to go wrong, It would just be Quirrel who died, not the soul piece."

“Aw, but I liked Quirrel.” Harrison said, Voldemort blinked, “You haven’t met Quirrel.”

“I mean- technically no, but it wasn’t always a hundred percent you.” Harrison said, “Anyways that’s not important. I have an issue.”

“Don’t tell me-“

“No, no. You’ll still get your body. The problem is, it’s technically impossible to call back all soul pieces besides the one inside of me. So I decided to give you 50 percent of your soul back.. Hopefully enough to get you at least kind of your strength back.” *Sanity back* Harrison added in his mind, but knew that this insane version was still quick to anger. “And then I can get the other pieces later.”

“That is… fine.” Voldemort decided and Harrison sighed in relief, “Okay, I’ll come get you tomorrow. When I’m ready, try to get some rest. We need your strength, or at least what is left of it.”

Voldemort nodded and Harrison left to find Sirius and Remus, so they could prepare the rune circle together.

~

Draco was welcoming guests and since *none* of their classmates was here yet, Harrison was stuck talking with purebloods who were all trying to get a glimpse of *Heir Black.* And while political power was handy for the future, he really didn’t want to deal with it right now.

Yet, that didn’t stop Lord Avery from coming up to him.

“Heir Black.. What a surprise.” He said, Harrison looked at him and the man looked almost embarrassed, “Sorry, how rude of me. I’m Lord Avery.”

“Pleasure to meet you.” Harrison inclined his head.

“I’ve heard some interesting things about you,” The man said, “I wish you luck with your little mission this break. I never expected a first year to have a goal like that.”

Harrison looked around them, the man obviously knew what he was doing. He knew most people here were Dark Wizards, but even the Bones family was here! How could the man be this careless?

Looking at the man’s left arm he quickly noticed a tattoo, the man

followed his eyes. “Smart, kid. I’m serious, I wish you luck.”

Harrison looked up again, “Thank you. It is indeed going to be hard, but I’ll do anything in my power to make sure I don’t mess this up.”

The man nodded, satisfied and then said, “I won’t keep your attention any longer, I see some of your friends have arrived. It was nice meeting you.”

Harrison nodded, before turning around to see Pansy and Tracy stand there. When they noticed he was looking Pansy waved and let her parents over to him, Tracey following them.

“Harrison, meet my parents!” Pansy said, before turning back to her parents, “Mom, dad, meet first-year genius, Harrison Black.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Lady, Lord Parkinson.” Harrison bowed his head forward.

“Such a gentleman.” Lady Parkinson giggled, “The pleasure is all ours, Heir Black. We’ve heard a lot about you.”

“Only positive things, I hope?” He shot Pansy a look and Pansy shrugged, smirking.

“Of course.”

“So you’re the- how do they call you- ‘first year genius’?” Lord Parkinson asked, Harrison shrugged, “Either that or just ‘genius’.”

“Can I ask you how you got that.. Nickname. I don’t remember anyone calling someone a genius in our time.”

“Well, magic comes easy to me. Especially wandless and wordless magic, people just decided that must make me a genius.” Harrison said, Pansy shook her head, “Stop pretending it’s not impressive, Harrison literally didn’t have a single challenge this whole year. He does everything first try and when he doesn’t he does it on purpose. Also he alone is the reason Slytherin has a very big lead with house points.”

“That does sound impressive, Heir Black.” Mrs. Parkinson said and Harrison shrugged, “I suppose so.”

“Harrison!” Blaise shouted and Harrison turned around and saw Blaise and his mom walk towards him.

He groaned, making the Parkinson's and Tracey laugh.

"I'm never getting a break," He whispered, before introducing himself to Blaise's mom.

About two hours later Harrison finally let himself rest, he sat down next to his classmates. All of them had been sitting at a table for the past two hours, watching amused as Harrison had to introduce himself to every Lord or Lady here.

"I'm never doing this again." He decided, "I'm not a social person, when are people going to understand that?"

His friends laughed and Tracey said, "You did fine."

"I feel like I met every pureblood ever plus their whole family. Most of them talked to me like they were trying to convince themselves that they were better than me. Rather than convincing me that they're better than me." Harrison snorted, "it was weird."

"They probably just think it's weird you're the most powerful person here." Blaise said and Harrison nodded, "If only Voldemort was here, maybe he'd be more powerful."

"You're the only person I have heard say the words 'If only Voldemort was here' while talking about a social event." Draco said and Harrison shrugged, "Am I wrong, though?"

That silenced him.

"How long do I have till I have to do the whole ritual thing?" Harrison asked.

"It starts at midnight.. So about an hour?" Draco said and Harrison nodded, "Okay, thank God I have some time."

~

Harrison sat down on the middle of the rune circle, the rest of the people all had a specific place to stand, based on Magical Power.

"Ego, Harrison Sirius Black, Invoca matrem magicam ut soles renascentis celebrent." He started he felt his Magic slowly pouring out of his body and he heard some people gasp.

"Solem omnes excipimus, Lunam reversuri exspectantes. Luna nobis potestatem, Sol nos admonet nos soli non esse." Harrison explained in

fluent Latin, even the moon seemed to light up in their magic.

“Omnes divinitatis auscultantes invitamus ut nos hanc noctem magicam vocamus. Hac nocte tuum auxilium poscimus; ad auxilium nostrum Magic, hoc anno nosmetipsos defendamus et in futuro bello nos adiuvent.” Harrison said, people were staring at awe to the greyish-purple cloud Harrison’s magic was forming.

“Rogo te, mater, ut nos cures. Manebimus in causa tua vera, protegens te a luce. custodiens te ab his qui te occidunt.” Harrison put a small poured a bit of his magic into the runes, he saw some people doing the same, making the whole circle light up in different colours.

“Oblationem nostram suscipe et adiuva nos in via quam in annis perfecisti.” Harrison finished and then sighed.

He heard multiple people gasp around him and looked up from his place in the rune circle. Everyone had a small orb- which seemed to be created from magic- in their hand.

An obvious sign from Mother Magic saying, “I accept your offer and will continue to look after you, as long as you try and protect me from those who try to kill me.”

“That never happened before.” Narcissa said, looking at her orb with an amazed look. “I feel like Heir Black once again proved just why he is called a powerful genius by everyone who knows him.”

He heard a lot of agreements.

“What ritual did you use?” He heard someone ask and he answered tiredly, “I made this one, just to help Mother Magic.”

He heard a lot of people discuss what just happened and he took that moment to tell his friends he was going to sleep and get away without too many people noticing.

He was *exhausted.*

And he had a big day tomorrow.

~

“Oohhhh Harrison! Where are you?” Harrison heard someone say, he had spent all morning in the library, just to keep his mind off the ritual he had to do later today.

“I’m here!” he shouted.

“Hey, there’s my favourite kid!” Megan said, walking inside the library.

“You actually came!” Harrison sat up, Megan laughed, “Of course I did, I’d be stupid not to. This is like a once in a lifetime opportunity.”

Harrison nodded, “That it is, because no one else is stupid enough to make multiple horcruxes. Fucking Dark Lords.”

“You nervous?” Megan asked, while she sat down next to Harrison.

“Kind of, I just don’t to fuck this up.”

“You won’t.”

“I’m not sure- I mean it’s never been done before has it?”

“It’s not the first thing you’ve done that’s never been done before.”

“Yeah- but this is different. The whole Wizarding World depends on it, if I fuck this up there is no Voldemort to make sure that Dumbledore doesn’t ruin everything anymore.”

“Because you can’t do that?”

“I mean- I could, but I’m too young.” Harrison sighed, “Believe me I wish I could.”

“Normally, I’d agree, but you’re you, Harrison. If anyone could do it, it’s you. Yes, Voldemort would help, but you could do it without him.”

“You’re right, I know you’re right. But I’d hate the work, the power. Both Voldemort and Dumbledore love it. I wouldn’t be a good leader.”

“Stop saying things like that, you could literally do anything once you put your mind to it.”

“I know, thank you.”

“You’re welcome- I mean I officially adopted you as little brother now, so I’m going full big sister mode every time you say something like that.”

Harrison laughed, “Did you even greet Sirius before coming here?”

“Oh- shit. I got to go.”

Harrison laughed harder and Megan ran- no literally *ran*- out of the room. Harrison also stood up, but instead of going to Sirius he went to find his friends.

Who were all- like he expected- in Draco’s room.

“Hey.”

“Hey, you feeling okay?” Pansy asked and Harrison nodded, “I’m okay.”

“I still can’t believe you’re doing this.” Theo said, Harrison nodded, “Same, to be honest. But sometime you have to just do something. Not think about the consequences too much.”

“Yeah that’s fair.”

Harrison fell into a chair, after he escaped yesterday evening he made sure he drew the rune circle he would use today first. But this time with his *blood.* It was either that or giving Voldemort his blood with a potion, which honestly seemed even worse.

He then went to sleep, even if it was kind of hard to sleep with all the background noise. A simple silencing charm solved that problem.

And now that it was actually the day it would happen. It just felt weird. He had another thirty minutes until Sirius would get him and he would get Voldemort to get started. Lucius was currently getting the horcrux.

“I’m just glad I won’t have to worry about this after today.” Harrison decided, “It’s been constantly on my mind ever since well the start of Hogwarts. So I’m just glad I won’t have to think about that anymore.”

“I don’t know how you even managed to concentrate at school with this constantly in your mind.” Pansy said and Harrison shook his head, “I didn’t. Luckily I could already do all this shit.”

“Do you need any help, with anything?” Blaise asked and Harrison shook his head, “No thank you.”

He knew Blaise was trying to feel how he felt right now, so he just let his magic out a bit and Blaise smiled at him.

He was okay.

The rest of the time waiting Harrison just sat there, listening to his friend. It was quite comforting and his nerves got less and less until they were barely there.

That was until he heard someone knock on Draco's door and then the words, "Harrison, it's time."

He never thought he would be this nervous, but he really didn't want to fuck anything up.

Severus had made the potion for the resurrection and was currently standing in the room where it would happen, with the potion in his hand. Lucius was standing on the rune Harrison placed him on, the horcrux in hand. Megan- on her rune- gave him a smile.

"Are we all ready?" Harrison asked, everyone nodded.

"Okay I'll get Voldemort." He left the room, letting Sirius and Remus in in the process.

He did knock on Voldemort's door this time and the man opened the door, Quirrel's body really did not look even okay anymore. He looked like a walking corpse.

"You ready?" Harrison asked and Voldemort nodded. Harrison didn't say anything else, he just lead Voldemort through the long corridors of Malfoy Manor until they finally arrived at the right room.

"Lay down in the middle of the rune circle." Harrison commanded, hoping Voldemort wouldn't protest about laying on a floor.

The man didn't seem to have the energy for it.

"Okay, Lucius place the Horcrux next to Voldemort."

Lucius followed his command without questions.

"Okay now all of you listen to me. Sirius, Remus and Megan please try to make sure he doesn't move too much, I don't care how. Just don't body bind him. Severus, give him the potion when I say so. Lucius, you have to assist me with your magic, just give the circle a bit of your magic, but not too much, when I say so. I, myself, can't step inside of the circle. It will try to get my horcrux out, too. So I'm trusting all of you with this. I, of course, use my magic to make it work and not magically exhaust all of you."

He waited until everybody nodded and then started another long Latin ritual:

“Mater Magia, Quaeso adiuva nos ut corrigamus contritos anima mea. hunc hominem integrum iterum. Adiuva nos in corpus novum conficiendo, ad vivum dare ei alium casum.”

“Now Severus.” Severus nodded and Harrison saw him struggling to get to the man, because of the magic moving around the body, but still he did it. He gave the man the potion.

“Adiuva nos. Adjuva eum. Te ipsum serva.” Harrison said and the magic around him began to move angrily, yet somehow it seemed to work. Quirrel began to move weirdly, Harrison nodded to Sirius, Remus and Megan.

“omnia, quae agere debeas, adiuva nos.” Harrison tried, he didn’t know how many times he asked Mother magic for help anymore, but trying to convince a deity to help someone who messed with another deity is harder than it should be.

“Nos te adiuvet te redire. si dederis ei sanitatem.” And finally magic seemed convinced. Harrison sighed, a blinding light appeared and Harrison looked at Lucius and nodded, both him and Lucius send small bits of magic through the circle.

“Let go off him!” Harrison shouted to the ones still holding him, he honestly couldn’t see who now.

And they did let go of him, just on time. The body slowly began to float.

“We should leave.” Harrison decided, “Go!” And everyone hurried out of the room.

Except Harrison.

~

“Ugh,” Harrison woke up, he didn’t even know when it happened, but somewhere in the process he passed out.

“Funny, you were knocked out longer than I was.” He heard a voice, though it sounded quite painful.

“Ha-ha, good to know you’re still annoying now.” Harrison sighed, but

did look over at the man.

And literally gasped.

This was *not* how he imagined Tom Riddle to look like.

The man was flawless, somehow. Even with his very messed up look from the harsh ritual-Even if his eyes were still scarily red.

“It’s cause I still have horcruxes, my eyes were the first thing to change.” Tom- or Voldemort said. “I could see you staring into them, no need to be embarrassed.”

“Sorry- it’s just weird.”

Voldemort just laughed, which startled Harrison and Harrison just had to ask, “How does it feel, having more than 50 percent of your soul again?”

“I feel stupid, how didn’t I notice what was happening earlier?” He sighed, “I suppose I’m surprised Mother Magic even decided to help me.”

“It took a lot of asking,” Harrison laughed and Voldemort shrugged, “I almost gave up when I heard you ask her.”

“Well-“ Harrison sighed, “You are the only hope for this fucked Wizarding World so I was about to do anything to get you sane again.”

“I would say you yourself would’ve gotten pretty far.” Voldemort said casually before saying, “Imagine what we could do if we work together.”

“We’ll talk about it later, you should rest.. And so should I.” Harrison said and Voldemort nodded and left the room, almost showing no sign of exhaustion or weakness.

And Harrison suddenly understood how Voldemort convinced so many people to work for him.

Only then he realised a still alive Quirrel had been looking at the exchange with a slightly terrified face.

Chapter End Notes

Translations Latin:

Yule ritual (it's literally bullshit):
I, Harrison Sirius Black, call upon mother magic to join us in celebrating the sun's rebirth.
We all welcome the sun, while waiting for the moons return.
The moon gives us power, the sun reminds us we're not alone.
I invite all Deity's listening to my call to join us this magical night.
We ask your assistance this night, to help strenghten our Magic.
To protect us this year and to assist us in the up coming war.
I ask you, mother, to look after us.
As we will stay true to your cause, protecting you from the light.
Protecting you from those who are killing you.
Please accept our offer, and continue to help us in the way you've done for years.

Resurrection: (this one is worse)

Mother Magic, please help us correct this broken soul. Make this man whole again. Help us make a new body,
to give him another chance at living.
Please help us. Please help him. Take care of yourself.
All we ask you is to help us.
And we'll help you get better.

Okay bye

Chapter 15: Welcome to the dark side

Chapter Summary

> Harrison and Voldemort talk, oh and Fred and George talk with Muriel.

Chapter Notes

> Welcome to a short chapter (3k words) That I wrote in my exam week while sleep deprived.... It's bad... eh sorry- I promise I'll make up for it next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fred and George spend their Christmas in Hogwarts. They had gotten multiple invitations from friends, but decided they would enjoy spending their Christmas more in the Slytherin's common room.

Today, however, they had gotten permission to leave school grounds to meet up with aunt Muriel.

They hadn't seen their aunt in like *forever.* Molly hadn't liked Muriel since Fabian and Gideon died.

So when they were led into the big pureblood manor they just froze to look around in awe for a bit. *This* was what pureblood life should be like. They didn't know what their family had done to get all of this taken away from them, but it must've been bad.

"Follow me, boys." Muriel said, leading them to a drawing room in the big manor. When they arrived in the room Muriel told them to sit down and then called for an elf to get them tea.

"We have a lot to discuss." Muriel said and Fred and George were confused, to say the least. "Of course, Molly wouldn't have told you." She sighed.

The elf popped back and gave tea, before disappearing again.

Muriel grabbed a cup, "Of course you have heard of the Prewett's before, since you are part of this family."

Fred and George nodded.

“We have a tradition. Molly hated it, it’s what caused her to stop talking to me.” Muriel explained, “The Prewett’s Lords are always identical, magical twins. Fabian and Gideon were the last one. They allowed me to take over until there was a new set of twins in the family.”

“That’s us,” George realised and Muriel nodded, “I couldn’t tell you before, Molly has been trying to steal the Prewett fortune for a while, exclaiming how she is Heir to the line. I assume this is also the reason she didn’t tell you about the title.”

“So how does it work?” Fred asked and Muriel smiled, “Don’t worry about that, we’ll visit Gringotts later, I just want to get to know you better. You are, after all, the new Lords to the family I’ve been in for years.”

Fred and George looked at each other not sure how much they could tell this woman.

“Don’t worry,” Their Aunt said, “I heard all about your little, pranks you call it? Not unlike what Fabian and Gideon used to do, it runs in the family.”

Fred and George laughed and started telling their Great-Great Aunt about their lives.

The woman just listened, not judging like Molly always said she would. It was refreshing.

~

Harrison and Voldemort walked into the room full of people, both of them hadn’t been seen since Harrison told everyone to leave the room.

“Harry!” Sirius shouted running towards them, hugging his godson. “I was so worried.”

“I’m fine,” Harrison said, when Remus and Megan also came to make sure he was okay. He swore he felt the Magic wash over him, a diagnostic charm, he quickly realised.

Voldemort just stood there, everyone in the room could easily feel his dominating presence, he also released a bit of his magic. It was probably a intimidation tactic. Lucius and Narcissa could only rudely- in a not Malfoy way- stare at their once again very human Lord.

“Eh, Pads, Moony, Megan, meet Dark Lord Voldemort.” Harrison said dramatically, making the man glare at Harrison.

An awkward silence came over the room, no one seeming to know what to say or to do, Harrison snorted.

“This! This is why I said you shouldn’t come with me immediately.” Harrison said to the Dark Lord and Voldemort shrugged, “It’s fun to make people uncomfortable.”

“Whatever,” Harrison muttered, before turning back to his family, “Where’s Quirrel?”

“He’s alive?” Sirius asked and Harrison nodded, “Alive and terrified. He heard me and voldy talk.”

The whole room went silent.

“*Don’t call me Voldy ever again.*” Voldemort hissed and Harrison snorted, “*Believe me I’ve called you worse things, just not in your presence.*”

“*If you hadn’t helped me, you’d be dead by now*.”

“I’d like to see you try to kill me.” Harrison responded, in English, “Anyways, I led him to a guest room and I suppose I just thought he would join us.”

“Maybe he’s still asleep.” Remus said and Harrison shrugged, “Wouldn’t be surprised, I’d be exhausted too if I had to live with a Dark Lord in my mind for multiple months.”

“Isn’t that exactly what you’re doing, though?” Voldemort asked, more amused this time. Harrison once again thanked Mother Magic for helping him make Voldemort sane and human looking again.

“Shut up, that’s different.” Harrison muttered.

“Oh, Harrison.” Narcissa said, “Your friends were looking for you, they’re in Draco’s room.” The woman was brave to speak up before even greeting her Lord, but Voldemort didn’t seem to angry. So Harrison wouldn’t comment on it.

“I’ll go find them, I suppose you’ll be okay?” He asked turning to Voldemort, the man looked slightly surprised before nodding. Harrison nodded and shot Sirius a look that meant something like

‘behave yourself.’

Sirius glared at him.

He walked through the long corridors of Malfoy Manor, Draco’s room was 2 floors up and almost at the other side of the manor. He knocked on the door before opening it, though he didn’t wait for anyone to say enter.

In the room were all his Slytherin classmates, somewhere in the night Tracey must’ve arrived, because she hadn’t been here last night.

“Harrison,” Pansy said and then Daphne added, “We were so worried.”

“Sorry, I was tired, passed out for a bit. All good though, Voldy didn’t kill me while I was passed out.” Harrison laughed, “Didn’t even kill me when I called him ‘Voldy’ in front of him. Or when I told him I’ve called him worse things. You think he’d try to kill me if I told him I used to call him an insane bastard?”

“You probably shouldn’t do that.” Draco said, he had gotten a lot paler since Harrison started talking. Harrison knew that of everyone here, Draco knew the most about the Dark Lord. His family had supported the Dark Lord- damn, his granddad even supported Tom Riddle- since the start.

“It’s okay, though. He’s all sane and human again.” Harrison sighed, “He’s kind of annoying, but I suppose we all have flaws.”

“You’re still talking about the Dark Lord right?” Millicent asked, “I’ve never heard someone describe him as ‘Sane and Human… Oh and kind of annoying’”

“This is Harrison we’re talking about,” Blaise said.

“Oye! I’m right here,” Harrison said. Blaise laughed, “I know, you have a very noticeable presence.”

“At least I don’t release my magic to intimidate people,” Harrison muttered, but then decided to not talk about the Dark Lord with people who obviously still feared the man, “So what were you guys doing.”

That’s how Harrison got pulled into a game of exploding snap.

~

Later that night Harrison knocked on Voldemort's door.

He heard the Dark Lord say, "Enter." And opened the door. "Of course it's you," Voldemort sighed, "What do you want, Black?"

"And here I thought you tolerated me." Harrison rolled his eyes, "I was here to discuss my part in the war. So convince me to help you further I would say."

"Right," Voldemort sighed, "sit down. Really, I wouldn't do this with anyone else, but I'd have a problem to have you against me."

"You don't have to worry about that, I won't side with Dumblewhore." Harrison said while sitting down, "Now I've heard some things from your followers and supporters, but I need to hear this from you. What exactly are you fighting for?"

"That's a hard question, but I'll try to be specific. When I was in Hogwarts it was the middle of the second world war in the muggle world. In the wizarding world Grindelwald was also slowly gaining more power. Let's just say I've seen the worst of both the Muggle-world and Wizarding World." Voldemort explained, "But the one thing I always noticed was the way Muggles fight. We as wizards do it pretty easily, we use spells and sometimes create a new one. Muggles however have weapons that could destroy the whole world if they decided that they should use them, it scared me."

Harrison was actually surprised of the amount of things Voldemort trusted him with, he knew Voldemort was secretive- just like he was. He didn't expect the man to tell him about the wars during his childhood. *The fear* he had for those wars.

"I always wondered why the Wizarding world was slowly opening up to muggles. Wanting us to merge into one population, I had seen muggles and they would just start killing us or putting us in prisons. Muggles fear what they don't know and they use violence to fight it. So I decided that if no one else did anything about it, I would. Around fourth or fifth year I started gaining followers for this goal. I never thought I'd actually be this feared, at first my plan was to make this a political war. No one would listen to me, though. Not when Dumbledore- defeater of Grindelwald- said I was evil and an upcoming Dark Lord. I had no other choice. I have to admit, insanity might've made it worse than it was."

Voldemort was staring into the fireplace now, thinking about what Harrison guessed were his childhood years.

“Soon I however noticed that the Wizarding World was just as discriminating as the Muggle world, so I also started fighting for Dark creature rights. This made it easier for Dumbledore to claim I was a Dark Lord, because who else would fight for creature rights?” Voldemort shook his head, “That man is a fool.”

“Those are actually good goals,” Harrison said and Voldemort smirked, “You sound surprised.”

“I’m not, I know you good enough to know that you’re a smart human fighting for what’s right. Your past strategies were not the best, though.”

“You might be right about that one.”

“I am right.”

“Whatever, do you wish to join my side?” Voldemort asked and Harrison raised an eyebrow, “I’m not going to be one of your minions, if that’s what you’re suggesting.”

“I’d be disappointed in you if you were okay with being one of my minions, however I had to try.” Voldemort said, “I was more thinking about being my equal?”

“You would actually allow that?”

“If you wish, I trust you. I mean, you carry a part of my soul and gave me my sanity back. You’re probably the only person I could trust, I’m not sure if I do, though.”

“That’s actually.. nice? I suppose.” Harrison smiled and Voldemort nodded, “Okay, welcome to the dark side.”

Harrison could see how uncomfortable Voldemort was with trying to see someone as his equal. He didn’t comment on that, though. He just thanked the Dark Lord and quietly left.

The next day Harrison, Sirius and Remus went back to Grimmauld’s place. Megan went back to her home close to Diagon Alley and Voldemort even went to see some of the Slytherin properties. Quirrel had also woken up and decided to travel to South America to visit some old friends soon, until then Lucius allowed Quirrel to stay with

him and his family.

The fact that Voldemort was looking at Slytherin properties reminded Harrison about the fact that he still had to talk to the Dark Lord about his vaults. And he would threaten the Dark Lord if he didn't give him access.

But asking for access would mean explaining his story to the Dark Lord, which he didn't know if he was ready for yet. Then again, the Dark Lord had even told him about his own childhood a bit, had trusted him with some of his secrets. It wouldn't hurt to return that, right?

"Would it be weird to tell the Dark Lord the truth before some of my friends?" Harrison asked Sirius, "I mean, I told Draco and Blaise already, but I kind of want to get access to Slytherin vaults."

"I think it would make sense to tell him, even if I hate to admit that." Sirius said, "He wants to trust you, is trying to treat you as an equal. From what I've heard he's doing pretty well. It'd be weird for you to lie to him instead now."

"He is doing pretty well, surprisingly. I suppose I'll visit him on his birthday." Harrison said, "31st of December."

"Okay, you do you. Just tell me when you're going and how long you think you'll be gone. Don't let your old man worry too much." Sirius said and Harrison laughed, "I will, don't worry."

Every time Sirius said something that sounded like he really did feel like Harrisons father, Harrison just felt a wave of happiness. He'd never thought he'd get a family again, of course he had hoped to reconnect with Sirius and Remus, but he had always been preparing to start taking care of himself at such a young age.

Once he met Sirius he knew that the man would literally do anything to keep him safe, though. It felt nice, having a bond like this in this time. It made him miss the Founders a little less than he would otherwise.

Remus had also helped, a lot. Though, Harrison still saw Remus as more of an uncle. He had however spent a lot of time the past few days on just duelling with Remus. The man didn't have Godric's skills, but he made a good opponent. So did Sirius.

Overall, Harrison had not regretted his decision of letting Sirius adopt

him and staying here this Christmas.

He was still looking forward to returning to Hogwarts, not that he had brought the Dark Lord back, he could actually relax and have fun. It's not like he'd have to study.

~

"Come in! Come in!" The way too enthusiastic Prewett goblin said, "We've been waiting for the Heirs of Gideon and Fabian. So it's great to finally meet you."

"Yes-" Fred started.

"- It's good to be here." George said.

The twins often slipped into twinspeak when they felt nervous and this was obviously one of these moments. Twinspeak was very comforting for them, their magical bond caused them to almost be able to read each other's minds, they could get that far if they practiced. However, while using twinspeak the bond strengthens a bit, until they can feel the comforting wave of each other's presence.

No one ever understood when magical twins tried to explain their bond, but for them it felt normal. They didn't know any different.

The goblin seemed to be used to the twinspeak, he had to be if he had been with the Prewett's for years. Since all the Prewett Lords are twins.

"This process should be pretty quick," The goblin said, "This magical paper will check if your claim on the Lordship is real, in this way we can make sure no line theft happens caused by our mistakes. All you have to do is put one drop of blood on there."

Fred and George quicky did what the Goblin said, grabbing the knife and cutting their hands, to drop blood on the paper.

"Like expected the claim on the Lordship is real, so you can now try out these rings." The Goblin said, snapping his fingers and two identical rings appeared. "Both of you have the same power over the vaults and other things. So don't worry about that."

Fred and George once again did what the Goblin said, no questions asked. They felt a wave of Magic come over them. During the process their emotions flowed from one to the otherm creating an emotional

connection even they had never had. It was not quite words, just simple things the other was feeling.

It felt weird for both of them, though.

“The emotional connection will stay, it can only weaken and strengthen based on your bond with each other. This would be the chance to work together and make yourself a team like never seen before. Two literal twins working together while not having to verbally talk is more powerful than you would think in battle.” The Goblin said and Fred noted, “You sound like you have experience.”

“I had the luck of meeting the Prewett Lord’s from two 250 years ago, they decided to strengthen this bond and got more powerful than ever seen before, they were declared undefeatable. One day they had suddenly disappeared, the rumour was that Muggles had kidnapped and killed them that night.”

“That’s horrible,” George said and the Goblin nodded, “It is, but it’s life. I’m sure whatever you choose to do with the title will be in best interest for all of us.”

“I hope so,” George said and the Goblin nodded, “Well I’ll see you some other time, I hope. I’d like to meet sometime to talk about your duties.”

“Okay we’ll come back soon.” Fred agreed.

“Bye.” George said, laughing slightly.

When they were outside George turned to Fred, “That Goblin wasn’t acting very Goblin like.”

“I suppose not, but I guess even Goblins have personalities.”

“I guess so.”

~

Unknowingly to Fred and George, Molly Weasley felt a small bit of her Magic rip away when they claimed the Lordships.

Magic had automatically punished her for betraying her family and now she was stripped from the family tree.

She sank down to the floor, not having felt this weak and vulnerable for a long, long time. Fred and George had just stripped away some of

the most powerful magic she had. Family magic was always stronger and a big part of your total magic when you weren't Voldemort, Dumbledore or Harrison.

Molly just stared to the floor, not sure what to do, finally she decided to get Dumbledore's help. She had worked with the man for years, helped him for years. He could pay her back now by giving her some power- was that even possible?- or some advice.

And she would make sure the man punished Fred and George, maybe even Harrison, too. He had after all brainwashed her little boys.

Chapter End Notes

> I hope this was somewhat okay... I'm so tired... Goodnight everyone x

Chapter 16: Returning to Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

> Harrison talks to Voldemort, likes annoying classmates and suddenly wants to learn the Patronus charm.

Chapter Notes

> Last bit isn't proofread and is very fast, I didn't have a lot of time.
>
> I hope all of you like it though :) (even if I'm a day late)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Voldemort had moved into Slytherin castle, which Harrison- unlike Slytherin's manor- had never seen. So when Harrison first visited he had to actually ask a house elf to lead him through the long halls.

He had decided to visit on the 31st of December, though he knew he had to go home early, Sirius had a sort of New Year's party planned.

The elf did so happily, leading Harrison to Voldemort's office on the other side of the castle. After that the elf quickly left. Harrison sighed and knocked on the door, not waiting for a response to enter.

"Hey, Happy birthday." Harrison said and Voldemort looked up, "I don't even know why I'm surprised you know when my birthday is."

"You really shouldn't be."

"I know, I know." Voldemort sighed, "What are you doing here, child?"

"Actually I'm here to tell you something and then based on my story ask you something," Harrison said, while studying the books in Voldemort's library. All of them were books about Dark Arts, though he was surprised when he came past the tales of Beedle the Bard.

"That sounds ominous." Voldemort said and Harrison laughed, "I mean, it's not that bad. I'm just telling you the truth about me, my life, I suppose. I'd hate for you to find out later by accident."

"Your life?" Voldemort raised an eyebrow, "I don't think I care, honestly."

“Believe me, you will.” Harrison said, “You are the fifth person I’m telling, so take this as a sign of trust, if you will.”

“I’m listening.”

“Okay so where do I even start?” Harrison said, “You’d think I know where to start the third time.”

“Since I’m getting the story of your life, let’s start with your first year of living, before I tried to kill you?”

“Nah, that part is boring.” Harrison laughed, “After you almost killed me, I got sent away by my family, everyone knows that part. Hope was ‘the Girl-Who-Lived and I.. Well I was just her useless brother.”

“If only they knew the truth,” Voldemort said and Harrison nodded, “If only. Anyways, I got sent away to my muggle family, Dumbledore just put me on the doormat. So obviously I got kidnapped, I mean he should’ve expected that. Merlin went to get me and I lived my childhood years with the founders.”

“Am I supposed to believe that?” Voldemort asked, looking unimpressed.

“It’s true, I can show you the memories. I can’t explain why, but it I really true.” Harrison insisted, then he started going into more detail.

“At first the Founder’s didn’t really know what to do with me, they took care of me, of course. They never had a child before, though, so it was hard for them. Once they noticed how I could already control my magic at such a young age, they started explaining things to me. I think I was four when they taught me my first spell. After that it all started to go quicker, Sal taught me potions, wandlore and anything I asked him about, really. Rowena went more into specifics of magics, but she also really liked charms. Helga taught more about animals and healing and Godric- well we all know he is a master at duelling.” Harrison laughed, “Salazar was the first one I really got a strong bond with and when he found out I was a parseltongue- well let’s just say we did everything together. He was probably the closest thing to a dad I’ve had ever, I mean Sirius is great but that man-“

“He was there for you your whole past, it makes sense.” Voldemort said and Harrison looked at him in surprise, not expecting the man to understand.

“Yeah, I suppose it does. Leaving them was the hardest thing I’ve ever

done, but Merlin had been giving me history- or rather future classes and we all know this time would need my help. They all trusted me, they trusted me to make this right again. I got a lot of lessons about you specifically, so if I ever say something you never told me it's probably about that."

"The horcruxes."

"Yeah, that's one of those things, others are for example your birthday. Salazar was really mad that a Heir of his would be that stupid, making horcruxes, unbelievable. But he knew that I would be here to fix it. He also knows that you are trying to do the right thing, even if it took Merlin explaining that multiple time. Do not ever let someone tell you Salazar Slytherin was not a stubborn man."

"Salazar Slytherin actually knew about my existence?" Voldemort asked, amazed look on his face.

"Yeah, I mean he wouldn't have, if Merlin didn't kidnap me. Merlin did, though, so yes he does."

"I really don't want to believe this," Voldemort said, "But it explains a lot."

"It does, doesn't it?"

Voldemort nodded, but seemed deep in thought. Harrison went back to studying Voldemort's office. The Dark Lord suddenly stood up and walked towards a bookshelf, Harrison studied the man, who didn't even seem to care about his presence anymore.

The man grabbed a book and flipped through the pages, searching for something. Only when Voldemort put the book down in front of him and he started reading he realised just how much was still written about him.

They had tried to keep his life as secret as possible, but living in one of the biggest Wizarding schools made it kind of hard, especially since the Founders usually gave him complete freedom.

"That's you, isn't it?" Voldemort asked, "I've spent years trying to figure out who it could be, if it could be distant family, since I'm a descendant of Salazar. All along it would've been impossible to find you, since you didn't exist yet."

"It is me," Harrison confirmed, "There's generations between us,

though. So we're not really family. I did get blood adopted by all of them."

"What was your question?" Voldemort asked then, "I think I know what you want."

"The Slytherin vaults." Harrison said, "All the Founder's left gifts for me, or whatever. I just want access."

"Usually I'd say no immediately, but I'm actually considering this. Maybe we could make a Heir vault and take out your piece?" Voldemort asked and Harrison openly gaped at the man, "Yeah- that would be nice."

"You didn't expect me to be this agreeing." Voldemort said, he wasn't asking though. It was a statement. Yet, Harrison shook his head, "I thought I'd have to fight you for this."

"I'm trying to- Be nice… to you. I mean I know I'll need your assistance in upcoming wars. Also, I think you're the only person who really talks to me with no fear," Voldemort explained, "Some people try, but I can see right through their brave mask. You, though, have no fear at all."

"Of course I have no fear, I beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel." Harrison said, smirking.

"We'll duel sometime." Voldemort decided and Harrison laughed, "That'd be fun, a challenge."

"I'm sure it would be," Voldemort said, amused this time, "I hope I'll be a challenge to you."

"From what I've heard, you will be, don't worry." Harrison laughed, again. That seemed to be a thing the Voldemort made him do a lot, "I mean you are after all the Dark Lord. The one who only fears Albus Dumbledore and Death himself."

Voldemort snorted, "I don't know who made up the rumour that I fear Dumbledore, but I'll have to kill them. I mean, the man is powerful, but not strong enough to really fear. I just have to keep an eye on him."

"Dumbledore is stronger than you'd think he is." Harrison agreed, "If only the old coot actually used his power for good, instead of what he thinks is 'good.'"

“You probably wouldn’t even be here then,” Voldemort said, Harrison shrugged, “Or I might’ve never gone to the past.”

“Fair enough,” Voldemort nodded while casting a **tempus**, “I think it’s time for you to get back to your family, it is new year’s evening after all.”

“Yeah- I uh- Probably should,” Harrison said, “Why don’t you join us?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, I mean what’s the worst that could happen?”

“I’d make everyone super uncomfortable and people would be unable to celebrate new year’s.”

“That really sounds like their own problem, come on, it’s your birthday!”

Voldemort sighed, “You know what? Fine, but only because I like making people uncomfortable.”

Harrison smirked, but didn’t say anything else. Just looking at Voldemort while going through the floo.

He immediately spotted his class in the middle of the crowd, all of them looking slightly lost between all the grown up’s. He waved at them, but didn’t approach them, instead he waited at the entrance.

It also was not a surprise that the whole room fell silent the moment the Dark Lord walked in.

Harrison smirked at Voldemort, the man was currently just standing next to him unbothered.

“I brought a guest.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded and continued with whatever he was doing before, surprisingly almost everyone followed his lead. Soon Voldemort was actually socializing with people, instead of just standing somewhere scaring people.

Harrison did notice that Voldemort tends to only talk to politically powerful people, so he was probably trying to gain some new supporters.

He honestly didn’t mind, since he himself had quite a bit of fun with his class.

“I still can’t believe you brought the Dark Lord here,” Draco sighed, “what were you thinking?”

“Actually we were thinking about how awkward it would be, which is funny.” Harrison said and most of his classmates looked really unimpressed, “I mean I was at his house, so I just invited him to come here. I knew Sirius was going to hold a party.”

“Sure it is, let us suffer for your amusement.” Daphne said.

Pansy cut her off before she finished her sentence, “Wait you were at the Dark Lords house?”

“Please tell me you at least brought someone with you and didn’t go unprotected.” Tracey said and Harrison shook his head, “No protection for me,” He held up his hands, “These are my protection.”

“Sometimes I wonder why we still try to understand and help you,” Blaise muttered.

“The Dark Lord is pretty nice, you know? You guys just don’t know him like I do.”

Harrison laughed when some people around him made disagreeing noises, but the laughter stopped when they tried force him to dance with them.

“I don’t do dancing.” Harrison insisted, making Draco and Blaise shoot a look at him.

“There’s no way *they* didn’t teach you how to dance.” Blaise said and Draco nodded in agreement.

“I must agree with them, Heir Black.” A voice behind him said. Harrison turned around to come face to face with the Dark Lord, who had left him alone to go socialize about an hour ago.

“They did teach me how to do it,” Harrison said, “Doesn’t mean I have to like it.”

“I think we’re going to need evidence that you are actually able to dance. However, I actually have someone I need to introduce you to.” Voldemort said, only then Harrison noticed the man standing beside the Dark Lord.

“This here is Lord Yaxley, one of my older followers who actually

managed to stay out of Azkaban." Voldemort introduced the man, "He works at the ministry, I think he can help us with our next plan."

"Ah right, Pleasure to meet you Lord Yaxley."

The man nodded, "Not what I expected when I heard the Dark Lord finally picked an equal, but I think I might understand." The man eyed him in a weird way, making Harrison slightly uncomfortable.

Harrison squirmed when the eyes roamed over his entire body and he finally stopped the man.

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about," Harrison said, then he looked at his friends, "I'm sorry, Lord, but I do believe I made a promise to my friends. I'm going to have to leave. It was a pleasure."

"Yes, a pleasure indeed." The man said and Harrison looked at him one more time, just in time to see Voldemort sending the man a murderous look.

When he turned back to his friends he sighed, "That's a creep."

"You do know what he was suggesting right?" Millicent asked, "Or are you really that oblivious."

"Of course I realise!" Harrison almost shouted, "I mean I suppose it makes sense, because there is no way someone my age is able to be powerful enough to be the Dark Lord's equal without those kind of favours right? Fucking hell, I'm eleven, what did he expect?"

"Voldemort has some weird followers," Draco admitted, "But if anyone's able to handle them it'll be you. Also Voldemort doesn't really support rape, so you don't have to worry about that."

Pansy snorted, "I was pretty sure Voldemort never had sex yet, until I saw how fucking hot he was when he actually looked like a human. My parents always described him as a snake-like looking person."

"Can we please stop talking about sex- or Voldemort?" Harrison sighed, "Come on, let's go dancing."

"I thought you didn't want to?" Tracey said and Harrison threw his hands up, "Anything is better than this, let's go."

~

After New Year's the last few days of their Christmas break flew by,

Harrison didn't do a lot anymore. He started planning with the Dark Lord and hung out with some friends, but before he knew it he was back in the train to Hogwarts.

Travelling back to Hogwarts after holidays felt almost as weird as travelling back to Hogwarts after just returning to this time.

It felt like coming home, but not quite right at the same time. It is your home, but it feels different.

Remus had taken over Voldemort's defence classes, since Voldemort obviously wouldn't come back and Quirrel had gone back to America pretty quickly.

"It's actually quite nice to be back," Tracey said, "I mean I love being at home, but Hogwarts is my home, too."

"It is nice," Pansy agreed, "I think it'll be boring though with Harrison not planning to bring back the Dark Lord and all. I mean what will the boy do now, nothing? He's literally done with his homework in a few seconds and after that continues planning. It's amusing, but now there will be less planning."

"Don't worry, I'll always keep planning things." Harrison said casually, "At least until we've won this war, that's my priority right now. Winning this war, making sure magic survives this war."

"You're already planning things for the war?" Draco asked and Harrison shrugged, "I mean, I have talked to Voldy about some things. Nothing is permanent yet."

"I still can't believe the Dark Lord actually discusses things with you now," Theo said and Harrison nodded, "Same, honestly."

They were currently eating diner at the Great hall. The Slytherins had moved around a bit, now allowing Fred and George to easily join the first years at diner.

The Slytherins were happily talking and eating when Harrison's eyes drifted to his sister's friend group. Hermione Granger- admittedly the only at least slightly smart person in their group.- was reading to Hope and Weasley out of a huge book.

Harrison knew they were searching for the stone, because of it. He studied them for a while, doing that instead of listening to his friends conversations. He knew the stone was safe, since Harrison had used it

for the potion for Voldemort's resurrection.

What worried him, though, were the obstacles. As much as he hated them, he didn't want them to die by some stupid reason like this.

He supposed he should be glad that he at least wouldn't have to protect them from Voldemort, since that would've been hell. Still he didn't trust the three of them to actually survive alone, meaning he would need to keep an eye on them at all times. Stop them before they could even try to go in.

"Fred, George," He said, absent minded. The two red-heads looked up, "Can you guys spy on Hope and her friend's for me? Tell me when they come too close to the third floor corridor?"

The red-heads turned to each other, seeming to discuss without actually talking. Then Fred nodded, "We can,"

"- Help you." George said.

Harrison let out a relieved sigh, "You guys are heroes, thank you."

"Why do you want to spy on Hope?" Blaise asked.

"I don't want her to try and get the fake stone, or at least if she does I want to be there, make sure they survive. It's not their time to die yet. Now that I think about it, it would be funny to make them get to the fake stone, though. So I'll just hide in the shadows and protect them. Make them think they easily went through all the obstacles."

"Really, you'd do that to protect your bullying sister?" Pansy asked, "You're nicer than I would be."

Harrison looked at Hope, "Yeah, maybe I am."

~

The first week of classes were normal or at least as normal as they could be with Harrison in Hogwarts. Harrison was slowly getting bored, since he had nothing to focus on now, besides the Azkaban break out, which Voldemort did the bigger part of. He just needed to get some people to help them, people who were able to cast a Patronus.

He and Voldemort had decided that was the best way to go, let Voldemort get his old followers back first. They needed the numbers if

they actually wanted to win this war. So now they were in the planning phase of getting people out of Azkaban.

Then he realised that he, himself could not cast a Patronus.

“Fuck it,” He muttered, making the Slytherin’s around him look up and sent him questioning looks.

He looked around his defence class room and finally spotted Remus. Deciding to just do it, he raised his hand.

Remus who had been helping another student, immediately looked at him, shock written over his face, before returning to the student he had been helping.

“I’ll be right with you, Mr. Black.” Remus said and Harrison almost laughed when people gaped at him. They weren’t used to him having a question.

“What were we even supposed to do?” Harrison asked, realising he had no idea what spell everyone was trying to cast.

Spells were easier to figure out when people actually succeeded in casting them.

“Verdimillious charm.” Blaise answered and Harrison nodded. The verdimillious charm was a charm used to locate dark objects. It could also be used to do damage on opponents. An almost perfectly grey spell.

“Mr Black, you had a question I believe.” Remus said, an amused look on his face. He probably heard Harrison asking what spell they were working on and realised Harrison had not been paying attention at all.

“Yes, Professor.” Harrison smirked, “I had a question about a spell that is usually taught in a higher year, however I would rather learn in sooner.”

“What would that spell be?”

“The Patronus charm.” Harrison said and Remus nodded, a look of realization on his face.

“I think we should discuss this when we don’t have a whole class listening to our conversation, wondering what the prodigy could have a question about.” Remus said, “Maybe, with Sirius, perhaps?”

“Of course, Professor.”

“Now, if you’ve got time to ask questions about other spells, I believe you can cast this one already? Care to demonstrate?”

Harrison smirked, “Of course, Professor.”

“Unless you have secret dark objects here?” Harrison asked, making Remus laugh, “I have some, just to test the skills of this class. None of them are illegal though.”

“Okay, just making sure, wouldn’t want to accidently out you as a criminal or something.” Harrison said in return, a lot of classes with Remus went like this, the class always seemed amused by them and both he and Remus thought it was funny.

It was a way to make classes less boring.

“**Verdimillious.”** Harrison muttered, a few objects in the class did, indeed, light up. He also noticed some accessories of students light up, but decided to ignore the fact that some of his classmates were literally wearing objects filled with Dark Magic.

Oh and most of them seemed surprised by it, too. Which was probably worse. Since that suggested that their parents or whoever gave it to them, gave it without telling them they were wearing dark objects around all the time.

“Fifteen points to Slytherin for doing a spell first try.” Remus said and Harrison nodded. “I’ll see you after class,” Remus whispered then.

“Yeah, see you.”

After that the class passed pretty quickly, no one else actually got the spell before Remus dismissed them.

“Why do you need the Patronus spell?” Tracey asked, “I mean I know it’s used to scare away dementors, but I don’t see how-“

“Azkaban.” Harrison cut her off, “I told you me and Voldemort are making plans to break people out of Azkaban right?”

“No, you didn’t.” Pansy said, right before Blaise said, “Azkaban? you’re kidding.”

“It’s something me and Voldemort are planning. We think he needs the numbers before we can actually get somewhere. His most

powerful are in Azkaban right now."

"Breaking people out of Azkaban would mean exposing the fact that Voldemort is back, though." Theo noted, Harrison nodded.

"That's true, but I feel like it won't take a long time before Dumbles figures it out and will tell the world anyways. We decided to just do it despite all the risks, but afterward not go on raids just yet. Hopefully Dumbledore will say something about it and be declared as insane or something. I mean there's no way Voldemort is back if there's no raids, right?" Harrison smirked.

"That might actually work," Theo agreed, "It's still something to be careful about, though."

"I will be careful don't worry." Harrison said, "But I knew helping Voldemort wouldn't always be totally safe."

"He's got a point," Millicent said, "I don't think that any of us expected Harrison would be kind of safe, I'm just glad that he is kind of safe. Maybe we don't complain about him not totally being safe."

"Thank you, Millicent." Harrison said, "I should get to Sirius though, get him and Remus to teach me the Patronus. I'll need it."

"Goodluck," Tracey smiled, Harrison smiled back at her.

~

"The Patronus, Moony?" Sirius asked, "What would he need the Patronus for?"

"I don't know, Pads, but he'll probably explain it to us." Remus responded, "I think we should do it, though. It doesn't matter what it's for, if we don't do it, the bloody Dark Lord will and he'll probably trust us a lot less."

"You're rig-"

Knock knock.

"There he is," Remus said, "Let's hear him out."

Sirius sighed, but nodded, slowly opening the door.

"Siri! Remy! Hey!" Harrison said happily

“Hey,” Sirius said, not helping the smile on his face that he gets instantly when he sees Harrison happy. “I heard you wanted us to teach you the Patronus?”

“Yeah,” Harrison said, “Please?”

“But why? Why would you need it?” Sirius said, his voice full of worry.

“Azkaban, Voldemort needs help and I can help him. You guys know I can.” Harrison replied, “Also, when I asked the Founder’s they told me you needed to have something you could teach me. So they never even tried to teach me this- I don’t know if it was because they thought it would be too hard or what they were saying was true, however they refused to teach me.”

Sirius sighed, “We’ll teach you, but we’re going to have to talk about the Azkaban thing.”

“Sure,” Harrison nodded, “We’ll talk about the Azkaban thing later. You’re the best, dad. I have to get to class, though. Forgot about potions.”

And just like that Harrison hurried out of the room.

“He just called me dad.” Sirius said, Remus could hear how shocked the man was, even with his back turned to Remus.

“He did, didn’t he do that before?”

“Not when it wasn’t to make the Potter’s pissed, no. This was different.” Sirius said and Remus smiled, “Maybe we really will be a real family in the future.”

“We already are.”

Chapter End Notes

I WON'T BE ABLE TO POST FOR THE NEXT 2/3 WEEKS--- I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO ALL OF YOU AFTERWARDS

Chapter 17: Ravenclaw's Diadem

Chapter Summary

Mostly a filler chapter (with a bit of plot)

Patronus charm, Voldemort visit and Harrison starts teaching people. (also some new OC's, but you know me none of my OC's besides Megan and Hope will actually have a big role.)

Chapter Notes

I am really rushing school year one right now, cause school year two has some events I'm absolutely fucking excited for and all the important plot points I had for year one have been covered.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*Expecto Patronum"* Harrison said, though only a mist appeared. He sighed, "is this spell even possible?"

"Believe us, it is." Sirius laughed, "It takes a while for everyone though, usually people have to practise for a month before even getting mist."

"Yeah, but that's usually. I have never done anything with 'usual speed'. It took me only a month to become an animagus."

"A month?" Remus asked, "That's impressive."

"We spend five months and we had extra motivation to do it," Sirius said, slightly surprised at the fact that Harrison became an animagus in a single month. Even the most powerful wizards tend to spent multiple months.

"Yeah," Harrison shrugged.

"I think I know what you're doing wrong," Remus said then, "You're thinking of a happy memory sure, but you're not quite feeling the emotion you felt in that moment. Try to really relive it and feel the same kind of happiness again. This spell is all about pushing protective emotions into it, mainly happiness."

Harrison slowly nodded, "I think I can do that?"

He closed his eyes trying to search for one of his happiest moments. It was the day the founders adopted him, he tried to really imagine what his just-turned-10 year old self was feeling. The shock, but also the overwhelming happiness that almost made him cry.

"*Expecto Patronum.*" He whispered one again, this time he could see the start of an animal forming, though it quickly turned into mist again.

Sirius and Remus literally cheered for him, "That was amazing, did you see that Moony?" Sirius shouted and Remus laughed and nodded.

"I am so glad we actually get to see the process of you learning a spell, it's quite- *amazing* for lack of other words." Remus muttered, Sirius nodding in agreement.

Harrison grinned.

"I think we should call it a day, though." Remus said then, Harrison looked at him, "I can handle more."

"We know you can, but I think your progress would be faster with breaks in between." Remus smiled and Sirius nodded in agreement, "You did great, pup."

"Thanks, pads." Harrison said, before sitting down on one of the tables, which were now all lined up in the back of the classroom.

"Even when I was a kid it took me max five times to get a spell right." Harrison said, "It's just weird to not be able to just do something."

"You never had any issues at all?" Sirius asked, one again looking kind of shocked. Which amused Harrison, people really should stop getting shocked when he tells them stuff like this.

"No, I mean, I was taught how to do *Lumos* when I was four, even back then I got it on my third try."

"You're crazy."

Harrison shrugged, "I might be, honestly, I don't know."

"You'll be able to do the Patronus before the end of this year, cub, I can promise you that much." Remus said and Harrison smiled, "Thank you- I mean really. I appreciate it."

"That doesn't mean you have the okay for Azkaban, yet." Sirius said

and Harrison laughed, “Sure, I don’t.” then he hopped off the table, “I should go, I’m sure you guys have more than enough work to do without me wasting your time.”

Sirius groaned, “No- don’t let Moony force me to grade essay’s again. This was my break, so please waste my time a bit longer.”

Harrison smirked, “Bye- love you!” Before running away.

“Fucking hell,” Sirius sighed, “Adopt a kid, they say, it’ll be fun they say.”

“Pads.”

“Fine! Fine! I’m going.”

~

Harrison sat down next to Pansy in the common room. “Turns out there is something harder than cleaning charms.” He sighed.

“Patronus that bad?” Blaise asked, Harrison shrugged, “The ‘putting happy emotions into casting the spell’ part really annoys me. Though, I got close today so I suppose that’s positive.”

“You’ll get there eventually,” Pansy said, slightly turning to face Harrison, who nodded.

“I know, it’s just been a while since I put effort into anything.” Harrison sighed, making multiple people laugh.

“Poor you,” Millicent said, Harrison snorted, “Yeah.”

He leaned into Pansy’s shoulder, something that he did a lot later, Pansy didn’t seem to mind, every time she just smiled at him and kept working.

His calm was quickly over, though, because Fred and George rushed into the common room.

“Harrison!” they shouted, “Hope went to the third floor corridor.”

“Fuck, seriously, now?”

The twins nodded and Harrison swore, “I have to go, sorry.” He said to his classmates before rushing out, muttering about never getting rest and idiotic sisters.

He had never in his eleven years of living ran through Hogwarts this fast, everyone who saw him rush past actually moved out of the way. No one had seen Harrison Sirius Black in such a rush before.

When he was finally in the corridor he hid himself, just out of Hope’s sight.

He watched as his sister opened the door and then seemed in shock for a moment. He saw how Granger and Weasley were looking at the three headed dog over her shoulder. How Granger’s face turned into one of a sort of fascination, while she was also obviously scared.

Then they all stepped back and let the door shut again.

“I don’t understand why Snape would come here-“ Weasley said and Hope rolled her eyes, “Snape obviously thinks the stone is here.”

Harrison almost laughed, they seriously believed Snape had something to do with this?

“But the stone is here, Hagrid told us!” Granger reminded her friends, Weasley nodded, “He did, but I don’t see a stone ‘mione!”

“No but the dog, it was sitting on something,” Granger said, opening the door again and whispering, “look at fluffy’s paw.”

“A trapdoor.” Hope whispered slightly amazed.

That’s when Harrison decided to actually do something.

He cast a *Stupefy* hitting all three of them, before levitating the bodies to another corridor, on the second floor. He was glad that nobody saw him or he would have to explain something.

Then he used *oblivious* to wipe all their memories about the third floor corridor and Fluffy, just to be certain that they wouldn’t return to this place. It was too dangerous.

He was kind of sad that they wouldn’t find his fake philosopher’s stone, but this was the easier way. It would cause less chaos.

He hid before waking them, just to see if they wouldn’t accidentally go up again.

“ah,” Weasley groaned, “Where am I?”

Granger was the first one to look around and answer, “second floor.”

“How did we get here?” Hope muttered, “Does anybody remember what happened?”

Both Granger and Weasley shook their head.

“It’s probably some slimy Slytherin thinking their funny to hurt the Girl-Who-Lived.” Weasley said and Hope nodded in agreement.

Granger didn’t look so sure, but they took her staying quiet as a sign of agreement.

“Come, let’s get out of here, I’m hungry.” Weasley said and Hope looked at Granger who shrugged, then nodded.

“Okay, let’s get some food.”

Just like that they all left to the great hall and Harrison could finally relax again.

No more having to constantly be scared that his once sister would end up getting killed by her own stupidity.

~

“*Master!”* Ebony hissed, next to Harrisons ear.

Harrison woke up, “*What?”*

“*Someone’s here.”*

“*What do you mean? I don’t see anyone.”*

“Are you dumb?”

Harrison snorted, but the snake seemed quite serious so he asked.

“*Where is this person?”*

“Now you’re asking the right questions. Outside.”

Harrison sighed and got out of bed, leaving his room and walked past the rooms of the other boys in his classroom.

“I thought you would never show up.” The person said and Harrison sighed, “What are you doing here? Did my ritual go wrong? Are you still insane?”

Voldemort snorted, “No. I was merely curious how your… progress was going.”

“That’s suspicious.” Harrison said and Voldemort smirked, “I suppose I’ll take that as a ‘not very well.’”

Harrison looked down, “Is there an actual reason you decided to risk your life to come to Hogwarts? It can’t have been for the DADA position because you and I both know that Remus took over after Quirrel left. And of course, Dumbles would never give it to *you.”*

“I do have an actual reason, I was simply retrieving one of my horcruxes, it was in this school.” Voldemort said, before showing Harrison Ravenclaw’s Diadem.

“I thought I’d help you, since I know you’re planning to go on a whole Horcrux hunt.” Voldemort explained, “Plus, I thought you would like this one, since your whole.. History.”

Voldemort still seemed uncomfortable with the fact that he was actually doing something people would say was *nice.*

“I only ask from you that you help me reabsorb the horcrux and you can keep the diadem.”

“You’re serious?” Harrison gaped at the man, “You’d just give it to me?”

“I believe that’s your godfather,” Voldemort smirked, “But yes, I’m giving it to you, it’s only fair.”

“I- Thank you?” Harrison said, “I’ll try to come over soon for the ritual.”

“Thank you.” Voldemort said, “Sorry for waking you.”

Harrison shook his head, “It’s quite alright.”

Voldemort nodded, then gave Harrison the diadem before disappearing.

Harrison just sat in the common room for a bit, staring at the diadem. Trying to convince himself that he was, indeed, not dreaming.

"*I told you master, someone was here for you!"* Ebony hissed and Harrison smiled at the snake, "*I suppose you did, come let's go back to my room."*

Ebony hissed without actually saying something and then led the way.

~

"Harry- harrryyyyy!" Pansy shouted and Harrison sighed, "Fine! I'll help you guys."

The whole entirety of Slytherin had been asking Harrison for his summoning charm, asking him to teach them. Every time he told them he would *try,* but there was no actual incantation, so it would be hard.

Everyone told him to just teach them anyways.

Today, however the whole house had decided that it was *the* day for them to learn it, nobody was busy and Harrison didn't seem to have anything to do either.

That however, annoyed Harrison. This night he had been woken up by *Voldemort* of all people and everything that happened since then had just been so surreal. He didn't have the focus to teach some children how to do spells, now he would need to teach a whole house.

"Does anyone know a place where all of us could safely practice magic and summon objects without knocking other people out?"

"I do." Gemma said, the prefect sounded quite sure, so Harrison shrugged.

"Lead the way."

The girl nodded and walked out of the door, the whole house- or at least a big part of the Slytherin's- followed her. Harrison and his year were the last people to follow.

"You guys really made sure the whole house would come, didn't you?" Harrison groaned.

“It’s funny,” Daphne replied, “To see you suffer like this.”

“It can’t be that bad,” Tracey said, “It’s not like you have a problem with teaching- or at least talking to- big crowds.”

“That’s true, it’s just your timing sucks.” Harrison said, “You guys won’t believe what happened last night.”

“Are you actually going to tell us or just let us be curious and never explain?” Draco asked and Harrison laughed, “I’ll tell not the specifics, though. Let’s just say, I got an unsuspected visitor.”

“Who visited?”

Harrison raised an eyebrow and Theo was the first one to figure it out, “No- no way.”

That response made it clear to the others.

“Yeah- we actually had a quite interesting conversation.” Harrison said, “He also gave me something, which was weird.”

“Will you tell us more? Or is this it?” Tracey asked and Harrison said, “This is all I can say, without risking your lives. Dark Lord and all that you know.”

“I’m glad you won’t risk our lives.” Pansy muttered right before they stopped in front of a wall. Gemma started pacing in front of the wall.

He heard multiple people whisper angrily about the prefect bringing them to a random wall, but all of the whispers stopped when a door appeared.

“There we go.” Gemma said, loud enough for everyone to hear. “You open it Harrison.”

Harrison walked into the room, a big open space, perfect for practicing spells.

The founders never told him about this place.

“What is this place?” He asked, Gemma smirked, “Room of requirements is what students call it. Well very few find it. It’s a complex magic that can make the room turn into anything you need.”

“When you were pacing-“

“Yes, I was basically telling the room what I need.”

“That is-“

“Awesome.” George answered Harrisons sentence for him.

Slowly the Slytherin students filled the room, Harrison made everyone round up in front of him.

“Okay everyone, I want you to make seven groups, based on the year your in. On the left side of the room the seventh years and on the right side the first years. Everyone in between just make sure you stand on the right order. So second years next to first years etc.” Harrison explained and then said, “Yes, this actually matters so please don’t stand with another group.”

Everyone listened and quickly there were seven groups.

“Sixth and seventh years can go stand on the other side of the room, behind me.” Harrison said then, “fifth and fourth years, be honest to yourself. If you can already cast Accio join the sixth and seventh years, otherwise join the first second and third years.”

Most of the fifth years joined the group of sixth and seventh years, but a lot of the fourth years actually joined the younger group.

“Now I’ve made these groups, because being able to cast the normal summoning charm is very important for the process. I know that you first learn it in the fourth year and they expect you to master it at the end of the fifth year.” Harrison explained, “Now this should be easy, Gemma, could you make the room give us a bunch of pillows?”

The prefect nodded and closed her eyes, after a few seconds a pile of pillows appeared.

“Perfect, now seventh years, do you guys know how to cast it wordlessly?”

Some of them nodded, others shook their head.

“Okay, the ones who do know how to cast it wordlessly, could you help the ones who don’t know how to cast it yet, then I can start teaching people how to cast it wordlessly.” Harrison said and the seventh years nodded, not even slightly bothered by being bossed around by an eleven year old.

“Great! Okay everyone grab a pillow and start practicing.” Harrison said then added, “Also don’t be surprised if this process takes a while, we have time. I’ll make sure I have taught every single one of you as fast as I can and I won’t stop before everyone *knows* how to do it.”

The seventh years started instructing the group of people Harrison asked them to instruct, while Harrison started explaining wordless magic to the others.

“Okay so while I’m sure all of you have some experience with wordless casting, I find the explanation teachers tend to give a bit lacking.” Harrison said, “Nobody used incantations at first, only once people started really making spells they started using incantations, before that magic was purely there to do what the witches and wizards wanted them to do.

“You need to let go of the fact that you want to use this spell and instead try to really get your will to do the magic for you. It’s harder than it sounds, you need to want that pillow to fly towards you and then make your magic comply.

“The easiest way to do this, for me at least is to just clear your mind, then imagine yourself getting the pillow and once you really have that image try to push your magic to do it. You need to know where your core is, know how to push your magic to do it. Wands were designed to help with controlling magic, it automatically focuses your magic in the wand, which is also why a lot of people will never know how to cast wandless magic, they don’t know where their core is without it, how to refocus it.

“All of you can use this in your favour, you don’t need to be able to cast wandless to do my spell. Just focus on the way your magic already focusses on your wand and try to push it some further.”

“You mean all of us could have been good at wandless magic?” A girl named Iris asked, she was a sixth year and pretty close to Gemma.

“Yeah, however there’s nothing wrong with using a wand. I might even say with some magics it’s better to use a wand. However, if all of you had never started using a wand, all of you would have been just as good with magic, you would’ve learned how to control your magic without extra help.

“Anyways I want you all to try and summon your own pillow, at least make it move a bit. This can take a while, so don’t get too frustrated if it doesn’t work first try.”

Harrison started walking around after that, helping people and answering questions. After one and a half hours he made everyone stop. Some of the sixth and seventh years had gotten the wordless spell and a few third years actually mastered the Accio spell pretty quickly.

“I don’t want Pomfrey to kill me because I made you all exhausted so we’ll call it a day. We will continue somewhere this week, great job everyone.” Harrison said and some of the Slytherins sat down, practicing with magic for a while without rest was exhausting and not all of them had a very big core like Harrison.

“I think that went pretty well,” Blaise commented, appearing next to Harrison.

“Better than I expected.” Harrison admitted.

“This spell sucks though.”

“Any luck at all?” Harrison asked, turning around and facing all his friends.

“I got my pillow to move a bit,” Tracey said and Daphne said she did too, “None of us got further than that, honestly.”

“That’s okay, I mean it’s great actually, getting your pillow to move a bit is like half the work. Now it’s just about changing the direction it moves in and the force it moves with.”

“You sound so sure that all of us can do it.” Tracey sighed and Harrison nodded, “I am sure, all of you could do anything if you put your mind to it.”

“We’re not you, Harrison.” Pansy said and Harrison shrugged, “Maybe not, doesn’t change a lot, though. Having the right mindset is the most important part.”

“If there’s anyone who could-“ Fred started, who was also there, but just stayed silent for a while.

“Teach all of us-“

“It would be Harrison.”

Harrison laughed, “If you guys are sure.”

“Hey Black!” Higgs shouted suddenly, sounding slightly panicked.

Harrison turned around and saw a whole crowd around someone.

“Fae fainted- or well I don’t know if she fainted, she just suddenly fell.” He said and Harrison rushed over, his friends following.

“Everybody stand back!” He shouted trying to make room. He cast a simple diagnosis charmed that showed that nothing was wrong with the girl, except for her magic levels, which were a little low, but admittedly not low enough to cause her to faint.

“*Rennervate.”* Harrison whispered, waking the unconscious girl. Who blinked a couple of time before looking around.

“Wha- what happened?” She sounded genuinely confused, Harrison summoned a pillow and put it under her feet.

“You fainted, it’s okay.” Harrison said, “You don’t seem to have any serious injuries.”

Fae groaned, “Fuck I feel like hell.” Making some people in the room laugh, before the whole room going silent again.

“Are you okay to try and sit up?” Harrison asked, Fae nodded. She sat up slowly and Harrison summoned another pillow, this time transfiguring it into a cup before filling it with water.

“Drink this.” He said before turning, “Fred, George, can you find Snape and get a pepper-up potion?”

“Aye, Captain.” George said before him and Fred ran out to find Snape.

“It’s normal to faint, especially when first trying a harder spell with wordless magic. I’m assuming your core didn’t react well to the amount of magic you pushed into trying to get the pillow to move.”

“I’m the only one who fainted, though.” Fae sounded slightly embarrassed. Harrison nodded, “I suppose you were, but if I remember correctly you were also the first one to get your pillow to move, don’t be so hard on yourself.”

“Who knew Black was a healer,” Montague sounded sarcastic and Harrison snorted, “This is basic Magic knowledge.”

“Sureee it is.”

“Are we even surprised, though. It’s Harrison Sirius Black, he can do

literally everything I'm convinced. I mean we all listened to him teaching us some spell today, even the seventh years! While he's a first year." Ethan said and people around him agreed immediately, Fae was also laughing a bit.

"I wouldn't teach all of you shit if I didn't know basic healing, there's a reason teachers usually only let you practice for like 45 minutes." Harrison said, then the door opened and Snape came in with Fred and George.

"He thought-"

"It was suspicious-"

"That we needed the potion." Fred said and Harrison laughed, "Anyone who's a bit sane would find that suspicious."

"Black," Snape drawled, "Pray tell me what's going on."

"I was teaching everyone a spell."

"The whole house?"

"Don't worry sir, it's a harmless spell."

"Yet, I hear that one of my students was unconscious." Snape raised an eyebrow.

"It's all okay, sir, I did all the diagnostic scans and nothing is wrong, all she needs is a bit of energy and she'll walk right out of that door."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, so I would appreciate it if you gave me that potion in your hand."

Snape nodded giving him the potion, though he was still quite confused by the whole situation.

"Thank you, sir."

Snape nodded and watched as Harrison gave Fae the potion. Immediately the girl looked a lot better and she quietly thanked Harrison.

"Everyone can leave, I want to talk to Mr. Black." Snape said and all the students nodded, not wanting to fight their head of the house.

Higgs helped Fae up and when he passed Harrison he whispered, “Thanks, Black, goodluck.”

Harrison just nodded.

When everyone had left Snape turned to Harrison, “What were you thinking?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean why are you teaching the whole Slytherin house some spell?”

“Believe me, I wouldn’t, I got forced into it and just didn’t have the fucking energy to fight it this morning cause some way too nice- like suspiciously nice- Dark Lord decided to visit me in the middle of the night and I don’t know what the fuck is going on. So yes I decided to teach them some summoning charm, because they all asked about a thousand times?”

“The Dark Lord?”

“Believe me, Professor, I wouldn’t lie about this. I mean I was thinking about telling no one, but I decided that if Voldemort decides he wants to wake me up in the middle of the night to visit me, I might as well tell people. If he wanted me to tell no one he shouldn’t have woken me up.”

“You’re not making me less confused.”

“Sorry, professor, can I go now?”

“I suppose.”

“Bye, Professor.” Harrison said before walking away.

“Mr. Black, 20 points for helping other students when they asked, another 5 points for helping Fae Drusus after fainting.”

“Thank you, sir.” Harrison smirked, and then he closed the door of the ROR.

“How did they even find this room?” Snape muttered.

~

Over the next few weeks Harrison gave weekly classes, he wanted to at least have all the seventh years master the spell, since they would leave at the end of the years.

It was proven to be hard though and before any of them got it the winter changed into spring, adding exam stress for all of them.

The only comfort that Harrison had was that all the seventh years at least mastered the wordless Accio.

He had thought about making an incantation for the spell, making it an official spell, but it would take a while to get the spell code right. He didn't have the time for that.

Instead he focused on wand movements, trying little flicks that might help them.

In the end he decided that it would be easiest if they just used the Accio movement, with an extra flick at the end.

He explained this the first time he saw all the seventh years together, he had also written down some instructions, he responded to the confused looks with a simple, "All of you guys will have mastered this spell by the time you leave the school whether you want it or not."

Most of the seventh years had laughed, but also thanked him and he now saw them practice together quite often, between exam revising.

He swore he had seen Ethan do the spell once, which gave him some hope.

Surprisingly even the first years had started revising for exams, leaving Harrison absolutely bored out of his mind. He also couldn't bother Sirius and Remus too much, since the couple had to actually prepare multiple exams.

Harrison was pretty sure McGonagall let Sirius deal with most of the exams, trusting the man enough to do that, while also wanting to give him pay back for how much of a pain in the ass he had been his school years.

He was also sure that McGonagall would check all the exams over multiple times, before handing them out.

“You’re doing nothing at all to learn are you?” Pansy asked and Harrison shrugged, “We have multiple weeks, so no not yet. I don’t know if I will.”

“I hate the fact that you can do nothing and still get better grades than all of us.” Tracey said and Harrison smirked, “Sorry.”

It was Friday afternoon and they had some classes this morning, Harrison would have a Patronus class in an hour today, but he at least did not feel as stressed as the rest of the class.

“Just accept that he’s a genius.” Blaise said, “And use it, I mean you can literally ask him anything without awkwardly going to a teacher to get your answers.”

“But if Harrison wasn’t here I would have a chance to ask Professor Black questions.” Tracey said, smirking slightly.

Harrison fake gagged, “That’s my dogfather your talking about!”

“Technically when Harrison is helping us you could call him professor Black.” Pansy pointed out and that made both Harrison and Tracey shoot her a horrified look.

“First Draco now Tracey, seriously Pansy?” Blaise asked, Pansy shot him an innocent look, “I don’t know what you’re talking about, I was only stating facts. You’re the one making it weird.”

“That’s it,” Harrison stood up, “I’m going to Patronus class, see you guys later.”

“Say hi to Professor Black for me!” Tracey giggled, Harrison rolled his eyes, “I won’t. Bye!”

When Harrison entered the History classroom he said, “You know that you’re the one teacher everyone has a crush on, Sirius? It’s lowkey annoying.”

“I am?” Sirius asked surprised, looking up from a piece of paper, Harrison honestly didn’t know what it was.

Remus snorted, the man had probably noticed.

“Yes, don’t let that inflate your ego, though.”

Sirius rolled his eyes, “Come in you child.”

Harrison grinned and did as he was told, “So I just cast Patronus and you guys cheer me on like usually?”

Remus and Sirius looked at each other, “Yeah- pretty much.”

Harrison nodded and casted the charm.

And then again.

And again.

After around thirty minutes he decided this was going nowhere and instead sat down on a table again.

“You know I actually have a question that has nothing to do with this.” Harrison said, “I’ve had it for a while, but I kept forgetting.”

“What is it?” Sirius asked.

“The accident of 1977.” Harrison said and Sirius groaned, Remus laughed, “We knew he would ask eventually, pads.”

“Yeah, but right now?”

Remus raised an eyebrow and Sirius sighed, “Fine.”

“We were in our sixth year and at that point were quite well known as… Well let’s just say we had fought Voldemort as teenagers. It got around the school and soon people outside the school knew. Rita Skeeter heard the stories from someone and stalked us for months, writing about every bit of our lives, we had zero privacy. In the end we figured out that she was an animagus and stopped her from stalking us, but we still dislike the woman.” Sirius explained, “I mean we of course loved attention, we were the marauders, but this was just too far.”

“Wow,” Harrison said, “I didn’t expect that-“

Sirius laughed, “It’s okay, pup. All in the past, we just wanted to make sure nothing like that ever happens to you, which is why we’re so careful around Rita.”

“Makes sense, thank you.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded.

“I think we should call it a day.” Remus said, “you got pretty close today, cub.”

“Yeah, I suppose I did.” Harrison said, because he did. He would get it the next time, for sure.

“So,” Sirius said, “How are classes going?” Trying to start up a conversation, obviously not wanting to get back to work.

“You seriously have to ask, pads?” Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“I suppose I don’t, but still, sometimes showing interest in your school career is okay.”

Harrison laughed, “Everything is going well, I’m actually teaching Slytherins right now.”

“You’re what?”

“Have been for a couple of months, they wanted to know how to cast my summoning charm.”

“You never told us.” Remus said and Harrison shrugged, “Suppose it slipped my mind. I stopped the classes with everyone, instead I’m focussing on seventh years, I want them to get the spell right before they leave school. It would suck if they had to leave halfway of their progress and never get to finish it.”

“You’re a first year teaching seventh years your own made spell?” Sirius stated, it wasn’t really a question. “If I didn’t know you, I wouldn’t have believed you.”

“First year genius, you know?” Harrison smirked and Sirius laughed, “Yeah, I noticed.”

Chapter End Notes

> I AM BACK! This chapter is absolutely one hundred percent rushed and not proofread so I apologise for any mistakes. I just had to update now that I could, I'll try to post another chapter by saturday and then we'll continue from there :) Obv no new chapter tomorrow since I don't want to stress myself too much.

Chapter 18: The Patronus charm

Chapter Summary

Harrison learns the Patronus charm and aces his exams. Flint makes a speech.

Chapter Notes

Second year is almost here.

Once again not proofread, but I actually didn't rush too much this time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*Expecto Patronum"* Harrison whispered, this time an animal did appear.

Both Sirius and Remus were sitting at the edge of their seats, curiously watching the animal, trying to see what it was.

It looked like a snake, then it flickered and suddenly changed into something else. It now had paws, it flickered again flying around. It kept flickering from animal to animal, like it wasn't quite sure what form it needed to be.

"What is this supposed to mean?" Harrison asked in confusion, Remus only response was, "Our Patronus represents a person who we feel the safest with, who we feel like they could keep us safe. It could be a parental figure or a significant other. I don't think your Patronus knows who that would be for you."

"You mean I have more than one Patronus?" Harrison stated more than asked, "I have multiple protectors."

"I've never seen this before," Sirius said, "But I mean- it would make sense. You grew up with the founders, now you have us. You're friends too- and Merlin. You have so many people who could be your Patronus."

"Of fucking course every piece of my magic has to be special, first the wolf animagus, now this."

"Maybe-" Remus cut himself off, he looked like he was deep in

thought and he was staring at the place where Harrisons Patronus now seemed to form something close to a lion.

“What are you thinking, Moony?” Sirius asked.

“Would it be possible for Harrison to cast multiple Patroni?” Remus asked and Sirius shrugged.

“Well, I’m not going to figure this shit out now, I’ll try to find something about this in the library here.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded, before summoning *something*, it was a piece of paper which he signed.

Only when Sirius gave it to him he realised it was for permission to the restricted area of the library in Hogwarts. “If you don’t find anything, we always have the Black library.” Sirius said and Harrison nodded, “Thank you. I won’t keep you busy any longer, it’s almost exams after all.”

~

Time tended to fly right before the end of the year, everyone was learning and classes were pretty much wrapped up, now they just got time to revise for the exam.

Harrison *hated* it.

He was bored usually, but nothing compared to how bored he was now. Everyone was learning- except for maybe his own sister and Weasley – He couldn’t annoy teachers either, since they had to actually *make* the exams they would take, while still teaching classes and correcting some work.

Everyone seemed to be stressed, except for Harrison. So he wandered the halls, not really doing anything. He talked to portraits, spent some time in the library to learn about useless things. He also started helping people, anyone from year one to seven could come up to him and ask for help.

The seventh years didn’t even question the fact that this first year already knew everything they had to know. He had taught most of them his spell now, so they pretty much stopped doubting his skills as a teacher.

“Harrison, can you please just help us?” Pansy asked, noticing how he was zoned out.

“Huh?”

“We just can’t get this transfiguration spell.”

“What are you even trying to do?” Harrison asked, seeing multiple hairpins on the table. Pansy sighed, “It’s just- our practical exam will probably just be transfiguring one item into another, right?” When Harrison nodded she continued, “So we thought why not practice? We’re trying to change this-“ She picked up a hairpin, “Into a cup or goblet or whatever- something totally different.”

“That’s pretty hard to do.” Harrison said and Pansy nodded, “We noticed.”

“The thing about transfiguration is that only a few spells actually have incantations, it’s more about imagination. You have to really want to turn a hairpin into a goblet to do it. I would start with something easier, maybe a spell with an incantation.”

“Do you have an idea?” Tracey asked and Harrison nodded, “Start easy, turn the hairpins into hair ties, for example. The way of thinking will be easier.”

Pansy looked around, seeing the rest nod at the suggestion, she smiled, “Thank you.”

“No problem, it’s what I’m here for.”

While the rest started casting spells, Daphne smiled at Harrison and said, “Why don’t you show us how it’s done.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but still made a small wrist movement, turning all of the pins into hair ties.

“Hey! I was close! You ruined it.” Blaise said, Harrison smirked, “Turning it back into a hairpin should be easier.”

Blaise rolled his eyes, but smiled and started trying to turn the hair tie back.

Harrison sighed and started zoning out again, before he thought of something to do.

“Anyone interested in going to the library with me?” He asked and Daphne shook her head, “It’s so busy this time of the year.”

“Yeah, I’m not going either I really want to focus now.” Tracey said,

“Sorry, Black.” She said then. Harrison smiled at her, “It’s okay, I just have to find a book, won’t be good company either way.”

“If you’re offering bad company *and* help with studies.” Terence spoke up and Harrison turned around, “I mean, I can try to help.”

“We all know you can help, Black.” Montague scoffed, the whole Slytherin quidditch team seemed to be studying together, the old players were also there. It didn’t matter what year you are, if you’re part of the team you can join them any time.

“All of you are coming?” Harrison asked, slightly surprised.

“We sure as hell are.” George said, “Lee also, I think?”

The boy nodded and then Harrison shrugged, “Fine by me.”

Fae Drusus then spoke up, “NEWT potion classes are killing me, please tell me you’re also a potions prodigy?”

“Of course he is,” Flint said, “Even Snape likes him, he has to have some skill.”

“Alright, good enough for me.” Fae said. Just like that it was decided and the Slytherin team all stood up, following Harrison to the library.

“What are you even searching for?” Terence asked and Harrison shrugged, “Books on the Patronus charm, I learned how to do it, but something was off. I want answers.” He pulled Sirius signature out of his pocket, “I have this, so that’ll probably help.”

“I wish I had a teacher who was also my parent.” Fae complained, “Life would be so much easier.”

“Not that Harrison here needs it-“ Fred started.

“- He has the whole staff wrapped around his little fingers.”

Harrison snorted, “Not true, Lily and James Potter hate my guts. Dumbledore thinks I’m some Dark Lord, Hagrid does whatever Dumbledore says and however nice Minerva is, she’s still very loyal to the headmaster.”

“Okay so almost the whole staff.” Lee concluded and Harrison shrugged, “Suppose so.”

He opened the doors to the library and almost immediately noticed it

was almost completely full. He sighed, “This was a bad idea.”

“No.” Fred said, George immediately continued with, “Trust us.” Before they walked in a random direction, walking to the other end of the library, here they took a turn to the left until they found the place they were looking for.

It was an isolated place; a table big enough for all of them, close to a window, every where around them were books.

“Sometimes having the Weasleys in our house is a good thing.” Ethan Grimstone said, probably the first person ever to admit that he liked that the Weasleys were in Slytherin.

“Hey!”

“We can be useful.” Fred said.

“We’re starting to see that.” Flint said before taking the lead and sitting down, the rest quickly followed.

“Okay so who actually needs help before I try to find a book.”

“Please,” Fae said, “I literally stopped trying when Snape asked us to make a *Draught of Living death* in our first class this year.”

Harrison chuckled, “That’s fair, harsh potion. So what do you need help with?”

Fae started telling Harrison what she didn’t understand and Harrison started explaining some things, ignoring the way some of the others had started taking notes. Either for their classes next year- or also in preparation for their exams.

Harrison honestly didn’t mind, this was a lot more fun than just sitting around doing nothing. Even though he knew most of these people were dying to know how he knew everything he knew.

When he finished explaining different types of potions and ingredients to Fae, he told the group he’d return in a bit and started trying to find a book. That was after all his main goal.

It was harder than he thought it would be; there weren’t any books about the Patronus charm specifically, he would just have to get a book about charms and hope there was information he could use.

Eventually he grabbed a book about advanced charms, the books on

advanced magics were usually about subjects that won't be taught in class, but you could learn about if you were interested.

Harrison knew that the Patronus charm wasn't part of the usual Hogwarts curriculum.

He returned to the table and opened the book, looking for the chapter about the Patronus charm. He did find it and he started reading.

"Patronus charms?" Terence asked, looking over at the book and Harrison shrugged, "Sirius and Remus taught me how to do it."

"So why would you need a book on it?"

"It's just- I'm curious about the limits. Is it possible to summon multiple patroni at the same time?"

"It is." Ethan said, "McGonagall did it before, she had to warn the other teachers about… Something, I'm not sure what exactly. She summoned three charms, all of them were the same cat, but still it was impressive."

Harrison looked shocked for a second and then said, "I'll talk to her."

"You should, it could save you a lot of time researching."

"Yeah, thank you." Harrison didn't stop reading, though. The book didn't told him a lot he could use; most of it was about picking the right memory, that didn't stop it from still being theory Harrison didn't know a lot about yet.

"No one's questioning how a literal first year can do the Patronus charm?" Pucey asked, looking around the table.

"It's Black," Flint responded, like that once again explained everything. Which it kind of did. "Now everyone go study, if any of you fail the year you're in now, you get kicked off the quidditch team."

That made everyone except Lee, Harrison, Ethan and Fae stress and turn back to their books.

~

When it was actual exam week Harrison could luckily spend time with Sirius and Remus again. After his Charms exam, which consisted of a written portion and a practical exam- the practical exam being an easy

charm to animate an object. In this case make a pineapple dance.- he slowly started making his way to Sirius and Remus quarters.

When he suddenly heard, “Harrison?”

He looked sideways to a corridor he had never noticed before. He took the turn and looked at the wall.

He literally gaped at the wall.

“How- I- what?” Harrison managed to get out, making Salazar and Merlin laugh.

“Looks like you found us,” Rowena stated and Harrison rolled his eyes, before he asked, “But how, I’ve been here a thousand times and never noticed this place.”

“I think it moves around, the location seems to change a lot.” Godric said then, “It makes sense you didn’t find us before.”

“So I’m going to have to find you again, every time I want to talk to all of you?” Harrison asked and Merlin shrugged, “Or you could just get their portraits next to my portraits in your godfathers house.”

“I could, I would have to ask Voldemort.” Harrison muttered, more talking to himself now, “I think I can do that, I mean he was prepared to open a vault for me with the Slytherin Heir title, move some things in there.”

“Sounds like he’s saner than he used to be.” Salazar noted and Harrison nodded, “I did the ritual, gave him back fifty percent of his soul, we’re still working on the rest, but it’s a lot better already.”

“You managed to that this quick?”

“Of course, it wasn’t that hard, just had to get mother Magic to cooperate.”

“Not that hard he says,” Helga says, amused, “I’m glad you managed to do it.”

“I am too, believe me, it would suck to work with an insane dark lord.” Harrison laughed, “I mean he’s still a pain in the ass, but at least he’s manageable now.”

Salazar snorted, but said nothing else. Harrison felt like Salazar was thinking about Voldemort’s night visit. Which, Harrison had to admit,

had been kind of annoying, but still sort of nice.

“I believe you were going somewhere, Harry?” Helga smiled at the boy.

“Oh, yeah! Thank you, I should go.” Harrison said and the founders laughed while the boy ran away.

Harrison entered Sirius’ quarters, where Remus had also been living.

“Hello? Anyone homeeee?” Harrison shouted and he heard some cursing and then hurried footsteps from the bedroom, “Take your time- I guess.”

When they finally came out Harrison decided to ignore their appearances and the fact that Remus was constantly smirking. Instead he said, “Turns out McGonagall is actually able to cast multiple Patroni at the same time.”

“She is?” Sirius asked, Remus shook his head, “I totally forgot about that one time, you know, Pads, back in our 5th year?”

“Oh- I remember.” Sirius said, “I had never quite felt that kind of power before, well I suppose until later that year when we first saw Voldemort in real life.”

Remus laughed, “Yeah, it was impressive.”

“Do you think I could talk to McGonagall without her telling Dumbledore about everything?” Harrison asked and Sirius nodded, “Minnie isn’t quite as loyal to the old coot as she seems, she will of course pick his side in the war, but she doesn’t like his methods. You should’ve seen her when the Potter’s gave you away, she saw you as her grandson.”

“You think we could convince her to join our side?” Harrison asked then.

“With the right arguments, I guess.”

“She was a student the same time Voldemort was. He probably remembers her and he’s always had a lot of respect for powerful people.”

“Wait- you’re seriously thinking of recruiting Minerva McGonagall, deputy headmistress of Hogwarts?” Remus asked, Harrison shrugged,

“Maybe next year, I mean I have to do something while in Hogwarts, otherwise I’ll be bored.”

“Well if this does work it’s a positive thing for the dark side that’s for sure.” Sirius said, ending this conversation, “Anyways I think you should talk to McGonagall about the whole Patroni thing, you should talk to her right now and leave us alone once again to fi-“

“Padfoot.” Remus said and Sirius grinned, “Sorry- sorry.”

“Gross,” Harrison groaned, “And here I thought I was always welcome.”

“You are, just not now.”

“Fine, fine. I’m leaving. Have fun.” Harrison laughed and he quickly left the room, not wanting to see his godfather(s?) jump each other.

~

“For the potions exam you will be brewing a forgetfulness potion,” Snape smirked, “From *memory*. You also can’t work in pairs, you have to do this on your own.”

Harrison heard multiple groans around him, he had to admit, Snape’s humour could be good.

“Of course there are *no wands* allowed.” Snape continued, looking directly at Harrison. Harrison knew that Snape say *no wands* instead of *no magic* on purpose, Harrison would be allowed to use magic.

“But sir, that would give Black an unfair advantage.” Granger said and Snape shook his head, “A skill like wandless magic is a skill anyone could learn, if you actually put *effort* into learning it you would have the same ‘advantage’.”

“But I was raised by muggles.”

“So was I, Granger.” Harrison replied, “I think that you should stop interrupting professor Snape.”

Snape nodded at Harrison and then said, “Begin.”

Harrison stood up to get ingredients, just like everyone else. He had to admit that with this potion specifically it was an advantage to be able to use magic, since it sped up the process a lot, waiting times got shorter and in the end he would spend almost 40 minutes less to finish

his potion.

Snape knew this, yet still chose this potion for the exam. What was he trying to prove? Giving Harrison such an unfair advantage was- well weird behaviour especially from Snape.

Harrison shook his head, deciding to focus on the potion instead of whatever Snape was doing. He did finish his potion pretty quickly and was allowed to leave once he finished, leaving him bored in the library without his friends.

His next exam would be transfiguration and Harrison hoped he could talk to McGonagall before his exam, meaning he should leave early.

The Transfiguration exam was three hours after the potion exam, so he still had more than enough time to sit in the library and play around with magic.

His friends found him later playing around with a purple-ish orb, floating it around the table, changing the tone slightly, when Blaise said hi, Harrison made the orb explode.

A purple mist surrounded them, when the mist was gone their clothes were covered in glitters.

“What the fuck, Harrison?” Draco shouted.

Harrison smirked, “It’s an illusion.” He made a slight hand movements and everything turned back to how it was.

“I’m not even going to ask how you did that.” Blaise muttered sitting down next to him, “three more hours to study transfiguration.”

Harrison nodded, “I think you guys will be fine, you probably have more time since we’re doing it apart from each other and your name is last on the list.”

“Yeah, we still have a day for the written exam.” Blaise said, “At least we’re somewhat lucky.”

“Just try to make a lot of small details, it’ll get you extra points.” Harrison said, “None of you are bad at magic, so all of you will do fine.”

About two and a half hours later Harrison got up and said, "I'm going to Transfiguration early, I have to talk to McGonagall."

"Harrison once again being secretive." Pansy muttered, Harrison laughed, "Actually no, I just have to ask questions about the Patronus charm and I might ask to do my exam early, so I'll be done with the exams today."

When his classmates were done wishing him luck, he went to the transfiguration classroom. He knocked on the door and immediately got a response.

"Come in!" he heard McGonagall shout, Harrison slowly opened the door.

"Oh Mr. Black, it's still a bit early."

"I'm sorry professor, I'm actually here for something else." Harrison smiled at one of his favourite teachers, "I learned how to do the Patronus charm recently and there was something.. wrong."

"The Patronus, but you're so young- wait wrong?"

"I- well let me show you." Harrison said, twitching his wrist while muttering, "*Expecto Patronum."*

He wouldn't say it's easy now, but he still got a corporeal form, so he could show McGonagall. The Patronus once again started changing every few seconds and he looked at McGonagall, whose focus was entirety on the Patronus.

"I see, while I do admit that it's weird, I think it should still work."

"That's not what I'm worried about, Professor. I was wondering if it were possible to cast multiple Patroni at once and I've heard from multiple people you can do exactly that, you've done that before."

"That's true," McGonagall hesitated, "It takes a lot of power, though. It also helps that my core prefers lighter forms of magic like the Patronus charm." She seemed to think before asking, "If I may ask, what's your core like?"

"Grey."

"I mean- I understood that much from seeing you cast magics, but what is your cores preference?"

“I have none, Professor.”

“None?” McGonagall looked absolutely shocked, Harrison had never seen her look shocked before, “I mean- then I suppose you could get there if you just keep practicing. Just don’t exhaust your magic.”

“I won’t, I promise.” Harrison smiled, “Do you have anything that could help me get there faster.”

“Try to ignore the once you casted before, just pretend like you’re casting only one Patronus for every Patronus you add, but do keep enough concentration on the others to not make them fade away.” She looked at Harrisons Patronus, which was still walking- or sometimes sliding- through the room, “Much like you are doing now.”

“Okay, thank you.” Harrison sighed, “Now that I’m here, could I just finish my exam already?”

“Don’t you need some rest, Mr. Black?” She nodded towards his Patronus.

“Oh, no, I’m okay.” Harrison said and then McGonagall nodded, “Well, okay then. She summoned a mouse, the exam is to turn this into a snuff box.”

Harrison nodded and started imagining a snuffbox.

~

The next day was boring. The only exams they had were the Potions and Transfiguration written exam. All they had to do was answer questions about spells theories, situations and which spells you could use, ingredients and situations for potions.

Harrison was glad that the day flew by and before he knew it it was time for his DADA exam. The written and practical exam were immediately after each other, unlike other exams. Once you were done finishing questions about Werewolf bites, Imps, Ghosts, Hags, Gytrashes, Vampires, Zombies and Gnomes, you could join sit outside waiting till Remus would come and get you for the practical part, the part where you had to show spells.

Harrison, like expected was the first one to be done with the written part and once he walked out he saw a way to amused Remus standing there.

“Hey,” Remus said and Harrison rolled his eyes, “Hello, Professor.”

Now it was Remus’ turn to roll his eyes. Harrison followed him to an empty classroom and then said, “Do I really have to do this, it seems like a waste of energy, we both know I will get an Outstanding.”

Remus laughed, “Sorry, cub, school rules are school rules. It’ll be done it no time.”

“just the nine spells we learned in class right?” Harrison asked and Remus nodded and so Harrison started shooting all different kinds of spells, ending with the simple green sparks spell.

“That’s it, cub. You’re free for the rest of the day.” Remus said and Harrison snorted, “Yay, more boredom.”

“We should really try to move you up some grades, maybe place you in fourth year next year.” Remus muttered and Harrison shrugged, “Fine by me, won’t help since I’ve literally been through the whole Hogwarts curriculum before.”

Remus rolled his eyes, “I don’t think Dumbledore would allow it, honestly, sorry you’re going to have to suffer six more years.”

“Yeah, well, at least I can cause chaos here.” Harrison said and then said, “I think Granger finished almost immediately after me, you should probably get her.”

Remus nodded, “I lowkey want to skip Hope’s friends, they’re nightmares.”

Harrison nodded sympathetically, “Goodluck.”

~

The History exam was mostly about the Founders time, Remus and Sirius even asked some questions about him, much to Harrisons amusement.

They had a free afternoon after history, this time actually spend hanging out instead of studying. The next day were the Astronomy and Herbology exams, the last two exams and then they would have some free days, since most of the years above them had more subjects.

The first years could hang around the school doing nothing for a while and Harrison was glad that now he at least had company while doing

nothing.

One afternoon, one of the last days of school he got a letter, which was kind of weird, since Gringotts had started to not let any mail for him through, besides the ones he had direct contact with.

It was a precaution to make sure he would get no fan or hate mail directly to Hogwarts, instead Gringotts saved it in a Vault, but he would still get letters from Sirius, Remus, Megan or any of his friends.

“Who’s it from?” Tracey asked, sitting down next to Harrison.

“I’m not sure,” Harrison responded, “I don’t recognize the owl.”

“Open it.” Pansy said and Harrison casted some spells to make sure the letter didn’t have any compulsions on it, before carefully opening it.

Once he saw the handwriting he snorted. “Of course it’s *him.”*

That made Pansy, Blaise and Tracey, the only three Slytherins around him, look at him in shock.

“Like him- him?” Blaise asked and Harrison nodded.

“What does he want?” Pansy asked then and Harrison shrugged, “Let me read it first please.”

Harrison,

Firstly, stop thinking I’m stupid for sending you a letter, it’s written in parselscript.

Harrison laughed first before looking over the text once more, noticing that it indeed wasn’t English. Harrison still struggled with the difference sometimes, since to him, parseltongue and English sounded- and turns out, looked- the same.

I am currently trying to create a new type of poly juice potion in order to make permanent changes, I think we could use it for the Azkaban break out. I, however, would like to get my second soul piece back before going to Azkaban. I hate to admit it, but the difference in power I felt when I got my soul from my diary back is almost unbelievable.

So I think we should meet up somewhere in the begin of the Hogwarts summer break to finish our planning for Hogwarts and perhaps we could do the ritual then. You should invite your godfather and his partner?

Whatever, you could also invite Megan, we could use all the help we can get.

T.M.R

Harrison stared at the letter for a while, before muttering, “Nice way of saying you miss me, I suppose.”

That caught the attentions of his friends, who had started to talk about something else, once again.

“What?” Blaise asked and Harrison shook his head, “Voldy wants to meet up in summer break. Of course, I’ll go, since he needs my help.”

When his friends confusion didn’t go away, he just said, “Don’t even bother trying to understand this. It’s honestly not worth it.”

He grabbed a piece of paper and wrote,

Okay, see you then.

H.S.B

It was a vague letter, but Voldemort would understand. He didn’t master parselscript yet, never even thought about practicing it, so vague was the only way to go.

He gave the letter, if you could even call it that, to the owl and said, “Give this to him.” And the owl flew away.

~

At the end of the year no extra point were rewarded to anyone and Slytherin won with 548 points, Harrison knew he alone had earned at least half of those. Ravenclaw was second with 426, Hufflepuff had gotten 3rd place with 352 and Gryffindor last place with 312.

Harrison just knew that Godric would have been disappointed in this group of Gryffindors, not even because they lost, but because they aren’t even trying. They use the ‘reckless’ trait as a way to explain why they would lose and say that it’s unfair, cause it’s one of the reasons a person would get sorted into Gryffindor.

Harrison would love to see Godric here, telling them all how wrong that was. How being brave did not even come close to being reckless.

However, Godric wasn't here so instead he just celebrated with everyone in the Slytherin house. Who practically worshipped him now, because without him they wouldn't have gotten this win and this win was their first win in a while.

When everyone was dismissed to pack up and go to bed, the Slytherins all went back to the common room and continued celebrating.

Somewhere in the middle of this celebration, Flint stood on a table.

"Now everyone knows how much I hate making speeches." His voice easily carried over the crowd. "But Black made a speech when we asked him to after a quidditch win, so I will make one now, to honour Black. When Harrison James Potter got sorted into Slytherin none of us were sure about him, let's be honest here."

Everyone agreed immediately, making Harrison laugh.

"I mean a Potter- who grew up with muggles- in Slytherin, what good could that be? Oh and then you had that first night where he just decided to expose that he knew Salazar Slytherin of all people? He tried to explain it with an excuse, but none of us believe him even now, let's be honest. I'm pretty sure Zabini tried to get him to tell the truth with violence."

Blaise looked embarrassed and Harrison smiled at him, trying to not make him feel guilty.

In the corner of his eyes, Harrison could see Salazar smirk, but no one else noticed so he would ignore the man. Sal probably loved every second of this.

"However whatever we thought Potter would do he didn't do, he isn't some Gryffindor who somehow manipulated the hat into putting him in Slytherin, he is one of us. Even if sometimes he acts like a Gryffindor, especially in the start of the year with his own parents. I mean what Slytherin tries to get disowned and lose all their power?" Flint smirked, "A bad one, luckily he had a plan, getting adopted by a family with even more power! That is such a Slytherin move. Just like that Harrison James Potter turned into Harrison Sirius Black. A boy who made sure Slytherin would win *every* quidditch game, a boy who seems to get points for simply breathing, a boy who helps people in 7th year, because he understands the magic better than anyone else."

Harrison shrugged, saying "It's not that hard." Loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Where I’m going with this story- speech, whatever- is that Harrison Sirius Black not only made sure we won the house cup, he also helps everyone around him. He helped me understand that judging a book by its cover is not a good idea, because if we all had done that, Ravenclaw would have won, let’s be honest. So to Harrison!” He held up his glass with some kind of drink- probably once again from Fred and George collection.

“To Harrison” Was repeated through the whole room, Salazar himself being the last one to say it.

Harrison sighed and sat down next to his friends, he just hoped that next year would be less boring.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading < 3

The support on this story is so overwhelming everytime I post a new chapter.

Also yes I used Minerva's three cats in the last book for this, just changing the time it happens.

Chapter 19: Start Summer break

Chapter Summary

Summer break chaos

Chapter Notes

Not proofread, cause for some reason I always decide to write shit last moment and at midnight giving me no time to proofread.

I was also listening to Gangnam Style on repeat, I don't think I am mentally okay at this point.
Anyways Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Harrison sat down in the train back to London, he hadn't expected Fred and George to ask to talk to him. What he expected even less was the twins admitting they didn't know where they could stay this summer.

He had of course questioned the twins, because why the hell didn't they say anything sooner? But, he did still offer them to stay with him at the Grimmaulds place, he knew Remus nor Sirius would mind to have the young pranksters stay with them. He was honestly surprised that the twins hadn't met Sirius or Remus yet, beside their classes.

He doubted the twins even knew that they were *the marauders,* since Harrison only called them padfoot or Moony in private.

The twins seemed thankful and told him they would find him before they arrived, then they went to find some of their classmates.

"You sure Sirius won't mind?" Draco asked, "I mean you didn't even ask if they could stay over, you just told them they could without discussing."

"Have you ever met Sirius Orion Black? He won't mind." Harrison snorted, "He's like a small child. I'm honestly afraid that the house will be a prank battlefield this break."

"If you need to escape, you can always visit." Blaise said sympathetically, most of the other Slytherins agreed immediately.

“I could probably stay at Voldy’s place, too, if I really wanted.” Harrison said, “He’ll be annoyed, sure, but when is he not?”

The Slytherins fell silent and Harrison sighed, “I really should stop doing that, bringing Voldy up in normal conversation. All of you are so afraid to say anything about him.”

“Of course we are, we were taught to fear him.” Millicent responded, “He’s still the Dark Lord, no matter how hard you try to prove he changed.”

“’The Dark Lord’ is just another title made by wizards who feared other wizards a while ago.” Harrison said and Millicent rolled her eyes, “That might be true, doesn’t stop us from fearing him though.”

“He’ll be delighted that you said that,” Harrison sounded amused, “I mean, that’s all he’s ever wanted- besides his political goals- getting people to fear him enough.”

“Don’t you fucking dare tell him anything we say to you about him.”

Harrison sighed, “Fine, but only because I’m just that nice. Oh and I like keeping secrets.”

“We noticed.” Pansy said and Harrison suddenly realised he never told the truth to the rest of his Slytherin friend group.

“I never told them, did I?” He turned to Blaise and Draco, both of them shook their heads.

“Damn, I’ll still have to do that.”

“Why don’t you just tell them now?” Draco asked, Harrison looked around at all the curious looks. “It kind of takes away the fun, doesn’t it?”

“I don’t know, I mean, they will finally stop complaining to you about not knowing.” Blaise said and Harrison shrugged, “Fine, I’ll tell you all.”

“Fucking finally.” Theo said and Harrison sighed, “October 31, 1981 Voldemort decided to finally do something about the prophecy he heard a while ago. The prophecy stated that a child with the power to destroy him would be born at the end of July. What Voldemort didn’t know is that *because of* the fact that he decided to attack, the child would get that power, however that doesn’t matter, I just think it’s

funny that Voldy made that mistake.

Anyways, he decided to attack two families, the Longbottoms and Potters, he would go to the Potters first, while his death eaters tried to get information from the Longbottoms. That night however, he disappeared. People suspect it was Hope who had killed the dark lord, only me and the Dark Lord himself know that it's bullshit. He didn't even look twice at Hope before trying to kill me, it however failed and instead Dumbledore came in and killed him, the soul piece ending up in my scar.

Dumbledore declared Hope as hero and everyone immediately believed the old fool. Then he insisted the Potters gave me away, just for a while, because they didn't want me to grow up being jealous of my sister."

Blaise scoffed at this part, neither Blaise nor Draco had heard the whole story yet.

"Yeah, I know, it's bullshit. He brought me to Lily's Wizard-hating sister, he left me on the doorstep. Anyone could have kidnapped me, but instead of some creepy person kidnapping me, I got kidnapped by a time-travelling Merlin."

Theo rolled his eyes, "The truth please, Black."

Blaise shushed him, "Let Harrison talk, he's telling the truth, I swear." Theo seemed shocked for a second before he reluctantly nodded.

"Merlin took me back to the founders era, where he plead the founders to take care of me. They all agreed, after some convincing. They raised me and started teaching me magic at four, I pretty much finished the Hogwarts curriculum when I was ten. Over that time I grew very close to all of them, they *are* my parents. They *are* the people who have taken care of me for literal years, when no one else wanted me. They are the reason I'm this good at magic. I owe them everything.

Even Merlin travelled to their time sometimes, to teach me about this time, making sure I was ready for what would come. We called it History class, even though none of that had happened yet."

"Wait, that boy in History-" Pansy said and Harrison cut her off, "Was me, we tried our best to keep my presence there out of the books, but the founders didn't want to lock me up and hide me from the world. Instead they gave me freedom and did what they could to make my

name not be mentioned in the History books.

It worked, I mean my name was never mentioned."

"That's- that's not what I expected." Tracey said, "I mean I knew this would be some crazy story, since it was even a bigger secret than any of your other secrets you told us, but this is-"

"Unbelievable?" Harrison finished for her, "Yeah, I know, it's the only truth, though."

"I believe you." Tracey whispered, she seemed kind of awkward, not sure what to do or say.

"I'm glad you finally told us, Harry." Daphne said and Millicent nodded.

Harrison nodded but didn't reply, instead he just turned to the window, they still had a while before they would be in London.

"Exploding snap, anyone?" Blaise said and everyone, even Harrison, joined.

~

When they arrived in London, Harrison waited for Fred and George to join him before approaching Sirius and Remus.

"Hey Siri," Harrison said when Sirius swooped him into a hug.

"Hey pup." Was the response he got and when Sirius let go of him, he also greeted Remus, afterwards he turned to them and said, "Fred and George have nowhere to go, could they stay with us?"

"The Pranksters of Hogwarts, huh?" Sirius asked and then turned to Remus, "Can we deal with that much chaos?"

Remus laughed and the twins quickly said that *they could behave, if they had to.* That made Sirius and Harrison also laugh.

"Don't worry, they don't mind." Harrison said, "I think I'm going to have to flee this summer, though."

Sirius grinned and Remus rolled his eyes, Fred and George were just confused.

Harrison answered their questioning looks with a small shrug, "You'll

figure it out."

"Okay, you kids ready to go?" Sirius asked and Harrison nodded, grabbing Sirius' arm. Remus put his hands on Fred and George's shoulders. Then all of them apparated.

When they arrived in Grimmaulds place, Harrison led Fred and George to some guest rooms, telling them to pick their own room, before he went upstairs to his own room. Sirius and Remus had went to talk to Kreacher, because the old elf wasn't used to having visitors.

"*Master, I'm hungry."* Ebony complained as soon as Harrison had put him down.

"*Of course you are, you just shed."* Harrison hissed back, before conjuring a rat for the still growing snake. "*Go on then, eat."*

Ebony hissed without actually saying something, then quickly attacked the rat. Harrison chuckled, Ebony had a way of talking to people, he just made everyone who could hear him- which admittedly were only him and Voldemort- feel inferior.

After feeding Ebony he just sat down with a book about the Salem witch trials. He still thought reading about these type of things was interesting, because the author who wrote it either tried to show how Muggles are bad people or how they burned only Dark Witches. All of this depended on *when* and *who* wrote the book. People from the light side tended to think that only dark witches would get burned, people on the dark side thought it showed how *evil* muggles are. None of the books gave good arguments, though. None of the books told them the *truth;* the only people who ended up dying were muggles who were accused of being a witch, because every person *with* magic easily escaped these trials.

After half an hour he got called for dinner.

"Hey, Pads, Moony, Fred, George. " He muttered when he sat down, joining the rest who had already been sitting, not even noticing what he had just done.

"Pads and Moony?" Fred said more than asked, George was looking at Harrison, too.

"Yeah, it's what I call Sirius and Remus, why?"

"It's just-" George started, but before he could finish Sirius said, "They

probably found our masterpiece, The Marauders map."

"The what?" Harrison said and Sirius shrugged, but started eating, the rest following. After a few bites Sirius started explaining, Harrison realised he probably thought that they would totally forget about food if they didn't start eating while talking.

"We made it in our third or fourth year. You know we pranked everyone, right?" Harrison nodded and Sirius continued. "Yeah, so one day James, Peter and I approached Remus, because he's the mastermind behind all our pranks, really. We explained to him that we wanted to make a map and charm it to show everyone, you can see anyone on the map, live time. It was mostly used to avoid running into teachers."

"When they approached me, I told them to start sketching. Peter was quite a good drawer, I started looking for charms- Sirius helped me, not because he wanted to, but because he had this really annoying crush on me. Everyone knew, but him. - When Peter finished the map, I charmed it."

Sirius looked embarrassed, but that didn't stop him from continuing. "We then also added a charm that made sure if you don't know the password, you couldn't see the map, instead the parchment would insult you."

"Real grown-up." Harrison said and Sirius laughed, "We were fourteen year old boys, who weren't mentally forty years old, you can't blame us."

Harrison rolled his eyes.

"We left it in Filches office after our seventh year, we told ourselves that the next generation of pranksters would find it and figure it out. Turns out, they did." Sirius said the last part in a weirdly proud way.

"Wait- Harrison you've been the child of three out of four Marauders." George whispered in amazement.

Harrison shrugged, "Suppose so."

Fred instead of saying something to Harrison, turned to Sirius and Remus, "You guys are our heroes."

"Of course we are, we're awesome." Sirius said, "The other two- James and Peter.. they are- well let's just say you should be glad you ended

up here instead of with them."

"Sirius." Remus said and Sirius held his hands up, "I didn't lie."

"Peter- he was their secret keeper, wasn't he?" Harrison asked, "I mean, I remember him, I never liked him. However, the grown-ups never really talked about the whole war thing when they were in a room with me and Hope."

"He was," Sirius answered truthfully, "He tried to pin it on me, but that didn't work out."

"Obviously." Harrison said and Sirius laughed.

~

When Fred and George went to their room Harrison stayed with Sirius and Remus, putting up a privacy ward.

"We should talk about Azkaban." Harrison said, "I really want to go, we all know that, we also know Voldy wants me to go and would probably blame himself if anything happened to me."

"It's dangerous, Harry." Remus said, "We just- we don't want to put you in danger on purpose."

"I know, but I *want* to do this. I'll be okay, I know the Patronus charm, Voldemort and I are working on a perfect plan to make sure no one notices us. I'll be fine."

"We want you to be safe." Sirius said, "It doesn't matter how good you are at magic, there's a reason no one ever escaped from Azkaban before."

"Please." Harrison said, trying his best at the whole puppy eyes thing, he never understood why this worked for people, but he'd seen it work a bunch of times.

"How about this?" Sirius sighed, "You can go, but we'll go with you."

Harrison thought for a second, "As long as both of you make sure you're safe at all times."

Sirius smiled softly and nodded.

"Okay, we have a deal, I'll make sure it's not during full moon."

“Thank you.” Remus said and Harrison smiled at him, “Thank you for allowing me to go.”

After that Harrison left pretty quickly, probably to hang out with the twins, leaving Sirius and Remus alone.

“You sure this is a good idea?” Remus asked and Sirius shrugged while standing up, “Don’t know, but I’d prefer to be there, we both know he’s strong enough.”

“Yeah, but it just- I don’t know, I don’t like the idea of Harrison being in Azkaban.” Remus said, watching Sirius as he poured himself some wine, then offered Remus some, Remus shook his head.

“I don’t like it either, Moony, but I trust him and I know he’ll be okay. At least we get to be there now.”

“You’re right,” Remus sighed, “Doesn’t mean I like it.”

Sirius chuckled, placing his glass on the table before leaning down and kissing Remus on his forehead. “I don’t think we’re supposed to like it, but we can support Harrison.”

Remus smiled at Sirius, “Yeah, at least we can support him.”

~

The third day of their summer break Harrison decided to visit the Dark Lord, he told Sirius and Remus that he would *try* to be home by tomorrow, knowing that the ritual to give Voldemort his soul back would take a lot of energy.

Remus and Sirius hadn’t liked that he was planning on spending the night at Voldemort’s, but when he told them that it would be suicide for Voldemort to kill him, they reluctantly agreed.

That’s how Harrison ended up here, waking up in a way too big bedroom. When he arrived the day before, Voldemort had offered him something to eat before helping him prepare for the ritual. The ritual was a lot smoother this time, since Mother Magic already agreed to help them.

It was also a lot less draining since they didn’t have to make a whole new body. This was the reason why they didn’t have any other help, it was just them. Harrison could tell Voldemort was glad, because he hates to show people his vulnerability. And everyone is vulnerable

during a ritual like this one.

Harrison looked around the room, even with it being so big, it wasn't anything special. There was a bed, a way too big desk, some closets. It looked like it was still in the process of being personalized. Harrison knew it was probably because Voldemort never had guests and if he had guests they probably weren't important enough to have all the luxury's the rest of the house has.

Harrison slowly got out of bed and did his usual morning routine, before calling a house elf to lead him to Voldemort.

Voldemort- for some reason- had once again woken up before him and was now sitting in his office, making Harrison once again wonder just how much paperwork Dark Lords had, because Voldemort was always in his office.

"Ah, Harrison, come join me." Voldemort said, before he seemed to realise something. "If you want any breakfast, you can just call an elf."

Harrison nodded, "I'm okay, thank you."

"I talked to Lucius a couple days ago." Voldemort started, "He explained to me that generally the Azkaban guards only have two hour shifts, since being in the dementors presence is quite draining. However, Azkaban has enough human guards to constantly have some there, the job is a lot more popular than you would expect. But there is one time where there is one time slot where swapping guards doesn't overlap and leave 10 minutes without any guards present. This time is usually around 3am, Monday. If we prepare well enough we should have most of the work done in ten minutes, if we need more time we can always stupefy and obliviate them."

"Wow, you've been working a lot." Harrison said, quite impressed by Voldemort's work, "I'm in, we have to avoid full moons, though, Sirius and Remus are coming."

"Werewolf?" Voldemort asked, "I remember Fenrir talking about Remus Lupin. I think we can easily avoid full moons, we still need to make a plan for actually getting the prisoners out, though."

Harrison nodded and then they started talking about possibilities. This took a while, till the point where they started lunch while still swapping idea's.

"Muggles," Harrison said suddenly and Voldemort looked up with a

questioning look, “Use Polyjuice potion, we could try to make a permanent version.”

“Smart, we just have to make sure the insane, just-escaped-Azkaban Death Eaters don’t decide to wander around the wizarding world then.”

“Lock them up for a while, until we decide that they are ready or until we need them.”

“Hm, it could work.” Voldemort decided, “Afterwards I can try to get into politics with an Alias, try to push some of our goals in the political way before really starting the war.”

“I have lots of seats, I can use Sirius to support you in there. It’d be fun to see Sirius suffer in the political world.”

Voldemort smirked, “And then once we pushed our goals enough, we finally show the public the death eaters we rescued, putting pressure on the current ministry, we can try to take the lead then.”

“Okay, so we need Polyjuice potion that will last at least a couple of years, preferably for a lifetime, so we are sure that they only find out the Death Eaters are out of Azkaban when we want them to know.”

“If this works..” Voldemort started and he didn’t even have to finish his sentence, because Harrison understood, this would guarantee them their win.

“Oh and before I forget,” Voldemort said, twitching his wrist, until Harrison suddenly felt something on his head.

The Diadem. Harrison realised, Voldemort had actually given it to him now.

“Wandless magic, huh?” He said instead of commenting on the Diadem.

“You can’t be the only magical prodigy.”

“Ah damn.”

Afterwards they went back to planning, but somehow both of them felt closer to each other now, knowing that they could *banter,* if you would call it that, in such a way. Even though they are Harrison Sirius Black, former Potter, and The Dark Lord.

When they finally had a solid plan, Harrison went back home, explaining the plan to Sirius and Remus while the Twins were experimenting with some kind of potion they made.

“Smart,” Remus approved, “That should work, but I have never heard about a permanent Polyjuice potion.”

“I know, I’m going to try to create one.” Harrison sighed, “It’ll be hard, but if it works.”

“If anyone could do it, it’s you, pup.” Sirius said and Harrison laughed, “The amount of time I’ve heard that sentence.”

Sirius and Remus laughed, but didn’t say anything, they knew it was true, Harrison had heard that a lot.

“Oh and look at what Voldemort gave me.” Harrison said, breaking the silence that his last sentence had created. He pulled out the Diadem.

“Is that Ravenclaw’s Diadem?” Remus asked and Harrison nodded, “It had a soul-piece, but I helped Voldemort with the ritual, he gave me this. I mean he had promised that he would give me this before that, but still, I didn’t expect him to actually do it.”

“You sure this is the dark Lord we’re talking about?” Sirius asked, looking at the Diadem with disbelief.

“The one and only.” Harrison chuckled, “People have to stop asking that.”

“I’m sorry, it’s just slightly unbelievable, I mean it’s the Dark Lord!”

“I know, Pads, the Slytherins said exactly the same.”

“Harrison!” George hurried into the room, “Look what we made.”

Fred followed him with a- what seemed like- rubber chicken in his hand, but the moment Fred let go of it, it started doing the Irish step dance.

Sirius started laughing, “We should’ve done things like that, Moony!”

Remus shook his head, but was also laughing quietly.

“We call it Rubby ‘O chicken.” Fred said, “Cause it’s rubber or whatever.”

“So why did you guys need a potion lab for this?” Harrison asked, confused.

“Oh, we just wanted to make sure we had a safe place to experiment, make sure nothing valuable blew up, we used some of the potion wards.”

“Fair enough,” Harrison started smirking, “You should add a music charm.”

George looked at Fred, before looking back at Harrison, “You, sir, are a genius.”

“Where did your whole twin speak thing go?” Harrison asked then, noticing how normal this conversation had been.

“Oh, that’s not how we actually talk-“

“- We do it to annoy people.” Fred finished.

“Especially your family?” Harrison guessed.

“Yep,” Fred popped the ‘p’ and George was grinning like an idiot next to him.

“Well, it did work, I only saw them twice with you guys, but they looked annoyed as fuck.”

“Language,” Remus said and Harrison stuck out his tongue, making Remus roll his eyes.

“Where did you find them, pup?” Sirius asked, looking way too amused by the whole conversation. Harrison laughed, “Actually I met them because they looked lonely when Hope wanted me to meet her friend.”

“Ron Weasley,” Sirius said, “He failed history and only just passed transfiguration, it’s only first year.”

“Pads, you’re not supposed to discuss your students’ scores with other students.” Remus said and Sirius nodded, “I know, but honestly they could’ve guessed this, the boy did nothing all year, when he did do something it was just to annoy other students.”

“Most of our siblings aren’t that bad,” Fred said, “It’s honestly only Ginny and Ron, Ginny can be okay, but she gets jealous quickly. She’s our parents’ little princess.”

“Just like Hope,” Harrison muttered.

Fred and George laughed, “You should have seen our mom when they announced Hope was the Girl-Who-Lived. She had been hoping it could be a boy, so she could force Ginny to marry the boy.”

Harrison laughed, but then quickly stopped when he noticed, “Wait- so she wanted me to be the Boy-Who-Lived so I could marry your younger sister?”

“Yes,” George confirmed, “She even asked Dumbledore if she could dose you with love potions, if it turned out to be you. At least that’s what Bill told us. Dumbledore actually agreed, telling her how it would be beneficial for all of us.”

Harrison shuddered, “Ew, I hate that. I’m so glad Dumbledore lied about Hope being the Girl-Who-Lived.”

Fred and George nodded in agreement, both had been told a while ago that the whole thing was a lie. Harrison had later explained that it was really him who Voldemort had tried to kill that night.

Fred finally picked up the chicken then, the chicken was still dancing.

“Come on, Georgie, let’s get this chicken to sing.” He said and George followed him out.

“They’re good at magic.” Remus said when they had left, “That wasn’t some easy kind of magic that anyone could do.”

“They are really smart,” Harrison agreed, “They just don’t show it in classes a lot, because that’s not what they’re interested in. When they’re working on something they are interested in, though, they could probably do anything they tried. It’s crazy.”

“I’m looking forward to seeing what they will do with their skill.” Remus said and Sirius nodded, “We have good successors.”

“Don’t tell them that,” Harrison joked, “They would faint.”

Chapter End Notes

This was only 4k words, I am actually disapointed in myself-

ANYWAYS I LOVE MARAUDERS SM RN... WOLFSTAR MOMENTS <3<3<3

Chapter 20: The somehow functional Black family

Chapter Summary

Fred and George join the famm and Harrison has some weird conversations with different people.

Chapter Notes

I only write around 3am and you can notice it in this chapter, my thoughts were just all over the place.

ANYWAYS I OFFICIALLY HIT 100K words!!!!!

It took one week.

One week till the Black family house was a war zone. It all started when Fred and George turned Sirius into a dog, by putting some powder in his food. After that it escalated quickly, there wasn't a moment where the two teams weren't scheming, trying to prank the others.

Harrison didn't pick a side, too amused by the whole situation, that didn't mean that he didn't get multiple offers from both sides. He just refused, because he *didn't want to pick a side.* It was a stupid thing to do, either he ends up with Sirius and Remus trying to prank him when he was trying to be serious or Fred and George pranking him in the Slytherin common room.

After a few days he decided to visit Draco, since that was the best excuse to flee the house.

"Harrison!" Draco said, he probably felt the wards around the big manor let someone in, "Didn't expect you to visit."

"Same, honestly, but the Black house is currently a war zone." Harrison chuckled, "Fred and George turning Sirius into a dog was clever, though, I have to admit."

"Well, come, Pansy's also here." Draco led the way to the backyard, where Pansy was currently sitting in the grass. When she saw Harrison she literally jumped up and ran over to hug him.

“Harry!” She said. Harrison laughed, hugging the girl back.

“How’s your break so far?” Pansy asked once she let Harrison go.

“I don’t know, normal? It’s still weird, being outside of Hogwarts.” Harrison sighed, “I mean of course I went out sometimes with the Founders, but usually we would just stay in Hogwarts.”

“You literally spent your entire life in Hogwarts,” Pansy said, “It’s understandable why it feels weird to just be kicked out.”

“Did you know that in the Founders time they actually allowed students to stay in Hogwarts in summer break? It was an option, mostly because Muggleborns were unsafe in the Muggle word, it was common for them to get abused.” Harrison explained, “It’s weird, I escaped that life, it’s not as bad this time as it was back then, but still if I had lived with Lily’s sister I would’ve been abused heavily. They hate magic.”

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t grow up with them.” Pansy said, “Come, no more negative thoughts.”

Harrison nodded, before letting Pansy pull him away towards the place she had been sitting. On the ground was a half-finished flower crown.

Pansy smiled before saying, “I’m going to teach you, you have no choice.”

Harrison shrugged, before turning to Draco, who was looking at them with a weird expression.

“Come join us!” Harrison said and Draco sighed, but did join them. Draco, too, got forced to learn how to make flower crowns, Pansy insisted that they would make matching crowns, sort of like friendship bracelets.

Harrison didn’t complain, just listening to the girl’s instructions. Draco, however, kept sighing and complaining about how *bored* he was and how these crowns would ruin his hair.

An hour later Harrison and Pansy were laying on their back, flower crowns beside them, while pointing out funny looking clouds. Draco had once again felt the wards shift, Harrison suspected it was either Theo or Blaise.

His suspicion was confirmed when Blaise walked in, flower crown on his head. When Harrison raised an eyebrow, Blaise shrugged, “Draco refused to wear it, so gave it to me.”

Harrison chuckled, “Fair enough, really I don’t know what he’s trying to prove.”

“Probably his undeniable masculinity.” Pansy quipped, giggling slightly. Draco, who had been standing behind Blaise then said, “Hey! That’s rude, we all know that I don’t *have* to prove my masculinity. It is undeniable after all.”

Harrison snorted, “Either way it doesn’t matter, flower crowns shouldn’t be something masculine or feminine.” He smirked, waving his hand, summoning a fourth- not quite self-made, but still Harrison made one already so it counts. – flower crown.

“Wear it.” Harrison said and Draco shook his head. Pansy, who was also smirking, then faked a pout, “Come on, Draco! For us. We are your best friends after all.”

“Nope- no- I’ll just hang out with Crabbe and Goyle instead.” Draco said and Harrison sighed, “I really didn’t want to have to do this, Draco.”

He waved his wrist again, making the flower crown appear on Draco’s hair. When Draco tried to take it off, Harrisons magic refused to let it go.

“Talking about Crabbe and Goyle, they really barely talk.” Harrison said then, trying to make conversation.

“Harry- take this thing off.” Draco said and Harrison shrugged, “No can do.”

“You know Harrison, you’re right, I barely talked with them at all.” Blaise said, pretending that Draco wasn’t trying to force Harrison to let the crown go.

“*Harreeeee!”* Draco said and Harrison laughed, “Fine, you’re no fun. You only had it on for like 30 seconds.”

“30 seconds too much,” Draco muttered, sighing in relief when the crown finally let go.

“You’re so boring, Draco.” Pansy said, but didn’t force the boy to wear

the crown again, it really was less fun if they had to *force* him.

“You guys can’t complain, you all decided to go to my house, after all.” Draco pointed out and Harrison shrugged, “Yeah, well I didn’t know if Blaise was in Italy or not, also I didn’t want to worry Sirius by going to the Dark Lord.”

“My mother took her new husband to Italy,” Blaise muttered, “They needed *privacy*, so left me in the Zabini Manor in England.”

Harrison offered him a small comforting smile and then Pansy said, “You didn’t even think about going to my place? I’m hurt.”

“Well, to be honest, I didn’t suspect you would be home, you seem like the kind of person who goes out every day. I wasn’t wrong.”

“I’m- no, you know what, that’s fair.”

“Also, has Snape been here, Draco? I honestly don’t know where Snape spends his summer breaks.” Harrison said, suddenly thinking about the fact that he still had to make a Polyjuice potion. He could do it alone, but he would never turn down some assistance.

“Hm, haven’t seen him so far, he’s probably at home. I would just send him a letter.”

Harrison nodded, he would, he’d also ask the man for his recipe of the original wolfsbane, since he still wanted to try to make a better version.

If he succeeded, he would also need the man’s approval before marketing the potion, since the original was Snape’s.

“Why would you even need Snape?” Pansy asked, “Didn’t you like literally create your own potions multiple times?”

“I did, however I need to finish this project in a few weeks or the Dark Lord might just kill me.” When Draco paled he snorted, “That was sarcasm, Voldy wouldn’t.”

“Don’t sound so sure.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but didn’t bother responding.

“Anyways, how bad is the prank war, Harry?” Blaise said, to change the subject.

“Not that bad, yet. They’re mostly using spells on shampoo, soap and food now. Honestly, I’m afraid that Moony is going to leave and the house just explodes.” Harrison paused and then, “Wait, no, never mind. Remus would probably be the cause for the house exploding, he is really the best at coming up with pranks, but if he gives Sirius an idea that’s too hard to actually execute-” Harrison shuddered, not even finishing his sentence.

“So the Library in Black family house?” Pansy asked, slightly disappointed.

“Yeah, probably a war zone now, however that library is pretty small, Black Manor is the real Black Library. The family house only has copies of like one third of the real Black Library.”

“He says it’s small, but it pretty much as big as Zabini and Malfoy Library together.” Draco said and Pansy nodded, “Yeah, I thought it would be. Harrison has this thing where he really understates things.”

“Hey, it’s not my fault I grew up in like the biggest houses in the Wizarding World.” Harrison defended himself, “I mean- it were castles, but still.”

Blaise snorted, before he turned to Draco and Pansy, “Yeah, it’s not his fault he grew up in castles! Plural!” He said and Pansy and Draco started laughing while Harrison groaned.

“This is bullying.” He said and Blaise smirked, but after a few seconds both Harrison and Blaise also started laughing.

~

After spending a big part of his day at Malfoy Manor it was time to return to Grimmaulds place.

Harrison expected the worst, so he was surprised to walk into the house and see Fred, George, Sirius and Remus sit and talk. No pranks in sight.

“You guys are not teaming up to prank me, right?” Harrison asked, carefully scanning the room for any boobytraps, “Because I can return to Malfoy Manor.”

“We weren’t planning on pranking you,” Fred said, truthful enough for Harrison to believe him.

“We should’ve, though, that would be *amazing.”* Sirius said and George nodded in agreement.

“Sorry, cub, ignore them. How was your day?” Remus asked then and Harrison smiled, “It was good, actually, Pansy and Blaise were also at Draco’s.”

“I’m glad you had fun.”

“So what happened here, what did the twins do?”

George scowled, “Why would it be us that did something?”

“Because it’s Sirius’ house, so he could hardly get punished for something, he would never actually punish Remus- let’s ignore how that sounded. And this-“ He kind of waved his hand at them, “Is way too calm for how much of a war zone it was this morning.”

“That’s fair,” Fred said, “You have to admit, George, he has a point.”

George nodded, “Yeah, fair, but we didn’t do anything.”

“So why are you guys sitting here, not pranking each other?” Harrison asked, confused. Sirius sighed, “We-“ He motioned between himself and Remus, “Were thinking about adopting the Twins- since they are not part of any family right now. It would help their Magic development a lot, but also their influence and honestly we don’t mind the Twins.”

“Wait- you’re adopting them-“ Harrison gaped at Sirius and Sirius nodded, “I mean- if you don’t want us to that’s fine- I wasn’t going to do it if you didn’t think it was a go-“

“Sirius shut up,” Harrison said and the man shut his mouth, then Harrison looked at the Twins, a slight smile on his face, “So we’re officially brothers, huh?”

Two identical grins appeared on the faces, “Yes, Harrikins, you’re stuck with us now.” Fred said and Harrison smiled, “Welcome to our weird- somehow functional family.” Then he turned back to Sirius, “Why make this sudden decision?”

Sirius shrugged, “It’s just- I suppose a chance for us and the Twins, I know they already saw you as their little brother. I had a feeling they would stay here a lot more often and honestly, they *are our successors.*” Sirius grinned, “No, but for real, it was sudden for us, too.

But I mean, I'm all for sudden plans, as long as they don't screw any of us over."

"I thought that you would adopt them- just not so soon, I mean the summer break has just started for a bit longer than a week."

"Well the Twins have a way of making people like them." Remus said and Harrison laughed, "That they do! Funny, people say the same thing about me."

"That's because people are totally right, I mean somehow you got Voldemort to tolerate you! That's like impossible, that man doesn't tolerate anyone." Sirius said and Harrison shrugged, "It helps that I'm carrying a soul piece. Oh! And I brought him back to life."

"Yeah- that might be true, I suppose." Sirius muttered, "It's strange people try their whole life to get that man to tolerate them just a bit, all you do is annoy the fuck out of him and he tolerates you!"

"Maybe it's because I annoy him, he's probably secretly kind of done by not having anyone treat him as human, I do treat him as human."

"Huh, I never thought about that." Remus said, Harrison shrugged slightly, "He was literally never treated as human, his past is quite sad. Honestly, he probably doesn't even know how to treat others as equal. All he's ever known is either be the freak or be the Master, there's no in between."

"Surely there was one point in his life where-"

"Nope, no point in his life was normal. I won't tell you anything else though, before he starts forcing secrecy contracts. That would suck." Harrison said, "Well, I'll help Fred and George move their stuff to another room, because we are *not* letting them stay in guest rooms."

That made everyone act 'normal' again. Sirius nodded in agreement, "Good idea, I'll try to get Griphook to make sure a contract is ready."

"And Remus, you should go nap for a bit." Harrison said, tomorrow was full moon, the man looked shocked and then nodded, "Right."

Harrison gave the man a small smile and then told Fred and George to follow him.

"So Lupin, he's a werewolf, right?" Fred asked, Harrison froze, "How did you find out-"

“It’s just- he was always absent around full moon and after that he would look pale at feasts. Also he taught us about boggart and his biggest fear is the full moon.” George said and Harrison sighed, “Yeah, Sirius tries to make his full moons better by staying with him in his animagus form, but it doesn’t make it less painful. I’m trying to make a potion that will help, but that might still take a while. Oh- and that’s also a surprise so if you tell Remus I will kill you.”

Fred put both his hands up, chuckling nervously, “Calm down, we are good at keeping secrets.”

“Our pranks would suck if we couldn’t keep secrets, sometimes they take *months* to plan.” George said then, “Imagine if we couldn’t keep our secrets and just told the whole school about one of our better pranks accidentally.”

“That’d suck.”

“It would.”

~

Lily Potter was pacing in Dumbledore’s office, “He’s staying with Dark Wizards, there has to be something!”

Dumbledore sighed, “I know, but we legally can’t do anything, Lily.”

“What do you mean; ‘we can’t do anything’?”

“Sirius and Remus are his legal parents now, you disowned him. We have no control over him anymore.”

“Yeah, well he deserved it, his disrespect-“ Lily stopped pacing, facing Dumbledore “I mean what else could we have done, headmaster?”

“You could’ve tried to convince him.” Dumbledore said, “He’s young, easily convinced.”

“We don’t have time for that!” Lily snapped, “We don’t know when Voldemort will return and if I have to trust you, which I’m not sure about right now, we need the boy for some reason. I thought Hope was the Girl-Who-Lived?”

“She is,” Dumbledore easily lied, after all how else could he have convinced Lily to sacrifice her son? He had expected the boy to return submissive, barely thinking for himself, doing whatever his parents

want just for them not to abandon him again.

“So why would we need him?” Lily asked and Dumbledore sighed, “He is- well his power is great, we’ve all spent a year denying it, but we’ve all felt it- seen it. If somehow he ends up with the Dark Lord the chances of the Light winning are small.”

“I don’t like the fact that he’s living with Dark Wizards, headmaster.” Lily said, “But that boy- he is not a boy I would like to call my son. He’s disrespectful to us, to Hope! His jealousy, Headmaster, it went too far.”

“I understand that, believe me. If he hadn’t been so powerful, I would have totally supported the choice to totally cut him from your family.”

“We’ll just have to give Hope more training.” Lily decided, “There’s no way I am even going to try and get that boy back to our side. Hope will have to do for now.”

“If you’re sure about that.” Dumbledore paused before continuing, “Then I trust your judgement, I’ll try to find a new tutor.”

The last tutor had given up after Hope refused to listen to her explanations. Hope had told the tutor that she had to either teach Hope what Hope wanted to learn or that she would be fired. Instead she decided to just quit, she didn’t see much potential in the Girl-Who-Lived anyways.

When Lily left Dumbledore’s office the man sighed. He had everyone on his side still wrapped around his fingers, the only problem is when he had decided to give Lily and James freedom with what they wanted to do with Harrison he hadn’t suspected this. He had hoped they would just let him do what he wanted -he boy obviously didn’t need training- Then when Dumbledore needed him, he could tell him what to do, with Hope being the famous one no one would notice that he was going to use the boy as a sacrifice for the greater good.

His whole plan- the plan he had made years ago- was ruined, just because the boy thought he knew better. Now he just hoped that in some magical way the boy would still help them when needed, because he really doubted that Hope would somehow figure out her brother was a horcrux.

~

Harrison had sent Snape the letter and a week later they had started

their potion project together. They were working on the Polyjuice potion for a few weeks when it finally worked.

In the time they had been working on the potion Sirius and Remus had gotten used to randomly seeing Snape in their house, which was awkward at first, but eventually no one really paid attention to that anymore and Sirius and Snape even started having civil conversations.

They had quickly noticed that when Lily and James weren't there Sirius hate for Severus was purely because of their families histories, which meant that Sirius decided to totally ignore all of it and actually started seeing Severus like a human again. After awkward apologies they would actually say that they could maybe become friends.

Harrison had just rolled his eyes, but was secretly kind of glad that it worked out, especially since he wanted to be done with these potions and quickly. If Snape and Sirius had ended up fighting the process would have been a lot longer.

When they were finally done they showed the Dark Lord the potion, who had thanked them both- though the Thanks he gave to Harrison sounded more sincere.- and then showed them the muggles who would be replacing the Azkaban prisoners.

Harrison then explained that the potion would last up till five years, however that time could shorten a bit, because they didn't know how Dementors influenced it. Voldemort had told him it was okay, because they probably only needed two or three years.

Snape seemed kind weirded out by how casual Harrison and Voldemort acted around each other. All the times he had seen them together was in such a big crowd that they didn't quite act the same. They actually seemed comfortable around each other.

"Oh, Harrison are you staying for lunch?" Voldemort asked then and Harrison shrugged, "I don't know, if you want me to."

Voldemort nodded and then turned to Snape, "You're dismissed."

Snape nodded and hurried out the room, like a normal person he didn't like to spent extra time in Voldemort's presence.

"I don't know why everyone's so scared of you." Harrison said, amused.

"Maybe because I put effort into making them afraid of me."

“Wouldn’t work on me.”

Voldemort smirked, “Somehow, I believe that. You’re too stubborn to be afraid of me.”

“You’re scariness doesn’t work on me.” Harrison laughed.

“Scariness?” Voldemort raised an eyebrow, “Not a word I hear a lot.”

“Is it even a word?”

“I am not sure honestly.”

“That must’ve been painful to admit.”

“It really was.” Voldemort admitted, though Harrison wasn’t sure if the man was being sarcastic.

“You are hard to read,” Harrison sighed, “There has to be some way I can make it easier using the horcrux?”

“There probably is.” Voldemort agreed, “We’d have to try it out once, I’m curious. You’re the first human horcrux in history. Or at least the first I’ve heard of.”

“Ohh- we could make so much money by totally investigating this and just writing a book about it.”

“Well- it is illegal and neither of us needs money.”

“It doesn’t have to be illegal once you rule this country.” Harrison grinned. “We could do whatever we want.”

“I am not going to abuse my power,” Voldemort said, “That would be a stupid thing to do.”

“That’s what you’re saying now, just wait till you actually have the power.”

Voldemort rolled his eyes, but didn’t comment on that, because let’s be fair, he probably would abuse his power. Anyone would, power makes monsters out of us all.

“Don’t hear you disagreeing with me,” Harrison was way too amused now and Voldemort just ignored him.

“Let’s go start planning a date for the outbreak.”

~

“Yo! Turns out that Hagrid smuggled a Dragon onto Hogwarts ground last year.” George said while walking into the living room, “Ron, Hermione and Hope figured it out and made him sent it to Charlie.”

“Is Hagrid really that stupid?” Harrison asked, sitting up slightly, he had been laying down on the floor- on a very comfortable carpet. “I mean I have nothing against Hagrid, but that just sounds like a stupid thing to do.”

“It is,” Fred agreed, he had followed George here, “Charlie sent us a letter complaining about Ron making him get the Dragon in the middle of the night. I mean, Charlie would do anything for anyone, but Ron is his brother and only sends him letters when he either wants Charlie to do something for him or needs money. He think it’s unfair that both Charlie and Bill have more money than mom and dad do, because they actually work very hard for it.”

“Yeah, our dad works very hard for it, but we were a big family and his job just didn’t pay enough.” George explained, “Mom also does nothing to earn money, though she does try to force all of us to get a job at the ministry and tells us how disappointed she is when we don’t, but she will still tell us that we *have* to give them some money once she figures out that we really do earn well.”

“I suppose at least we won’t have to deal with that when we get a job,” Fred says.

George and Fred were still getting used to being part of the Black family now. They used the last name ‘Prewett-Black’ because they didn’t have a Heir or Lord title for the Black house as long as both Sirius and Harrison were alive.

Even when Harrison claims the Lordship, Sirius would still be the Heir, no matter if he wants it or not.

“You won’t have to deal with that,” Harrison smiled, “I mean it’s not like Sirius or Remus need money.”

“Or you- Mr. I-Am-The-Heir-Soon-To-Be-Lord- Of- Six-Of-The-Most-Influential-Families.” Fred said and Harrison rolled his eyes, “Yeah-Whatever.”

“However, Charlie asked if we wanted to visit him in Romania, that’s where we were really going with this.”

“Oh- that’s great! We will have to ask Sirius and Remus, of course, but I’m sure they will agree.”

Fred and George nodded in agreement before Harrison said, “So tell me more about this dragon of Hagrid.”

“It’s a Norwegian Ridgeback, they’re pretty similar to Hungarian horntails, which is already not a good sign at all.” George explained and Harrison shuddered, he understood why that wasn’t a good sign. “They’re also venomous, which I mean is a fun little extra, am I right? They eat mammals, also aquatic mammals, which is kind of weird. They generally start with shooting fire at a really young age, if I have to believe Charlie, Hagrid’s Dragon was already shooting fire and he had just hatched. Hagrid had named the dragon Norbert, however Charlie figured out it was a female, not male, so they now named her Norberta. They didn’t want to totally take away Hagrid’s name for the dragon.”

“You reckon Dragons speak a form of parseltongue? I mean they are related to snakes.” Harrison wondered out loud and both Fred and George said, “We’ll ask Charlie!” At the same time, before rushing out to write Charlie a letter. Harrison laughed, but was glad that he could probably get an answer to his question.

Then Sirius walked in, looking confused, “What were they so excited about?”

“Dragons.”

“Dragons?” Sirius asked, not looking less confused then before.

“Yep,” Harrison answered, popping the ‘p’, “Hagrid had a dragon at Hogwarts- somehow- my sister and her friends caught him and convinced him to give the dragon to Charlie. Now Charlie invited us to Romania to come look at some dragons, oh and we were wondering if dragons spoke parseltongue.”

“That doesn’t clear anything up, at all.”

“It doesn’t?”

“I feel like somewhere in there was a question, though.” Sirius said, “You want to go to Romania?”

“Could we?”

“Yeah, if you make sure it’s not during the Azkaban breakout.” Sirius said, “We could all use a vacation and now you made me curious about the whole parseltongue theory.”

“Easy, done.” Harrison smiled, “And I know right! Like they are reptiles and pretty closely related to magical snake? Maybe it’s just an accent you know? Or like a slightly different language like I don’t know Dutch and Flemish?”

“I don’t think those are really accents?” Sirius said and Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know either, but you get what I mean.”

“That I do.”

~

“Do you think that if I accidently let someone fall and they attack me for it and I then kill them, I could get away with claiming it was self-defence?” Voldemort asked and Harrison looked at him like he grew a second head, this was not something Voldemort would ask.

“Are you trying to legally kill someone?”

“No, I mean, it’s not like it matters. If I want to kill someone without any signs pointing towards me, I can, I have done that multiple times in the past. And now I could kill anyone, because I’m Voldemort and my list of crimes is too long for anyone to really care to add that extra murder. However, I just wonder, could I?”

“I don’t think so- I mean it would technically also be self-defence for the person you kill.”

“Yeah, but they wouldn’t be able to tell anyone that, because they’re dead.”

“That would be true in the muggle world, but we have portraits and ghosts.” Harrison pointed out.

“I lowkey want to try it.”

“Don’t.”

“I might- I mean it would be fun? Dressing up as a muggle and accidently letting some angry muggle fall, then shooting them in the face with some gun.”

“Whoa, aggressive.”

“I was raised during the second world war, if you think that’s aggressive let me show you some memories.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “We’re not trying this out.”

“But it would be fun.”

“You might get locked up, also I don’t know if we agree on the idea of fun.”

“There are three possible outcomes; one, they lock me up in some muggle prison and I just break out. Two, they lock me up in Azkaban and you break me out. Or three, they kill me and you bring me back to life.”

“Believe me if you die because you tried to kill some muggle to test this theory, I will not be helping you in any way.”

Voldemort sighed, “Fine, but that doesn’t make me less curious.”

“Believe me, Voldy, I kind of want to know now, too.” Harrison said and Voldemort didn’t even look slightly annoyed by the nickname anymore, instead he just laughed.

He actually fucking laughed.

“It probably wouldn’t work,” Voldemort admitted after a while, “There’s probably some law to make sure this wouldn’t work, it would be too easy. I don’t know muggle laws, though, kind of useless to know them now that I only live in the Wizarding World.”

“I’ve never even lived in the muggle world,” Harrison said, “Founders forced me to learn some stuff about them, though, to convince muggle-borns I actually grew up with muggles.”

“I think it worked,” Voldemort replied, “I mean that’s the thing that would make me question the least about how true your backstory is. Other things like your skill at magic and how close you are to the founders is more suspicious.”

Harrison hummed, “Yeah, well.” He didn’t finish his sentence, instead he cleared his throat and said, “We really should finish this plan.” He nodded towards the Azkaban map and Voldemort nodded. They had been doing nothing for way too long and the time to actually break his followers out was getting closer.

They could talk more about their pasts some other time, when they weren't very close to a deadline. They started working in silence, trying to map out the best route to the death eaters, who were spread all over the big prison.

"I think we should do a horcrux hunt this year." Voldemort said then, "Try to get most of my soul back. That is, if you want to help me."

Harrison smiled, "I'll help you. It'll make my year less boring."

"I have an idea where most of them are, I just hope they haven't been moved."

"I still can't believe you just decided to hide pieces of your literal soul all over England."

"In my defence, I was insane."

"Still are," Harrison muttered, making Voldemort snort.

It was so weird how Harrison could say anything, it didn't matter, Voldemort didn't get angry, he was mostly amused.

"Yeah, well I'm not the only insane one here," Voldemort said then and Harrison raised an eyebrow, "Are you literally calling me- an eleven year old boy insane?"

"Of course I am, have you seen yourself? A sane person wouldn't have done anything you did this school year."

And Harrison, he couldn't deny it, Voldemort was right.

"Well, insanity brings people together I suppose." Harrison muttered.

The shock on Voldemort's face was way funnier than it should've been.

Chapter 21: Azkaban

Chapter Summary

They finally go through with their plan.

Chapter Notes

I'm posting a late, short and not proofread chapter cause I'm lazy and tired... School started again- yay?

“Here’s the full plan,” Voldemort said, placing a map of Azkaban in front of him. “We will apparate here.” He pointed to a place in the sea, “It’s where the wards end, now there should be a boat there. We use that boat to go to this entrance.” He pointed out another place on the map, “There should be no guards, like I explained earlier, meaning we would just have to deal with Dementors. There shouldn’t be too much here, but while going up to max security cell, we will pass a room made for the dementors. We will have to be careful there. I will take Snape and Lucius to the West side, while you and your godfathers go East.” He put another list in front of Harrison, “This is a list with all the Death Eaters in that block, Sirius and Remus will recognize them.”

“Bellatrix Lestrange,” Harrison muttered, “Sirius cousin?”

Voldemort nodded, “She might demand to see me,” He grimaced, “She was always a passionate follower of mine, just try to make her come with you.”

“I’ll just stun her and take her with me that way if she doesn’t listen.”

“Yeah, that is probably the easiest way.”

“You’re not taking other Death Eaters?” Harrison asked and Voldemort shook his head, “I don’t want this to go wrong, because some reckless Death Eater. I trust you can keep Sirius and Remus calm enough and I myself trust Lucius and Severus.”

“Okay, I’ll see you Sunday, then.” Harrison said and Voldemort nodded, “Yeah and, please, explain the plan to Sirius and Remus, we have to do this quickly.”

Voldemort had already kidnapped some sick muggles that wouldn’t be missed, because they were either really lonely or already reported as

missing, it had been hard to find enough muggles, but totally worth it. The muggles were currently locked in his dungeons, the Polyjuice potions stacked somewhere close to the cells.

The whole plan was finally finished, now they just had to execute the plan, which was honestly the hardest part.

“I will,” Harrison said, before leaving Voldemort’s office. He would be glad when this was over, planning the Azkaban breakout had been one of the most stressful things he’d ever done.

~

They arrived early on Sunday.

When Harrison didn’t feel Voldemort’s magic close he decided to lead Remus and Sirius to Voldemort’s office himself, it’s not like the man would be mad.

“You really know your way around this manor.” Sirius noted suddenly, making Harrison shrug. “Yeah, well, I’ve been here a lot. It’s Slytherin’s manor, Sal build it a few years after I left.”

“So there should be a portrait somewhere here.” Remus said and Harrison nodded, “Yep, haven’t really looked for it yet, I’ve been busy.”

He opened the door to Voldemort’s office to see Lucius, Severus and Voldemort already there.

“Ah, you’re early.” Voldemort said and Harrison gaped, “You- How? You’re magic-“

“*We did say we would experiment with the horcrux.”* Voldemort hissed and Harrison glared at the man, “*I thought we would do it together.”*

“I only used occlumency. Nothing special.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Anyways, that’s not why we’re here.”

“I’ll help you later,” Voldemort offered and Harrison nodded, then Voldemort moved on, looking at the group. “I’ve just gone over the plan with Lucius and Severus, I trust Harrison explained everything to you?” He asked Sirius and Remus, who only nodded, not sure how to act in the Dark Lord’s presence.

“Good, I will give everyone some flasks of Polyjuice, make sure the

muggle drinks at least a big sip, after adding a hair."

"We know how Polyjuice works," Harrison said, smirking and Voldemort rolled his eyes.

"We should be able to do a group apparition," Voldemort said, not responding to Harrisons remark, "So we can take all the muggles in one go, Harrison can also use a bit of his somehow gigantic core that way."

The group nodded, none of them had ever done a group apparition before, but since only the main caster really needed to know *how* it works, it wouldn't be a problem.

"Okay well, follow me, then."

Harrison easily started walking next to the Dark Lord instead of behind him. They were quietly chatting in parseltongue.

"I'll never get used to someone being close to the Dark Lord." Severus muttered to himself, which didn't stop anyone from voicing their agreements. It was weird, it would always be weird.

"And he's only *eleven,* almost twelve. I thought that if the Dark Lord ever got an equal the person would at least be thirty, if not older." Lucius said.

"Secretly you wanted to be that person, wouldn't you?"

"Anyone would, the power would be great. However, after being Voldemort's left hand man for so long, it's sour that an eleven year old boy swoops in and suddenly becomes his equal."

"We never had a chance."

"We really didn't."

During this whole conversation, Sirius and Remus were just looking at Harrison. The fact that their *son* was the only person on this planet that would ever be equal to Voldemort- it was unbelievable, but true.

When they went outside, they all questioned their Lord's decision, before Harrison explained for Voldemort. "Salazar Slytherin always warded his Manors, castles and well anything really heavily, so while Voldemort himself could apparate from inside, our whole group can't. However, the wards are weaker outside, so we can apparate from

here."

"Smart man, Salazar Slytherin." Voldemort said.

"*Should've seen him when Merlin told him his only Heir was an insane Dark Lord."* Harrison hissed, "*He was not proud."*

Voldemort glared at Harrison, before calling his house elf to bring them their 'prisoners.'

When the muggles had been thrown- quite literally- in front of them, Voldemort told everyone to push their magic and with a lot of concentration they all eventually apparated.

"That feels worse than normal side-apparation." Harrison shuddered.

"Well, then learn how to apparate." Voldemort said and Harrison ignored the man to look at the prison. He noticed the boat they were on started going towards it and he looked at Voldemort, the man was waving his hand at the water, making the boat move faster.

It didn't take long before they arrived.

"Guards will leave their posts in fifteen minutes, then we have ten minutes to swap out the prisoners. We should probably already go up to the max. security cells."

They split the prisoners into two groups, easily making them float after them while going up to the right place in this huge prison. They placed silencing charms on their shoes, so they wouldn't make too much noise and- the grownups- constantly had their wands in their hands, so they were prepared if a dementor or guard would show up.

Walking through Azkaban was unlike anything else, it was dark, creepy and there were prisoners *everywhere.* Temperatures seem to change every meter, due to the presence of dementors.

"Fuck it's cold." Harrison muttered, casting a warming charm over the whole group, not just himself.

"Dementors," Remus said, looking to a hallway to the left.

"This place is so creepy," Sirius whispered, not sure if the dementors could even hear them. "I can't even imagine staying here, it's probably worse than dying."

They continued walking down the corridor, Remus looking backwards

every now and then, to make sure there were no dementors following them.

The first stairs were easy, the bodies floating behind them without any effort, but the further up the weaker they began to feel, the colder it was.

They now understood why the guards only had to protect the first few levels, up here you would die, even with just a twenty minute shift.

“Okay we split up here,” Harrison said weakly, Dementors always made him feel weak.

“There should be no guards up here, so just use the Patronus Charm and keep using the Patronus until we’re out of here.” Voldemort commanded and the group nodded. They then split the muggles, half of them going with Harrison, Sirius and Remus and the other half with the other group.

“Expecto Patronum.” Harrison waved his wand, to make sure that it would work, not wanting to risk his life for a small show of wandless magic.

Sirius and Remus also cast their Patroni and together they walked down the hallway, the Patroni lit up the place and the Dementors fled from them.

The first Death Eater they rescued was Augustus Rookwood. The man looked up when he felt the Dementors fleeing, probably the first time his mind cleared from all the negativity Dementors caused in a while.

“My Lord?” He rasped and Harrison sighed, opening the cell with a series of difficult spells. “We’ve come to save you,”

The man looked up in confusion, “You’re a kid.”

“A kid whose currently helping you and your Lord.” Harrison explained, “If you’ll allow me.”

The man nodded weakly, not that he really had another choice.

Harrison pulled a hair from the man’s head before mixing it with a small- already split from the rest- portion of the Polyjuice they had. He then force fed a muggle the potion, changing the muggle into Augustus permanently.

He helped Rookwood up and out of the cell, “Wait here.”

Chuckling bitterly the man said, “You won’t see me going anywhere anytime soon.”

They did this whole process a few other times, some of the most noteworthy people they rescued were Rabastan and Rodolphus Lestrange and Antonov Dolohov.

That only left Bellatrix Lestrange.

“I think you should do it, Siri.” Harrison said and Sirius looked at his godson, “The last time I saw her we weren’t exactly on good terms.”

“So show her that it’s okay, you’re still family.”

“I guess,” Sirius said, taking a deep breath. “Okay, okay.”

Sirius opened her cell and the witch looked up, “Milord?”

“It’s me, Bella.” Sirius said and Bellatrix cackled, “Cousin Sirius! I’ve waited for you to come join lil’ old me here.”

“I’m not here for a crime, Bella.”

Bellatrix tilted her head to left, “So why are you here? They don’t allow me to have any visitors.”

Sirius snorted, “I believe that,” He looked back at Harrison, who was already getting the last muggle, “I’m here to rescue you. What do you say, come home?”

“But the Dark Lo-“

“Voldemort’s here, with me. Come, Bella, we don’t have a lot of time.”

“He’s here?” Bella looked at the dark corridor, “Can I see him?”

“If you come with me.”

The crazy woman nodded, trying to stand up.

In the end she fell over and Sirius helped her get up and out of her cell, before force feeding the muggle Polyjuice potion with one of Bella’s hairs.

Harrison ended up supporting all the Death Eaters enough with his

magic so they could actually walk and then they joined Voldemort where they had split up earlier.

“My Lord!” Bellatrix said, bowing down.

“Get up, Bella, we have to get out of here, before it’s too late.”

“Of course, my Lord!”

Getting out of the prison was a lot harder than getting into the prison, Harrison fought off five Dementors and stunned two guards while trying to get out. Once they apparated back to Slytherin Manor, Harrison was both glad and disappointed. They had done it all perfectly, they had broken out every prisoner.

But it felt bittersweet, because it was the end of a project he had worked on for a while.

Voldemort summoned Narcissa to start healing up some of the more heavily injured Azkaban inmates and Harrison decided to go home, he needed some sleep.

~

Fred and George knew something was up when Sirius, Remus and Harrison left Sunday evening and came back Monday morning without any kind of explanation.

They just didn’t know what was going on.

It was something they obviously all knew about, except for Fred and George. A birthday surprise was their first thought, but then they realised their birthday was on April first and it was currently July.

Harrisons birthday party? No, then Harrison wouldn’t be involved.

They also seemed genuinely tired and well *dirty* when they came back on Monday.

So on Wednesday when they had discussed everything they brought it up during dinner.

“Where were you guys when you all just left Sunday evening?” Fred asked and Remus eyes widened slightly, looking at Sirius and Harrison for answers.

“We were jus-“ Sirius started, easily lying until Harrison cut him off, “I

think it's time for the truth."

Fred and George nodded, "Yes, yes, nothing but the truth please." George said and Harrison nodded.

"We were helping Voldemort." When Fred and George started talking over each other, Harrison quieted them and continued. "When I came to Hogwarts I had no real idea what the war was really about, because everything you read is written by the light side. So I looked into it more and eventually decided that I agree a lot more with the dark side then the light. I knew there was no way people would let me have no role, once Dumbledore releases the truth." Fred and George knew he was talking about Hope not being the Girl-Who-Lived, because Harrison had told the Weasleys at Hope's birthday party.

"The Dark Side is actually a side with good goals, but Voldemort turned insane. He started forgetting why he was doing this and instead focused on making this war worse." Harrison explained, "I decided to make him return, but only if I figured out how to make him sane, right now, he's pretty damn sane."

"That night in the common room," George said, "We were about to go down to just work on some of our ideas and saw you with a man, that was Voldemort wasn't it?"

Harrison nodded, thinking back about Ravenclaw's Diadem.

"We've always liked the Dark Side more," Fred said suddenly, "In first year we got an information source who told us about the real goals of both sides and we immediately agreed with the dark. I mean it makes sense, muggles are dangerous and underestimated, because of Dumbledore."

"Ever since then we've been trying to figure out who the remaining Death Eaters are and what they are doing for the war. They are good at keeping low, though, I never would have guessed Voldemort returned last year." George said.

Sirius snorted, "You have Harry to thank for that."

Harrison shrugged, not really wanting to take credit. "I only made sure Voldy was sane."

"What exactly were you doing? You only said you were helping him?" George asked then and Harrison looked at Sirius and Remus trying to non-verbally ask them, '*should I tell them?'*

Sirius and Remus both shrugged, '*You decide.*'

"We were helping Voldemort break his Death Eaters out of Azkaban." Harrison said and the shock on Fred and George faces was funny enough to not regret telling them. Besides, he trusted them.

"Did it work?"

Harrison nodded, "Yep, they're all safe with Voldy now." He stayed quiet for a bit before smirking, "Voldemort knows I call him Voldy, by the way."

That made the Weasley twins laugh and they felt closer to the other three in a way now.

~

Hey Fred & George,

I'm glad to hear you guys can come! I think mid-August would be the best time, but any time is fine for me! Though, a lot of Dragons tend to travel here in August, so if you want to see a lot of Dragons, mid-August would work best.

I don't actually know whether dragons speak parseltongue or if 'draconic' is actually a language. Harrison should totally try to communicate with them when he's here! – Though tell him that the staff will kidnap him if they actually speak parseltongue, we've been searching for a way of communication for a while now, it would be nice to know what dragons need or want. So if he doesn't want to work here all summer, make sure to warn him to not try and communicate, once the trainers find out, it's too late to run.

(Also tell him that if he does decide to help, that it would probably give me some kind of raise, bringing someone so useful here is rare.)

Charlie.

Harrison laughed when he finished reading the letter, "I won't mind working with dragons for a few weeks."

"Looks like he's more excited to have someone who speaks parseltongue coming then his own brothers." Sirius said and Fred snorted, "Anyone would be, if dragons do really speak parseltongue,

Harrison is the only one they can use to talk to them. They won't just invite Voldemort to help them."

"Voldemort probably wouldn't show, at least not until he won this war. Too dangerous."

"You know what this means?" George asked, "If we go mid-August, we can throw Harrison a proper birthday party before we go."

Harrison laughed, "I feel like I shouldn't be here for this conversation."

George nodded, "You shouldn't be here. Go away."

Laughing even harder Harrison put his hands up, "I'm going, I'm going. I'll just go check on the Death Eaters."

"Come back home before dinner!" Sirius shouted and Harrison replied with a simple, "I'll try!"

~

Surprising absolutely nobody, Bellatrix seemed the worst when you looked at insanity. The crazy Black gene didn't help. The woman tried to get into Voldy's pants every time she saw the man, annoying the man to no end.

"Narcissa, would you mind taking your sister and the Lestrange brother's home with you?" Voldemort asked the woman who had been taking care of his Death Eaters when Harrison walked in.

"Of course not, my Lord. And I do apologize for my sisters behaviour." The woman hurried to her sisters room, with every bit of pureblood grace she usually had.

"Bella's that bad?" Harrison asked, walking into the room. Voldemort actually grimaced when he answered, "She's just too obsessed with the idea of having sex with me, I appreciate her loyalty, but everything else is unnecessary." He sighed, "And now I'm discussing this with an eleven year old- great." The man said, turning away to check on Bella and Narcissa, Bella was currently refusing to pack her limited amount of things.

Harrison laughed at the man's misery before asking, "Was she always like this?"

“No, I mean she always had an unhealthy obsession, but she was loyal to her husband before Azkaban. She took the role of wife seriously, they were actually trying for a baby before they got thrown into Azkaban.”

“Everyone reacts differently to Azkaban.” Harrison said, looking at Augustus Rookwood, who seemed to be dealing okay. He did seem depressed, but Harrison had to admit he had more than enough reasons to feel down right now. The Dementors probably caused him to not realise what he had lost when he was thrown into Azkaban, the man had cared a lot about his ministry job.

Following Harrisons gaze Voldemort nodded, “The man will be okay, I’ll make him head of the DoM once I overtake the government.”

“If he still wants the job then.”

“I don’t think he’ll give up on the DoM,” Voldemort said, “It was in a weird way his home, even though I can’t imagine calling the DoM your home.”

In the time that Voldemort and Harrison had been talking, Narcissa finally got Bellatrix to pack and told Rabastan and Rodolphus to do the same, the two brothers actually looked okay, If not a little distant, like they still didn’t believe they were really here.

“Why did you visit?” Voldemort asked then and Harrison shrugged, “They started talking about my birthday and then sent me away, so I decided to just go here.” He paused, turning to look at Voldemort again, “You are okay with me randomly visiting your manor, right? Because if you’re no-“

“No, no. It’s fine.” Voldemort said, “Somehow, I don’t mind and all.”

Harrison smiled, “Okay, good, good.”

“Oh,” Voldemort seemed to remember something, reaching into a pocket in his robes, “I had this made,” He handed Harrison a key.

“It’s a vault for the Slytherin Heir, I put most of the personal items in there, I think you will find them more valuable than I do.”

“I- Thank you.” Harrison said staring at the key, Voldemort shrugged, “Just see it as an early birthday present.”

Harrison nodded, “I will. Thank you-“

“There’s no money in there yet,” Voldemort cut him off quickly, Harrison thought it was because he was uncomfortable with emotions. “I thought you wouldn’t need it, but if you do, just ask.”

“I have enough,” Harrison said and Voldemort nodded, “Yeah I suspected you would have enough money for at least twenty lifetimes living in like the richest lifestyle.”

“It’s not that much,” Harrison said and Voldemort raised an eyebrow, “Just the Slytherin vault is enough for five of those lifestyles. You can’t even try to convince me the other founders weren’t as rich.”

“Fair enough-“ Harrison admitted, the founders really had left them a lot of money.

Voldemort smirked, “Don’t even get me started on the Emrys hou-“

“I get it! I get it! You’re right.” Harrison said and Voldemort looked way too amused, “It’s a good thing though, you would never have to work even if we decide to live until we’re like 700 years old.”

“You think we could go for that long without accidently killing each other, making us both mortal again?” Harrison asked and Voldemort shrugged, “We can try.”

And that sounded way too suggestive, try and live together for centuries, everyone else would die eventually, but they wouldn’t have to, because their mortality literally depended on each other. They could live forever as long as both of them wanted to live forever.

“Let’s first just win this war, eh?” Harrison said, “If we’re both alive and then the horcrux is still there, then we’ll start discussing how long we actually want to live.”

Voldemort nodded, “Yeah, wouldn’t want to get out hopes up and both end up dying in war.” He said sarcastically and Harrison rolled his eyes, “That would be tragic.”

“I will go home with them now, my Lord.” Narcissa came up to them, “Just Floo if you need me to help here.”

“I will, thank you Narcissa.” Voldemort said, Narcissa Malfoy was one of the few Death Eaters he actually treated with respect, because he really did respect the woman and everything she did not only for her family, but also for the whole Dark Side.

“Of course, my Lord.” Narcissa left the place, followed by the Lestranges. The moment they really left Voldemort sighed in relief, “At least I won’t have to deal with Bellatrix anymore, I really do hope she gets better, she was a good dueller.”

“She probably will, just give her time to clear her mind, Azkaban isn’t a fun place.”

“I do hope your right,” Voldemort said and Harrison smirked, “I mostly am. And if time doesn’t help, I’ll try to create a potion that helps.”

“You would do that, spent all that time to save one woman?”

“Not just for Bella, but for anyone who has been locked up in Azkaban for a way too long time, I mean some people get twenty years in high security, but once they’re out of prison their life will never really continue. They are scarred and traumatised and weak from being around a lot of Dementors for way too long.” Harrison explained, “All of them is why I’ll make the potion, the fact that it might help one of your best duellers is just an extra.”

Voldemort nodded gratefully, “If you are really going to make it and you need anything, assistance, rare ingredients, whatever. Just ask, okay?”

Harrison only nodded, because even if he didn’t get a direct ‘thank you’, this offer basically meant the same.

Chapter 22: Birthday

Chapter Summary

Harrisons birthday

Chapter Notes

No proofread- I'll proofread this whole story soon, but it's too late right now, I probably wouldn't even notice my mistakes

BUT I DO ACTUALLY LIKE THIS CHAPTER

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison woke up like usually, which on its own was suspicious.

After his usual morning routine he got up and walked down the stairs, constantly scanning the halls for any signs of pranks. There were none.

When he finally joined his family Sirius showed him the plate with pancakes, “Kreacher made them.” He said, not adding anything else.

Why all of this was so weird?

It was his birthday, 31st of July, Harrison was sure they had planned *something*.

He just sat down, ignoring the identical smirks on the twins faces. The moment he had sat down there was a loud noise, making him jump out of his chair. When he looked behind him he saw a cake with his name on it.

“I’m-“ Harrison laughed, “I didn’t expect this.”

“Well we knew you were going to expect *something* so we had to make it more complex then we usually would.” Fred explained, “Wouldn’t want you knowing what we were going to do before it happened.”

That’s when confetti seemed to come from nowhere and suddenly his friends were also there.

“Oh-“ Harrison said and then Sirius turned into a dog jumping happily around while people started singing happy birthday- which wizards also do in this time? They sure as hell didn’t in the Founders time.

Harrisons mind had a hard time keeping up with everything that happened.

When they finished the song and Harrison was still gaping at the whole scene, Fred and George high-fived, “We did it! We broke the Harrison Sirius Black!”

Harrison snapped his mouth shut, to glare at the twins.

“It’s okay little brother,” Fred smirked, George continuing for him, “It happens to everyone.”

Harrison way too amused at the twin speak- because admittedly he hadn’t heard it in a while, since the twins only used it to confuse other people – to continue glaring at them.

Also, maybe the Twins calling him ‘little brother’ made him melt on the inside, but he would never admit that.

“Don’t think so highly of yourself,” Harrison just said instead, turning to say hey to all his friends. Fred and George just continued to smile at their now- legally- brother.

The gifts he got were mostly books about complex magics, though the book Sirius gave him was something different entirely.

“I searched for a while,” Sirius admitted, “I wanted something special for my Pups birthday. I found this in a shop in Knockturn Alley, the owner said it was a personal diary from Salazar Slytherin, however no one is sure, because it’s in Parselscript.” Sirius laughed, “I thought that whatever it was, you’d be interested in it either way.”

“You’re right about that one,” Harrison muttered, flicking through the book with familiar scribbles, “It does look like Sal’s Parselscript handwriting.” He concluded, looking up from the book.

“Thank you, I love it.” Harrison said then, hugging his godfather.

Fred and George gave him some prank products they created and Remus gave him a whole collection of rare potion ingredients, Harrison honestly had no idea how Remus had found most of these.

“Alright, alright. I was promised food, where is it?” Pansy asked then looking at Harrison, “I only came here for the food.” She said seriously, it took ten seconds for her face to break out into a grin.

That's when the table suddenly grow and a bunch of extra plates with food appeared, Sirius said, "Thank you for listening for once, Kreacher."

Harrison rolled his eyes, but couldn't help the smile on his face.

Eating with such a big group felt like Hogwarts, but somehow more chaotic, mainly to the fact that the Slytherins actually acted like themselves, not what society expects them to be.

"This was very different than I expected," Harrison said, when everyone had finished eating, "I expected more pranks, less actual fun."

Fred dramatically put a hand over his hard, "You wound me! You're saying our pranks aren't fun? I think I'm dying, brother." He looked at Fred.

"You! You've done this." George said pointing at Harrison, then at Fred, "You've killed him with those painful words."

Harrison rolled his eyes and he swore he heard some Slytherins snort, Sirius just looked proud of his adopted kids.

"And to think we planned such a special birthday for this monster," George said sadly, looking down at his 'dead' brother. Fred suddenly jumped up, "I think we should actually use our pranks, George." He smirked, "Show our little brother here how much fun they can be."

"No!" Harrison said, "No pranking me on my birthday!"

"Who said we were going to prank *you?* We have a full room of Slytherins." George said with a smirk matching his brothers'.

"Oh well, that's fine with me." Harrison shrugged, making the Slytherins scream their protests.

"You're a traitor!" Draco said and Harrison childishly stuck out his tongue. "Please don't touch my hair," Draco then added, looking at the twin, whose faces seem to brighten when Draco said that.

Harrison groaned, "You are going to regret saying that."

Draco's face actually paled, Pansy snickered.

"Fred, George, we had something planned, right?" Remus said, looking quite interested in the pranks, but he also wanted to continue

Harrisons birthday party.

“Oh right!” George said, Fred taking over, “We are-“

“- getting a special-“

“-quidditch training-“

“-from the Puddlemere United team.”

“It was the best team we actually got in contact with,” Fred added, sounding quite sad about it, but Harrison ignored that.

“What?” He asked instead, quite amazed, his friends looking just as surprised showed him that this was also a surprise for them.

“Yep, the Slytherin team is also coming, because we couldn’t just *not* invite them.” Fred said, “I mean, it will probably make us a better team.”

“That’s amazing!” Harrison grinned and while not everybody liked quidditch, it was fun to try it out- especially when star players are teaching you.

They left pretty quickly after that, meeting the Slytherin team on the pitch. He got a bunch of presents, mostly quidditch gear ‘to get even better at quidditch’.

Wilda Griffiths and Benjy Williams were the first two pro players to show, telling them the rest would arrive soon, but that they could start already. They then got the order to get some brooms from the broom shed and afterwards fly a few rounds as a warm up.

Tracey and Pansy were kind of scared of flying and were the last ones to mount their brooms and start flying around, but after a while even they noticed how much fun this *could be.* The rest of the team arrived, two more chasers, the beaters and the keeper.

That’s when they started the actual training, starting with splitting the group into experienced quidditch players- the quidditch team and Sirius, because he insisted he would also play.- And the other Slytherins, Remus was sitting in the stands, watching, preferring to not fly.

Wilda, Benjy, the keeper- Ephora Thompson- and one of the beaters- Alec Rawthorn- decided to teach the Slytherin quidditch team, while

the rest went to help the other's and teach them some easy tricks.

The training itself was pretty harsh, a lot more so than their normal training. There were a lot of dangerous tricks and strategy talk. By the end of the training the whole Slytherin team was covered in mud from rolling on the ground after jumping of their brooms or accidently hitting the ground after a particularly dangerous dive.

"If you don't win the house cup now," Ephora said amused, "Then I'll have to come and contact the other team players, because they must be pro if they actually win against you guys."

"Hogwarts student, huh?" Montague asked, Ephora shrugged, "Most of us are. I was in Ravenclaw, but at the end of my school time I spent way more time on the quidditch fields then studying."

"What about the others?"

"Benjy was a Gryffindor, if that wasn't obvious." She rolled his eyes, their seeker was reckless if not anything else, "Wilda was actually a Slytherin and was two years above me, she helped me with my OWLs at some point." The girl had a fond smile on her face while she continued, "Alec was also a Ravenclaw, the other beater was a Gryffindor. We have a Hufflepuff chaser, the last chaser is actually home taught."

"Almost perfect mix of all the houses." Harrison noted, the girl nodded, "Quidditch talent is found in every house."

That's when the other's joined them, when Pansy looked at Harrison with a begging look- almost puppy dog eyes. Harrison rolled his eyes, but waved his hand, cleaning everyone's quidditch robes. No one took their wand with them while playing quidditch, the chance of it accidently breaking was too big.

"I knew it! I knew I remembered your name from something different than the newspaper!" Alec exclaimed then, "I have a sister, a 3rd year Hufflepuff, you're kind of known as the schools prodigy."

"Oh I got a promotion! I went from class genius, to Slytherin genius to 'the schools prodigy." Harrison said, making Marcus and Terence snort, both of them amused by the first- now second year Slytherin.

"She's really impressed by you," Alec said then, ignoring Harrisons sarcastic remark.

“She’s not the only one,” Terence responded, “The schools opinion is split 50/50. Half of them hates Harrison, the other half is impressed by him and thinks that he was in the right with the whole Potter conflict.”

“Oh! I read about that in the newspaper.” Benjy said, “I really thought that the Potters were good people, but nobody just abandons a child, *twice.”*

“Yeah, well.” Harrison shrugged, “They did, it’s okay though, I have my dogfather now.” Pointing at Sirius.

“Hey!”

“What?” Harrison raised an eyebrow at the man. Sirius just laughed and Harrison also grinned.

“So what’s the plan now?” Tracey asked then and Benjy clapped his hands, “Right, so I thought we split this group in two and play a game with teams of eleven instead of seven, since we’re with the 22 of us.” Then he paused looking at the group of Slytherins, “Unless some of you would rather not play?”

“They’ll play!” Fred said and George nodded in agreement. The Slytherins just shrugged in a way of saying, ‘yeah, sure we’ll play.’

“Great! So we’ll play with one keeper on each team, I’m thinking the Slytherin keeper and Ephora and one seeker, myself and Harrison. Then with five chasers and four beaters per team?”

When everyone agreed Wilda spoke up, “I think we should keep the whole Slytherin team together, let them play against us and just split the Slytherin group. That way they’ll practice their team play.” Wilda smirked.

That’s when Audrey Elms, the other beater, asked, “Are you sure that’s fair?”

“Believe me, you haven’t seen them play yet.” Wilda said and Audrey shrugged, “Okay then, I’m in.”

Sirius and Daphne joined the Slytherins as beaters, while Blaise and Millicent played for the other team. Pansy and Millicent played as chasers for the Slytherins and Draco and Tracey played for the other team.

The unofficial quidditch match started with ten points for Puddlemere, Tracey being the one to make the goal- Which Montague, as keeper didn't enjoy at all.

Benjy and Harrison circled the pitch like hawks, watching for the snitch. The beaters sometimes trying to hit him with bludgers, never quite hitting him, though, between Sirius, Fred and George it was hard to actually hit anyone. All three of them were pretty damn good beaters.

After the first twenty minutes, the Slytherins managed to score twice, while Puddlemere scored at least five times- without the first goal from Tracey. The score now being 60-20.

"Black, you better catch that goddamn snitch!" Flint shouted, even in this unofficial match he took the role as captain quite serious.

"Aye, aye, cap!" Harrison shouted back, that's when Terence got the quaffle, making Flint shoot away from him to try to get closer to the other teams goals, just then a bludger came towards Harrison, he rolled to avoid getting hit.

"Sorry, pup!" Sirius shouted, while Fred and George grinned at him and Harrison shouted back, "You could've burst my skull open!"

"But we didn't!" Fred said and Harrison rolled his eyes, quickly shooting after Benjy, when the man suddenly made a dive.

The man stopped when he was at a safe distance from the ground again, "Good form, Black!" He said, Harrison raised an eyebrow, had the man actually made that dive to see if Harrison would follow him when he did something so reckless?

"I've done worse things, you should try better if you want to lose me." Harrison replied, when he suddenly saw a flash of gold, he shot after it, Benjy hot on his tail.

Dive, up, right, dive again to avoid a bludger. The chase was a long one, but it didn't pay off. Harrison lost the snitch, the gold just suddenly seemed to disappear.

"Do better, Black!" Flint shouted and Terence grinned at Harrison, "That means, 'Good Try' In Flint language."

Harrison laughed, "What's the score?"

“110-30.” Terence replied, “It’s not going well.”

“Well, Wilda is known as one of the best chasers in Europe.”

“Fair, she’s good.” Terence said then shot after the quaffle, leaving Harrison to once again circle the pitch.

This went on for a while until Harrison saw a gold flash shooting up, Harrison shot after it. When the snitch took a sudden turn to left, but stopped going up, Harrison followed it easily, Benjy was once again right behind him.

Harrison reached forward to catch the snitch, but couldn’t quite reach it, Benjy being right behind him made him nervous. He stood up on his broom, balancing, while reaching out to the snitch, which suddenly made a dive.

Harrison closed his eyes and *jumped.*

He knew it was a stupid thing to do and he once again cursed Godric in his head, but he couldn’t lose this chance, he dove after the snitch, without broom this time. When his hand finally closed around the snitch, he slowed his fall while summoning his broom.

He should be okay, his broom would be here before he hit the ground.

The fact that he slowed his fall was the only reason he had time to grasp his broom, dangling from it, he sighed in relieve, once again asking himself why he was this reckless sometimes.

When he finally swung his leg over his broom, the whole field seemed to finally start moving again, everyone had stopped when they saw him jump. He held the snitch up to show everyone.

That made his team cheer, the match had been a draw of 190-190. Without the snitch they would’ve lost with a lot of points.

“You gave me a heart attack,” Blaise muttered when Harrison was finally close enough to join them. Harrison at least looked somewhat sorry while he apologised.

“That was awesome, though!” Benjy said, the other seeker smirked, “I might have to learn some things from you, you were right when you said I was going to have to be more reckless to lose you.”

“You should use that trick during school matches,” George joked, “As

long as you survive it every time of course." He added quickly when Flint shot him a look.

"We would prefer to have you alive of course, Black." Flint said, "But I have to say that was the most awesome and at the same time stupidest thing I've ever seen."

"No one else would've pulled that off." Pucey said, "The only reason you survived was because of your wandless magic."

"I really regretted jumping a second after I jumped," Harrison admitted, "The jumping was my hidden reckless Gryffindor part."

His year mates understood what he was saying, the rest of them just snorted, because honestly it was an extremely Gryffindor thing to do, even the Gryffindors admitted that.

"I have to say, I'm impressed." Ephora said, she had an arm around Wilda's shoulders, the other girl leaning into her side, "All of you did really well."

"This was a lot of fun," Wilda said and the puddlemere team all agreed on that, "Well, if you ever want to play another match just owl any of us, we'll make sure our mailwards allow it."

That shocked almost everyone.

"Thank you," Harrison said, "This was honestly great."

"It was great," Alec agreed, "We didn't know what to expect, but we just decided to agree, because honestly it sounded fun to do once, but this was more fun than any of us expected probably."

"You guys can join our trainings any time, if it were my decision." Benjy said, grinning, "especially Harrison, turns out I still have some things to learn from him."

Harrison rolled his eyes at the man, but nodded, because honestly this training had been great.

They put their brooms back after that, then they changed back to their normal clothes and went back to Grimmauld's place, even the Slytherin team joining them.

Remus and Sirius pulled Harrison aside as soon as they were inside.

"You better not think about pulling anything like that ever again."

Remus said then, Harrison smiled, “I’m okay, moony.”

“Sure you are,” He said, rolling his eyes, “I’ve never been more glad that you’re so good at wandless magic.”

“I wouldn’t have jumped if I was not sure I wouldn’t die.” That was a full lie, but Harrison knew it was the only way to calm Remus down.

“You’re just like James when he was in school,” Sirius snorted, “Don’t take that as an insult, by the way, James was actually really nice in school.”

“Seventh year he got kind of annoying, though.” Remus muttered, “Anyways that doesn’t matter, James always did stupid things during quidditch, I think that’s where Sirius was going.”

Sirius nodded, “He never jumped from a broom that was very high in the air, though, then again he sucked at wandless magic.”

“Sirius wasn’t much better,” Remus said, amused, “He used to dive in front of bludgers, almost forgetting he had a bat and he didn’t have to use his head.”

“I was known as the best beater in like the past century, though! So it worked!”

“Sure it did, padfoot.”

“Anyways as your dad I have to say, please don’t do that again. As padfoot I want to say that that was the single coolest thing I’ve ever seen anyone do in quidditch.” Sirius said and Harrison laughed, he knew that neither Sirius nor Moony would actually be angry if he did something reckless during quidditch again, but they just wanted him to survive.

“I see you’ve figured the whole being a dad thing out.” Harrison said, amused.

Sirius laughed, “Yeah, well, I went from having zero kids to having three teenagers in just over six months.”

“Sorry about that,” Harrison said and Sirius waved his hand in a dismissive way, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

He ruffled Harrison hair and then allowed Harrison to return to his party.

“Did you get into trouble for your stunt?” Draco asked and Harrison shook his head, “Nah.”

“You really think-“ Fred started, George taking over, “-That you could-“

“-get into trouble-“

“- So easily-“

“- while Sirius and Remus-“

“- Are your parents?”

“Fair point, Sirius was probably secretly proud.” Draco said and Harrison grinned, “In his words; ‘*Anyways as your dad I have to say, please don’t do that again. As padfoot I want to say that that was the single coolest thing I’ve ever seen anyone do in quidditch.*’” Harrison said, making the whole group of his friends laugh.

“You really impressed the puddlemere team,” Pucey said and Montague added, “You impressed all of us.”

“It’s just quick thinking.” He shrugged, “Make your magic do whatever you want it to.”

“He says that like it’s not impressive.” Daphne rolled her eyes, “Stop always trying to make other’s believe the shit you do is normal. It’s obviously not, everyone knows it’s not.”

Harrison didn’t respond to her, not wanting to explain to her that it was normal for *him.*

Luckily Ebony interrupted at the right moment.

“*Master!”* Ebony said, “*I heard it was your hatching day.”*

Harrison chuckled at the snake, “*Something like that.”*

“I’ve gotten you a wand, look!” Just then Harrison noticed the carefully picked out stick that Ebony had wrapped in his tail.

“*Thank you so much.”*

“Don’t thank me, I already know I’m the most amazing snake ever! Have a good Hatching day, Master.” The snake paused, seeming to think about something, “*Tell your friends- as you call them- that if they ever hurt you*

that I'll bite them."

"*I'm sure they're aware, Ebony."*

"*Well, I'll make sure they remember."* The snake then hissed at them, baring his fangs.

"Sorry, he wants to make sure all of you know he'll bite if you hurt me." Harrison laughed, "He's never this nice to me, I think a hatching day means a lot to a snake."

"*Did they get what I meant, master?"*

"You made it very clear, so yes they did, thank you, Ebony."

The snake hissed not really saying anything and then went away.

"That was an experience." Terence said.

Harrison shrugged, "That's Ebony."

~

After a while everyone but Draco and Blaise left, so Harrison finally felt comfortable with asking about Bellatrix and the Lestrange brothers.

"They're okay, Bella is still a little crazy, but spending time with my mother has made her a bit more aware of her surroundings, the fact that she's safe. She still wakes up thinking she's still in Azkaban every morning, it's really sad to see, honestly."

"How was the Azkaban break out, anyways, you never told any of us about it?" Blaise asked and Harrison nodded, "Too risky, I didn't want someone to read the letter and tell the ministry about it. It was good, though, very smooth and quick. The most challenging part was sneaking up to the high security cells and afterwards back down. Azkaban is a dark place, you feel the effects after being in there for a few minutes, imagine being there for years."

"And somehow they believed that their Lord would save them. Bella told me that's what kept her going." Draco said softly, "I mean the Dark Lord did, of course, but imagine he didn't and they were stuck in there for an entirety hoping for something that would never happen."

"Rather than then sitting there with nothing to live for, but no way to end life." Harrison replied, "The Dementors are on strict orders to not

kill someone unless they've been given the direct order."

"That would be horrible." Draco gasped and Blaise nodded in agreement, but then said, "Not more horrible than being alive without a soul."

"Honestly having hope is the best way to live your life in Azkaban, gives you something to keep going." Harrison said, Blaise and Draco could only agree, having something to live for is the only way to *survive* Azkaban.

"Has the Dark Lord visited you since they arrived?" Harrison asked, "I haven't seen the Dark Lord since he sent Bellatrix to your house."

"No he hasn't, which is strange since Bellatrix was one of his best death eaters."

"Bellatrix kept trying to have sex with him, it's kind of disgusting, honestly. That's the reason why he sent her away and probably the reason he isn't visiting. Though, I would expect he would like to know how she's doing, if she's any better now."

"the Dark Lord might be busy?" Blaise said, more like a question. "I mean you probably have a busy life when you're a Dark Lord."

"He's probably making some kind of political Alias right now." Harrison replied, "I hope he makes it an interesting name and not some stupid historical figure he's somehow very interested in. That man has crazy interests."

"He would do that?" Draco asked, "Just steal a name from a historical figure?"

"Sure," Harrison shrugged, "I mean why not? It's a good way to make people interested in you, plus it be funny to pick some popular figure and try to overshine them, make people think about you first instead of them. It's all about the attention it gets. If Voldy gets a lot of attention just because of the name he chose, he would be known before he even takes his Wizengamot seats. It's honestly kind of smart. He'd probably pick some insane roman leader."

Just at that moment two familiar birds flew into the open window of Harrisons room, dropping a two parcels into Harrisons lap, before immediately leaving again.

"And that was Voldemort's bird." Harrison said, way too amused.

“Who’s bird was the other one?”

“Megan,” Harrison replied, opening her Parcel first, it had a simple happy birthday note and a small explanation about the book she had bought him:

“*Hi Harrison,*

Happy birthday! I’ve bought you this veryyyyyyyy special book. It’s about all kinds of modern rituals, I thought you might be interested in this, especially after seeing yourself made ritual. (It also has an in depth explanation of runes used in ritual circles.) It’s from my families library, I don’t think you could find it anywhere else, so be careful with it!

Bye,

Megan.”

Harrison read out loud, the book looked old, but the pages were still clear and the drawings of runes on the front of it promised something good.

“How many books have you gotten today?” Blaise asked, Draco responded for Harrison, “Too much.”

The next note was written in parselscript, the Dark Lord probably didn’t want anyone to have any proof of him being ‘nice’.

“*Harrison,*

I technically gave you that vault key, but that wasn’t really a present was it? Most of the things in there were yours to begin with, saved for years so you could finally get them from the vault.- like seriously, Salazar Slytherin marked all of them with ‘FOR HARRISON POTTER’. I suppose he thought you would still be a Potter when u got the items.

Anyways this gift is also kind of selfish, because I decided that it would be easier to communicate this way, it’s a journal connected to an identical journal I have, it’s easier to talk with them. (It’s also made to look exactly like my diary Horcrux so you could have some fun with that- I even put T.M.R on it for you. It’s an exact copy.)

T.M.R

(Honestly at this point just call me by my name.)

Harrison openly gaped at the last sentence, before he finally opened the parcel and got the journal from it. He laughed, Voldemort- Tom Riddle? – Hadn't been lying when he said it was an exact copy, anyone who knew about the horcruxes would be fooled by this.

"Is that-" Draco started, proving his theory.

"It's not, it's made to look like it, though. Just to fuck with Dumbles." Harrison replied, while smirking and Blaise asked, "So why were you literally gaping at the letter a second ago."

"I was just surprised, Voldemort said something I didn't think he would ever say, not even to me."

"What? Something like 'Dear Harrison'?" Draco asked, Harrison shook his head, "Nope, this is way more special than that would be."

"What did he say?" Blaise asked and Harrison grinned, "He told me to use his real name for him, he hasn't let anyone do that since his school time."

"Oh- that's not what I was expecting." Blaise said and Draco also seemed surprised.

Harrison ignored them in favour of opening the journal and writing;

Hello Tom? That feels weird.

An answer quickly appeared, *I suppose it would feel weird, no one has used that name for me since what feels like forever.*

Why this sudden change?

Voldemort- it was a name to bring fear to people or to work without people knowing who exactly they were talking about back in school. It feels to official for you, I know you felt like that, too, otherwise you wouldn't have insisted on calling me 'Voldy.'

It did really feel too official.

Also I don't nearly hate my name as much as Dumbledore, for example thinks, that's just another rumour. Sure, I don't exactly like my father, there's a reason I killed him when I was sixteen- even if I do sometimes regret that. The only reason I hated him for a while is because I didn't understand why he just left me and my mom behind. Only now do I realise that my mom was the monster, she fed him food with love potion mixed

into it to make sure he would love her. She thought being pregnant would guarantee that he wouldn't leave her. And when she realised he would still leave her it was too late, I was dropped at the orphanage in no time.

Whoa, you're in a sharing mood. Harrison replied, Draco and Blaise were talking to each other now, not minding him talking to the Dark Lord.

It's not like you don't know about my whole history yet. I will never really tell you something totally new, it's kind of refreshing you just understand my situation, because you know about all of it, my whole past.

Yeah, and I'm glad I do. It really helped us being civil to each other.

Tom took a while to reply, but when he did he answered with:

I used to hate it, but now I kind of enjoy it.

And from the Dark Lord that meant a lot.

Chapter End Notes

Wilda and Ephora are girlfriends <3

Chapter 23: Dragons

Chapter Summary

Harrison and his fam visit Charlie.

Chapter Notes

End is rushed cause my laptop almost died and I'm too lazy to get a charger.

After Harrisons birthday Voldemort- *Tom* and him started talking a lot more, Harrison took the book with him everywhere. They also started experimenting more with their mental link, opening it to see if it can make their communication better, but that didn't have a lot of luck until now.

Harrison was currently talking with the Dark Lord when he felt a hint of amusement, it was pushed all the way to the back of his brain, he ignored it and just continued his story about Salazar and him pranking Godric by changing the whole Gryffindor house colour to a lime green.

The amusement grew when he continued and though he could barely felt it, it was obvious it wasn't his amusement.

Is that your amusement? He paused his story asking the Dark Lord about the emotion that had been there the whole time, well since he started telling his story. *It's like I can feel your amusement, but only barely.*

The link. Was Tom's response and then he felt a curiosity replace the amusement, *I kept the link open, see if it would do anything, turns out it does.*

I've never felt this before, though, that's weird.

Open your side of the link. Tom said then and Harrison did, he had it almost completely open already, but kept it closed for a bit of privacy. The emotions in the back of his mind grew stronger.

I can feel it too, now. Appeared on the paper, *It really does feel weird.*

Ever since then they kept the link open more often, but only when they were writing to each other, not wanting to invade the other's

privacy.

After two weeks of almost constantly either writing the Dark Lord or helping Fred and George come up with ideas for the prank shop they wanted to make once they got out of Hogwarts, it was finally time to go to Romania. Harrison checked his stuff multiple times, making sure he wouldn't forget the journal.

If apparating and using the floo was bad, international portkeys were way worse. Sirius had managed to get them a private one, instead of travelling with a group. It was an old scarf, all five of them grabbed it and it suddenly started turning. It took longer than other portkeys, the distance being bigger. By the time they could let go, Harrison was dizzy and sick.

Fred and George managed to almost land on their feet, instead ending up on their knees. Harrison ended up sitting on the ground, while Sirius and Remus had the whole thing figured out and slowly floated down.

"Ugh, I hate magical travel." Harrison groaned, closing his eyes, until it felt like the world wasn't spinning anymore.

"For an exceptional wizard, you are really bad at magical travel." Sirius chuckled and Harrison glared at him, "It's not my fault, magical travel sucks."

Sirius had an amused smile on his face, "Sure it does, kiddo."

"Come let's go to the Dragons Reserve." Harrison muttered, still glaring at Sirius. The portkey had brought them to a town close to the Dragon Reserve, so they decided to walk, this way they could see a small part of Romania, too.

When they entered the Dragon Reserve they immediately spotted a red-head on a broom, playing with some dragon.

"That looks dangerous," Remus muttered, while Fred and George started cheering on their brother.

The red-head stopped to look down and smiled, then quickly dove with his broom, to avoid getting hit by a tail of a dragon.

When Charlie finally got of his broom- sweaty and covered in mud- he walked towards them, "Sorry, I didn't expect you would arrive so soon. I thought you would look around in the little town you guys

arrived in. Aiden here wanted attention- he's what we in humans would call a teenager."

"Isn't that dangerous?" Remus asked then and Charlie shrugged, "It is, but it's not as dangerous as recklessly jumping of a broomstick." He winked at Harrison, who then turned to glare at the twins.

Charlie then said, "To be honest, it is very dangerous. Before anyone starts working here we have to sign a contract that if anything serious happens to us, it's our own responsibility. Anyone who works with dangerous magical creatures has to do this, otherwise it would be impossible for places like this- safe places for the most dangerous creatures- to exist. It would've been forced to close a while ago, purely by the amount of accidents that happen around angry mother dragons, for example."

"You *actually* signed a contract like that? Molly let you?" George asked, Charlie chuckled, "You think I told her? She'd be furious. Dad knows and Bill knows, no one else. Well I suppose you guys know now."

"How did dad react?" Fred asked, while both him and George had stopped calling Molly 'mom', they both still called Arthur 'dad'. The man probably didn't even have a say in the disownment.

"He told me he disliked it, but told me to follow my dreams. Bill admitted that he had to sign a similar, if not quite this harsh, contract. He only told dad back when he started working for the Goblins."

"Damn, we never knew."

"Of course you didn't, you're our little brothers. We wanted to protect you, not scare you. The only reason Bill told me about his contract is when I asked him if it was smart to actually sign the contract, he told me that a lot of magical jobs have similar ones, purely because magic can be dangerous." Charlie explained, "I haven't seen anyone die here yet, so I think I'm okay."

"The air here feels so- magic free." Harrison said then, making Charlie chuckle, "Dragons absorb magic, feeding their own power. It's not noticeable for us, but it is one of the reason why a lot of Dragons visit this place, we use lots of magic that tends to linger in the air. When some random dude finally figured that out we started using a lot more spells around sick dragons, trying to give them the power they need to heal themselves. It actually works sometimes."

“Are there any sick dragons here right now?” Harrison asked then and Charlie nodded, “There’s one dragon whose been here for weeks, she didn’t die yet, but she doesn’t seem to be getting better any time soon.”

“Can- Can I try?” Harrison asked, “Helping her with my magic, I mean.”

Charlie seemed surprised for a second, before he nodded. “Yeah, we never deny help. I would have to talk to my supervisor, though, make sure she won’t get into any trouble if I let someone who doesn’t work here really close to a full grown dragon.”

“Okay, just tell me wherever I can help.” Harrison said, he really did want to help magical creatures, especially because he had some things not a lot of wizards had. Like a magical core that feels as big as an ocean and the ability to speak parseltongue.

“She probably won’t mind, she wanted to introduce you to some dragons anyways. See if you could talk to them.” Charlie said, “You’re kind of a celebrity here.”

“He’s kind of a celebrity everywhere.” Sirius said, “Even more so than his sister at this point.”

“That’s an exa-“

“It’s not, Harrison.” Charlie interrupted, “Most people here aren’t exactly fan of the Potters, haven’t been fan of them since they abandoned you the first time.”

“I’ve been hearing that a lot lately.” Harrison said and Charlie shrugged, “I just can’t wait till you tell them Hope’s not the Girl-Who-Lived.”

He then remembered he had told all of the Weasley’s except Ginny, Ron, Molly and Arthur part of the truth. “Yeah, that might take a while, though. I would kind of like to see Hope disappoint them all before that happens.”

Charlie snorted, “Okay- anyways, do you guys want a tour? The place is pretty big, but I mean, I have a break now anyways.”

“You were playing with a dragon in your break-time?” Sirius asked, Charlie nodded, slight smile on his face.

Fred and George looked at each other before turning to the group, “Wicked.”

Charlie then managed to show them the whole place. The place was free for dragons to stay, but they could also leave whenever they want. The dragon keepers did have to make sure the dragons would stay in the magical world. The sick and baby dragons tended to stay for a while, the other dragons however usually left after a few hours.

The last place was where Norberta currently stayed.

“And this here,” Charlie pointed at a pretty small- but still bigger than any human, sized dragon. “Is Norberta, still very much growing. It’s Hagrid’s dragon. Sending me a letter when he found out Hagrid had a dragon was the first smart thing I’ve seen Ron do in a while.”

That got multiple laughs from the group. Norberta roared at them, though it sounded like a weird accent hiss for Harrison.

“Geh ‘way!” The dragon seemed to roar. “No! No closr.”

“Maybe it’s better if we take a step back.” Harrison muttered, the group looking at him like he was crazy, but following his lead when he took a step back none the less.

The dragon puffed and laid back down.

“Whoa,” Charlie said, looking at the now once again calm dragon. “I think that answered one of our questions, what did she say?”

“Geh ‘way! No! No closr.” Harrison tried to imitate the heavy accent the dragon was speaking in.

“.. Do you want to try talking to some dragons?” Charlie asked then and Harrison nodded, “That’d be awesome.”

Somehow talking to dragons felt more unbelievable than talking to snakes, the fact that he was one of the only two people alive that could understand these majestic, but dangerous creatures was crazy. He would have to tell Voldemort about this later, the man would *love* the fact that they would both be able to talk to dragons.

“Okay, well since that was pretty much the last part of the tour, let me get you to our sick dragon, we called her Willow.”

Willow turned out to be a very pretty Antipodean Opaleye, but she

didn't seem to well. The shiny scales now looked dull and the quite blue-ish colour seemed to fade to a greyish colour.

"We suspect that if she doesn't get better in the next three months, she won't survive." Charlie said, looking down sadly at the dragon, "Maybe you could figure out what she needs?"

"I can try." Harrison replied before approaching the dragon, behind him he heard Charlie calm down the others- nothing would happen to him.

"*Oh beautiful one,"* Harrison said, trying to make his voice powerful like the voice of a dragon was. The dragon huffed, slightly tilting her head.

"*The ones taking care of you asked me if you need anything."*

"I'm okay," The dragon said, "*I was trying to protect my child, if they want to help tell them to find my child."*

"*I will, would you need anything else to heal?"*

"Heal? I need magic, of course. None of these humans are powerful enough, my child will help, once you find him."

"I'll tell you everything you told me, would you mind if I came back, to try and offer some magic to you?"

"You can try."

"Thank you, mother."

The dragon lowered its head again. Harrison told Charlie everything he figured out.

"Dragons can offer each other magic?"

Harrison shrugged, "'suppose so."

"It's been a few hours and you've already helped us so much," Charlie said, "Thank you, seriously, this might help us save a lot of dragons."

"I'm glad I could help." Harrison smiled, "I also offered to help her with my magic, she seemed okay with it. Tell me once you figured out if I can or can't help that way."

"I will, I should probably get back to the dragons now, the wards need

a check. You guys can just look around, if you want. Don't get too close to dragons, though."

"We won't get too close to the dragons," Fred said, smirking.

"Yeah, don't worry about us, big brother." George said and Charlie shot Harrison a look that said; '*I'm trusting you to keep them away from the dragons, because I don't know if Sirius or Remus will be able to.'*

Harrison nodded, "Just look for me if you want my help."

"Will do!"

~

They spend hours looking at dragons, only once or twice passing Charlie while he was working. Harrison had to stop Fred and George from actually coming to close or trying to 'prank' dragons multiple times, but they didn't do anything stupid, yet.

Right now, Charlie was showing them to his small house on the Reserve ground. It had enough rooms for all of them; but Harrison would have to share with Fred and George. While he didn't know if he could trust the twins, he also knew that he had never been pranked by them before, he had helped them prank other's before.

Once they had all moved their stuff to their rooms, Charlie started cooking for them. Remus had insisted on helping him, so Sirius, Fred and George decided to come up with more prank ideas. Fred and George hadn't gotten over the fact that they were adopted by a- no *two* marauders yet.

This gave Harrison time to grab his journal and write to the Dark Lord.

Hello he wrote, just to figure out if the Dark Lord was there.

Hello, how's Romania? Came the usual quick response, sometimes Harrison felt like Tom just dropped whatever he was doing when Harrison started writing him.

Pretty good, turns out Dragons speak parseltongue. He opened their mind link and felt amused when he noticed Tom had already opened his end, which was now filling his mind with curiosity.

Oh?

I haven't talked to a lot of them, yet. However, I was able to hear some words the whole time while I was walking around, I even talked back to one of them. It was pretty awesome.

So do you think it's all reptiles or just snakes and dragons?

I don't know, I thought you would have more experience.

I do, I have. I went to travel the world before becoming a Dark Lord, trying to find ancient magics that are long gone in our population, but maybe not in others. I was in a jungle and I kept hearing words everywhere around me, my guide thought I was paranoid, now that I think of it, it was probably just snakes and other animals.

The fact that you didn't think about that before.

Shush, I was seventeen, I only figured out that I was Heir to the Slytherin house a year before. It was all new to me, of course I knew I could talk to snakes, but that's about as far as my knowledge about any of it went.

Alright, I won't blame you for being very stupid back then, but still the fact that you only just realised.

I didn't think about it until you just mentioned this! It's not like I think about my travels every day, I'm a busy person you know.

Yet you always have time to write to me.

Shut up.

No- this is fun. Harrison wrote down, smiling at the book, then he suddenly felt Tom's side of their connection close.

Tom?
Tooooommmmm
Dark Lord Voldemort, are you there?
Voldy.
Fine, you proved your point.

He sighed, closing the book. Then he started laughing, he wasn't even mad, of course the Dark Lord had to prove him wrong.

"Children, food is ready!" Remus shouted from the kitchen, Sirius replying with an "Oy! I'm not a child."

Harrison snickered, following Sirius and the twins to the kitchen.

~

The second day of their vacation started with Charlie taking Harrison to meet some of his colleagues, asking him to tell them exactly what he figured out yesterday.

“Norberta doesn’t like people getting to close, I suspect due to what happened to her before she hatched, though no one can be sure. Just don’t come to close, unless it’s actually necessary. It seemed to stress her out.” Harrison started explaining, “Willow, the sick one, has a child, who she thinks could save her. It’s a boy for as far as I know. She asked me to make sure you find her child, she needs magic power more powerful than any witch or wizard could even start to dream to be. Dragons have that power, in the meantime, I’ll feed her some of my magic to keep her alive. If I’m allowed, that is.”

“That’s all for now,” Charlie said, “He’s only been here for one day, though. So there might be more at the end of the week. If you want any help, I’m pretty sure Harrison would help anyone, if you asked him nicely. Though, as a big brother figure” He winked at Harrison, “Don’t get him into too dangerous situation, he needs to be alive by the end of his stay here.”

“Wait it’s true? You actually understand dragons?” One handler asked and Harrison nodded, “Yeah, turns out dragons speak parseltongue with an accent. The accent also depends on the type of Dragon, at least I suspect it does.”

“That means we could communicate with dragons through you?”

“Yep,”

“That’s like every dragons handlers dream.”

“I’m glad I’m here to help, I don’t know if I understand every kind of dragon though, I’ve only talked to Norberta and Willow.” Harrison said truthfully, “I’ll try though, whenever you want to talk to a dragon, I’ll at least try.”

“Sorry for making your vacation a work vacation.”

“It’s okay, I honestly suspected it, Charlie warned me, it’s fun though. Talking to such magical creatures feels unbelievable and the fact that I actually can do it- well it’s pretty damn cool. So I was gonna use it either way, whether for my own amusement or to help all of you. This was obviously the better choice.”

“It’s one of the reasons I invited him,” Charlie joked.

“Ha-ha.” Harrison rolled his eyes at Charlie, then he stopped, “Wait- we didn’t just leave your brothers with Sirius and Remus, right?”

“We did, I thought Remus could handle them for a while.” Charlie responded, Harrison muttered, “Shit,”

“What?”

“You probably heard your brothers talk about the marauders before?”

“Yeah, they are Fred and Georges heroes.”

“Both Sirius and Remus are part of the marauders. Remus just fools everyone, he was the mastermind, really.”

“You don’t think they are-“

“I hope they won’t be as stupid, I mean *prank dragons.”*

Both Charlie and Harrison rushed, trying to find the others. Turns out they were worrying for nothing, the twins hadn’t even thought about pranking dragons, both of them calling it too reckless.

“Thank god, that could’ve ended very badly.” Charlie sighed, making Sirius look amused, “You guys didn’t seriously think we would try to- I mean we aren’t that stupid!”

“Shut up,” Harrison muttered.

“Awe, that’s cute, you thought we would! We were just discussing exploring the nearby town, do you want to come with us?” Sirius asked and Harrison shook his head, “I think I’ll try helping around here, if that’s okay with you.”

“Yeah, just be careful, pup.” Sirius said, “I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

“I will be safe,” Harrison said, while Charlie nodded in agreement, “I think anyone here would jump in to protect your son, if just because he’s so special to us. I mean- he’s our only chance to speak to dragons. Of course, I, myself would also do everything to keep Harry here safe. If that makes you feel any better.”

“It actually does,” Sirius admitted, “Have fun.”

“Thank you, pads.”

~

Sirius, Remus, Fred and George left about an hour ago. Harrison was chilling in Charlie’s home when Charlie entered saying, “We are expecting you at Willow’s place in thirty minutes.”

“Okay, I’ll be there.”

Charlie nodded, leaving Harrison alone again. He was actually excited to work with Dragons today, it was something not a lot of people got the chance to do. Especially cause he could also talk to the animals.

He sighed then, looking at the journal he hadn’t touched since yesterday, did Tom respond?

He picked it up, even if he tried to stop himself.

Sorry, Lucius entered my study in a panic telling me how Bellatrix had absolutely flipped. She ran away from Malfoy Manor and it took hours to find her. I must admit, the moment was- eh special. I didn’t mean to ‘make a point’ at all. Rather, I wanted to say that I’ll admit that every time I notice you’re writing to me I’ll try to make time to talk to you. I don’t know why, but talking to you makes me feel human. Thank you.
I understand if you won’t read this for a while, I’d be annoyed to.

I’m not annoyed, Harrison responded, quite shocked by how much Tom shared. *It must’ve been hard to admit that you make time to talk to me.*

It was, I promise.

Well, I appreciate it. How’s Bella doing?

She’s okay.. Unstable and she seemed to sometimes still wake up thinking she’s still supposed to be in Azkaban, trying to flee from the Malfoy’s. Azkaban left a scar on her, obviously, but it’s worse for her than any of the others. Maybe because she was always unstable to begin with, but it’s … sad to see. She used to be my best dueller and now she’s- well she can’t do anything.. Her magic is weak, she herself is weak. She seems almost dumb.

Weird that Azkaban had such a different effect on her, do you think it’s about reactions to Dementors? I do hope she gets better soon, a good dueller might be just what we need once Dumbledore figures out I’ve sided with you.

Hopefully that will be years away, Voldemort said and Harrison wrote down a simple response before joining Charlie to help Willow.

I hope so.

He closed the journal, shrinking it and putting it in a pocket.

Once he joined the dragon handlers- a lot of them- at Willow's he stepped forwards, Charlie nodded to him.

He stepped forward, "*Mother, I have returned."*

"Have you found my son?"

"I have people searching for him right now, I'm here to try and help."

"Do whatever you want." The dragon said and Harrison bowed his head down a bit at the dragon.

"Have we actually started searching for her son?" Harrison asked and Charlie nodded, "We have a whole team searching for him."

"Good, she's not interested in anything else." Harrison explained, "She did give me permission to help her."

He knew the dragon handlers were watching him with amazement, but he ignored that in favour of slowly approaching the dragon.

"*Mother, is it okay if I touch you?"*

"Will it help me?" The dragon almost sounded desperate.

"Of course, I wouldn't ask otherwise."

"Okay, but only you, no one else."

Harrison sighed out in relieve, telling the dragon handlers what the dragon had said and the dragon handlers allowed him to approach the dragon slowly.

He put his hand on the dragons side, slowly pouring in small bits of his magic, he knew that slowly a cloud would form around all of them. All the dragon handlers would feel his magic, but honestly he didn't care, he would help this dragon.

The dragon sighed happily, the body of the dragon slowly turning a bit more blue- like it used to be.

“He’s powerful,” He heard someone say and Harrison snorted, “Only just realised that?”

He heard multiple people laugh and then started focusing on pouring the magic into the air around the dragon again, he started hearing a buzz, created by purely magical power.

“I’m going to be exhausted after this.” Harrison said, pulling his hand away when he started swaying on his feet.

“*That actually helped, thank you, human.”*

“My pleasure.”

“It didn’t totally help, but I feel like I can actually move again, that’s the first time in weeks.”

“I’m glad I could at least help a bit.”

“Yes, I’m sorry for doubting you.”

Harrison chuckled at the dragon, he never would’ve thought a dragon would ever apologise to him.

“I think I have to rest for a while,” Harrison admitted sadly, “I’ll help everyone who wants me to talk to the dragon they’re taking care of once I wake up.”

Charlie approached him right after everyone wished him goodnight- even if it was only 2pm- just when he was about to leave.

“There’s some pepper-up potions in the bathroom, if you need them, it might help a bit with the magical exhaustion.”

“Thank you,” Harrison sighed, “I didn’t think that donating magic would be so exhausting, I mean I didn’t even stand her that long.”

“We were there for 45 minutes, Harry. You just kind of zoned out. We all expected you to just faint, because the amount of power you were pushing into the air for such a long time- it’s unbelievable. Let’s just say everyone here respects you even more now.” Charlie told him and Harrison gaped at him, “45- no, that’s impossible. No wonder I’m so exhausted, I really thought I was getting weaker.”

“Believe me, you are not.” Charlie chuckled, “Anyways you should rest before the others come back, it will be impossible to rest then.”

“Yeah, true that.” Harrison laughed, “Good night.”

Charlie smiled and then turned back to the other dragon handlers.

~

Remus, Sirius, Fred and George regretted going to the town close by when they heard what Harrison had done, all of them wish they had been there while Harrison was helping the dragon. Charlie had told them all about it, especially how the air around all of them had turned a glistering kind of purple, because of the sheer power Harrison had.

“How did he not get into a magical coma?” Sirius asked, more to himself than anyone else, Charlie shrugged, “That’s what we all were wondering.”

Sirius then turned to Harrison, “Can we feel your power, without you exhausting yourself more?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, smiling then dropped the mask on his core. He masked his magic at all time for this reason, the people around him were staring at him, the room seemed to get hotter and the air turned purple-ish shade of grey.

He quickly masked it again, leaving the rest to think about what they felt.

“Wait, cub, you mask this at all times?” Remus asked, Harrison nodded, “That’s impressive, not a lot of people can mask their magic even slightly.”

“I’ve always been masking my magic.” Harrison admitted, “It’s easier to avoid questions, especially in the muggle world.” He said, because Charlie didn’t know the full truth.

“Moony, I think he’s been doing it forever, even as a baby. I mean I never really felt his magic, though we knew he had a lot, because he had so much *control.* Then after that night the whole room just seemed to buzz, it was Harrisons magic, not Voldy’s.”

Sirius had started calling Voldemort Voldy, finally accepting that they were not in any danger as long as Harrison didn’t piss the dark lord off, which seemed impossible to do at this point.

“You’re right,” Moony said, “the magic back then felt exactly the same.”

“Could have been a mix,” Harrison admitted, “You know we both have perfectly grey cores.”

“The way magic feels/ smells is different for every person, Harrison, which core you have is only a part of it.”

“It might have been me, then.” Harrison shrugged, “I don’t remember the time I was passed out, only before and after.”

“It’s insane you even remember a small part of it,” George said, “I mean I have no memories from before I was four.”

“Probably because you fell on your head really hard after Fred pushed you off the stairs.” Charlie said.

“I- What?” George said and Charlie laughed, “Fred pushed you from the stairs, thought it was funny. You had this head injury, forgot a lot of shit it’s kind of sad actually. We then obliviated the memory from Fred’s mind, to not make him feel guilty.- especially cause before we obliviated him Fred refused to eat, because you couldn’t eat normally either, due to your injury he caused.”

“I did that?” Fred asked, “Honestly, sounds like something I’d do.”

“You mean everyone here has memories from before they are four?” George asked and everyone nodded, Sirius saying, “Only the fun ones, which is exactly one for me. That time my parents left me home alone as a three year old for a full week. Best week of my life.”

“I remember everything,” Harrison said and George rolled his eyes, “Yeah, well all of us already knew that.”

“I have this one mem-“ Remus got cut off mid-sentence by some shouts.

“We found the son! Get Harrison.”

Charlie looked at Harrison, who nodded. Yes, he had enough power to do things again. Both of them ran out the house, they quickly spotted the small, very afraid dragon, calling out to his mom.

“*Your mom is here, little one, don’t fear.”*

“Can I see her?”

“Of course, she’s sick, though. She will probably ask for your help, if you need any assistance just tell me.”

“You’re nice, human.”

Harrison smiled at the small dragon, putting his hand in front of his nose, the dragon nudged his hand and Harrison laughed. He started leading the dragon to Willow, where once they arrived, the dragon layed down next to his mom. Everyone could feel the air thicken with magic.

And Harrison was the only one who could enjoy the mother fussing about her child and the child, in return, worrying about his mom.

Chapter 24: Founders Vaults

Chapter Summary

Harrison goes to Diagon Alley and finally looks at all the founders vaults

Chapter Notes

I wanted this to be super lighthearted and fun chapter and then I suddenly gave it a dark story line, now this book has another sub-story line yay!!!

Should've proofread, too lazy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison spend the rest of their vacation to Romania helping the dragon-handlers. He talked to more dragons than he talked to snakes in this one week he was here.

But, all good things must come to an end eventually. So after a week it was time for Harrison and his family to return home, they only had two weeks of their school break left and still needed to go to Diagon Alley. Harrison was almost sure that Fred and George had some school work they had to do, which they procrastinated till the end of summer break.

Teachers tended to give work to students in summer break, although they couldn't force them to do anything like they could any other vacation, the teachers still wanted you to make it. It was mostly purely some papers to write on some of the most important spells you were taught that year, so they didn't have to go over all the spells from the past year again.

Harrison- of course- didn't make any of the work, not even bothering. Mostly because, one the teachers all liked him, and two, He just didn't care enough. It's not like he would actually forget any of the spells he had known and used since he was like six.

"Pup, we are going to Diagon 'lley in a bit." Sirius said, while knocking on his door.

"Okay, I'll be there in a bit." Harrison replied, remembering last years school supplies shopping, the first day he spend back in this time.

“Siri, you still there?” He shouted then and the man replied, “Yup!”

“Can we go get the founders’ portraits from Gringotts? ” Merlin’s portrait was hanging in the Black Library, he and Harrison spend a lot of time discussing certain ancient books they had both read.

“Sure! We’ll hang them next to Merlin’s.” Sirius shouted back.

“Thank you, Padfoot.”

Harrison forced himself to get out of bed, where he had crashed about an hour ago after duelling Moony. The werewolf was a pretty good dueller and Harrison actually had a fun time duelling him, even if he beat him every time.

When he finally decided to join the others, all of them were waiting at the fireplace.

“We’re flooing?” Harrison groaned, “At least it’s better than portkeys.”

Sirius laughed, before stepping in the fire place first, the others followed, leaving Remus to go last.

“Where to first?” Remus asked and Harrison turned around, “Actually do you mind going to Borgin and Burkes first? I bought my book on twin wands there last year and it seemed interesting enough.”

Remus turned to Sirius with a raised eyebrow, Sirius shrugged, so Remus nodded, “Lead the way kiddo.”

Harrison scowled at the nickname, but started to head towards Knockturn Alley.

Fred and George seemed way too interested in the items in the shop. Fred actually picked up a mask similar to Death Eater masks and asked his brother, “You reckon we could get away with wearing this? Or would Voldy kill us.”

“I’m pretty sure Voldy’s too scared of Harrison to kill us.”

Harrison snorted from the place he standing, looking at the poison they sold in this place, pure interest. It’s not like he would actually buy poison.

“Who are we killing, pup?” Sirius asked way too cheerful, coming to stand next to him.

“No one, yet.” Harrison said seriously, “Ask me again next year.”

Sirius laughed, before saying “There’s a vanishing cabinet here, I wonder where the second one is.”

“Maybe ask Burkes?” Harrison asked, looking at the cabinet Sirius was pointing at with a new interest.

“Already did, he has no idea.”

“Bummer.”

“The cabinet is also broken, needs some fixing, even if we did know where the other side was. It’s too dangerous to use in this state.”

“Maybe we should buy it.” Harrison mused, Sirius didn’t even have to ask why, because Harrison already started explaining. “If we do find the other side we would have a way to travel anywhere without issues, just have to fix it first. And it’s not like we don’t have enough money.”

Harrison heard the bell of the entrance, but ignored it in favour of trying to figure out what could be wrong with the vanishing cabinet.

“Okay, we’ll buy it.” Sirius said, “We don’t really have a reason not to.”

“Harrison?” He heard a voice say and turned around. Draco and his father were here, though Lucius was talking to Borgin.

“Draco!” Harrison said, “What are you doing here?”

Draco muttered something Harrison couldn’t hear.

“What was that?”

“Father has to give away his dark artefacts, our home is getting checked by the ministry.” Draco said and Sirius was the one to offer, “Why don’t you store them at Grimmaulds place?”

Draco looked at his father and then back at Sirius, hopeful. “We could?”

“Of course! The ministry can’t reach our home, because the Fidelius charm was illegally placed by a Black a long time ago.”

“That would be great, father will be pleased.” Draco said, “Thank

you."

"What was that? Sirius actually offering some help to someone?" Remus asked, amused.

Sirius scowled, "They're my family okay? Some of their- and also my, since half of it will be from the Black family- heirlooms are very dark, you can't just let those be taken."

They watched as Draco talked to his father, whose look went from confused to pleased.

He approached them and Remus and Harrison decided to leave, let Sirius figure this out himself.

Draco followed Harrison, pointing at a withered hand, "That's the Hand of Glory." He said quietly.

Harrison looked at the hand, not really feeling any magical pull to it. Magical artefacts usually had a pull to them, if it matched your magic.

"Isn't that usually for thieves?" Fred and George came up behind them, Draco actually jumped then groaned, "You took them?"

"Of course I did," Harrison said. "They're my brothers. Yes, this is usually for thieves, Fred."

"Still don't understand how you know who is who." Draco muttered.

Harrison laughed before asking Fred and George, "Did you guys find anything?"

"Well, we found a book on some darker prank spells," George said, "Not anything dangerous, but just slightly less legal magic."

Harrison snorted, "Buy it, I'm curious what you guys will do with it. As long as you don't use it on me."

"We would never!" Fred gasped dramatically, "Like seriously we haven't once pranked you."

"That is true," Harrison admitted, "you just fear me too much."

"Sure we do."

"Draco are you ready to go?" Lucius asked then and Draco whined for his father to buy him something, until Lucius promised to buy him the

new broom. Draco winked at Harrison, probably thinking it was very clever, but really Harrison thought it was just childish. Then the Malfoys left.

“We should probably pay now, Fred, George have you found anything?” Sirius asked and they showed him the book and Sirius laughed, “good choice! I’m paying!”

The twins tried to tell him that they had a bit of money themselves and could buy the book for themselves, but Sirius refused to hear it. He just said that since technically they were *his children* now, he should pay for them.

Eventually Fred and George gave up and let Sirius pay.

When Sirius had paid and the vanishing cabinet had been sent to grimmaulds place, they left to go to Gringotts.

They came past Hagrid in Knockturn Alley and Harrison hoped the man hadn’t seen them pass, since if Hagrid had seen them, Harrison would probably be in trouble. There was no way Hagrid wouldn’t tell the Headmaster.

When they arrived at Gringotts the goblins immediately led them to Griphook, who then accompanied them to Harrisons vaults.

“We stop at the Gryffindor Vault first,” Griphook said, “I must warn you that all the founders tend to have preserved creature eggs in their vaults, you could let them hatch, if you want.”

Harrison nodded, he knew the founders did this, they had told him about it.

The founders vaults only gave access by a blood test, so Harrison placed his finger top in a mark in the wall, the moment his finger touched the wall a small needle shot into it, drawing just a few drops of blood.

The vault opened on its own, revealing the towers of gold pieces with all kind of weapons in between.

Harrison walked into the big vault, his whole bedroom at Hogwarts fit in this vault. The walls had all kinds of portraits and wands with name plates. There was also one big wall with the whole family tree on it.

There was a stash of swords placed carefully in a corner, the

Gryffindor sword was hanging above all of them . There was a table with all kinds of daggers next to the swords. In the middle of the vault were the piles of gold, with some more swords and bows. Behind that big pile was a table with some boxes full of jewellery.

There were barely any books and the books that were there, were mostly about duelling. Like Griphook had said one side of the walls was purely eggs, between them were hanging some portraits.

Most of the eggs were Hippogriffs or griffins. It made sense, Godric loved big animals who could also fly.

“Harrikins, if this is only one of the vaults.. You’re probably the richest wizard alive.” George said, looking at the piles of gold.

“Yeah, I thought it would be less by now, there must have been a heir who just didn’t want to work, right?”

Griphook nodded, “There were, but the founders heirs generally invest their money really well, even with spending a lot of money we would only gain more. The founders heirs are our favourite kind of customers. We thought we would never get another Gryffindor, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff again, but here we are.”

Harrison nodded, walking to a chest of some sort. That’s when he noticed the engravement saying: “*For Harrison Potter and Harrison Potter only.”*

Griphook saw him looking at the chest, “Don’t get too much hope, Gryffindors line is directly connected to the Potter line and a lot of Harrisons have tried to open it, but none of them could. Of course, your situation is totally different, so maybe.”

“We both know it’s me he’s talking about.” Harrisons said.

The magic scanned both blood and magic, a way of Godric making sure no one else could enter the chest.

The chest was filled with wands, which Godric used in his life; Letters written directed at him, more books Godric bought over time that he thought Harrison would find interesting. Some paintings- even one with Harrison in there! And all other kind of things the founder probably bought with Harrison on his mind.

“We’ll go through all of this later, pup, we don’t have the time right now.” Sirius said and Harrison nodded, “I know.” He closed the chest,

only after taking one of the portraits Godric left for him.

Griphook, who had also been looking around- not once in his lifetime did he meet the actual Gryffindor Heir so this was new to him, too. – closed the vault behind them.

“Hufflepuff next.” Griphook said, not even bothering getting into the cart, since all the founders vaults were right next to each other.

The group followed the goblin to the next vault, the opening went pretty much the same. Though, the needle seemed to almost be more careful this time, Harrison wasn’t sure if he was just imagining it or if the Gryffindor needle just wanted people to show how brave they were.

This vaults general colours were yellow and black, obviously. The almost goldish yellow made the vault look even more filled with golden coins than the last one.

Helga Hufflepuff had always loved tableware and it was noticeable. There were big book planks, but instead of books she had put different kind of gold tableware on it. There was also a gold pocket knife next to a shield, which was hanging on the wall.

Harrison didn’t remember the founders talking about any kind of war, but he also knew that he had only been there for such a short period of their lives. Helga also had a lot of potion ingredients, most of them used for healing potions in a big chest, which would preserve it, the chest had all kind of charms on it.

There was also some already made healing potions. Next to that chest were a lot of books, on all kinds of magic. This vault was split in a totally different way, the money was on the right side, the artefacts and other things on the left side.

Harrison could see their personality in the rooms. The next place he decided to check were the eggs. There were kneazles, but also nifflers. Some animals more dangerous, other less. The Hufflepuffs didn’t seem to have a preference. Helga used to love all kind of animals, even dealing with Salazar’s obsession of way too dangerous magical snakes and Godrics obsession with well- any kind of danger.

Contrary to popular belief, Hufflepuffs weren’t all sweet and loyal. They usually were, but most of them also had a dangerous side, a protective side; they tend to be adventurous. The vault Harrison stood in right now, reflected every part of it. The weapons to the books to

the eggs of the most fluffy creature, but then you would suddenly find an egg of an XXX creature.

Harrison was sure there was some poison underneath all the healing potions.

The last thing Harrison looked at was an almost identical chest to the one he found in the Gryffindor, similar to the one there, the chest scanned blood and magic to see if you really were Harrison Potter-now Black.

This chest was filled with recipes of Helga's favourite meals, more jewellery, some wands and a lot of letters too.

When Harrison finally got to the portraits he picked one quickly, picking one with just Helga on it, so he wouldn't have multiple portraits of one of the founders, anyone of them would hate talking to themselves.

He quickly closed the chest, knowing that he didn't have time to get distracted an start reading letters of Helga.

"You ready pup?"

"Yeah, yeah, let's go to Ravenclaw's vault."

"Sorry we can't sort through it today." Sirius apologized.

"No it's okay, I understand, we don't have enough time right now."

"We will come back soon."

Harrison nodded, following the rest out of the vault.

"Now I'm going to warn you before entering this vault." Griphook seemed amused, "The daughter of Rowena- Helena Ravenclaw, put up a fight to split her vault into different room, now there's a full library in there. It's the biggest vault in Gringotts right now."

"You allowed that?" Remus asked, shocked and Griphook nodded, "She offered enough money, this was her weird way to honour her mother, she did it right after Lady Ravenclaw died."

"Okay, well open it up, Harrikins." George grinned, both of the twins were loving the chance to see all of this, not a lot of people got to.

Harrison did so, this needle took a bit longer, but let them in none the

less. Harrison wondered how the Slytherin needle would react.

The door opened to a room with mostly artefacts, Griphook then said, “We only allowed her three rooms.”

There was a dark blue bow on the wall, underneath it were arrows. The walls were covered with small notes of different things, there were also some wands with names, though neither Helena nor Rowena’s wand was there.

The rest of the walls were mostly portraits once again, instead of a painted family tree there was a big scroll in the Ravenclaw vault.

Just like in Ravenclaws vault there was a big place with the preservation charm on it, multiple potion ingredients and potions could be found there, but there were also some organs- human organs.

“What-“ Fred said, looking at an eye in a glass jar.

“There were some Ravenclaws who decided to study the human body and save their founds here.” Griphook explained, he pointed at a jar, “That there is a tumour straight out of a muggles body.”

“And all of this has been here for decades?” George was looking at the jar with a look full of disgust, but also some interest.

“Decades, centuries. Who knows?” Griphook said, “A while ago there weren’t really any rules about these kind of experiments. So the people who went experimenting could do whatever they wanted.”

“Okay this smell is gross.” Remus said, “Let’s continue.”

“What sme-“ Fred started but George stopped him by saying, “He’s a werewolf dumbass.”

There was a hallway after that room leading to two separate rooms, one on the left side and one of the right side. At the end of the hallway was a chest with a portrait above it.

Harrison recognized the chest and said, “Let’s go to the left room first.” Everyone just followed Harrison, since this was quite literally, all his stuff. The left room was filled with gold, kind of a boring room, the money was sorted better than in the other vaults, though.

They left that room alone, instead going to the right room, which was like Griphook had told them, a library.

The library wasn't too big, but it was big enough to fill a whole vault. There were books on a lot of subjects, almost all the school textbooks were there- well the ones they used in the founders time. Besides all of that, there were extra books on more dangerous magics and other types of things you wouldn't learn in school, like wandlore. In the back was a whole fiction section, too, most of it was actually muggle fiction.

Remus and Harrison could've spend forever in this vault, but Sirius pulled them out of the room after five minutes. Harrison went to the chest and found similar chests, though in the bottom of this chest were little self-made orbs of magic and a small box with all of the founders names on it.

Deciding to not spend too much time here, he grabbed a portrait, he would come back soon.

"Why was this chest placed here?" Harrison asked, looking at the portrait above it, a photo of him and the founders.

"Rowena probably told Helena about you, Helena just wanted you to have your own little place." Griphook answered, "Or at least that's what Helena said to the goblin who made this place. It is rumoured that she hid Rowena's body behind this wall and just placed this here, because no one besides goblins and you could move this chest."

"What?" Sirius asked and Griphook shrugged, "Helena actually really enjoyed Biology, there's a hidden section in the library between the muggle books with purely Biology books. Based on that and the fact that there are lots of organs kept here, some past heir made the rumour Helena cut her own mother up after she died and then put her body in the walls so no one would find out."

"Okay that's kind of creepy." Fred muttered.

The group quickly hurried out of the vault, but Harrison was still curious and knew that, even with the new information, he would come back to this vault soon, too.

"Slytherin Heir vault is the last one for now?" Griphook asked, "No need to enter the Emrys or Black vault?"

"Nope, Slytherin is the last one." Harrison answered and Griphook nodded, leading them to a smaller vault door next to the big one for Slytherin vault.

“The ring should be fine for this one.” Griphook instructed, Harrison put the ring on the door, which opened.

He stepped into the vault, this one was about half the size of the other vaults. There was no money here, just the chest and some artefacts. Mostly books Voldemort thought he would be interested in, but Harrison could also see some weapons and potion ingredients.

In the middle of this organized mess was the chest, with a letter on top of it. Harrison looked at Sirius, who nodded. Harrison smiled and grabbed the letter.

To Harrison,

We have spent the last few days making sure there would still be some items here, even if our descendants decide to empty the vaults, no one could take these chests away. We put out most valuable items in it- mostly wands and our own works. In my chest you will find the potions I have created the past few years. You will find my broken wand, because muggles decided to burn it, I made a new one don’t worry. You will also find my new wand in here.

Most important is you will find our portraits. I hope you will hang our portraits wherever you live.

I was also asked to told you that anything that’s not in this chest, but still obviously ours, like our weapons. Is also yours, you can do anything you want with them. We used some charm to stick it to the wall, only people with grey cores can get them off the walls, for the other founders this was smart, we both know that that wouldn’t work for me. So instead I put my extra pair in the main vault, while putting my official daggers in this chest.

Just thought you might be interested in that.

Talk to me soon little snake,

Sal.

Harrison opened the chest and indeed saw books with potion recipes in it, there were also other kind of books. Salazar had also made little jar with wand cores and put them in the big chest. Harrison, with much regret, reached in to grab a portrait, then closed the chest and turned to his family.

They really had to go to Diagon Alley to get their books.

Before they left the vault however Griphook said, “heir Slytherin.” Harrison knew the goblin probably didn’t want to say all of his names, too much effort.

“A few days ago Lord Slytherin visited Gringotts,” The goblin started, Harrison wondered why it would be his business that Voldemort visited Gringotts.

“He asked me to open up the main Slytherin vault to you, too, but also keep the Heir vault for your own properties.”

“Tom is allowing me into the main Slytherin vault?”

“Tom?” Sirius asked and Harrison shrugged, “Voldy told me to call him by his name.”

“He wha-“

“Lord Black, please.” Griphook stopped him, “Yes, Lord Slytherin told me to give you access. Do you wish to visit the Slytherin vault?”

“Not right now, we have to leave.” Harrison smiled at the goblin he would call his friend at this point.

“Okay well, when you do, just know you can.”

Harrison nodded, then Griphook took them back up, to the entrance of the bank. When they finally walked out of the bank, they immediately headed for Flourish and Blotts.

The shop was very busy, none of them understood why, so they just assumed this was a popular day for book shopping. Once they entered, they all changed minds, though. Hope was in front of the store next to Gilderoy Lockhart, smiling for the camera’s which seem to be *everywhere.*

That’s when Lockhart seemed to spot Harrison, He rushed Hope away and asked him to take pictures for the paper. Harrison just raised an eyebrow, but Fred pushed him forwards, he could hear Remus, Sirius, Fred and George laughing.

So he did the only thing he could, he walked to the front with confidence. It was kind of worth it, just by seeing the look on Hope’s face.

“Ladies and gentleman! Not only did the Girl-Who-Lived just meet her new defence teacher, so did the poor abandoned brother. I never thought we would get to see those two in the shop at the same time. Isn’t life full of surprises?” Lockhart laughed and the camera’s started taking pictures again. “Smile at the camera, Harrison.” Lockhart said and Harrison did.

When he finally escaped, Lockhart gave him his books and he rushed back to his family, “We might want to escape.” Harrison muttered, “We can return later for Fred and George’s books”

“Why?” Sirius asked, but Harrison just grabbed his arm and pulled him, so the man followed him.

When they were outside the store, Sirius once again asked why Harrison suddenly was trying to rush. Harrison started laughing, “I made the man unable to talk human for his whole meet and greet, *He’ll be hissing.* The spell can only be undone by a parseltongue.”

“Moony, Moony, my moon, our pup pranked Gilderoy Lockhart!” Sirius said and Fred and George were also laughing now.

They went to a quidditch store, bought quills and went to a joke shop, because Fred and George insisted that they had to.

When it was 4:30pm they returned to flourish and blotts, the crowd wasn’t there anymore, but when they entered Gilderoy Lockhart was still inside. Harrison twitched his hand behind his back to make the man able to speak normal again.

“Black!” Lockhart said, “What did you do?”

Harrison blinked, “What do you mean, professor?”

“I mean I can’t talk English anymore!”

“You are speaking English right now, sir.” Harrison said.

“You! You did this! You made me look like a fool.”

“Honestly, sir, how could I have done this? I didn’t even have a wand, the pictures we took will prove that. Just because you have enemies doesn’t mean that I have something to do with it.”

Lockhart got his wand out, but then changed his mind and walked out of the store, it took a second before everyone- even the employees

started laughing.

“That was *amazing,* I really don’t understand how people stand that man! He’s been annoying us for the past week or so.” One of them said, a girl who seemed to be around twenty. She had long black hair carefully braided and was wearing some pretty simple robes. She also had a pierced nose, a small ring hanging just above her upper lip. “Oh, sorry! I’m Ella Gray, did you need anything?” She then said, “I totally forgot I worked here for a second.”

Harrison laughed, “It’s okay, we kind of rushed out of the store after I put that curse on Lockhart, we totally forgot that they still need their books.” He pointed at Fred and George.

“Fourth years?” She asked, then blushed, “Sorry, everyone here always mentions ‘the twins’ and to be careful around them.”

Fred and George laughed, while Harrison confirmed that they, indeed, were fourth years.

“So it was you who did that?” She asked while getting all the books. Harrison nodded. “That was genius, really shut the fool up for a while.”

“Thank you, I do try.” Harrison said and the girl laughed, “Hold on, I’ll be back, I have to get some books from our storage.”

“They talk about us, you heard that Gred?”

“Sure did, Forge.”

“Lockhart doesn’t seem like a person who could do all the things he wrote about in his books,” Remus said then, “They gave him the defence position instead of me?”

Harrison shrugged, “Dumbledore is probably up to something. Whatever it is, I’m going to try to prove that Lockhart is a fraud this year, doesn’t matter how.”

“Well at least you have a project for this year then.” Sirius said, “No getting bored.”

“I still will get bored, but it might help a bit.”

“Sorry! Sorry! I’m back, here are your books.” Ella came rushing through a door in the corner of the shop. “The fool even uses his

fucking fantasy books to teach."

Fred and George took their books while laughing, Sirius paid for them, thanking Ella.

"Oh! It was no problem. I'm glad you guys got Lockhart out of the store, really he was trying to complain to us about something, but we couldn't understand his parseltongue." The girl shook her head, "Really I have never met a man more annoying than him."

"Big Lockhart hater, huh?" Harrison asked and the girl nodded, "He was in school with my mom and- nevermind, it doesn't matter, he's an annoying lying prick. Don't let him manipulate you."

"We won't, thank you." They walked out and Harrison wondered just what Lockhart did to the girl's mom.

Now that they finally had everything, they went back home. It had been a long day spent in Diagon Alley, so no one complained when Harrison said they wouldn't see him downstairs for the next hour or so.

He grabbed his journal the moment he came into his room, sitting down at his desk.

You really had to give me permission to enter the Slytherin vault, huh?

Are you complaining? The usual fast answer came, Harrison had a feeling the Dark Lord could feel the moment he would write through their mind link.

No, I just didn't expect you to let me into this private thing of yours. It's basically sharing your stuff with me.

I trust you.

So you've shown.

I just thought that you would appreciate it. I know I gave you a lot of things, but everything in the Slytherin vault is more yours than mine. Most of these things are in there, because Salazar hoped it would end up with you. While things have been taken over the year, I want you to be able to have as much as you want from it now.

That- wow. That means a lot.

Yeah, whatever. Harrison laughed at the awkwardness coming from the

Dark Lords side of the link, so he decided to change the subject.

I found something interesting today.

Oh?

A vanishing cabinet at Borgin & Burkes. We don't know where the second one is and this one is broken, but if we manage to make both work, it could be useful.

There's a vanishing cabinet in the ROR.

ROR?

Room Of Requirement, where you did your lessons last school year. One of the forms it takes is the Room of Hidden Things, or so we call it. It's a room full of lost things, the Ravenclaw Diadem was there. Harrison looked at the Diadem on his desk, he hadn't moved it to a special place yet.

How do you get the room to show you that place?

It's easy, you just ask for it to show you the cabinet and the room will take you to the room it's in.

I hope it actually is the one connected to the one we've bought.

It probably is, vanishing cabinets are rare. It's almost impossible to find two in a lifetime, so finding to separate ones would be- well you would have to be very unlucky.

Let's hope. Oh! You know what else I did today?

I'm scared by how excited you are.

I cursed Gildorey Lockhart to only talk parseltongue during his meet & greets.

The man deserves it.

I'm glad you approve.

How were the founders vaults?

Interesting, Ravenclaw one is kind of scary, human organs EVERYWHERE. Helena Ravenclaw moved the chest Rowena made for me to a special place, it is rumoured that she did this to hide the fact that she buried her

mom in the vault walls, after cutting up her body to study Biology.

Okay, that is disturbing.

I mean, honestly I get the fascination with the human body, wanting to know more about it. But the part where it's her own mom she decided to cut up without anyone knowing AND then hiding the body in the vault walls? That's too far.

Wasn't she born in the time were cutting open death relatives in the name of science was pretty normal, though? Why hide it?

It's Rowena Ravenclaw's body we're talking about, she's an important historical figure. Also, Helena is really shy, for as far as I know. Maybe she just wanted to avoid the conversations with scientists about it.

Hm, still weird.

It's also just a rumour, we don't actually know how true it is. The first person to tell this to someone was born four generations after Helena's death.

Helena died pretty young, her ghost helped me find the Diadem. I can't see her cutting up her mom.

Well, it doesn't matter whether it's true or not, I mean it's not like she killed her mom, she just researched a dead person.

Yeah, right. Tom agreed.

Chapter End Notes

After he finished writing to Tommy boy he put the founders portraits next to Merlins portrait and talked to them for another hour or so, before finally joining Fred, George, Remus and Sirius.

Chapter 25: Start year two

Chapter Summary

More talks with Voldy and also Dumbledore

Chapter Notes

kind of short and not proofread, but I'm tired so deal with it lmao :) Enjoy

Also heres your reminder that I'm not a native english speaker, so please don't judge my grammar too much (Some people have been commenting on it and I'm aware lmao)

When it was finally time to go back to Hogwarts, Harrisons only regret is that he didn't return to Gringotts again. He had known he probably wouldn't have the time, but now he knew he wouldn't return till at least December.

"Harrison! We're in here." He heard Pansy said, he spun around and saw her head poking out of a compartment door.

"You're on the front of the Daily Prophet." Blaise said once Harrison sat down and Harrison raised his eyebrows, a silent way of telling the boy to continue talking.

"They say you cursed Lockhart, or well- Rita is the one who wrote it and she wrote it like the man was crazy for thinking such a thing."

"I really should pay that woman more the next interview." Harrison muttered, "I did curse Lockhart, in my defence, everyone thought the guy was annoying."

"Are you kidding? Have you even read his stories, he's a legend!" Tracey said and Harrison snorted, "And a fraud, I will find a way to prove that this school year."

"So you've found a new little project?" Pansy asked, "Can we help with this one?"

"As long as you won't let it distract you from school too much." Harrison smiled at the girl. "So what have you all done the last few weeks of your break?" He asked the group then.

“I went to Italy, met my new stepdad.” Blaise said, “Wonder how long he’ll be around.” Everyone knew Blaise’s’ mom, she was infamous for always marrying men who would mysteriously die after a while.

“We went to France for a bit.” Draco said. The rest of the group had stayed at home, except for Tracey who went to Germany with her family.

“I talked to Voldy a lot, especially after going to Romania” Harrison said then, “And I went to the Founders vaults, there’s some disturbing shit in their vaults.”

“Oh! How was Romania?” Tracey asked and Harrison smirked, “Turns out, dragons do talk in parseltongue, I basically became a dragon handler for my vacation.”

“You got to communicate? With dragons?” Theo, the boy had been reading a book, the whole time till now.

“Yeah, it’s pretty cool, most of them sadly aren’t that smart.”

The door to their compartment opened up, Daphne walked in, Millicent trailing behind her. She looked at Harrison, raising an eyebrow. In reply Harrison rolled his eyes, but waved his hand to make the compartment larger, the girl smirked and then sat down.

“So, I ran into some Hufflepuff on the way here,” She started, “The girl made it quite clear that I had to directly give this to you, orders from Dumbledore, the girl said. Honestly, I wonder how Dumbledore even gave it to her, but whatever.”

She handed Harrison a letter and Harrison scanned it for any type of spells, before carefully opening it. Instead of a simple letter, the letter started floating and talking.

Harrison, my boy.

I request your presence in my office after the feast today, preferably without Severus.

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

The letter then exploded into a million pieces of paper, all of them vanished before hitting the ground.

“He really went with the full name,” Millicent scowled and Draco shrugged, “At least he didn’t put his titles on it, then we would’ve sat here for an hour just listening to him talking about himself.”

“What does the old coot want?” Daphne asked and Harrison truthfully said, “I have no idea, I don’t think I did something wrong?”

“It would be impressive if you did do something wrong, since you haven’t been in the school for the summer.”

“Maybe he wants something,” Blaise said, “I mean everybody knows how powerful you are, if there is one thing Dumbledore’s after, it’s power.”

“Be careful if you go,” Tracey said and Harrison nodded “I will.”

Then he got his journal, seeing that Tom had written to him first the first time in a while.

You’re worried, that’s a new one.

Are you really trying to sense my emotion of purpose, asshole. Harrison wrote back.

Hey, I just had my part open, it’s not my fault I suddenly felt worried.

Okay, anyways. Dumbledore asked me to come to his office ‘preferably without Severus’

A wave of amusement came over him and Harrison frowned at the journal, *This is not something to be amused about, Tommy boy.*

Another nickname? This time for my real name? You’re really not scared of me at all anymore, are you? Tom wrote back, amusement only becoming bigger, *It is amusing, because he did the same to me, almost every year. He senses power and becomes scared, he will try to manipulate you and read your mind. It’s probably worse with you, since he knows you’re the real chosen one.*

Chosen one is also a nickname, I would like to remind you. Harrison wrote back quickly, *So you think it’s nothing?*

I wouldn’t say nothing, always be careful around Dumbledore. Just keep our link closed, to maximize your occlumency, there shouldn’t be a weak point then. If anything does happen, just open it up and sent a wave of panic.

What would you even be able to do?

I would like to remind you that I snuck into Hogwarts last year, too.

Yeah, but then Dumbledore didn't know. Harrison paused, *You're not saying you would risk Dumbledore knowing your back to help me, right?*

Tom's amusement went to a weird sort of embarrassment, *No, of course not, I'm not stupid. Severus is in the castle, I would… request him to help you.*

You would tell him to do so and then when he refuses, you would tell him you don't need to be insane to torture him?

Something like that.

Harrison rolled his eyes, *Nice to know you care.*

Whatever, just go and refuse whatever he asks of you, unless it's something harmless… Or if he tells you to help him hunt special objects..

Horcruxes? You think he would?

No, but if he does, it could be helpful.

Talking about Horcruxes, what are your plans? What's the next one? And do you need my help?

I was actually going to ask you to get it, well come with me at least. Tom wrote, *It's the locket, it's in a cave. I put it into a potion.. And well one of us – I will do it- has to drink the potion the other one will have to retrieve the locket.*

What potion did you put it in?

Drink of Despair, Emerald potion. Whatever you want to call it.

Are you crazy?

I like to think I am not anymore, but yeah, I used to be.

You want me to come with you so you can drink the potion? You really have lost your mind.

I am not going to let you drink the potion and I pretty much secured it in a way so that just vanishing it wouldn't work, we have to drink it.

You really have lost your mind.

Are you in?

Of course I am, just to keep your sorry-ass safe.

Thank you, I really would've hated it to do this with Lucius or Severus.

Well, you could have just forced them to drink the potion, saves you from the effects it has. I am however glad that you're not going to force me.

I would've forced them to drink it, since I know that I wouldn't let them force me to drink more once I drank half of it, the only person who has even a chance of forcing me to do so is you.

"Harrisonnnn.." Draco said, "I swear ever since you got that journal, you can't go an hour without looking into it."

Pansy giggled and Harrison just raised an eyebrow, before returning to writing Voldemort, the horcruxes were more important. And he loved bullying Tom.

"Just let the boy write the Dark Lord, Draco." Millicent said and Draco rolled his eyes, "He doesn't even notice us while talking to the Dark Lord, all of us could die and he wouldn't notice."

"Don't be so dramatic, Dray." Harrison sighed, "Tommy boy- the Dark Lord just started telling me about another horcrux, this is important."

"Tommy boy?" Draco muttered and Harrison snickered. "I called him that and he didn't get mad, don't worry about my safety."

"Just let him, Draco." Blaise said, "He's fighting a literal war, you would find that more important, too."

Draco pouted, but nodded.

None of them noticed Harrison laughing quietly to the Journal after Tom made a stupid joke, yeah, fighting a war.

~

When the group arrived at Hogwarts, Harrison finally put his journal away. He joined his friends at the carriages, but only after petting the thestral.

“Thestrals are such beautiful animals.” He said after sitting down, Blaise shook his head “I find them kind of… unsettling.”

“Thestrals?” Pansy asked and Harrison started telling them about the animal, Blaise sometimes helping him. In no time they arrived at Hogwarts, silently going to the great hall.

The sorting ceremony was.. boring. Harrison realised that it probably would be boring every year, the only reason you actually found it interesting in your first year is because it is also your own sorting.

Back in the founders time, the founders would sort people based on core, answers on some questions and Sal would use Legilimency. It was actually interesting, every sorting was different than the one before.

“Last year this was at least kind of interesting.” Terence muttered, somehow sitting close to the second years now. The quidditch team had changed the place everyone would sit at the Slytherin table, to make sure the quidditch team and friends sat together in the middle.

“Why is that?”

“The Potters, duh.” Fred said, “We actually made a bet on where the lost Potter would end up. A lot of people thought he would end up in Hufflepuff.”

“Me? A Hufflepuff?” Harrison asked.

“Yeah- I mean we didn’t actually know you, we just knew you would return.”

Harrison nodded, it was fair. No one knew where he had actually grown up and even with the muggles, none of them knew what kind of people they were. From the small bit of information they had, Hufflepuff was a fair guess.

Dumbledore started talking again and then Harrison noticed most of the first years were sorted by now. Dumbledore did his usual start of the year speech and then the real feast started.

After everyone turned to their food, he sought out Harrison and nodded at him, before walking out of the Great Hall.

“Now, seriously?” Harrison muttered. He grabbed a piece of bread, stuffing it in his mouth before telling his friends that he would-

hopefully- be back later, he made a joke about the Headmaster killing him, which no one seems to think is funny.

He also ignored the questions from everyone who hadn't been sitting with him in the train. He just gave the rest a look, hoping they would understand that he was trusting them to tell the rest about the Headmasters letter.

Then he walked away, following the Headmaster quickly. He noticed Hope smirking and he *hoped,* that the girl wasn't the reason for this meeting.

The headmaster was standing in front of the gargoyle, waiting for him, when he saw Harrison approaching he turned to the entrance, muttering his password. Letting Harrison follow him up the stairs.

Dumbledore sat down behind his desk, smirking slightly when Harrison curiously looked at Fawkes, which he hadn't really noticed earlier.

"A phoenix, one of the last ones." Dumbledore said, "He's been with the Dumbledore line for centuries and not leaving anytime soon."

"What about when you die, sir?" Harrison said, "I mean, you *are* getting old."

Dumbledore covered his shock on the statement quicker than Harrison thought he would, "I think I have a few decades left."

"Even wizards die eventually, Headmaster, it's nothing to be ashamed about." Harrison smirked, "Especially people who meddle with the wrong kind of magic- They tend to age faster."

"I am very aware of what meddling with the wrong magic does to a wizard, my boy." The man sighed, "I have after all fought two of the biggest Dark Lords in history."

"We both know that's not what I meant," Harrison said, "Either way, I don't think you called me up here to discuss illegal magics, like time travel, for example."

"That is very true, my boy." Harrison could swear the vein in the man's forehead was getting clearer by the second. "I feel like we have some- well some past issues to discuss, things that have stopped us from working together past year."

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, sir. I am just another student after all, so why would we need to *work together?* I don’t see you trying to get anyone else to like you.”

“You know you’re not just another student.”

“Aren’t I? I mean, sure my sister is the Girl-Who-Lived, but that has nothing to do directly with me. She’s not even my sister anymore.”

“That’s no-“

“I mean, unless you were going to tell me my sister isn’t actually the Girl-Who-Lived and you’re just manipulating us, but a good man like you wouldn’t do that right? Manipulate a whole family to make sure you have a lamb ready for slaughter in the war?”

“Are you accusing me?”

“It wouldn’t be the first time, of course. You had the whole Order of the Phoenix, your first try with a child army didn’t quite work out, did it?”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t I, headmaster? Isn’t it true that you just needed a second try? It’s all about proving that *you* can save everyone while really you yourself do nothing. It’s not the first time either, I’m sure I heard about Newt Scamander beating Grindlewald. Can’t even blame you for that one, either, since you had a *blood pact* with him. What were you even thinking when you made that, you think the two of you would actually succeed in taking over the world?”

“How do you know-“

“I have my sources, sir, that’s not important. The important thing is that *you* are always manipulating everyone to think that you are in the right when you’re not and that if you want *me* to help you after you practically sent me away to an abusive family, you are going to have to try harder.”

“My boy, please, you shouldn’t let your hatred for me cloud your entire judgement on this war. It will only lead to making the wrong mistakes.”

“You think I would do something like that? You clearly don’t know me at all. At least not as good as you thought when you talked to Lily.”

He had heard about the conversation, while the Founders hadn't been able to talk to him immediately after it since he didn't have their portraits yet, he had been in the Black family house and Phineas turned out to be quite a nice ancestor. "The walls have ears, headmaster. Don't even think you can hide anything from me."

"Are you spying on me?"

"Not exactly. Was that all?"

Dumbledore nodded, looking at his desk sadly. Harrison snorted at the pathetic view and then walked away. Only once the boy had left, Dumbledore noticed that by making Harrison lead the conversation he hadn't been able to talk about anything he had originally wanted to talk about. He cursed his own stupidity, the boy had known how to distract him.

"He's going to be hard one to manipulate, isn't he?" Dumbledore asked his phoenix. Fawkes however, seemed to ignore him, even turning his back to him.

Dumbledore sighed and sat down, remembering what the boy had said about the walls having ears, he really should get rid of some of the portraits.

~

Harrison crashed on the couch in the common room as soon as he came in, only noticing the group of first years staring at him after he had found a comfortable position.

The common room was pretty empty, some of Harrisons friends were sitting in the same corner Harrison had crashed, but everyone else went to their rooms, like they would normally do during introductions of first years.

"eh hi?" he said, waving at the first years.

Gemma snorted, "That is our little genius Harrison Sirius Black, he is smarter than he looks."

"Oye!" Harrison said, "Rude!"

"If you ever need help with spells or whatever, if you want to throw an amazing party with magical effects or want to create some kind of new spell, without knowing how to, you can approach him. He didn't

earn the prodigy of the whole school title for nothing."

"Well I kind of did, for doing nothing I mean." Harrison said, loud enough for everyone to hear, "I mean what did I actually do last year?"

Gemma glared at him, "Ignore him, but do approach him if you need help. Even we seven year olds do, cause he knows everything we do in classes better than we do."

"That's not an exaggeration," Salazar said from his portrait, "I myself taught him some things, from my portrait of course."

That seemed to do the trick, most of the first year gasped and nodded at the founder.

"You can find me in the great hall every Saturday when the older years are in Hogsmaede. Usually I'm really bored, so that's the perfect time to ask for help, but I will help anytime if you just ask, don't be scared to ask."

"Stay away from him when he's writing in his journal, though." George joked, he was sitting on another couch close to the one Harrison was on, "He gets all rude and scary then."

"Fred and George not-Weasley anymore. Be careful around them, they are the pranksters we stole from Gryffindor last year." Gemma said and Fred added, "We're Blacks now."

"You are?" Gemma asked and Fred and George nodded.

"Maybe you should finish this up, Gemma." Severus said and the girl nodded, "of course, professor."

She quickly finished her usual 'Slytherins- are- not- so- bad- speech' then sent the kids up to find their dorms. After that Gemma herself also went up to her dorm.

"So how was the Headmaster?" Daphne asked and Harrison shrugged, "I distracted him enough with random accusations that I'm pretty sure he forgot what he actually wanted to talk about. Then I left after telling him the walls have ears."

"The headmaster might not be the best enemy to have," Millicent said and Harrison nodded, "True, but I can pull the poor child that has been abandoned twice card. If he tries anything the public would just

pick my side."

"Will that card ever expire?" Fred asked, "I mean will there be a day people won't have sympathy for you anymore?"

"I don't think so, as long as I don't become a big criminal. Also I have to be careful with not using it too much, it will get suspicious then."

"Hey did any of you notice none of the Potters were there this feast?" Theo said quite suddenly, changing the subject.

"Really? I didn't really pay attention." Blaise said, others agreeing quickly.

"Maybe something happened." Draco shrugged, "I wouldn't be angry about it."

"That is way too suspicious, I hate it."

"Ron also wasn't there." George said, "Hermione, Ginny and Percy were though."

"Maybe we'll figure it out tomorrow, I'm going to sleep." Harrison said, "Full days of travelling always tire me." He yawned, stretching his arms. "Goodnight, everyone."

"That means he's going to put Ebony on his rock and then write the Dark Lord." Blaise informed the rest.

"We know." Tracey said, eyes following the boy who indeed looked really tired, until she couldn't see him anymore.

~

"*We're home!"* Ebony said, "*This is home, right?"*

"For nine months in the year." Harrison replied, amused smile on his face.

"*I like the castle, it's big and I can explore when you're gone."*

"Just be careful while exploring we don't want anything to happen to you."

The snake curled up, probably deciding that he is done with the conversation. Harrison snorted.

He changed into his pyjamas and then got the journal.

Just distracted Dumbles until he forgot why he called me up to his office.

Smart, though now I will never know whether he knows about the horcruxes or not.

Should've told me you wanted a spy, dumbass.

I have Severus, wouldn't want to put you in that position during your school time, anyways. Since it's kind of dangerous. You need to be able to finish your school normally.

I literally need zero focus for that.

I know, but just humour me and pretend you appreciate it?

Okay, okay. Thank you for wanting to keep me safe, Tommy boy.

What did you talk about with Dumbles?

I just kind of told him he would die soon if he kept playing around with illegal magics, then told him that he should stop making child armies, because it won't work. Then told him I understood that he used Newt to defeat Grindlewald, since he was stupid enough to make a blood pact. Then I told him he wouldn't be able to manipulate him and then right before I left I just said to be careful, the walls have ears.

You sure you want to make Dumbledore be suspicious of you already?

Less pretending for me, tommy boy. I will always see that as a positive thing.

You're crazy.

I'm not the only one…
By the way, we should wait a bit before getting the locket, because sneaking out will be hard after making Dumbledore this suspicious of me, sorry?

It's okay, gives me some time to prepare, that potion truly is horrible.

Aww, at least you'll have my mental support.

Yes, because that will mean a lot while you're force feeding me the very potion that put me in the state.

I'll just force you to feel positive emotions through our link.

And I will make sure you feel at least half the misery I feel.

So sweet

Only for you. Harrison stared at that sentence for a while, but then the next sentence appeared, *Sorry that was weird.*

What the fact that you used that sentence, or the fact that you meant it? Harrison sent back teasingly.

I won't answer any more questions, go to sleep, kiddo.

Ugh. I thought you were supposed to be fun. My escape from boring people around me in this school.

Only when I want to be.

I see how it is. Goodnight.

Harrison closed the journal, it was weird how sometimes Tom would strictly talk about only important things for the war and other times he would tease Harrison- almost *flirt* even.

Harrison decided that that wasn't important now, he could wonder about the mysterious, somehow actually pretty nice and fun Dark Lord soon.

Now was sleeping time.

~

Dumbledore had taken away about half of the portraits, but the problem was most of them had a sticking charm, which was a lot of effort to undo. He spent two hours to get five portraits from his wall.

Then there was another big problem; the sticking charm on the Founders portraits were unlike any charm he had seen before. He just hoped Harrison didn't know the founders good enough to have them as his personal spies, because Dumbledore would be fucked.

"I think that was about it, wasn't it, Fawkes?" The man asked his phoenix, the bird just made a sound that didn't sound happy or agreeing, quite the opposite actually.

"Don't be so mad, I'm on the right side of history, we both know it. Sometimes, I just have to do things for the greater good."

This time the bird didn't even bother making a sound.

"The thing the boy said about illegal magics might be true, but it was important okay? I have been careful, mostly I make other people do the dirty work for me, I'm not that close to death yet, don't worry."

The bird turned even further.

"You never disagreed with me before." Dumbledore said, looking at the Phoenix sadly, "So why are you so stubborn now."

The Phoenix didn't make a single noise.

"I see how it is, the boy has you under his charm, too? I don't understand there's nothing special about him! Yes, he had powerful magic and can do thing I couldn't even imagine anyone doing until I saw him. That doesn't mean he's automatically on the right side of history." Dumbledore shouted to no one, the phoenix making a sad noise, "Yeah, yeah, his side will win the war, we all know that. Doesn't mean I have to actually like that fact, though."

The bird didn't even move anymore, it just made a sad or annoyed noise once in a while.

Dumbledore sighed and gave up on making the phoenix agree with him, the animal would come around eventually and start helping him again, start giving him company again.

Overall, it wasn't the greatest start of the year for Dumbledore.

Chapter 26: Story of the first horcrux

Chapter Summary

Tom and Harrison look at some old memories.

Chapter Notes

sorry I'm late- I had school and an AJR concert, so no time to write ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Besides the visit to Dumbledore, his second year started pretty normal. The first few days were spend trying to get used to having classes, while also writing to Tom and planning for a war.

It was easier than it sounded.

Oh, he also couldn't ignore the dramatic entrance the Potters had made. Lily and James had ran into the great hall the morning after everyone else arrived, apologising to the Headmaster. They made sure to *loudly* announce that they had been in Germany and forgot about the date.

Like expected, no one actually seemed to care.

"Harrison, what do you think we'll do in defence?" Pansy asked suddenly and Harrison shrugged, "Lockhart is probably read us stories he wrote."

"Oh no, it's worse than that." Fred said and George nodded seriously, "We had to make a *test about Lockhart.*"

"Like that's actual defence class!" Fred finished, throwing his hands in the air angrily.

"We had to do the same thing," Terrence said, being one year above Fred and George. "We also have Lily Potter for defence now, it's even worse."

Harrison glanced at the teachers table, the confident woman was currently sitting next to her husband, smiling while talking to the headmaster, something in her expression unnerved him.

“Goodluck this year.”

Terrence gave him a smile, Harrison just hoped he wouldn’t get classes from either Lily or James.

He had heard stories from James’ Transfiguration classes, which McGonagall refused to leave totally to James, not quite trusting the man with her students. They seemed to be fun, sometimes, but mostly the instructions were unclear. Which wouldn’t be a very big problem, until James had to teach his students to do human transfiguration.

McGonagall had actually sent James away, telling him not to come back for at least a month. Sirius had instead taken over the classes, which was ironic, because McGonagall had always thought that James was the more mature one of the two of them.

That was if one of them could even be called mature.

Just like Fred and George had told them, their class actually got a test full of questions about Lockhart. No one did well, except for *Hermione Granger*. Who practically acted like she had just won an award, after Lockhart told her she was the only one with perfect scores.

The rest of the day Granger could be found telling anyone who listened that she had beat the *Harrison Sirius Black* in a defence test. Once people started asking what the test was about and they heard that it was the Lockhart one, she ran away. Ever since then Harrison hadn’t spotted her yet.

Luckily, the rest of his subjects were taught by the same teachers he had last year. Harrison knew Sirius had fought James over who was going to teach her class, until McGonagall decided it was best to keep it how it was, she offered James to assist her in the new first year class, though, but James refused. He only had the sixth years in his class now, the rest of the school either getting McGonagall, Sirius or both.

Harrison also got asked to help for quidditch try-outs, since Flint wouldn’t make him do the try outs officially this time, knowing he would get the seeker spot either way.

“Wait there’s open positions?” Harrison had asked and Flint had shrugged, “We have to give people a chance, usually I’d have to let everyone try out again, but Snape decided to let me keep you on the team at least.”

“Why is that?” Harrison remembered that back in the Founder’s time, sometimes one house wouldn’t have try outs at all, since they were okay with how the team was and didn’t need new people to fill positions.

“Mostly to fill extra roles, if one of us gets badly injured, but we also have to give everyone a chance to actually get on the team.” He smirked at Harrison, “In the end, the decision is mine, though, so I will keep everyone who was on the team last year on the team.- well everyone who wants to be on the team again.”

“You think there’s people who don’t want to return?”

“Montague, maybe, he’s having more issues with his grades now.”

“Ah, well, tell me when the try-outs are, I’ll be there.” Harrison said and Flint nodded, “You’re a life saver, Black, I despise the try-outs.”

Harrison laughed.

~

Sitting down on the couch in Sirius and Remus’ quarters, Harrison said, “Isn’t it full moon tomorrow?”

“Thanks for the reminder, cub.” Remus answered, sounding very tired.

“Can I join? Tomorrow I mean?”

Sirius shrugged looking at Remus, who was shaking his head, “No- no fucking way.”

“What’s the worst that could happen?” Harrison sighed and Remus looked at him like he’d grown a second head, “I could practically eat you alive!”

“You won’t.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Aren’t you on wolfsbane?” Harrison asked and Remus nodded, “I am.”

“Look, I’ll be careful. I just want to be able to be there for you, help you. I am a *wolf* animagus, I’d say there’s no better person to help you.”

“Cub, I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

“It is a big risk, Harry.” Sirius agreed then, Harrison sighed. Two against one now, he lost already.

“Fine,” Harrison said and sat back, arms crossed over his chest.

“Sorry, pup, we just want to keep you save.” Sirius said and Harrison nodded, “I know you do, but I also know that I trust Remus, wolf or no wolf. The wolf part of you is just another extend of your own personality, I know both of you would do anything to protect me. If that protective urge is as big as I think it is, your wolf would also want to protect me, not hurt me.”

“Not tomorrow, cub. You should ask us sooner next time.” Remus then said and Harrison nodded, “I will.” Both Sirius and Remus sighed, they should have known Harrison would want this.

“How were your first few days back here?” Sirius asked to change the subject.

Harrison shrugged, “Okay, I’m bored, but it’s okay. I’m helping with quidditch try-outs soon, so that will keep me busy for a bit.”

“What about Voldemort, what’s he doing?”

“Waiting, a lot of waiting. He’s probably also slowly creating his new Political persona, since he would need that before he can actually make any change.”

“Waiting?” Remus asked then and Harrison nodded, “The prisoners from Azkaban have to be safe enough.”

“So he’s waiting till they’re stable?”

“Yeah, basically. He has to be sure that none of them ruin his chance.” Harrison explained, “He refused to create another look for himself though, I hope Dumbledore won’t recognize him.”

“Even if Dumbledore does, we have enough people in the ministry who would call him insane for even suggesting the Dark Lord is back.” Sirius said, “Actually I think it would hurt Dumbledore’s reputation.”

“I hope so.”

“Don’t worry too much about good ol’ Voldy, Harry. He has more experience on this earth than any of us together.” Sirius said and

Harrison nodded, “I know- he just- he tends to be a bit reckless, which is kind of Gryffindor from him.”

“Hey!”

“That was nothing personal.” Harrison laughed and Sirius glared at him, while Remus chuckled.

“If you say so, cub.”

~

I’m so bored, can’t you just kidnap me? No one will question it if it’s you.

Suffer. I’m not ruining my whole plan to rescue you from boredom.

Okay, rude.

Besides, Voldemort wrote then, *I need someone I trust to watch the old coot.*

Ugh fine, I’ll be your little spy.

You can have some fun with this diary, though.

Yeah, about that, how?

I don’t know, depends on how dangerous you want the school to be.

What do you mean.

Well you could drop this diary make me manipulate the poor person who picks it up and then you open up the chamber of secrets and tell the Basilisk to scare some poor students.

You’re crazy, you know basilisk kill? Like with their eyes?

I’m not dumb, child. They have some sort of protection, when they look at people then they will only be petrified.

‘only petrified’ he says.

Okay, so no fan of that idea. You can also act suspicious around dumbledore, clutch this diary in your arms and tell people you hear whispers in the wall.

Make myself look crazy?

Wait let me finish. Then let the basilisk out, making the whole school suspicious of you, until eventually exposing your heir of Slytherin title.

People already know, well most of them do.

Most are not all of them.

You really want me to let the basilisk free, don't you?

Yeah, she's lonely, she was so happy when I let her out in my sixth year. You can just order her to only hunt animals, and petrify some, no students in danger.

I'll think about it.

Well if you decide to let her free, tell me if I can help.

I will.

"You're writing to the Dark Lord again?" Draco asked, when he walked into the common room. The second years had all been studying in the library, it was one of the rare times Harrison decided to not join them. He didn't really understand what they were studying anyways, they had only been at school for one and a half week.

"I was begging him to kidnap me." Harrison looked up, to see Draco and Blaise.

"That bored?" Blaise asked and Harrison leant back into the chair he was sitting on, "I've had worse, I suppose."

"And will he kidnap you?"

"Nah, decided it was too much of a risk for his future plans. He did give me some idea's to cause chaos, though." Harrison said, "But they're all- well pretty dangerous."

"What were the ideas?" Draco asked, as him and Blaise both also sat down on chairs.

"He wants me to open the chamber of secret, let the basilisk out, while pretending I'm or letting someone else get possessed."

"The chamber of secrets is real?"

"Of course it is." Harrison scoffed, "You thought it was fake?"

“Everyone does,” Blaise answered, “No one has been able to find it since it opened in the 40s.”

“Well, Dumbledore probably knows where it is.” Harrison said, “So do I, of course.”

“Just be careful, the last time it was opened the school almost closed until-“ Blaise stopped mid-sentence “*oh.”*

“What?” Harrison asked.

“Until Tom Riddle- the Dark Lord- figured out Hagrid did it.” Blaise said quietly, “He framed Hagrid.”

“How do you know that?”

“He got a medal for it, it’s in the trophy room. I never knew it, but now I remember, you told us Tom Riddle was the Dark Lords real name.”

“Of course he did,” Harrison muttered, looking at the diary in his hand.

“Harrison?”

“Yeah- sorry. I just realised something.”

The diary.

He was sixteen year old when he made his first horcrux. Harrison thought, *The stupid fucking Diary.*

“He used the basilisk.” Harrison whispered, “Of course he did.”

It explained so much, Harrison could never imagine a sixteen year old actually making his first kill and immediately doing the ritual for a horcrux. If his sixteen year old had accidently killed someone and then decided to use that kill for the ritual, so he wouldn’t have to kill another person.

Well- it explained a lot.

Harrison wouldn’t know if it was on purpose or not, not until he asked Tom.

But somehow, finding this small piece of information, made the whole situation so much more *understandable.* He still thought Tom had been

a stupid teenager, creating horcruxes like that, but if he had been rushed into creating his first one, just so he wouldn't have to directly kill someone.

Yeah, you understand it already. It would've made any sixth year go crazy. Having only half your soul while you're not even totally grown up yet, it would fuck anyone up.

"Harrison are you okay?" Draco asked and Harrisons head snapped back to look at them once again.

"Yeah- yeah I'm good."

"Okay- if you're sure about that."

Harrison nodded, "I'm good- great even."

Blaise and Draco looked at each other, Harrison knew they were weirded out by his reaction to what Blaise told him, but he couldn't care about that right now. He had to talk to Tom again.

He opened his diary again, knowing Draco and Blaise were watching him.

Tell me. He wrote down.

Tell you what?

About how you made your first horcrux using the basilisk.

How did you even figure that out?

Once someone told me about your medal you got for telling people Hagrid let the basilisk go free.

That's not really what happened.

So tell me what did happen.

I can't, it's a long story, I'm kind of busy?

Doing what?

Currently? Making sure Bella doesn't burn down my house- or takes of all her clothes and hops on my lap.

Harrison grimaced, *Oh, well-*

I will sent you the memory.

You will?

Harrison knew Tom felt his shock and he felt the amusement in return. *Of course, no secrets here.*

None?

Shut up.

Harrison laughed, *Goodluck with Bella sitting.*

Thank you? Should I even be thankful for that?

:)

Harrison closed the book then and looked up, “Okay, I’m done here. Sorry for reacting all weird, do you guys need help with homework or something?”

“No, we’re okay. We just wanted to know if you want to join us at the Black lake- I think the others are waiting there right now- well have been for the past twenty minutes.”

“Sorry?” Harrison said and Blaise shrugged, “Don’t worry about it, will you come with us?”

“You know what?” Harrison said, “I will.”

Harrison ended up in his Animagus form after 30 minutes, chasing after his friends. He was aware that other students were watching them in confusion, but at this point none of them cared anymore. When they were just hanging out they didn’t have to be the masked Slytherins all the time, they could just be kids for a bit.

Even Harrison, who never acted like just a kid.

It felt good.

~

Just like Tom promised, in two days time he got the memory.

“What’s that?” Pansy asked looking at the small box, with multiple protection charms around it, in Harrisons hands.

“A memory.” Harrison replied truthfully, “I asked for it.”

“You don’t have pensieve, though.” Pansy said and then she looked at Harrison, “You don’t just have a pensieve in your room, right?”

Harrison laughed, “No- no I don’t have one. I think Tommy boy might’ve figured out another way to do this- if he didn’t I’ll just have to sneak into the headmasters office.”

“That’s the dumbest idea ever.” Blaise said, “You are not doing that.”

“Fine, Tom better thought of a way.”

“What’s the memory about anyways?” Daphne asked and Harrison sighed, “I- well- I don’t think I should tell you guys. I mean it’s dangerous-“

“Of course it is, we’re talking about the Dark Lord here.” Daphne rolled her eyes, “Tell us.”

Harrison shook his head, “I really shouldn’t.”

Daphne seemed disappointed before nodding, “Okay, if you say so. I don’t want to get murdered by a dark lord.”

Harrison told them that he would return later, since they weren’t really doing anything right now. He had to talk to Tom.

So I take it you’ve received the memory, I could practically feel your questions. Was already written down by Tom, Harrison didn’t know when he had written it, but probably in the past three minutes.

Yeah, so how do I do this, I don’t have a pensieve.

Throw the memory on the Diary, let me do the rest of the work. Was Tom’s short reply, as clear as ever.

Harrison did as he was told, since he was curious enough to try anything.

Tom didn’t say anything for a while and Harrison just patiently waited, until the pages of his diary started flipping, though not really leaving the page it was on, almost like every page had the exact same words on it and it was a never ending book.

Then the pages seemed to open up, while still flipping creating a hole with a bright light coming out of it, Harrison refused to cover his eyes,

wanting to know what was happening.

Then everything turned black.

“Should’ve known it would go messily the first time,” He heard a voice, then he felt a careful placed hand on his shoulder, “Harrison?”

He blinked and saw Tom in front of him, “I- yeah, I’m good.” He said, not sounding very convincing.

“What is this?” Harrison said looking around the- well the school, but it looked older.

“It’s my memory, I made a way for us to look at memories together, mostly so you could show me Dumbledore’s dumb moments.”

“So why did you sent me the memory?” Harrison asked.

“The receiver has to do the spell to suck both of us into the memory. Thought it would be easier for you.”

“Oh- Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Tom smiled, but the smile vanished quickly, turning into the usual pureblood mask. “Come, we should go there.” He pointed at a corridor and Harrison saw sixteen year old Tom standing there.

They followed him up to the second floor girls lavatory. Harrison swore he heard sixteen year old Tom say, “It’s okay, it’s okay, it’s okay. Don’t worry. This won’t do anything bad. You’re just helping the snake.”

His heart ached for the orphan boy who had been forced to become this monster like person, to get some kind of respect from his peers. Looking at the older Tom, he saw the man looking at the memory with a sad look. Harrison knew Tom regretted ever doing this, but he didn’t know how much he really regretted it till now.

Tom finally entered the lavatory and opened the chambers, asking for stairs, because there is no way he was going to slide down there.

“This is where everything started,” Tom- the older actual Tom- said. “Well- I suppose it started when I asked Slughorn about Horcruxes.”

Harrison watched as Tom called for the basilisk, watched as he talked to the beast like it was the most precious thing he had ever seen. He

even watched as Tom practically manipulated the animal to *only scare humans for now, no killing yet.*

The snake agreed, so Tom let her out.

“I can’t even blame her.” Tom said next to him, “I mean- the basilisk really tried, she petrified some people, but never killed anyone.”

They followed Tom around, Harrison noticed he carefully manipulated the whole Slytherin house. “You would’ve been an amazing Politician.”

“That’s why I decided to go into politics now.” Tom answered, “It’s the one thing I’ve always been good in. Even Dumbledore knew, he would sometimes tell me that I would be the youngest Minister of Magic.”

“You’re a little old for that now,” Harrison said jokingly and Tom chuckled, “That might be true, but my persona isn’t.”

“Ohh- lying about our age now, huh?” Harrison asked and Tom just smirked.

They didn’t follow Tom around for a lot longer, instead Tom whispered something in Latin and they skipped some time.

“I didn’t think you would’ve been interested in watching my sixteen-year-old-self’s day to day life for a month.”

“Maybe I was interested,” Harrison shot back and Tom raised an eyebrow, “Well if you want to watch my whole life, just tell me, I have all the memories.”

“You would let me do that?”

“No, I don’t think so. Not all of it.” Tom said, “Most parts, though.”

Harrison nodded, accepting that answer, then Tom pointed out past him again and they went back to following younger Tom around the castle.

~

Younger Tom looked at the scene in front of him, “*Wait! Watch out!”* He hissed to the big snake, who almost directly looked into the crying girls eyes, the snake turned around and hissed something- Harrison couldn’t quite hear what the snake said- back.

Then the snake turned around again, accidently looking at the girl, who was staring at the snake with big eyes, full of fear.

The girl dropped on the ground and the snake turned to Tom, probably to apologise or to tell him that she didn't mean to kill any humans, but Tom had ran to the girl and so the Snake decided to return to the chamber instead.

Tom was looking at the girl on the ground with panic, then seemed to whisper something like. "This is your chance."

He put the diary down and started chanting, halfway the chant he fell to his knees, doubling over in pain. A greyish glow came out of him, slowly going into the diary.

After that he dropped on the ground, allowing himself to rest for a bit, before grabbing the diary and walking away, going back to his dorms without anyone seeing him.

"Her death really- it was unexpected." Tom said from where he was standing, looking at his memory.

"That must've been hard."

"It was, the first one was the hardest. When you make horcrux, it's almost like they take your emotions. When I had my full soul I always thought that me not being able to feel love- because my parents – was a weakness. However, when I started making horcruxes I started seeing all emotions as weaknesses. Me not feeling love, sadness, happiness, it was suddenly my strength. All I felt was such extreme anger."

"How about now?"

"My emotions- they're there." Tom said, "Not quite like before, but you know I have them, I mean you can feel them. I think you really helped me with that, feeling your emotions- it was like showing me it's not a weakness."

He looked at the memory once again, he felt older Tom's eyes on him.

"Do you want to-" Tom cleared his throat, Harrison knew this must be hard for him. Harrison was practically forcing him to relive all these moments. "Do you want to go to the last part of this memory?"

Harrison looked at Tom, at his carefully made mask and then nodded,

deciding that while he wanted to see everything, he also wanted Tom to be able to leave these memories as quickly as possible.

Tom started chanting again and after a few seconds they were standing in the headmasters office, a man sat at the desk.

“Headmaster Dippet,” Tom said, Harrison was once again reminded of how long ago it had been, the time that Tom was a student in Hogwarts.

There was a knock on the door and Dippet looked up, “Enter.”

There, young Tom Riddle walked in, not a trace of the sadness and fear from the past memory in his eyes. He had his hands folded behind his back, proudly showing his prefect badge.

“Ah, Riddle.” The Headmaster said and Tom smiled sweetly at him. Harrison understood why young Tom had every teacher wrapped around his finger, “You wanted to see me, Headmaster?”

Harrison could see through Tom’s mask, months of practice and literally feeling the others emotions did that to a person. He could tell that young Tom felt more nervous than before, he was afraid that he had been caught.

“Sit down,” Dippet said, “I’ve just read the letter you send me.”

Older Tom sighed, “I really should’ve thought this out before I released a basilisk into the school.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have let the Basilisk free anyways.”

Tom made an agreeing noise.

“Oh,” Young Tom answered, sitting down. He gripped his hands together tightly.

“My dear boy,” Dippet said, “I cannot possibly let you stay at the school over summer. Surely you want to go home?”

“No! I much rather stay at Hogwarts than go back to that- that-“ Tom protested, but Dippet held his hand up, silencing Tom.

“You live in a muggle orphanage over summer, I believe?” Dippet asked, sounding almost genuinely curious.

“Yes, sir.” Tom said.

“You are Muggle-born?”

“Half-Blood, sir.” Tom corrected, “Muggle father, witch mother.”

“And are both your paren-“

“My mother died right after giving birth, sir.” Tom answered before Dippet could finish his question, “They told me at the orphanage that she died right after giving me a name: Tom Marvolo Riddle, Tom after my father, Marvolo after my grandfather.”

Dippet sighed, “The thing is, Tom,” He looked at the boy, eyes full of sympathy, “Special arrangements might have been made for you, but in the current circumstances…”

“You mean all the attacks, sir?” Tom asked.

“Precisely,” Dippet answered, “Tom, you must see how foolish it would be of me to allow you to stay in this school when the term ends, with all these attacks. Particularly with the recent tragedy.. the death of that poor girl. You will be safer at your orphanage. As matter of fact, the Ministry of Magic is even talking about closing the school. We are no nearer locating the – well source of all this unpleasantness.”

Tom hesitated for a moment before asking, “Sir, if the person was caught- if it all stopped-“

“What do you mean?” Dippet asked, sitting up on his chair, “Tom, my boy, do you mean you know something about these attacks?”

“No, of course not, sir.” Tom answered quickly.

Dippet looked disappointed for a second, “You may go, Tom.”

Tom stood up gracefully and walked out of the office, Harrison and older-not-memory-Tom followed him.

They went down the spiralling staircase, ending up in the dark corridor, where the gargoyle- the entrance to the headmasters office was.

Riddle stopped there, biting his lip, seeming to be in thought. Then, out of nowhere, he started walking again, passing no one until they reached the entrance hall.

There, a man with long auburn hair and a beard stopped Tom.

“Dumbledore?” Harrison asked, Tom next to him nodded.

“What are you doing, wandering around this late, Tom?”

“I had to see the Headmaster, sir.” Tom replied.

Older Tom muttered, “He really never did trust me.”

“Honestly, I wouldn’t either.” Harrison said.

Tom shot him a glare, before deciding that it was honestly fair to not trust him.

“Well hurry off to bed,” Dumbledore said, “Best not to wander these corridors. Since- well..” He sighed, bade Tom goodnight and strode away, Tom waited until he was out of sight.

Tom then went to the dungeons, the exact place where Harrisons potion classes were. There, Tom hid in the shadow, seemingly waiting for someone.

They waited for a while, but then Harrison heard a familiar whisper.

“C’mon.. Gotta get yeh outta here.. c’mon now.. in the box.”

Tom took that as a signal. He jumped around the corner of the classroom, “Evening, Rubeus.” He shut the door behind him, luckily giving Older- Tom and Harrison enough time to pass through.

“What yer doin’ down here, Tom?”

Tom smirked, stepping closer to Hagrid.

“It’s all over,” He said, “I’m going to have to turn you in, Rubeus. They’re talking about closing Hogwarts if the attacks don’t stop.”

“What d’yeh-“

“I don’t think you meant to kill anyone, But monsters don’t make good pets. I suppose you just let it out for exercise and then-“

“It never killed no one!” Hagrid shouted, Tom took a step back. Then he smirked and backed the large boy against the other side of the room.

“Come on, Rubeus.” Tom said, sweet voice. “The dead girl’s parents will be here tomorrow. The least Hogwarts can do is make sure the

thing that killed her won't ever kill anyone again. I'll even try to not get you expelled, if you cooperate."

"It wasn't him!" Hagrid roared, his voice echoed through the room, "He wouldn't kill anyone! Ever!"

"Stand aside," Tom commanded, grabbing his wand.

He shot a wordless spell at the crate behind the boy, opening it. Out of it came a huge spider. Harrison looked at it with a mix of fascination and fear. He didn't necessarily think spiders were creepy, but he didn't really like them.

Hagrid, however, did seem to really like them. He shouted "No!" Real hard and then everything around them paused.

"After this I told everyone it was Hagrid, I didn't even try to stop them from expelling him. When the girl's parents came to the school I got the badge and a lot of 'thank you's. No one ever figured out I was the one to kill her." Tom said, "Except Dumbledore, he was always suspicious."

"That was-"

"A lot?" Tom finished, "Yeah, I know. I killed my parents a few weeks later and after that I just stopped caring, I suppose. I can still kill without feeling guilty, though this first kill just feels different."

"Sorry for making you relive that." Harrison said.

"If I didn't want to join you, I wouldn't have, don't worry. Though, you do owe me now. You have to show me some memories of the founders."

"I think I can do that much. It's the least I can do, really." Harrison agreed, "You were a really fucked up teenager."

"I know," Tom grimaced, "My childhood does that to you. I had to be like this or I would've been eaten alive by all the other Slytherins. They were worse back then and the first few years they thought I was a Muggle-Born. That was, until they heard my parseltongue. I got my respect from magical power and connections I made."

"Makes it more impressive that you are now one of the most heard of wizards. Everyone knows about you, respects you on some level. Even if it's just respect to how powerful you are, how scared everyone is of

you. That's still respect."

"Yeah, well." Tom shrugged, he didn't know how to take compliments, "I wish I could just tell teenage me to not make horcruxes, to just go into politics, it would've been better."

"At least you're immortal now. As long as I'm here."

Tom nodded, "One positive thing came out of my fucked up childhood, I suppose." He smiled and Harrison felt like he wasn't talking about immortality.

So, Harrison nodded. He wouldn't even know what his life would've been like if Tom immediately got into politics. He probably wouldn't have even existed, his mom and dad might have not even been together then.

Even if he had been born, he would probably be the perfect Potter son, a Gryffindor, befriending all the Weasleys, even Ron and Ginny. He would probably look up to Dumbledore.

The thought was sickening.

Luckily, Tom then said, "Well I should probably sent you back to the present, get out of this memory." Which pulled him out of his train of thought.

Harrison nodded, "Yeah, thank you for trusting me."

Tom gave him a smile and then suddenly he was sitting in his room again.

He sighed looking at the diary, Tom had never told him about being able to do anything like what they did today through the diary.

So what else could the diary do? Harrison told himself that he would figure it out soon, with or without Tom's help.

Now, however, he should try to find his friends. Not that a lot of time had passed, turns out that they had only been in the memory for five minutes, but it was a lot longer in the memory.

But, Harrison needed some distraction from thinking about everything he had just seen. And his friends were a good distraction, if nothing else.

So he got up and told Ebony he would come back later today and that

yes, he could have a rat once Harrison returned.

Then he started searching for his friends.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this chapter was worth the wait..

Chapter 27: Chamber of Secrets

Chapter Notes

> Hi everyone! This chapter is short, because I literally had no time to write the past week so I quickly wrote 2k words in an hour... I half fell asleep while doing so cause I had a very tiring day. Anyways here's a chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison looked at the small engravement of a snake on the tap. This was it, he remembered it quite well.

"*Open.*" He hissed, watching the sinks slowly open into a hole. "*Stairs.*"

The hole changed into one big staircase and just like that, Harrison took his first step down the stairs, it would be the first time he saw the chamber of secrets since he returned to this time.

The way down was a long one, the chamber of secrets was below the lowest parts of the dungeons, below the old prison cells. Below the Slytherin common room. Salazar didn't want anyone to find his chamber if they tried just digging it up.

Entering the way to the actual chamber door was weird, the place was dirty, full of snake shed and other things- like bones. "People really don't know what cleaning is." Harrison muttered to himself, cringing at the sound it made when he took his first step.

He hurried through the cave, hoping that the chamber itself was in an okay shape. Better than this at least.

It didn't take long, after walking for five minutes he stood in front of the big vault door, decorated with snakes, each one having the function of opening up another part of the chamber.

"*Open, please.*"

The snakes hissed, suddenly moving, slithering past each other. It almost took a full minute before the door opened up, revealing the long path leading to the entrance hall of the Chamber of Secrets.

It was decorated differently, with water beside the path, snakes every

so many meters, carved into the top of waterfalls. Then when he looked at the front of the Hall, he saw the worst statue ever made.

He knew people said there was a statue of Sal in the chamber, but if this was what they meant, well he was disappointed. It just didn't look right, it didn't do the man justice. Besides, the features were all messed up, the nose was smaller, eyes slightly bigger, and well everything was just not quite right.

"*I am so destroying that.*" Harrison said in disgust, making Ebony pop his head out of Harrisons pocket, "*Destroy what?"*

"The ugly statue."

Ebony seemed disinterested then, curling up in his enlarged pocket again.

Behind Sal's statue was a wall made to be shaped like a snake's head, the mouth slightly open.

"*Speak to me, Slytherin. Greatest of the Hogwarts four."* Harrison muttered, knowing that the magic would hear you, no matter how loud you speak. He still thought it was stupid that Sal decided that was the best option for a password, since literally anyone could guess it. Of course, he would never tell the man this to his face.

The snake's mouth opened further, the tongue flicking out once, before showing an empty hallway. The trick was actually getting up there. There were multiple spells and there was also a possibility of parkour. Harrison, decided that spells were the easier option. He tried to imagine himself already standing there, but since apparating didn't really work here, this wouldn't either.

Instead, he slowly floated himself into the mouth.

Everything after that seemed scarily familiar and Harrison knew that the chance that all Sal's heirs found this place was small, close to zero even. He didn't even know how much Tom actually knew about the chambers.

At the end of the hallway was the first real room, a sitting room, it wasn't anything special, nothing here was, besides the library full of Parselscript books, the brewing room and the duelling room.

There was also a bedroom, to make sure Sal could hide in here for a while if he ever needed to, which he luckily never did- in the time

Harrison was with them, at least.

The bedroom seemed like It hadn't been used in the past century, which was probably true. The whole place was full of dust and Harrison knew that if he ever wanted to use this for anything, he would have to clean the whole place.

The next place he checked was the small office, this was probably the room that changed the most. There were new magical items, everywhere. Some were really dark magics, others were lighter magics. It didn't matter, Harrison knew that the room was full of all kinds of mixed magics, which wasn't healthy for anyone's magical core.

The library, like expected was really interesting. There were thousands of books written in parseltongue. Harrison almost regretted telling his friends that he would be done by dinner, that he would join them then. If he hadn't done that, he would've sat down and started reading until he fell asleep and woke up panicking, because he slept through his alarm, tomorrow.

But he couldn't just leave without at least taking a quick look, right? No one could do that, it's like you've been given the gifts of your dreams, yet you still find the wrapping paper more interesting.

"*Master! When are we going to see the other hatchling?"* Ebony asked and Harrison laughed, he would never get over Ebony calling a literal basilisk a hatchling.

"*Soon,"* Harrison replied before walking towards the shelves full of books, it seemed like the library never ended, an infinitive amount of books.

He let himself walk around, careful not to touch any cursed books. He did grab some old diaries, though, looking for interesting ones he could read. He didn't actually know a lot about this place, this family from the time in between the founders and his time. All he knew were stories from either Sirius and Remus or Tom.

He also found one interesting book on charms; it seemed to be a book explaining simple charms, but also how to use these charms to make something bigger. Most of it required parselmagic, so the fact that the book was written in parselscript makes sense.

It took 42 minutes before Harrison forced himself to leave, knowing that he wouldn't if he stayed any longer. Also, Ebony's complaining

had gotten quite annoying and Harrison knew he really should try to find the basilisk, talk to it.

He felt Ebony move in his pocket, knowing the snake probably felt the basilisks energy.

"*Calm down,"* Harrison hissed, he opened the door to the basilisks' 'place'. Salazar made a whole living area for the beast.

The basilisk was laying there, looking every bit scary that she should look.

"*Hello?"*

"It's been a while since a speaker decided to visit me." The snake said, "*The last one was kind of rude."*

Harrison snorted, knowing that Tom was the last one. "*I am sorry it took so long, I have only recently found the time to visit you."*

"I do not blame you, speaker." The huge snake hissed, "*I will not blame you or hurt you, as long as you allow me my freedom."*

"Freedom?"

"It's easy you allow me to get out of here," The snake said, "*I hate getting locked up here for years, there's no space, no actual food, no well- there's not much of anything really."*

The snake was right, of course. The room was pretty empty, it was made to be a very small forest, but compared to the size of the snake, well it just wasn't the right size, it needed to at least be twice as big.

"*I will think about it."*

"Well come back when you know the answer, I have no reason to talk." The snake hissed, sounding quite angry, "*You can let the other snake stay here, I can feel his disappointment of having to leave, I won't hurt him."*

Harrison nodded, knowing Ebony would want to spent more time with the basilisk. Basilisks were kind of his personal heroes.

The basilisk then put her head down again, an obvious sigh of; this conversation is over. Harrison accepted this, putting Ebony down, telling him that he knows where to find him, would he need it.

Then he left, he left all his findings of the day behind, joining his classmates during dinner, like he promised.

~

I spent hours in that library. Tom wrote back, after Harrison sent him a long enthusiastic message about the library in the chamber of secrets. *It has a lot of useful information, if you know where to look.*

Harrison had started writing to Tom the moment he returned, knowing he had a bit more time before he had to get to dinner.

I found some fun books about people in our bloodline, people who are distant relatives, old diaries etc.

Sounds interesting.

I think it would be, I know how it starts and how it is in the present, everything in between is the hard part, though.

So you found books, just to learn more?

It's an interesting bloodline! I mean the whole parseltongue thing alone is interesting, don't even get me started about all the other weird things.

Oh?

I'm not going to explain it, you'll just have to come to the chamber of secrets to read it yourself sometimes.

Fine.
How was the basilisk, by the way?

Kind of annoying, she told me that she wants freedom, only then she'll have some sort of respect for me.

But giving her freedom would mean-

Yes, letting her go on a murderous rampage again. When I told her 'maybe' she told me to get away until I know if I would give her what she wants or not.

I don't remember her being like that.

Maybe because she wasn't, maybe you gave her her first taste of freedom in the total beginning.

Could be, I don't think anyone before me was stupid enough to let the basilisk free.

That is fair enough, to be honest.

Anyways, just try to talk to her about not killing humans. If she's only killing animals, you could just let her go into the Forbidden Forest for a bit, it's forbidden for a reason.

That's actually not a bad idea.

Not all my ideas are bad, I would argue most are pretty good.

Of course, of course they are.
I have one more question actually.

What is it?

The statue, who is that?

He looks like Salazar a lot doesn't he? Tom's reply came, *That's because that boy there is his son, that's why they look like each other. It's pretty obvious.*

Oh, yeah. I saw that he just looked wrong.. He didn't look like Sal, a lot of subtle differences. This makes so much more sense right now.

There's a diary of Salazar's son somewhere in the library, you should read it. I think you would find it interesting.

I'll try to find it.

~

After all of that Harrison allowed himself to not do anything for the rest of the day, his classmates quickly picked up on his relaxing state, because they were looking at him suspiciously.

The thing is, Harrison *always* had something to do, he doesn't just relax.

But Harrison ignored all of them, instead just quietly ate, sometimes talked to someone in his friend group and after dinner, he joined them at the library, playing around with small orbs of magic, while also helping out his classmates.

"You know you've been friends with Harrison for too long when a

random magic orb flying by doesn't distract you anymore." Tracey said, looking at the small misty orb in Harrisons hand, Harrison tapped his finger on it once, turning it yellow.

"Well, it's good that I'm not distracting you." He said, looking down at Tracey's not even halfway finished homework.

Tracey rolled her eyes, "Okay, so it is a little distracting. I got better at ignoring it though!"

"I suppose you did, I'm glad you did, because I love doing this." Harrison said, looking at the orb floating just a few inches above his hand, "I mean it's fun and comforting. Also it gives me something to do."

Tracey nodded, she knew Harrison did it mostly to kill some time, but also for distractions from the unhealthy amount of planning he has to do.

Today, however, he was doing it purely because he wanted to. There was no stress involved or whatever.

Today was a good day.

Chapter End Notes

> Friday is my new posting day, purely to prevent the stress I got on wednesday with my long schoolday and shit like that :)

Chapter 28: The Diary

Chapter Summary

> Harrison lost an important item, but then found another important item so in the end it works out.

Chapter Notes

> Other half of last weeks chapter :) This ones a bit longer though.

Okay, no scrap that. Harrison should've known there were no things such as good days.

Harrison had returned to his dorm later then usually that day, which I mean there was nothing wrong with that. However, when he tried to find his diary, *the diary,* he found nothing. There was nothing in his pockets.

He knew none of the Slytherins would've done this, not wanting to risk getting Harrison in a murderous mood. So there was really only one person who cared enough about annoying him to do something like this. And that made it even worse.

The thought that *Hope* managed to steal something from him without him noticing was- well kind of impressive honestly. Especially because Harrison hadn't seen Hope.

He wasn't worried about Hope figuring out he talked to Tom; the spells on the diary made it look like a normal diary, full of parselscript. If she tries to write something in it she would get a small shock, the shocks would get worse every time she tries to write.

Because Tom was that dramatic, right now, Harrison was kind of glad.

Harrison wrote a quick letter to Tom, sneaking out to get it to Hedwig, then he decided that he would try to get the vanishing cabinet from the ROR tomorrow, so the next time- not that he thought anyone would ever be able to steal anything from him again.- he would have a way to go to Tom's house when something like this happens instead.

After he did all of that, he let himself sleep, hoping Tom wouldn't be too angry. He didn't want the man to do something stupid in his rage.

~

Everybody noticed something was up with Harrison the next day. Mostly because of his quick answers and the fact that he showed no interest in anything.

He also spent the whole day looking around the Gryffindor table, trying to spot his Diary.

“God fucking dammit.” Harrison muttered, when once again he saw nothing at the Gryffindor table.

“Okay,” Pansy sighed, “What is up with you today?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“It sure as hell does matter! Harrison, you’ve been acting like a fucking child all day! Now, you better tell us what’s going on-“

“Or you what?” Harrison asked, “What exactly will you do?”

Pansy shook her head, “You’re acting like Draco.” She said under her breath, so only Blaise and Harrison could hear it. Blaise snorted, Harrison glared at both of them.

“Someone stole my diary.” Harrison muttered and Pansy’s eyes widened, “*The Diary?”*

“Yes of course!” Harrison said, “I wouldn’t give a shit if it was a literal Diary! Like sure read all about my life you want, no one will believe you anyways.”

“This could be bad.” Pansy said and Harrison nodded, “I think it’s Hope, but I wouldn’t know *how,* I didn’t see her all day yesterday.”

“We’ll help you get it back.” Pansy said and Harrison nodded, “Thank you. There’s one positive, if it actually is Hope who stole it there’s no way she could break through all the protective spells.”

“So no secrets?” Pansy asked, sounding relieved.

“I think the only thing she’ll see is Beowulf translated in Parselscript.” Harrison said, “I’m not sure, though, Voldy made the protective spells.”

Pansy snorted, “I hope she tries to translate it, that’d be a pain in the arse.”

Harrison agreed, it really would be funny if Hope managed to

translate it.

Pansy, somehow, managed to lift his spirit with this conversation and Harrison was more bearable to be around for the rest of the day. That, however, didn't mean that the Slytherins stopped being careful around the boy.

And it also didn't stop Sirius from inviting Harrison, because he knew something was up with his son, to have dinner with him and Remus.

And Harrison should've expected it, because the man is a lot more observant then he pretends he is. Especially when it comes to Harrison and Remus.

So Harrison joined them at dinner.

"How was your day?" Sirius asked and Harrison sighed, no easing into the conversation. So he shrugged, "Kind of shit."

It took Sirius exactly two seconds to mask his surprise, probably because he expected Harrison to lie.

"Don't look so surprised we all know the reason for all of this," He motioned at the food, "is because you noticed something was wrong with me."

Sirius sighed, "I'm worried, pup."

"And that's okay, but don't be surprised that I figured this out, really. You never bother with things like this and I'm glad cause no matter how much I love you guys, the feasts in the great hall are more fun."

"He has a point, pads." Remus said, "So will you tell us what's up?"

"It's the diary- it well- I think Hope stole it." Harrison said, the immediate panic on both Remus and Sirius' face, caused Harrison to continue, "I mean, it's okay, she won't figure anything out. There's hundreds of protection spells on that thing, Tom is careful like that."

"Thank Merlin he is." Sirius muttered, ignoring Harrisons look at him using the world 'Merlin' instead of 'God'.

"The problem is," Harrison said, "I don't actually have any proof Hope stole it, I didn't even see her."

"You didn't see her? Don't you have the Diary with you at all times?" Remus asked and Harrison nodded, "That's why this whole situation is

so strange. I saw no Gryffindors when I was with my year yesterday."

"So you're not actually sure Hope stole it?"

"Who else would? I mean no one has any reason to and any smart person fears me enough to know that stealing my stuff is not a great idea."

"Can't you just summon it?" Remus asked then and Harrison sighed, "No, the protection spells don't allow it, Tom didn't want someone to just be able to summon it."

"Smart."

"And kind of annoying."

"Well I am sure Hope stole it," Sirius said, "I mean it makes sense."

"Well, I am also almost sure, but that doesn't mean anything!" Harrison said and Sirius shook his head, "No- I mean, James he had an invisibility cloak, it's one of the Potter Heirlooms."

"So I wouldn't have seen Hope," Harrison realised, "Because she was literally invisible."

"That doesn't change anything, though." Remus said, "How do we get it back? Boys can't enter the girl dorms and I'm sure she has it hidden in there somewhere."

"I happen to have some amazing friends." Harrison smirked and after that they changed the topic, leaving the problem for later.

~

"No fucking way." Daphne said, "I'm not sneaking into the Gryffindor room, how would we even do that without people noticing?"

"There's two ways." Harrison said, "Both are equally annoying."

"Oh boy, here we go." Daphne sighed.

"So first way is Polyjuice potion, easy to get, Tommy boy still has some, I think." Harrison said, "Though it's kind of gross."

"What's the second way?" Pansy asked, because honestly she was down to sneak into the Gryffindor common room anyways.

“Invisibility potion, lot harder to get, but it will be less gross.” Harrison said.

“I’m okay with the Polyjuice potion.” Pansy said.

“Okay, so I was thinking we could just stun Granger and Ginny Weasley, both are close enough to Hope to not make it suspicious for them to be in her dorms.”

Daphne sighed, “Fine, but I’m Granger. I refuse to turn into little weaslette.”

“Their families have some old fight going on,” Pansy explained and Harrison nodded, “I’m okay with being Weasley, though.”

“I owe you guys.” Harrison said and Daphne was quick to say, “Yes you do, why choose me anyways? Why not Tracey? Or Millicent?”

“Tracey was going to be my third choice, but she wouldn’t be able to stop Pansy once she starts spying on Gryffindors for the gossip. I think if I asked Millicent she’d end up cursing all the Gryffindors.”

“Can’t even argue with that.” Daphne said and Pansy exclaimed, “I will be getting all the Gryffindor gossip, you cannot stop me!”

Harrison snorted, “Yeah, whatever. I will tell you guys once I got the Polyjuice.”

“Okay, I will be mentally preparing myself.” Daphne said and Harrison rolled his eyes, who knew Slytherins would be the most dramatic out of all the houses?

When Daphne and Pansy left his room, Harrison looked at the window to see Hedwig sitting there, he opened it, letting the owl in. Hedwig dropped a letter, before flying- probably to the owlery.

Harrison stared at the letter for a while. Would Tom be mad? Disappointed maybe?

“Fucking hell,” Harrison muttered, grabbing the letter, then sitting down on his bed.

He carefully opened it, at the sight of Tom’s handwriting he missed the Diary more than he had the entirety of the day. It had only been one day, it felt like forever already.

Dear Harrison,

I am glad that you not answering to me isn't because I pissed you off. I've been trying to figure out what I did to anger you, only then your letter came.

We should have expected someone to steal something that you obviously use a lot, especially when it looks like a diary, I mean who doesn't want to know more about the prodigy?

Even through writing the man managed to sound sarcastic, that honestly should be a talent.

Try to get the diary back, if you can't for any reason, tell me. I will try to make a new one. A better protected one, maybe I should just bind it to you, making it appear close to you, when there's a certain distance between you and the diary? That would be a fun magical challenge.

For now, though, we'll have to go back to talking through letters. If you need anything to get the diary back, please tell me.

Tom.

Harrison sighed out in relief, no anger from the Tom, at least as far as he could tell since the link was currently shut on Tom's side.

He grabbed paper and started writing a letter back, asking the man for Polyjuice potion. The sooner he got the Diary back, the better.

~

"Does anyone want to come search the Room of Requirement for me? I need to get something from there." Harrison asked, to no one in particular, it was loud enough to be heard through the entire common room.

Not a lot of people decided to help, but in the end they were with a group of five. Good enough to search the big room.

Blaise, Terence, Flint and surprisingly Iris decided to join. Harrison didn't actually know the girl, except for the few conversations he had with her during his lessons last year.

"I am searching for a vanishing cabinet." Harrison explained, while walking to the Room of requirement.

"Okay that's not what I was expecting." Terence said, "Why would

you even need that?"

"You do know you need two of those to make it work, Black?" Flint asked and Harrison smirked, "Yeah, but I already have the other one, I just hope that this is the right one. I also hope Tom picked up the other one from Grimmaulds place, like I asked him to."

"Tom?" Iris asked and Harrison looked at Terence, raising an eyebrow. The boy nodded slightly.

"It's well- The Dark Lord."

"Ahh, you call him Tom?" Iris asked and Harrison was glad that Terence knew the girl enough to know she was a supporter of the dark side.

"We're well- we're equals."

"Equals he says," Flint said, "Let's just say Harrison here is the only person the Dark Lord would call a friend."

"You actually talk to the Dark Lord?" Iris asked, "That's amazing, honestly, everyone needs someone to just be open to, even the Dark Lord."

Harrison looked at the girl, she was different than Harrison expected her to be. She had very soft features, her brown fluffy hair fell till her lower back and she had grey almost purple-ish eyes, they were quite noticeable due to her very pale skin.

"You're a vampire." Harrison stated, not even asking first.

The girl laughed, "Kind of. I mean our coven stopped actually drinking blood a while ago, we survive mostly on blood replacement pills. Over time we've just kind of- well let's just say there's no way any normal vampire would still think of us as vampires."

"Yet you still follow the Dark Lord."

"He accepted us," Iris shrugged, "Even tried to get other covens to follow our lead, managed to convince some of them. Most of them weren't a fan though. He helps us make sure we don't run out of pills, he's a good man. Better than the Light side anyways, any of them would've just said we were like any other vampire, blood sucking monsters."

“But you managed to get into Hogwarts?”

“Also thanks to Voldemort, he’s been playing around with magic, so that we will get the invite letter. It’s all ancient magic, Dumbledore won’t question it if it invites us to come to Hogwarts.”

“How didn’t I know this?” Harrison asked quietly and Iris then started explaining that in his insanity the Dark Lord had gotten worse at doing this, though it didn’t stop the vampires from supporting their Lord, trusting that one day he would start acting like he used to.

“Thanks to you, he is normal enough again, now we’re patiently waiting for him to come visit us.”

“I will ask him to do so,” Harrison smiled and the girl seemed surprised, “That would be- it would be amazing.”

“No wonder Black has everyone wrapped around his finger,” Flint said, “He can promise us anything and we know he’ll actually do it.”

Harrison laughed, “Whatever.”

When they finally arrived at the ROR, Harrison started pacing in front of it, thinking about a room full of lost things.

When the door appeared they quickly entered, inside were towers made out of random stuff. From lost wands to stuffed animals to magical artifacts, literally anything anyone has ever lost in Hogwarts was right here.

“This is going to be annoying.” Blaise muttered looking at all the piles. Harrison nodded, “Yeah, sorry. However, a cabinet should be easy enough to spot since it’s a lot bigger than most of the stuff here.”

“So we split up?” Iris asked and Harrison nodded, “Yeah, that’ll be the fastest way to do this.”

Turns out the room was bigger than it first looked like and it took about 40 minutes until Terence shouted, “I think I got it!”

Harrison walked towards the voice, it was kind of hard to find anyone in this room. In the end, it was worth it, because Terence was standing there next to a cabinet.

A cabinet identical to the one he bought a few weeks ago.

“Is this the right one?” Blaise asked and Harrison nodded, “It looks

exactly the same."

"That should be it then, right?" Iris asked and Harrison nodded, "I think it's broken, be careful. I don't know what magic like this could do to people who touch it."

"Okay so no touching, then how do we take it with us?" Terence asked and Harrison smirked, waving his hand to shrink the cabinet then waving it once again to let it float behind them.

"I think that's safe." Harrison said.

"Where do we put it?" Iris asked then, Harrison realised she probably didn't know he had claimed the room that was once created by the Dark Lord.

"My room," Harrison said, "Tommy's old room, big enough for this thing."

"Don't question the nicknames he has for the Dark Lord." Terence said to the girl, "It's easier to just let him say stuff like that, keeps you saner."

"I would like to say that I am the person who actually managed to make the Dark Lord sane once again, so you saying that I make people insane is really quite painful." Harrison said, "I mean, where's the credit?"

"Honestly it's a wonder the Dark Lord didn't go insane again after all that time he spoke to you."

Harrison glared at Terence, who just smiled back, then he sighed. "He isn't sane, never has been. He's just saner." He then admitted.

"Saner is sane enough for the Dark Lord," Iris said and Harrison nodded, "Agreed, I mean insane Tommy boy got mad at me for calling him Voldy! That was just unacceptable."

That earned him a couple of laughs from the group, though they silenced when they came across corridors with more people, not wanting anyone to know what they were actually talking about. Harrison also cast a disillusionment spell on the cabinet, to make sure no one would see it.

They hurried down to the Slytherin dorms and only relaxed started talking again when they were inside.

“Found what you were looking for?” Adrian asked, being the first to notice the group enter and Harrison nodded. “Can we know what it is?”

“Not yet.” Harrison said, for no reason really. It wouldn’t change anything if anyone knew he had a vanishing cabinet. He had to put protection spells on it first, though, make sure no one would accidently enter it and get killed by Tom, that’d be awkward.

Or even worse, someone would enter it before he fixed the thing. He didn’t know what happened to people who entered a broken vanishing cabinet, but he didn’t really want to find out, not now anyways.

“Keep this a secret for now?” Blaise asked, just loud enough for the group to hear, Harrison nodded. He was glad Blaise asked, so he wouldn’t have to awkwardly tell everyone to keep their mouth shut at least for the next couple of days.

Then they just kind of stood there, the whole common room looking at them with curiosity.

Flint saved them from anymore awkwardness, by saying, “Black, I expect you to be in the Library at 8 tonight, alone. We need to put the new team together now that the trials are over.”

“Aye, aye captain.” Harrison said and that made everyone who went to the try outs start talking about the chance of being in the team, almost entirely forgetting about the thing Harrison just bought into the common room.

Chapter 29: Polyjuice mission

Chapter Summary

Polyjuice mission and Harrison and Tom talk more.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking so long, I really needed a break from this story and then when I wanted to write again I got pretty damn sick and then when I was finally somewhat better I had an examweek.

My life really has been a chaos the past few weeks-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took two days for Tom to send him the Polyjuice potions- In the two days Harrison had to wait, he and Flint made the 'new' team, basically the old team with new reserves.- when he finally did he also told Harrison about Hope writing in the diary. He also said that no he would not write back, because he wasn't sure if it would actually change anything about the protection spells.

Harrison just send him a quick note back, thanking him for the potions and also saying that it's probably better, to indeed, not reply. Even the slightest change in parselscript could make anyone suspicious. Harrison did not want people to try and break the protection spells, even if it is nearly impossible.

Pansy looked over his shoulder at the letter, then into the box with the carefully placed potions. "He has the potions." She told Daphne, who groaned and let her head fall on the table, Harrison could practically feel the other tables staring at her. Daphne was known for being emotionless and kind of harsh to people who don't know her. Harrison heard people call her 'ice princess' in the halls.

"Look out, people might think you're an actual human being." Pansy whispered, she had obviously noticed the same Harrison had. Lift her head up to very obviously roll her eyes at both of them, then she dropped it on her arms- on the table – once again.

"What did you guys do to break her?" Blaise asked, sitting down next to Daphne, opposite to Harrison.

"Told her Tommy boy sent the Polyjuice."

“Ah, well at least they get to spy on the Gryffindors, get some blackmail.”

“That’s what I’ve been saying!” Pansy exclaimed, Daphne groaned. “Come on, Daphne, It won’t be so bad.”

Daphne sighed, finally sitting up, “I know, it’s just-“ She scrunched up her nose, “It’s *Gryffindors*- I mean Hope! We have to look around in her room, imagine what we could find there.”

“Exactly!” Pansy said, “Imagine what we could find.”

Daphne looked at Pansy and shrugged, “Okay, so maybe it won’t be too bad.”

Pansy gave the girl a smile, before asking, “So how do we get the hair?”

“I’ll stun them, keep them stunned till you guys are done, but first we need the password to the common room.” Harrison explained, “Damnit, if only Fred and George were still Gryffindors.”

“Did I hear passwords?” Terence came up behind them, “Ask Wood, he despises Hope, since she absolutely destroyed their chance of winning any quidditch match.”

“Should I be worried about the fact that you just know what we’re talking about?” Harrison raised an eyebrow and that’s when he noticed the twins behind Terence, one of their shop items in their hands. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“It was their idea, to be honest.” Terence admitted, “I just wanted to help out, because figuring out passwords suck and I’m pretty sure McGonagall won’t just give it to you.”

“What about Sirius and Remus, though?” Daphne asked and Harrison shook his head, “They usually only get the passwords from McGonagall when they need it, I don’t think she totally trusts Sirius yet.”

“Wood it is then.” Pansy said and Harrison nodded.

“Don’t worry, Wood is a decent guy.” Terence said, “Just don’t start about quidditch and you’ll be fine.”

“Thanks,” Harrison said and Terence just waved his hand in a

dismissive gesture.

And so Harrison started planning how to approach Wood, which was harder than it should be since the boy was *always* with other people. And Gryffindors did not like Slytherins, everyone knew. The one thing Gryffindors hated more than Slytherins, though, was one certain Slytherin, which – you guessed it..- happened to be Harrison.

“Just walk up to him and say you need to talk,” Pansy said, “We’re going to need that password soon.”

“That’s easier said than done, I prefer not getting hexed.”

“You won’t, you can just, you know, put up a shield.” Daphne said, “With your magic little hands.”

Harrison laughed, “Magic little hands?”

“It’s what they are, isn’t it?”

“I would like to remind you that everyone here has ‘magic little hands’.”

“Yeah, yeah, but we can’t control the magic from our magic little hands like you can.” Daphne said, “Now stop being a wuss and talk to Wood.”

“Fine, fine.” Harrison said, knowing damn well the whole hall would gape at him the moment he walked over to the Gryffindor table.

He stood up, with a casual smile to his friends and walked over to the Gryffindor table. He felt all the eyes following him, but that didn’t stop him from going over to Oliver Wood. Even the glares from the older years didn’t stop him.

He had to flick one or two unharmful hexes away with a simple twitch of his wrists- he did give the caster a disappointed look each time- but besides that, nothing happened.

“Wood, could I talk to you?” He said, ignoring Wood’s friends. The boy looked up, confused. “Erm, Yeah?” He looked towards the exit of the great hall, silently asking Harrison if he wanted to talk in a place where not everyone was listening to them.

Harrison nodded and together they walked out of the great hall.

“So what do you want?” Wood asked then he smiled, “That sounded

way meaner than I intended it to be, sorry."

"It's okay, don't worry I get it." Harrison said, "It's well- Hope she stole something important of mine. I don't expect you to steal it back, but I have some friends who wou-"

"You need the password." Wood stated more than asked and Harrison nodded, "I wouldn't- but this item, well I put protection spells on it. It could seriously end up badly if it ends up in the wrong persons hands."

"A person worse than Hope?" Wood said and Harrison knew that Terence was right about Wood's dislike for his ex- sister then.

Harrison shrugged in response.

"Okay, fine it's Wattlebird. It changes in exactly a week, though. Whatever your planning be fast, I won't give you the next password." Wood said, Harrison nodded, "Thank you, I owe you, seriously."

Wood smirked, "Yeah, you do." Then he turned and walked back into the great hall, Harrison following him.

And when he sat down at his usual place, he was just glad he wasn't Wood at this moment, at least his friends knew why he went and talked to Oliver Wood of all people. He wouldn't have to come up with some bad excuse no one would believe.

~

It was pathetic how easy it was to 'kidnap' Granger and Weasley. Harrison dropped hairs into both of the potions and gave them to Daphne and Pansy.

"You have three hours." Harrison said, "It's a stronger version than the usual one."

"Made by the Dark Lord?" Pansy looked into the gross potion, "You sure he won't poison us for his amusement?"

"And anger me? No, he wouldn't. Also these were made about a month ago, for his own followers."

"Okay, and the password? Wattlebird right?" Daphne said and Harrison nodded, "Yep, that's what Wood said."

Daphne nodded, "Okay, let's do this." She said, Pansy nodded. They

both took the potion at the same time. Full body shivers followed, “That was gross.” Pansy said, gagging.

“I warned you,” Harrison said and Pansy nodded, her hair was slowly turning red and her skin seemed to boil.

It took them five minutes to totally transition. Harrison waved his hand, turning their Slytherin robes into Gryffindor ones. He knew they would prefer that over actually wearing the uniforms from Granger and Weasley. He waved his hand again to make them fit perfectly.

“Goodluck,” Harrison said and Daphne nodded while Pansy just smiled at him, “This will be so fun!”

~

Pansy and Daphne slowly walked into the Gryffindor common room, Daphne looking around with disgust, “It’s so *red.”*

“Hermione! Where were you?” Hope seemed to appear out of nowhere. “Me and Ron were about to play wizarding chess. My mom bought me a new set, want to watch?”

“We’ll come in a second, I just have to get my- my charms book!” Daphne said, Hope raised an eyebrow, “I thought you finished that already?”

“I did- I just I found this interesting spell and I thi-“

“Blah, Blah, Blah. I don’t care, ‘Mione. You do your nerdy things.” She said, then smiled all sweetly. “See you in a bit.”

Once she was gone Daphne scowled, “How is Granger friends with her?”

“If you act like that everyone will know you’re not who you say you are.” A voice said behind them. “I mean Gryffindors would never get mad at Hope’s stupidity. Especially not Granger- or Ginny.”

Pansy and Daphne turned around, Of fucking course, Oliver Wood.

He smiled, “The 2nd years Girl dorms are in the top of the tower, at Hope’s insistence.”

“Thank you,” Pansy said, “You scared us there.”

“Yeah, well.” He shrugged, “Now be quick, you did promise her after

all." He winked at them.

Then he walked away just like that, Daphne sighed, "Am I glad he's an okay Gryffindor."

"Come on, Daph. Let's hurry." Pansy said, pulling Daphne's arm. Daphne nodded and followed Pansy up the stairs.

They slowly walked into the room, there were a few beds, but one of them was well- different than the others.

"They share their dorms with all the Gryffindors?" Daphne asked, "It's good that we're Slytherin then."

"Yeah, wouldn't want to share your dorm with anyone besides me, right?"

Daphne, Millicent, Tracey and Pansy had all decided to just make two groups of two. Daphne and Pansy somehow ending up together, Millicent and Tracey shared the room next to theirs. One of the left over bedrooms was turned into one big common room for just the Slytherin girls.

Daphne just hummed, while starting to look around through Hope's stuff. Pansy started helping pretty quickly. Together they went through *everything,* making sure to put all the stuff back in its original place.

When they went through basically the whole dorm and still found nothing. They almost gave up, that was until Pansy had reached under Hope's pillow and found a note for a Dumbledore meeting.

"Do I want to know why that was under her pillow?" Pansy grimaced and Daphne shrugged, reading over the letter. It was vague, but there was an item mentioned. So Daphne put the letter back and turned to Pansy, "I got this. Just I don't know, try to find some blackmail or whatever."

Pansy wanted to stop Daphne from going anywhere alone, really, but as soon as Daphne finished talking she turned and walked away, grabbing a charms book from Hermione's bed, while also ignoring Pansy telling her to not do this alone.

The last thing she said before closing the Girl's dorm door was, "They won't tell Ginny anything. Not what I'm about to ask them."

“Be careful!” Daphne heard Pansy shout back, she nodded, even though Pansy couldn’t see it through the door.

Daphne spotted Hope and Ron in the common room quickly, it wasn’t hard, they were *loud.* She sat down on the terrible red couch next to Hope and opened the charms book. Flipping the pages every few minutes.

It took about ten minutes for Ron to say, “You’re reading slowly, ‘Mione.”

Daphne shrugged, “I guess I’m just worried.” She mumbled, “Are you sure Black’s diary is taken care off, I mean what if something happened to Dumbledore?”

Hope sighed, “I’ve told you this before, Hermione. Dumbledore knows what he’s doing, he told me he took care of it, so he did.”

“Yeah, I mean we were there when he stabbed it with that weird knife, you saw the black smoke coming out of it?” Ron said and Daphne took a mental note to ask Harrison about that.

“Of course, I’m sorry. I’m just worried- what if something happens to Dumbledore.”

Hope nodded, “He can take care of this, he’s Dumbledore!”

“You’re right.” Daphne muttered, grabbing the charm book once again, pretending to read. After ten minutes or so, Pansy approached them, “Hermione, can you help me? With Potions.”

Ron raised an eyebrow at his sister, but they didn’t react strangely besides that, so Daphne nodded, silently thanking Pansy for giving her a way out of this place.

When she stood up she grabbed her wand, casting an oblivious, strong enough to not get Ron and Hope suspicious when real Hermione and Ginny returned.

Then they left together, walking back to the dungeons. It was harder than they thought to actually get to the common room, since they looked like Gryffindors. However, once they were inside and Harrison started talking to them, asking them how it went, no one was stupid enough to actually hurt them in anyway.

“The Diary is with Dumbledore, he stabbed it with some knife they

said." Daphne told Harrison, "Some kind of black smoke came out of it."

Harrison smirked, "Tommy's a fucking genius." Then he looked around the common room, realizing everyone was staring at them. Of course they were, Granger and Weasley weren't known for being friendly with Harrison.

"Polyjuice," Harrison just announced to the whole room, "If anyone says anything about this outside the common room, well- I don't think you want to figure out what will happen then."

That got him a couple scared looks, satisfied, Harrison told Pansy and Daphne to come with him. They could talk more privately in his room.

Daphne and Tracey followed him, because they actually could in the Slytherin dorm- there wasn't any protection magic against it, like in the Gryffindor dorms.

"Has anyone been in there besides you?" Daphne asked, she- like every other Slytherin- knew that Harrison claimed the Dark Lord's old room. Harrison shrugged, "Don't think so. I've never really let people in here. Maybe Draco or Blaise once? I'm not sure." He walked over to his desk, where ebony was currently sleep, it was one of his favourite places. "Don't worry, I made sure to check with Tom if he left any cursed items, he said he didn't."

"Okay, good." Pansy said, looking around the room, "I still don't get why you just chose this room, before you even met the Dark Lord."

"I've never been scared of him." Harrison reminded them, "Besides that, I like personal space."

"Yeah, obviously."

"Anyways that's not why we're here. Did they say anything else, Daphne?" Harrison asked and the girl shook her head, "They seemed to be sure Dumbledore dealt with it."

"Like I said, Tom's a genius." Harrison said, "I can't believe he did this."

"What did he do?"

"Dumbledore- well he had to know about the horcruxes, only he never knew how many or what Tom made into the Horcruxes. So Tom gave

me a Diary looking exactly like his when he was in Hogwarts, he made sure I was always writing in public places since the start of this year. I mean I'm sure this wasn't his plan at first, but then he started thinking about it, he started suggesting I open the chamber of secrets."

"I don't understand-" Pansy said.

"He made me do things a possessed person would do, well at least how Dumbledore would think a possessed person would act. He made Dumbledore think the Diary was a horcrux and I was possessed or something. So Dumbledore *made* Hope steal the Diary to give it to him, he destroyed it, now he thinks he knows how to destroy horcruxes. Only it isn't true, it wasn't a horcrux and you can't destroy them by simply stabbing them with some knife, Tom made sure it looked like he could, though."

"The black smoke." Daphne said and Harrison nodded.

"So Dumbledore thinks he knows how to defeat Voldemort." Pansy said, "Only he doesn't."

Harrison nodded again, "Tom really is a genius." He admitted with a small smile on his face.

~

After classes the next day, Harrison asked Sirius to help him sneak out, telling the man he was going to make sure Tom had the other vanishing cabinet, before he tried to fix the one in Hogwarts.

That made Sirius ask him about all his adventures the past few days, once Harrison had shocked both Remus and Sirius with everything he had done, Sirius finally allowed him to just use their fireplace to floo to Tom.

He didn't think Tom knew he was in the mansion, so he just called for an elf, asking the little creature where Tom was. Turns out, Tom had a small meeting for the first time, just with his followers who played a big role in politics. He was probably working on his alias.

"*You're really not telling me a lot lately."* Harrison hissed when he walked into the big room, everyone was seated around a big table, Tom sitting at the head of the table, on some sort of throne. "*You're so extra."*

Tom looked almost apologetic, then he masked his face, Harrison

could still see the slight smile, though.

"*Sorry, it was hard to tell you without the damn Diary.*" Tom said and then looked around the crowd, "I think we're done for now, we'll continue later. I have something important to get to."

The wizards grumbled and some shot Harrison glares, but neither of them paid attention to Tom's followers.

When everyone left, Harrison shut the door with a wave of his hand.

"How I missed your effortless displays of magic." Tom said, Harrison rolled his eyes, but didn't reply anything, instead he said, "The whole Diary thing was smart."

"I'm sorry for not telling you, it was more of a way of making certain that when the Diary gets destroyed, we'd get something out of it at first."

"At first?"

"I mean, the past few weeks-"

Harrison rolled his eyes again, "I know you've been making me look like a good obsessed, possessed little puppet in places where Dumbledore could see me. It wasn't hard to figure it out. Why not tell me, though?"

"It wasn't on purpose at first, I genuinely started talking to you more, because-" Tom looked away, cleared his throat. "It doesn't matter. Then only about two weeks ago I started doing it on purpose, I'm sorry, I truly am."

"I'm not mad," Harrison said, "I just came, because I wanted to thank you for the Polyjuice potion and make your ego bigger by telling you you're a genius."

It was Tom's turn to roll his eyes, "Oh thank you so much, my poor poor ego really needed a boost."

Harrison snickered, "Oh! And, did you get the vanishing cabinet, I have the other one in my room at Hogwarts."

"Yeah, I made Kreacher get it for me." Tom nodded, "It's in my office."

"Good then I can start fixing the one at Hogwarts. Don't use it yet, it'd

be sad if that was the way you lose your body *again."*

"Yeah, yeah, I suspect you're the one who's going to use it more, anyways."

"Hey, you never know." Harrison said.

"Whatever, I got something for you." When Tom said that, a book appeared on the table. "It works the same, basically. Except, when you lose this one, it will appear close to you. Only when you want it to, though. Don't worry, you can still get rid of it, if you're ever totally done with me."

Harrison nodded, looking at the forest green book, the cover was just something in Parselscript, not literally, but close enough for someone who can't read Parselscript to think Harrison is just reading in a Parsel book. He then looked up, "Thank you."

"It's selfish of me really," Tom said, echoing his words from back when he gave him the first Diary.

"That's what you said the first time." Harrison smiled, "yet, it's still one of the best gifts I've ever received."

"You're welcome then." Tom said, then he sighed, "I really should get back to the meeting I called."

Harrison nodded, "Yeah, they didn't seemed to happy when they got sent away."

"They're all trying to get some powerful position in my ranks." Tom said, "But that just annoys me."

"Goodluck, then." Harrison said, "I should get back to school."

"Right, have fun."

Harrison left then, when he arrived at Hogwarts he told Sirius and Remus what he did exactly at Tom's, because the men insisted they should know as Harrisons parents. Then he went back to the common room. There he spent the rest of the evening helping people with whatever subject they were struggling with.

His improved mood, made every Slytherin relax a bit, the slightly on edge Harrison had scared everyone the past few days.

Now, he was normal Harrison again, that was good enough.

~

It took Dumbledore two weeks to call Harrison to his office. Harrison asked Sirius to come with him for two reasons; he thought the man would enjoy the drama and he could use some help with Dumbles.

“Harrison, come in, come in.” Dumbledore said and Harrison corrected him, “Heir Black.”

Dumbledore seemed like he wanted to protest for a second, before nodding.

“I took Sirius, hope you don’t mind.”

“Well-“

“Good to see you, Dumbledore.” Sirius said and Dumbledore finished, “I’ll allow it.”

“So why did you want to see me, Headmaster?” Harrison asked, sitting down on one of the chairs in front of Dumbledore’s desk.

“I wanted to talk about one of your past possessions.”

“Past possessions.”

“A few days ago one of the students came up to my office with a book everyone’s seen you writing in, the student asked me to return it to you.”

“Oh! My journal, where is it?”

“After the student gave it to me,” Dumbledore ignored Harrison, “I felt some weird kind of magic on it, after researching it, I started to believe it was a weapon from Voldemort.”

“Are you suggesting Harrison is a Death Eater,” Sirius asked, “You’re getting crazier with the day.”

“No, however I do believe he could have been possessed.” Dumbledore said, “I am afraid of how long it could have been.”

“I was not possessed, headmaster.” Harrison said, “It was just a journal that I found in my room-“

“Voldemort’s old room,” Dumbledore reminded him.

“Okay, so it could’ve been some dark kind of magic, but it never hurt me. It *never* possessed me.”

“If you say so.” Dumbledore said, “However, I am going to ask some students to watch you, make sure you don’t do anything strange during the next few-“

“You’re kidding right? You’re *not* spying on my son.” Sirius said, “I will ask teachers to watch him.”

“You must believe me- I think students watching him would-“

“No you are not forcing some Gryffindors to watch me every second of the day.” Harrison said, “I have ears through this whole castle, not just your office, *Headmaster.* I will know if you decide to force someone to watch me.”

“Don’t you threa-“

“I think we’re done here, sir.” Harrison said and Dumbledore glared at him, “Next time someone asks you to return one of my possessions, please return it, instead of using it for your weird obsession with beating Dark Lords, who are already dead.”

“What?”

“You heard me, he’s *dead.* Get over it, the only reason you want people to believe he will return is, because you refuse to believe a child could kill a Dark Lord before you did.” Harrison said and then he stood up, following Sirius- who had already started walking towards the door before Harrison finished.

“I’m glad I could be there, instead of hearing about your meeting with the headmaster from you or Snape.”

“It’s fun, making him absolutely furious and then just being able to walk away, like you did nothing.”

Sirius laughed, “You’re good at doing that.”

“Fuck yes, I am. It’s my talent.” Harrison said, “Besides Dumbledore refuses to believe the founders are my ‘ears’. So he isn’t even scared to talk in front of them. It’s great, I know exactly what he fears or does any given moment.”

“So why didn’t you know about the Diary before sneaking into the

Gryffindor common rooms?" Sirius asked and Harrison shrugged, "The founders never told me, I think they might've done it somewhere with no portraits. Just to be sure. It's sad, because it would've been so much easier if the founders had just told me."

"At the same time, it did make you less bored for a while." Sirius said and Harrison nodded, "True, I am glad for that."

~

You didn't make him think it was not a horcrux, right? Would've defeated the whole purpose.

Of course not, I'm not stupid, you know? Harrison wrote back, *How's the alias creation going?*

Honestly? Pretty well, I'm going to pretend to be a distant relative from well- myself. Claim the Gaunt seat, Lucius said claiming the Slytherin seat for now wouldn't be smart, wait until you get your seats or until the dark side is closer to winning. Dumbledore knows I'm lord Slytherin, of course.

So you have a name?

No, something Gaunt, I have no idea. I need some fancy pureblood name.

Goodluck coming up with something.

Not going to help me?

Do you want my help?

Good question. Harrison could slightly feel Tom's amusement, *Don't know if I should trust the man who named their snake after wood.*

In my defence, he refused any other name I came up with.

So the other names are even worse? I really shouldn't trust you then.

Shut up.

I'm just kidding, any suggestion would help at this point. If you come up with anything, tell me.

I will.

Now, want to test your vanishing cabinet?

Do you want another animal to explode in your office.

Not really, Tom replied and then said, *But I do want you to be able to visit me, so let's do it.*

Okay, I'll sent another rat.

Harrison sent the rat and waited for Tom to say something, it took a while. For a second Harrison was hopeful it worked, then Tom's handwriting appeared.

Good news? It didn't explode.

But…

It's still dead. Tom admitted. *Maybe try making the force of the magic less strong.*

Give me a second.

Harrison went over to the cabinet waving his hand, trying to even out the magic the cabinet seemed to produce. Then he fixed all the small cracks he could see.

Second try? Harrison asked and it took Tom 30 seconds to reply; *Yep, I'm ready.*

So Harrison sent another rat through, waited, fixed the cabinet more, sent another rat. They did this for two full hours.

Then suddenly, *The rat, it's alive.* Tom wrote, saying something quicker than the past few times. *Well Nagini ate it now.*

Want me to try coming through?

Do you want to risk it? Tom asked back and Harrison thought for a moment then he wrote down *Yes.*

So he stepped into the cabinet, closing his eyes. This thing could either teleport him to Tom or kill him. And Harrison was not ready to die yet.

After around a minute Harrison opened his eyes. The world was spinning around him, though he seemed to be in some kind of void. All he saw where little lights. Then, suddenly, a force seemed to pull him downwards. Back into the body that gravity had influence on.

He was still standing in the- no *a* cabinet.

He opened the door, and saw Tom, sitting, anxiously watching the vanishing cabinet.

“It worked.” Harrison said, the relief in his voice reflecting what he saw on Tom’s face.

“If you had died-“

“I didn’t.” Harrison said, “It’s okay.”

Then something happened that Harrison never thought would happen, Tom stood up from his chair, approached Harrison and then-

He *hugged him.* Harrison was getting a hug from Tom.

He swore he heard Tom mutter something that sounded like, “That was the scariest minute of my life.” But he ignored that, not giving Tom some sarcastic response.

Instead, he wrapped his arms around the man, hugging him back. This was a once in a lifetime thing- or so Harrison thought it would be.

Harrison honestly didn’t know how long they stood like that before Tom let him go, awkwardly clearing his throat before asking, “So are you staying for lunch?”

Harrison shot the man an amused look, but nodded, because sure, why not?

He knew that his friends would question him where he was later and he would probably tell them some half-truth about having to help Tom with something.

“Well come on then,” Tom said, “Also you’re showing me the memory from the meeting with Dumbledore.”

“Am I?”

“Yes,” Tom answered, “Because I am such a nice host, letting you into my house- my *mansion* like this.”

“Really at least like half of it is mine.” Harrison said, I mean the whole thing would be mine if you asked Salazar.

“You’re such an annoying child.” Tom sighed and Harrison smiled, “Of

course I am, that's totally what you think of me."

"You are-"

Harrison cut Tom off, "But, because you *are* an amazing host and I'm just an amazing person, I will show you the memories. I will also show you some other memories you've been wanting to see."

Tom smirked and nodded, "Thank you."

Chapter End Notes

I've literally been listening to Melanie Martinez, Penelope Scott and Meghan Trainor on repeat while writing and all three of their music styles are so different it's amazing.

Anyways hope this somewhat made up for being inactive the past few weeks :)

Chapter 30: The Cave

Chapter Summary

They finally get the locket and full moon!

Chapter Notes

THE END IS SO RUSHED I'M SORRY I JUST WANTED TO FINISH THIS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m joining the next one, in five days.” Harrison announced suddenly, when Sirius and Remus started discussing full moon.

“No-“ Sirius started and Harrison sighed, “Please, it will be fine. My animagus form is a literal wolf.”

“Harrison-“ Remus tried, but Harrison shook his head, “I want to, I *need* to do this. I need to be able to help somehow. I know you don’t like it, but can I try at least once?”

“Harry, please.” Sirius said again and Harrison just shot him his best puppy-dog eyes, which Sirius could never say no to.

“Fine, just this once, if it goes well we’ll discuss if you can join more often.”

“Thank you, Siri.” Harrison said, Sirius sighed, “You’re going to give me grey hairs.”

“You already have some.”

“And I look fucking amazing with them.”

“This is how I felt when you joined for the first time, Siri.” Remus said, “At least Snape gives me wolfsbane now.”

“Otherwise I wouldn’t have allowed it.” Sirius said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“Don’t you have homework or something?” Sirius asked then, making Harrison raise an eyebrow, “Do you even know me?”

“Alright, alright dumb question-“

“Besides, don’t you have to grade some essays, like the ones from my class?” Harrison said, winking and Sirius groaned, “Reminder to self; don’t start a conversation about school with Harrison.”

Harrison laughed, “I’ll leave you alone then.” He said seriously, standing up.

“Yeah, bye, kiddo.”

Harrison rolled his eyes again, then left, honestly that sentence didn’t even deserve a response.

And he did have something to get to, some weird meeting Flint called for the quidditch team.

When he entered the changing room- of all places, a meeting there?- he actually managed to look embarrassed while saying, “Sorry for being late.”

No one believed that he was actually sorry, though, which was honestly fair.

“Sit down, Black.” Flint said.

“Aye, aye captain.”

Harrison flopped down on a bench next to Terence, who looked just as confused as him.

“In two weeks is our first match.” Flint said, “I know last year went well and we didn’t change the team at all, except for reserves, so we should be fine, that doesn’t mean we can all chill out now. We are doing more trainings, I don’t want any stupid mistakes in the air.”

“There’s no way you actually called us here for that.” Terence said.

“I didn’t,” Flint said, “Draco Malfoy’s dad wanted to buy Draco a way into the team, but when Draco insisted Harrison is a better seeker, which we all agree with of course, he settled with the reserve chaser position. Still giving everyone in this team a new broom.”

That’s when everyone finally saw all the Nimbus 2001’s behind Flint. The fact that no one noticed made Harrison think it had some kind of disillusionment charm on it, but he ignored that.

“Lucius Malfoy just gave this? Because Malfoy got a reserve role?” Montague asked, Flint shrugged, “I was just as surprised as you are.

Turns out Draco is fine with Harrison having the seeker role. Not that I would've given it to Draco either way. Everyone can claim one of the brooms now, this broom will be *yours*. I expect everyone to take care of their brooms well."

When everyone picked a broom Flint allowed everyone to go, he didn't really have anything to add.

"Harrikins!" Fred shouted when Harrison had left without practically saying anything, which Harrison didn't think was that weird, but others might have.

"Hey Gred, Forge." Harrison said, the twins now each walking on one side of Harrison.

"How did your little diary retrieving mission go?" George asked, "I can't help but notice you have a new book you always write in now."

"Always so observant." Harrison said sarcastically, "I'll tell you the full story later. When we're not somewhere literally anyone could listen."

George looked sceptical and Harrison sighed, "I mean it. I will tell you the story later." Ever since Harrison told Fred and George his truth- which had been a few months ago. They had gotten closer, but it also made the twins doubt Harrison sometimes. Not that they didn't trust Harrison, they just didn't know if he would tell them the full truth.

Fred nodded, "Okay, we'll come by your room tonight. You better have an epic story for us."

"With villains and all, just for you guys." Harrison answered and Fred snorted, "Maybe you should just become a writer."

"Write about all my adventures in Hogwarts? Harrison Black and the revival of the Dark Lord." Harrison rolled his eyes, then smirked, "Maybe I should, then publish it in the muggle world as one of those fantasy books."

"I don't think the ministry would be too happy with that." George said.

"Well, I would probably have to wait till I'm a grownup anyways, by then Voldy should rule this place. I could convince him."

"You're not actually planning on doing this, are you?"

“Of course not, too much effort, besides it would be boring. I really don’t do a lot, it just seems like I do.” Harrison said, “Just thinking about filling the empty spaces between all the adventure makes my head hurt.”

“Conversations like these would work,” Fred said, before looking at George, “What do muggles call it? Breaking fourth wall?”

“We’re outside.” George said, Fred shook his head, laughing.

“Well, I can tell you now, I won’t be an author anytime soon. If I decide to write a book, it will most certainly not be about my life.”

~

“Can’t you just call yourself Marvolo Gaunt?” Harrison asked, “Or- I don’t know Marcus? Ma- Malv? Wait no that sucks.”

“Dumbledore can’t find out,” Tom sighed, “Marvolo wouldn’t work, Marcus though.”

“Who cares about Dumbles? He’ll be suspicious anyways. The truth is there’s no reason to connect you to Tom Marvolo Riddle or Tom Marvolo Riddle to Voldemort for anyone who’s not me or Dumbledore.”

“So you’re saying just go with Marvolo Gaunt?”

“Fuck yes. Besides, it would be funny, Dumbledore going crazy about something no one else notices.”

“It could work,” Tom decided and Harrison nodded, “It will, besides like I said Dumbledore will always think you’re Voldemort, your name won’t change that.”

Tom wrote the name down on some magical piece of paper, it must be from the goblins, they had been helping Tom to create this alias. They weren’t dark, perse, but they hated Dumbledore just the same, so they helped where they could.

“Finally that’s done,” Tom said, standing up from the chair behind his desk. “Now I just have to attend the meetings and try to make allies, none- dark family allies.”

“Well with your charming personality that’ll be done in no time, right?” Harrison said jokingly and Tom’s lip curved upwards, a slight

smirk on his face now. “Charming, huh?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “I mean as someone who knows you well, I can say it’s all one big lie, of course. People still fall for it, though.”

“I feel like I wasn’t that charming when you met me.” Tom replied and Harrison laughed, “Understatement of the century. In your defence, you were well- insane- more so than now. And of course on the back of someone’s head.”

“Not my finest moment I’ll admit.” Tom said, the smirk which had grown through the conversation now turning into a grimace.

“It would be worse if that were your finest moment.”

Tom grabbed something from his desk, Harrison shot him a questioning glance. The paper was folded, which on its own was curious, Tom Riddle was not the kind of man to just *fold* paper.

Tom glanced at him, smirking at the obvious curiosity. “Curiosity killed the cat.” Tom said, Harrison shot him a glare, “Satisfaction bought it back.”

Tom opened the paper handing it to Harrison, before sitting down behind his desk again. “It’s the cave,”

“The cave?” Harrison asked, looking at the map.

“Where my horcrux is hidden. We should go there.”

“Now?” Harrison looked up, seeing Tom shake his head. “No, tomorrow. I’ve told you everything you need to know at the start of this year. Finally I’m not constantly babysitting death eaters, but I also don’t have Wizengamot meetings yet. I think this is the best time.”

“Because you want to drink a whole potion of one of the worst potions made in history, right.” Harrison stated, remembering the conversation they had a while ago.

“It’s you or me.” Tom replied, “I’d prefer it’d be me.”

“Doesn’t mean I have to like this stupid plan.”

Tom ignored what Harrison said, instead he asked, “So will you be here tomorrow?”

“Of course, I’m not taking the risk of you getting impatient and taking

anyone else." Harrison answered and he swore he saw Tom smile for a second, before Tom masked his emotions again, "Good."

"So how late do you want me to be here?"

"Just come once you can get away from your friends." Tom said, "Whenever that is."

"Alright, Tommy boy." Harrison replied, smiling at the man, who shook his head. "Your nicknames are getting ridiculous."

"*You* said that I could call you Tom."

"Yes, Tom not 'Tommy boy.'"

"You think I could just call you by your name? I'm not that boring, honestly, didn't you read my friendship contract before signing it?"

"If there was a contract I wouldn't have signed it." Tom replied and Harrison dramatically put a hand over his heart, "You wound me! Doesn't our friendship mean anything to you, Tommy boy?"

Tom snorted, "You're such a child."

"I am in fact." Harrison said, "Good job on knowing my age."

"How is it that you switch so fast between being mentally 85 and 4?" Tom asked, "That's a talent, really."

Harrison shrugged, "Suppose it comes from the way I was raised, kids really had no freedom back in the tenth century."

"That's the first time you said out loud that you were raised in the tenth century." Tom noted, "That's- well almost unbelievable."

Harrison shrugged, "Surprisingly it's not that different from now, well I mean of course a lot of courses were slightly different and some things didn't exist yet." Harrison paused, not quite sure how to describe it. "But, it's well, home? Hogwarts didn't change."

Tom nodded, "You didn't come outside of Hogwarts a lot. The whole world was different then except for the part where you lived."

"Yeah, pretty much. I mean for me it's almost unbelievable you grew up during a world war, but if I had just gone out sometimes- well there were wars *everywhere."*

“Be glad you didn’t grow up in some war,” Tom muttered, “Might have made you end up like I am.”

Harrison looked at the man, maybe he shouldn’t have bought up Tom’s childhood years, but there was no taking back now. All he could do was- “I don’t think I would’ve mind.” Harrison replied, “I mean- you’re a genius. The horcruxes were just a dumb decision on your part, but at least you admitted they were a problem and you are trying to do better.”

Tom seemed uncomfortable, he probably wasn’t used to getting compliments- well not in this way, not from someone who didn’t fear him, or had some scary obsession with him.

“You’re not too bad yourself,” Tom said, very awkward still and Harrison laughed.

~

“Harrison, Harrikins.” Harrison heard outside his door when he returned from Tom, of course, he had promised the twins to tell him about the Diary and his new Journal- or whatever you liked to call it.

Harrison opened the door to his room, letting the twins in. George picked up Ebony, before sitting down on the chair by his desk, Fred just flopped down on his bed.

Harrison grabbed a second chair- which he had recently gotten, meaning he had just grabbed a random rock and made it into a chair.

“So the diary?” Fred asked and Harrison started telling them the story.

“Hope stole it, she gave it to Dumbledore so it wasn’t there when we tried to find it in the dorm, but we did figure out Dumbledore thought it was a horcrux. This is a big positive, of course, since it means Dumbledore thinks he’s got one of the horcruxes destroyed, while Voldemort’s still dead. He didn’t, though, and Tommy boy is already alive.” Harrison said, “The new Journal is just something Tom made for me, so we could continue talking easily. This time without anyone getting suspicious.”

“And Voldemort told you about this before he gave you the diary?”

“Nope, I mean I felt that the magic around the Diary felt like his- but I’m also kind of sensitive to his magic? Since I know it, it’s familiar.”

“And you spent a lot of time with him.” George said, while still stroking Ebony’s scales.

“That too,” Harrison muttered, not knowing what George meant with that.

George smirked and Fred just laughed.

“I will kick the both of you out.”

“Goodluck with that, Harrikins.” Fred said, Harrison knew it would be near impossible to force the twins to leave if they didn’t want to leave.

“You guys are so annoying.”

“Older brother duty’s, you’re stuck with us now, kiddo.” George said, grinning.

“Currently thinking about the mistakes I made that lead me to this moment.”

“Oh- Common! You love us!”

“You guys are okay, I suppose.” Harrison admitted and Fred and George started cheering, like that was the best thing they ever heard.

“Did you hear that, Freddie? We’re okay!”

“Nicest thing anyone has ever said to us.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “You guys really fit right into the Black family, everyone is just as dramatic as yo-“

There was suddenly a knock on Harrisons door.

“That’s unusual.” Harrison muttered, just when Fred said, “I thought no one wanted to come in this room, like ever?”

Harrison walked towards the door, opening it to see Montague. Which was even stranger, because of everyone in the quidditch team, Harrison was probably the least close to Montague.

“Hi?” Harrison said and Montague nodded in greeting, “Snape wanted to see you.”

“Snape? I haven’t spoken to him in a while- outside of class. Why would he want to see me?”

“Just the messenger, Black.” Montague said, “I suggest going quickly, curfew is in a bit and you *know* how Percy gets when he has to patrol the dungeons.”

“Percy is on dungeon duty today?”

Montague nodded, “We’ve been warning everyone all day.”

Fred and George looked at each other, eyes lighting up.

“No- Fred, George, don’t.” Harrison said and Fred and George sighed, “Why do you just *know* what our plan was?”

“It’s unfair!”

“It wasn’t that hard to guess,” Harrison said, “Either way, if you do something make sure you don’t get caught.”

That made the Twins eyes light up again and Montague just muttered, “I’m glad I’m not Percy right now.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “Well, I will leave. George don’t break Ebony please.”

“I would never, I love the little guy.” George said and then Harrison left, wondering if it was a good idea to leave Fred and George in his room, alone, especially now the cabinet was there.

He decided to ignore his worries, focussing on the getting to Snape’s office instead.

He opened the door, not even knocking. “You wanted to see me sir?”

Snape looked up, nodding, motioning to the seat on the opposite side of the desk. “I was at Voldemort’s today.”

“You were?” Harrison asked, he knew he had spent a good two hours with Tom, but he hadn’t seen anyone else.

“Of course you didn’t notice,” Snape seemed amused by the fact, “My Lord tends to forget about his followers when you arrive. However, I must admit I overheard a bit of your conversation.”

“Don’t let Voldy know that, he won’t be happy.”

“I know, I hope I can trust you won’t tell him. What I wanted to ask is that you come to my office once you return tomorrow night, I have to

make sure my students are safe. I won't try to stop you, because I know it wouldn't work. I wouldn't even know where to start since I don't know how you travel between Hogwarts and My Lord's mansion, but I think it's fair of me to request you letting me know you arrived at Hogwarts safely."

"I'll come by your office tomorrow night." Harrison promised, knowing he would have to visit Remus and Sirius too. "Was that all, professor?"

"Actually, I wanted to ask about the changed wolfsbane you were working on. How far is the progress?"

Harrison sighed, "I got stuck for a while at a certain point, I then spent hours translating different ingredients from parselscript to English, since for some reason that isn't just readable, most names aren't to be honest. It took a while, but I think now that I've done that I'm coming closer to the finished product."

"Good, I would like to suggest using a prisoner as test subject, we'll have to request the ministry, but they tend to allow it."

"That would actually be helpful, I will come to you once I think I have something that will work, so we can try it out together."

Snape nodded, "That was all." He handed Harrison a signed paper, "I heard that Mr. Weasley is patrolling tonight, you might need that."

"Thank you, sir."

~

"Honey, I'm home!" Harrison shouted when he arrived at Voldemort's place, not sure if the man could hear him. At the lack of a response Harrison guessed the man didn't hear him, sadly, it would've been funny.

Harrison started wandering the halls, not asking an elf to help him, because honestly the halls in Tom's manor were interesting.

"I apologise-" He heard a voice, almost begging. Harrison froze, not sure how to react.

"You should be happy you're still alive." He heard a familiar voice, *Tom's* voice. "After all, if you had done this just a year ago you would have been dead by now."

“I k-know, I thank you-“ The man started, trying to thank Tom for not immediately killing him, but Tom cut him off. “Don’t thank me, thank him.” He said and then in Parseltongue, “*I know you’re here, Harrison.”*

Harrison walked in, “*What did he do?”*

“Tried to assassinate the Potters in public,” Tom answered, “*I think we agree neither of us would care if they died, but that doesn’t mean we just kill them in public.”*

“And here I was thinking you lost your sanity again.”

“*Such high expectations you have of me.”* Tom said, “*I gave them orders to not do anything that would attract too much attention. These fools only respond to fear, if I just order them to do something and get angry when they don’t-“*

“So punish him.” Harrison said, honestly, he should’ve expected this when he decided to befriend Voldemort. Also, Harrison personally had nothing against torture, you really couldn’t when you grew up with Salazar. “*Just make it quick, we’re on a tight schedule.”*

Tom nodded, turning back to the still begging death eater. A simple Crucio did the job, it scared the man enough to not make him do such a stupid thing again.

“Rabastan,” Tom said, Harrison was about to ask what he meant when Rabastan suddenly walked in.

“Yes, My Lord.”

“Don’t let him leave the manor until I’m back.” Tom said and Rabastan bowed, promising Tom to keep an eye on the Death Eater.

“*I don’t torture people without having someone close to clean up my mess, especially when I know that I had other plans.”* Tom explained, Harrison not even having to ask why Rabastan was there. “*Besides anyone would want to escape Bellatrix, so Rabastan didn’t even complain when I invited him to help me with this.. task.”*

“Bella’s still that bad?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded, “*Yes, she’s gotten better, a bit. But she’s still crazy and way too obsessed. I try to avoid her, I don’t enjoy human touch.”*

Harrison snorted, “*Understatement of the century.”* He was quiet for a bit and then risked saying, “*Though, I do remember you hugging me a*

week or so ago."

They had both not mentioned the hug, both ignoring the fact that something changed. That now, whenever they were together, casual touches seemed less awkward. A hand carefully placed on a shoulder was a lot more common. Though, there was no repeat of the hug.

Tom stayed silent beside him, Harrison looked at the man and saw his carefully placed mask he always had around others. It made it almost impossible to read the man.

When Rabastan left the room with the tortured Death Eater Tom sighed, "I- well, it's not always bad, I suppose. That's all you're getting."

Harrison gaped at the man, "Wha- You- you just admitted- That's enough. I didn't expect you to respond."

"I didn't expect myself to respond." Tom muttered, Harrison was probably not meant to hear it, because after that he said, "Whatever, let's get the locket."

And Harrison didn't ask more about Tom's respond, instead he said, "So what's the plan?"

"Well, you don't listen to anything I say while drinking the potion," Tom said, "If I shout telling you to stop, body bind me for all I care, make sure I drink it all, don't you dare take a sip yourself."

"I know, Tom." Harrison said, "You already said all that."

"I need you to promise me." He paused, "I don't want anything to happen to you."

"I promise," Harrison said, then he grinned, "Now stop being soft, people might think you have a heart."

Tom snorted, "Right, because anyone would believe if you told them I said that."

"I have the evidence, Tommy boy."

"You can make fake memories."

Harrison didn't have any response to that, so he motioned for Tom to continue with the plan.

“We will apparate to the edge of the anti-apparition wards. From there we walk to the cave- well- not really walk.” Tom said, “It’s in the sea, I mastered flying without broom to get into the cave without having to swim.”

“I can’t-“ Harrison started, but Tom cut him off, “I will just take you with me, hold on.”

He offered Harrison a hand and Harrison grasped it, Tom apparated both of them to a rock in the sea, like he had said. Harrison was glad Tom had a way to get there without swimming, it seemed like hell.

“How did you even find this place?” Harrison asked.

“There was a small village close by, my orphanage went there a lot, I wanted privacy so I just wandered here one day.” Tom explained, “Later this became a place for tries at Necromancy, there’s a lot of inferi in the cave.”

“Why am I not surprised?” Harrison asked and Tom offered him an almost-smile, “Because you know me.”

“Okay you might want to hold on a little tighter for this,” Tom said, pulling Harrison closer into something that could only be called a half-hug.

Harrison wanted to make some remark, but then suddenly his feet weren’t on the ground anymore and he was so glad that Tom had held onto him this way, because he would’ve fallen into the water if Tom hadn’t. So instead of saying- well anything, Harrison wrapped his arms around Tom as good as he could, holding onto the man as if his life depended on it.

It luckily only took a few seconds till Tom landed, placing Harrison carefully on the ground.

“You’re teaching me how to do that.” Harrison said and Tom smirked, “Glad I still get the chance to teach you something, oh big genius.”

“Don’t let it get to your head.”

Tom waved his hand, casting a wandless and wordless *Lumos,* Now a ball of magical light in his hand.

“Show-off.” Harrison muttered, Tom replied with a, “Says you.” Before beginning to explain the different parts of the cave, “This part is the

entrance, that door." He pointed at a door, "Would normally need blood to open, but it recognizes Slytherin magic, so we don't have to cut into our hands. After that we only have to pass a lake full of inferi."

"*Only?"* Harrison asked, disbelief clear in his voice.

"I might've been a bit- dramatic."

Harrison nodded, "Indeed, *a bit."*

"Come, let's just go, get this over with."

Harrison nodded, Tom made a point, he didn't exactly want to stand here the whole evening. So they walked towards the stone wall together, Tom muttered something under his breath, while waving his wand.

Must've been a powerful spell, since Tom would never use his wand for a spell he could do without one.

Harrison's thoughts were proven right a second later, when cracks in a door shape started appearing in the wall, Tom let his magic loose, it surrounded both of them totally, but also made the door light up.

Harrison gasped, the feeling of Tom's magic making the horcrux inside him feel more complete than it had been in a while. Also, Harrison had to admit, the room looked *beautiful* with the slight glow that came from the room. The rocks surrounding them almost looking gold-ish.

The doors then slowly started opening, the glow started fading and Harrison got pulled out of his thoughts by the sudden darkness, Tom's *lumos* once again the only thing lighting up the room.

The next room was dark, darker than the one they were in right now.

"Don't step into the water." Tom warned, "And that's not one of those, don't listen to what I say things. It might kill you."

Harrison nodded, only a minute later releasing Tom couldn't see him, but still not bothering a respond.

Tom stopped at the edge of the rock they were standing on, slowly reaching into the water.

"Didn't you just tell me to not touch the water?" Harrison asked and Tom nodded, "I did, but I-" he stopped pulling on something, Harrison

saw a boat appear out of the darkness, “Was looking for this.”

Once Tom pulled the boat close enough, they both got into it. Harrison used magic to get to the other side, almost complaining about Tom not helping, until he noticed Tom was sitting, with his eyes closed. He focused on Tom’s magic and felt it as something that could only be explained as a growing spark.

Tom was trying to keep the inferi calm, he was the only person who could.

So Harrison didn’t complain, instead started going faster. It took longer to get to the other side than Harrison thought it would, almost like someone kept pulling them back. Either to sabotage or protect them.

Both of them quickly got out of the boat.

“Why didn’t we just fly here too?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded towards the boat, “I don’t think I could use magic after all of this, I don’t want us to get stuck in this part of the cave for a while, we’ll need the boat to get out.”

“What about getting back to the anti-apparition wards?”

Tom sighed, “Well, I was hoping you could come up with some creative solution for that.”

“You didn’t think telling me that before would’ve been smart?”

Tom shrugged, “Or we could try to climb past these rocks to the village, there you can apparate.”

So Tom had thought this through, Harrison thought, maybe coming up with another solution would be easier, though.

Tom made Harrison follow him up the rock, when Tom reached the basin he shot Harrison one look so full of trust, Tom trusted him to get them both back safely, to not let anything happen to either of them. Harrison nodded, Tom looked back to the basin and started drinking.

It took around five sips till Tom seemed shaken up, more so than Harrison had ever seen him. Harrison wondered how powerful the potion was.

After five minutes the begging started, “Just *kill* me.” Tom whispered,

“Anything besides this.”

Harrison wondered what Tom was seeing, was it the orphanage? Maybe it was himself dying, Harrison almost laughed at the thought, under different circumstances he would have laughed. Then he remembered Tom had asked him to kill him, so it was worse then. Worse than dying.

“Just keep drinking.” Harrison said, while starting to assist the man, glad that Tom had taken him and not anyone else. Any other person would have taken the chance to sabotage Tom, in his weak state, Harrison just wanted to help the man, he would blame himself if anything happened to the man.

“Stop, please.” Was the next thing Tom said, in such a way that Harrison almost paused the now force-feeding- or drinking?

Then he remembered what Tom had said, to not stop no matter what he said, so Harrison continued, forcing the quickly getting even weaker Tom.

It took another fifteen minutes for the potion to be finished, since the breaks between sips became longer and longer. When they finally reached the bottom, Harrison quickly grabbed the Horcrux, something felt off about it, but he ignored that in favour of helping Tom.

He grabbed a stone, transfiguring it into a goblet, filling it with water. He handed it to the Dark Lord, watching as the man drank the water like he hadn’t had anything to drink for two days.

Afterwards he assisted the man in getting back, first to outside the cave, then back to the rock. Harrison decided to transfigure a small rock into an okay functioning boat, it probably wasn’t the safest option, but it was the fastest option.

And it worked, so Harrison wasn’t going to complain. As soon as he reached the end of the wards, he grabbed the Dark Lord’s arm, apparating both of them back to Tom’s house.

He left Tom in his office with the promise of returning soon, before quickly going back to Hogwarts to tell Snape everything went well.

“Sir?” Harrison asked and Snape answered, “You can come in, I take everything went well?”

“As well as I expected,” Harrison sighed, “I think I’ll stay at

Voldemort's tonight, would you mind telling Sirius and Remus I'm okay. The Dark Lord his state right now-"

"He drank the potion." Snape stated, it wasn't even a question and all that Harrison could do is nod, "He did."

"Go," Snape said and Harrison nodded, glad Snape knew why he wanted to go back to Tom, make sure the man would be okay.

Harrison quickly went back to his dorm, only telling his year mates, "I'm going to Toms."

None of them asked any questions when they noticed Harrison was in a hurry.

Harrison quickly went to Tom, who was sitting on a small couch he had in his office.

"Hey," Harrison said, looking at the man, worried. "Are you doing okay."

Tom looked at him, before nodding. "Yes- I'm okay."

Harrison didn't believe a word the man said, but didn't press further for a real answer, instead sitting down next to the man. Only then he noticed Tom was sitting with the Horcrux in his hand.

"It's not real." Tom said, "There's no magic, also there's this."

He opened the horcrux handing the note to Harrison, Harrison carefully unfolded the piece of paper.

To the Dark Lord,

I know I will be dead before you read this, but I want you to know that it was I who discovered your secret. I have stolen the real horcrux and intend to destroy it as soon as I can.

I face death in the hope that when you meet your match, you'll be mortal once more,

R.A.B.

"Regulus Black was always a good follower of mine, I trusted his elf with my horcrux." Tom explained, "I can't even be angry at him, because if I were in his position I would've done this too. You should be glad you never met the really insane version of me." Tom sighed, "I

don't think you would've even tried to help me."

"Did he die?" Harrison asked and Tom nodded, "He's one of the inferi, really the worst dead, it's like a constant state between the living and death, but you can't even control anything yourself."

"And you're not angry?" Harrison asked next, because that honestly surprised him the most, Tom not getting angry over betrayal.

"I think I'm too tired to be angry," Tom admitted, "I mean, he betrayed me- the course, but I respect him. In a weird way, he gave up his life to make sure the next person could kill me. The next person would have been you, you are 'my match' as Regulus said."

"Well, I'm not killing you," Harrison then snatched the locket from Tom's hands, "It does look familiar."

"It's the Slytherin locket, of course it does."

"No- I mean I've seen something familiar at Grimmaulds place."

"You have?" Tom asked and Harrison shrugged, "I think so, that doesn't matter, though. I'm sending you to bed."

"You can't just send me to bed, you're the child here."

"Try to stop me in this state," Harrison challenged.

"Fine, I'll go." Tom said and Harrison laughed when Tom stood up, the man would probably be asleep for a while. Right before Tom closed the door to his own office he turned and said, "The bedroom next to mine is the Heir bedroom, take that one if you want. Salazar knows which one I mean."

Harrison nodded, "Goodnight."

Tom didn't respond and as soon as he closed the door Harrison sighed, leaning back further into the couch, today had been exhausting.

He stared at the wall for another five minutes before he decided to search for his room, asking a portrait of Sal for help.

When he entered the room It looked a lot like his room back in the founders time, just more green and less wall paintings. Harrison didn't bother looking around for too long, he let himself fall on the big bed in the middle of the room.

Then he fell asleep.

~

The next morning he had breakfast with Tom. It was kind of weird, eating breakfast with Tom before going back to school for classes.

Which were in an hour- he had a free morning, thank god.

“We could save Regulus.” Tom said suddenly, breaking the comfortable silence between them.

“Do you want to?” Harrison asked, surprised and Tom sighed, “He was a loyal follower till the end. The only reason he decided to go against me is because he knew that at that point it was better for everyone.”

“How are you so sure?”

“I don’t,” Tom admitted, “But like I said yesterday, if I had been in Regulus position back then, I would’ve made the same choice. Whatever that monster was, was not me. It was really the worst period of my life.”

“If you want to give it a try, I will help you.” Harrison said, “If just so that Sirius can have his brother back. But you will have to promise that you’re not bringing him back to torture him to death.” Harrison said the last part jokingly, because he knew that Tom wouldn’t, Tom had sounded so sincere about not being too angry.

“Don’t be so surprised I’m being nice,” Tom said, “I wouldn’t even have thought about bringing him back if I didn’t know how important he was to your father, so for you in extend.”

Harrisons looked up at the man, he should have known. Tom was doing this for him, he was angry, so angry, Harrison could hear it in his voice.

But Regulus was Harrisons family, Tom knew that. Tom was trying for Harrison, not to become a better person or whatever crap he had said yesterday.

“I would appreciate it, if we could try.” Harrison said and he saw Tom smiling, just slightly. The man nodded, “That’s the least I can do after you risked your life by going with me yesterday.”

Harrison scoffed, “It wasn’t *that* dangerous.”

Tom smirked, “Oh of course it wasn’t.” He said sarcastically, “That’s why everyone who walks in there never returns, cause it’s entirely safe.”

Harrison rolled his eyes.

~

“You really want to do this, cub?” Remus asked, they were currently sitting in the shrieking shack, waiting for the moon to rise. Remus could transform any second.

Harrison nodded, “I do.”

“I’ll be here the whole time,” Sirius said, “Sorry if I attack you if you try to do anything to Harrison, Moony.”

“Oh no, please.” Remus said, “Kill me for all I care.”

Harrison sighed, “No one will be killing anyone, okay? I’ll be fine.”

“That’s wha-“ Remus started, but mid sentence he was cut off, Harrison could see the moon shining slightly through the window. The man was now laying on the ground.

The sounds of bones cracking was slightly gross, Harrison had to admit.

“Animagus form, Harry.” Sirius said, Harrison nodded, changing into his black wolf form.

Remus’ transformation went quickly and the wolf form sniffed around curiously. Approaching Harrison and Sirius slowly.

Harrison growled, before Sirius could. The werewolf looked up, seemingly surprised, before it made a noise and laid down on the ground.

Harrison took that as Remus saying ‘it’s me’.

Sirius thought the same, because he started barking happily and ran around the werewolf, who stood up again.

Harrison just approached the big wolf, laying down next to it, but Sirius nudged both of them with his nose, trying to make them follow him.

It took Sirius a while to actually convince them to come with him, but once he did, they all spend the night running through the forbidden forest, chasing rabbits or birds.

Towards the end of the night they came back to the shrieking shack, all of them laid down and fell asleep. When they woke up Remus was not a wolf anymore, just regular Remus.

And Harrison had finally proved to Remus and Sirius that he would be okay coming with them, since they invited him to join them again next night.

Almost like a family activity, all they were missing were the twins.

Chapter End Notes

This was 6.5k words-

Chapter 31: "Tom Riddle? The Muggleborn? He's voldemort?" - "Half-blood actually."

Chapter Summary

Lots of talks :)

Chapter Notes

Ughh I have returned sorry it took so long, I've literally had the most busy weeks of my life. It was literally filled with school, work, exams 'nd homework. Besides all of that me and one of my teachers are working on making a DnD club in my school and I've been creating so many cool campaigns, which is fun but also a lot of work lmao.

I'm back for Christmas though! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time is a funny thing, one moment the year just started and the next moment it's almost Christmas break.

Slytherin had won their first quidditch match easily, now Flint was once again relaxed, instead of constantly stressing out. After the quidditch match Christmas was rapidly approaching and you noticed it through the whole castle. Everyone needed the break and of course everyone was excited to spent the holidays with their family.

Harrison however spent his free time trying to figure out how to expose Lockhart as a fraud, without getting anyone into life threatening situation.

He was currently sitting in Tom's office, studying Lockhart's books, trying to find anything, a clue as to how to do this. He wasn't actually sure where Tom was, but lately he had come here more often to just escape the crowds in Hogwarts.

"Please don't tell me you're some Lockhart fan." Tom spoke, when he saw what Harrison was looking at, the man was standing in the door opening of his office. "That would be enough to murder the oh so feared Dark Lord Voldemort, because if that were the case I'd jump off this building right now."

Harrison snorted, looked up and saw Tom standing in his formal robes.

He looked away, “I’m trying to prove the fool is a fraud.”

“Just let him fight the-“

“*Without* killing anyone.”

“Bummer,” Tom said. Harrison looked at Tom again, “First Wizengamot meeting?”

Tom nodded, taking the chair on the other side of the desk, not even trying to force Harrison away from behind his desk. “Just introducing Lord Gaunt,”

“Sounds boring.”

“It is, believe me.” Tom said, “At least you get to manipulate people.”

“Want to swap places?” Harrison said, pointing at the books. Tom smirked, “No, I’ll let you suffer.”

“And here I was thinking you would be *honoured* to get to help me.”

“As soon as the basilisk gets involved, I’m in.”

“No killing, Tommy boy.”

“Killing is my signature move.” Tom said, “Literally.”

“Bummer,” Harrison said, “If you really want to kill someone, kill Dumbles. Oh! Or that one follower of yours who I met at the Yule ball last year.”

“I’m still planning his slow death, but it’s more fun to do when everyone knows I’m back.” Tom said, “I’ll do a full meeting soon.”

“Can I join?”

“You can’t seriously want to?” Tom asked, “It’s literally people trying to suck up to me, while I just ignore or torture them.”

“Sounds fun, I’m excited to see you get all dark lordey.”

Tom looked sceptical, but Harrison returned to his book, so Tom just sighed and summoned some sort of paper he had to read, Harrison

honestly didn't pay attention.

It took five minutes till Harrisons mind started to wander, honestly Lockhart wasn't even a talented writer, Harrison doubted the man had any real talents.

He closed the books sighed and sat back, "We have twin wands, you know?" Harrison said, unknowingly repeating his words from months ago. "I think about that sometimes, because I mean, it could be because of the horcrux- that was my theory for a while."

Tom looked up, "It probably isn't. That's what you're thinking right?" Harrison nodded, Tom seemed in thought for a bit. "I feel like my small horcrux wouldn't have enough influence on your huge magical core to change what kind of wand you'll need."

"I read a book about them, it said that people with twin wands are often similar, or at least from a similar background." Harrison explained, "I don't think we're that similar."

"Not really," Tom agreed, "There's some characteristics, that's about it. So where there any other reasons?"

"Yeah, but all of them were just guesses, a lot of it relating to having similar souls, which made me think of the horcrux at first, of course." Harrison sighed, "There's also the soulmate theory, two parts of a soul split up waiting to find each other, but that just sounds stupid."

Tom nodded, but Harrison could see the man was only half listening, so he waited until Tom said something. "So basically, we're either soulmates because you have my horcrux, or we're soulmates cause fate's fucked up?"

"It's just theories." Harrison reminded the man, "But either way, I'm just glad we're not on opposite sites, would be kind of annoying if everyone expects me to kill you, but I can't cause of the twin wands."

Tom rolled his eyes, small smile on his face. "It would be tragic. Especially if that accidently still happened, in public."

Harrison stared at the man, "What are you thinking?"

"Just letting Dumbledore know about our… unfortunate situation."

"Are you serious?"

“That would be your godfather.” Tom paused for a minute, “But yes, I seriously meant that.”

Harrison laughed, then “Wouldn’t that kind of fuck up your whole politics take over plan.”

“I’m not saying we do it right now, I’ll just put it on my list of idea’s for when we’re ruling the wizarding world.”

Harrison honestly wondered what it would matter then, but he said nothing. Tom probably just loved the idea of duelling with someone who he wouldn’t beat in five seconds, in public.

“Might want to start training for it then, it’d be embarrassing if the minister lost to a *child.”* Harrison said and Tom laughed, which was rare. This whole conversation was weird, every conversation with Tom had been weird ever since the whole cave thing happened.

Tom had always been more human around him, but now it was like he had zero shields up, he felt comfortable and safe while with Harrison.

And Harrison, he was kind of glad, since it meant that now he would really get to know the man. Even better then he did before.

“Like you’re a child.” Tom shot back, “You’re just an old man in the body of a child.”

“You reckon I should age myself up when I’m done with school? There’s that one potion right?”

“I don’t think it would matter at that point.”

“Well, I’m planning on skipping a few grades, I really should talk with McGonagall about that.”

“Weren’t you thinking about recruiting her?” Tom asked, “If you want to try, you can tell her I’m alive with the right protection spells, of course.”

“I am, still. She’s been nothing but nice to me, even seems to doubt Dumbles more and more.”

“Well goodluck,” Tom stayed silent for a second, “I figured out a way, by the way.”

“A way to…?”

“To expose Lockhart.” At Harrisons look he said, “No torture, I know.”

“Okay so what than?”

“A duelling club, ask him to start one. He’ll be forced to perform some spells, everyone will see that he sucks. Just ask Rita to do an interview then and invite her to the next duelling club.”

“That’s actually-“

“A good idea? I know, really you have so much influence over the one writer who everyone knows and never use your power over her. It’s a waste.”

“You’re a genius, Tommy.” Harrison said and Tom smiled, “I thought that was your title.”

“We can share.” Harrison decided.

~

It took one week for Harrison to make time to meet up with McGonagall, he only made time because it was only two days till Christmas break.

He knocked on the transfiguration classroom, the door opening on it’s own.

He saw Sirius sitting there, next to McGonagall. He would almost laugh at the sight of his father grading papers, while McGonagall was just preparing a fun last class, but instead he forced himself to stay focussed he was there for a reason.

“Harrison!” Sirius said, like the man didn’t know why he was here.

“Harrison,” McGonagall echoed, “To what do we owe this pleasure?”

“It’s about my schoolwork,” Harrison said, “I’m here for the deputy mistress.” He said then, to make sure McGonagall knew he wasn’t here for her as his transfiguration teacher or Sirius.

“Ah, of course, come sit down.” McGonagall said and she was about to tell Sirius to go away, but then paused giving Harrison a questioning glance.

“The dog can stay.” Harrison said and McGonagall nodded, slight smile on her face. Sirius shouted, “Hey! That’s rude.”

Harrison grabbed a chair setting it in front of the desk McGonagall was sitting at. He sat down and said, “I’ve been thinking, it’s kind of boring for me here.” Harrison admitted, “So I was wondering if there’s anyway I could skip grades, get to a higher grade. I was thinking fourth year?”

McGonagall stayed quiet then after almost a full minute, “We haven’t let anyone skip grades for a while, but I know that you would be able to handle it.” She smiled, “I would even argue to just put you in seventh grade.”

“I will admit I’ve thought about it, but for now.. I don’t think I want to leave Hogwarts.” Harrison admitted.

“No one ever wants to.” McGonagall agreed, “Judging by Sirius silence you have discussed this before?”

“Of course,” Sirius said and Harrison nodded.

“I will try to do it behind Dumbledore’s back, so he can’t reverse it.” She sighed, “He would never allow this.”

“I really appreciate that.” Harrison took a deep breath, “I’ve never heard you talk about Dumbledore like that before, though.. Something changed?”

McGonagall looked surprised at the question, “It’s just- It doesn’t matter, but maybe this isn’t the right side of this whole thing.” She looked like she wanted to say more, but she didn’t.

So Harrison did, “I know you probably don’t want to talk about this with a student, but I am well aware about this war.”

“Of course you would be with your biological family,” McGonagall said, “I don’t like that Dumbledore is letting children do the fighting for him.”

“One of the reasons why a lot of people joined the dark side since Voldemort died.”

“Yes, but that worries me. What if he does return?”

“He’s not as bad as Dumbledore says he is. Have you actually heard his goals from before he got insane?”

“I can’t say I have.” She admitted.

“Which isn’t surprising, Dumbledore tries to hide them.” Sirius said, “Voldemort’s actual goals are good ones, which would protect the wizarding world, but also let muggles live without risking our or their safety.”

“A good example is last year,” Harrison said, “He was in the castle almost the entire year.”

“He’s alive?” McGonagall asked.

Harrison looked at Sirius who shrugged, as if saying; hey you decided to tell her. Harrison sighed, “He is, actually told me that he would talk to you if you wish.”

“Voldemort asked for me?” McGonagall asked, “And you’ve talked to Voldemort.”

“Well, not so much Voldemort, more Tom Riddle. You were in school together remember?”

“Yeah and then he disappeared right around the time of Vol- Oh.”

“Once again a thing Dumbledore tried to hide.”

“Tom Riddle? The Muggleborn? *He’s* Voldemort?”

“Half-blood.”

“Of course, I should’ve known.” McGonagall said.

“A lot of people didn’t know, I trust you will keep this a secret?”

McGonagall just stared forward, probably rethinking every life decision she ever made. She nodded, felt the magical binding snap in place.

Harrison took that as his signal to leave her alone to think about everything.

“Just think about it. I can set up a meeting with Voldy for you.” Harrison said, knowing that he just dropped a big bomb on this woman. “Tom- he well- he thinks quite positively of you.”

This conversation could’ve either made him lose his whole friendship with his transfiguration teacher or earned them a very powerful ally. He honestly couldn’t read what McGonagall was thinking from her face right now.

Harrison stood up and quietly left, thankful that he decided to wait for this conversation till the Christmas break.

Sirius followed him out of the classroom.

“That went better than expected,” He muttered and Harrison nodded, it did honestly. “I hope she won’t think of me as some evil person.”

“She won’t, she let you use a secrecy spell on her,” Sirius said, “Wouldn’t have done that if she wanted to tell anyone you’re evil.”

“We’ll just have to wait till after Christmas.” Harrison said, “I hope she’ll still go through with moving me up some grades, I’m bored out of my mind.”

“At least you can study inferi now,” Sirius said, without any emotion in his voice. Harrison glanced over at the man, then slowly nodded. “We’ll get him back.”

“He still would have missed all these years in between.” Sirius said, “We didn’t exactly- well we weren’t on good terms.”

“A lot has changed.” Harrison said, “He’s not going to blame you.”

Sirius chuckled, though it sounded bitter. “He’s probably screaming at me to not bring him back right now. We’re just selfish.”

Harrison sighed, “We can stop at any point, if you think it’s better, but I want to try this. So does Tom and we all know you want this.”

“I know, I’m just worried.” Sirius admitted, “We’re not exactly bringing him back at the safest time.”

“He’ll have Tom and my protection, he’s a strong wizard and Dumbledore will be too shocked about the fact that he’s not *dead* to actually think about what that means. We’re not bringing him back just for you to lose him again, padfoot.”

“I know,” Sirius said, “Thank you.”

~

“Harrison!” Draco shouted, running after him, letter in hand. Harrison stopped walking, waiting for Draco to catch up.

Draco didn’t say anything when he finally caught up, instead he pushed the letter in Harrisons hands, the careful handwriting of Lucius

Malfoy.

Harrison shot Draco a questioning glance, but the boy just motioned for him to read it.

Harrison scanned the letter, stopping when he saw the word Voldemort.

We have decided to have the Yule ball at Voldemort's place this year, since it will help him get more positive political supporters.

Harrison didn't need to read more after that.

"Can you believe it?" Draco asked, "Voldemort hosting a ball, do you think he'll have some sort of tor-"

"He's just human Draco, the ball will be like any other." Harrison said, "With better food, maybe."

"I can't believe we get to see his house, Slytherins castle!" Draco said then, Harrison sighed and started walking again. Honestly, Tom had just joined the political world, this was the smartest route to get some good attention, he got that. But hosting it in Slytherin manor, that might be stupid.

Harrison opened the door of the great hall, half listening to Draco's excited talking.

This was the last feast before Yule break. His friends were already there, Harrison knew they would be since he himself had told them to not wait for him.

He sat down at his usual place, next to Blaise and Pansy, opposite of Draco.

"Have any of you seen McGonagall?" Harrison asked and Blaise shook his head, "Not since two days ago, when you said you were going to talk to her."

"What was that about anyways?" Tracey asked and Harrison shrugged, "I'm trying to move up some grades."

"You're what?" Pansy asked and Harrison looked at her, "You didn't know? I thought I told all of you."

"I don't think you did, Harrison." Theo said, "Good for you, though."

“Yeah, might help you with the boredom.” Blaise said and he shot Harrison a smile.

“You’re leaving us?” Daphne asked and Harrison shook his head, “I’m not *leaving* anyone. I only asked to be moved up two years, I actually refused when they asked me if I didn’t just want to move up to the seventh grade.”

“*Just* two years he says,” Millicent said, smirking slightly. “That has like never been done before.”

“It’s rare I’ll admit it,” Harrison said.

Blaise looked around the group, “You can’t tell me all of you are actually surprised, like we should have seen this coming. He’s a bored genius.”

“Blaise is right you know.” Theo said, “All of us could have seen this coming.”

“Yeah, but Harrison has been so distanced lately!” Draco argued and Harrison sighed, “I’m sorry for that, I really am, but Tom- well let’s just say we’re working on a lot right now.”

“Yeah like Yule ball!” Draco said and Pansy’s face lightened up, “Right! I read about that!”

“*Voldemort* is not hosting anything Marvolo Gaunt is, a appropriate welcome to the British Wizarding World I’d say.” Harrison said.

“Right, Marvolo Gaunt.” Draco said, “And he’s so different than Voldemort?”

“Yes actually, he’s more human than Voldemort less fun than Tom. However, he is still manipulative. I don’t think Tom could manage making his alias be a non-manipulative person it’s in his blood really.”

“Tom and Voldemort that different, huh?”

“For what anyone else would see, sure.” Harrison shrugs, “But we live in a world full of masks, all of us act differently around certain groups than others.”

“Welcome to the pureblood world,” Blaise rolled his eyes, “Where showing no emotions is more important than forming bonds.”

“Unless the *bond* is with someone with a lot of power,” Theo added,

his voice perfectly matching Blaise's bored tone.

"Exactly."

~

Harrison grabbed a book, not really looking at what it was, more interested in what Salazar was talking about.

"*So then Godric just grabbed the tail of that beast, he got thrown into the air-"*

Harrison let his finger glide over the spines of some books, trying to sense some magic, maybe something interesting was here.

His break had started two days ago and he had been crashing at Tom's, not for any particular reason- well besides the prank war once again starting in Grimmauld's place and the fact that he had to prepare for multiple rituals again.

"*Can I ask you something?"* Harrison hissed at Salazar, the man seemed surprised, then said, "*Of course, little snake."*

Harrison smiled at the old nickname, it had been way too long since he had talked to the founders.

"*Rowena, did she die before you did? I'm sorry if this is a sensit-"*

"It's okay and I'm not sure.. we all kind of drifted as we got older. Not enough energy to give classes all day, but too much energy to just sit around the castle."

"I think her body might be buried in her vault's wall. Helena would have done it."

"It couldn't have been Helena."

Harrison gave the man a questioning look and Salazar sighed, "*She died before Rowena did, stabbed by the bloody baron."*

"So there's no way the rumours are true?"

"I'm not saying no one buried Rowena in those walls, I'm just saying that whatever happened in that vault wasn't Helena and if that person even fooled the goblins, they must've been powerful."

"You think it's something I should look into?"

“If you’re bored enough.” Salazar replied, “*Couldn’t hurt to look right? Don’t worry too much, though, the person is probably dead by now.”*

“Right.” Harrison agreed.

“Harrison here is always bored enough.” Tom strode into the library, “bored enough to hang around my manor all day doing nothing.”

“*Our* manor, technically.” Harrison said.

“It’s a castle, really.” Salazar said.

“That’s true, too, Tommy boy.”

Tom rolled his eyes at the nicknames, “Be careful, Harrison, make sure you don’t accidentally touch a cursed book. There’s some dangerous ones in here.”

Harrison nodded, “I’ll be careful.” He pulled his hands away from the books, then turned to fully face Tom and Salazar’s portrait. “It’s mostly in the back though, right? The cursed books I mean.”

“Yeah, I moved them all there.” Tom said, “Those Death Eaters would have killed themselves by now if I hadn’t.”

“Talking about death eaters when are you doing the full meeting?”

“Right after yule, destroy their holiday happiness.” Tom said, “Since the yule ball is being held here, they will all just stay in the guest wing.”

“Right the ball,” Harrison muttered, “It sounds like hell to have to organize it.”

“Good, because you’re helping me.” Tom said, amusement clear in his voice.

“No- you can’t just force me to.”

“Actually I can, or I can ask Sirius to get you home, whichever you prefer. However, I will be honest I don’t think the whole prank war thing is over.”

Harrison groaned, “We only have another few days.”

“Exactly why we should get to planning.”

“I hate you.”

Tom smirked, “You really don’t.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but did whisper “I really don’t.”

~

It took another two days for Harrison to decide it was safe to go home, especially since yule was in two days.

Him and Tom had luckily finished all the planning pretty quickly, mostly since Narcissa had been nice enough to help them and she had organised almost every Malfoy ball for at least the past thirteen years.

“Finished planning yule ball.” Harrison said, “Well I fled before Narcissa started talking about colour codes, really.”

Sirius laughed, “Smart choice, she really can get a bit extreme.”

“A bit,” Harrison echoed, “A lot more than that.”

“She’s been like that forever, I fear that will never change. We’ll just have to deal with this. Your poor, poor wedding when you’re grown up.”

“Or your wedding, when you and Remus finally decide to actually marry.”

“We’re not allowed, he’s a werewolf, remember?”

“You guys are not allowed here, what about other places, though?”

“We can’t just leave now, especially since were teachers.” Sirius sighed, “But I mean we’re okay like that, we don’t need a ring to prove our love to each other.”

“You could always do a small ceremony, it doesn’t have to be on paper to be real.” Harrison said, “Also there’s a lot of spells that will overpower the ministry if they ever tried anything. I just think it would be fun for you guys.”

“You think we should?” Sirius asked and Harrison shrugged, “I think *everyone* thinks you should. Also you wearing a wedding ring will lower the amount of people pestering me to get you to talk to them, really how do students not notice you’re the same age as their *parents.”*

“It’s my good looks,” Sirius said and Harrison snorted, “Sure it is.”

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas everyone!

Also, If any of you have a certain plot point you would like me to write more about please say so in the comments, since I don't plan my works AT ALL, I just kind of come up with some shit, some of them will end in the same chapters but others are longer.

I will try to tie all loose ends by the end of this book though, which will at least be another 200k words or so.

OKAY BYE!

Chapter 32: "I might be the Dark Lord, but I'm not uncultured."

Chapter Summary

A lot of talks and present exchanges and none of this is proofread, but all of it is written at like 4am, so chaos.

Chapter Notes

IT'S MY BDAY (Jan 3rd) :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a day till the yule ball at Toms and the Black family decided to give each other their presents today.

They had already opened their other presents from other friends or family. Harrison had once again gotten mostly books and some candy, but Blaise and Pansy had teamed up to buy enough stuff for Ebony to fill up a full room.

So now they had a ‘Snake room’. It was a room full of heated rocks, sticks, some plants and one magically growing/shrinking tree. Ebony absolutely loved it. Harrison hadn’t seen him since he went to explore in the room.

Now it was time to open each others’ gifts and Fred and George looked a little too excited and Harrison doesn’t know if he should be scared or excited.

He settled on the latter.

“Okay before we actually start.” Sirius said, sitting down, an envelope in his hands. “Snape and Lucius asked me to give this to Harrison, some kind of present they said.”

Harrison took the envelope, not sure what to expect, but when he opened it and saw an accepted request for human experimentation or werewolf experimentation, he was shocked. Snape had told him they should try to get this accepted, but he didn’t expect the man to really try by himself.

And Lucius, of course Lucius would have enough influence in the ministry to get this accepted.

“What is it, pup?” Sirius asked and he handed Sirius the letter, the man looked confused to say the least. “What is this for?”

“I’ve well- I’ve been working hard together with Snape to create a new kind of wolfsbane, something you could take once and would give you control forever or at least a long time. I needed to make sure I wouldn’t kill someone. The ministry allows certain people to test potions out on humans, prisoners who would’ve gotten executed anyways. Turns out Snape got our request approved.”

“You’re doing what?” Remus asked and Harrison smiled, “The plan was to finish it on your birthday, but honestly, I didn’t have enough time.”

“That’s- the best thing someone tried to do for me.” Remus whispered and Harrison shrugged, “I just want to help.”

“That’s great, pup.” Sirius said and Harrison waved his hands, not wanting to get compliments for something that makes so much sense to him. He was the only one who has the resources for this new version, so why shouldn’t he try?

“Let’s just move on.” Harrison muttered.

And they did, it quickly became clear why Fred and George had been so excited, giving everyone a self-made prank product.

Remus got Fred and George new School robes, which they really needed. Sirius got them a lot of old marauders journals, saved up over the years. All of their legendary pranks and the spells they used were in there, but also some of their failed spells. Sirius probably secretly hoped Fred and George would retry these pranks and make them work out.

Harrison made a bunch of moving portraits of everyone. There was also one of just a black dog and a werewolf, one of Harrisons favourites. When he gave them he just admitted that he honestly had no idea what to get everyone and that if Fred and George ever needed anything for their prank products that he could probably help.

The last gifts Harrison got were from Sirius and Remus, who decided to give him some old daggers with ‘Toujours pur’ on it. Harrison looked at Sirius, “These are heirlooms.” He stated, it was not a question.

Sirius nodded, “Yep,” Slightly popping the ‘p’, “I mean you’re part of

the family now, aren't you?"

Harrison nodded looking down at the daggers, the founders had never really taught him to fight with weapons, since wandless magic always came easy to him. He had gotten some classes to fight with swords, since that was almost necessary in the 10th century, but other than that.

Well, it was a skill he would like to learn.

"Thank you." Harrison said, looking up again and Sirius and Remus smiled at him, no words were needed.

~

Harrison spent the rest of the day trashing the house, he *knew* he had seen the Slytherin locket here before. It was one full hour later when he finally lost his patience.

"Kreacher!" Harrison shouted and suddenly the elf appeared with a little '*pop!*'.

"Little master called?" Kreacher asked and Harrison nodded, "Yes, I was wondering Kreacher, did Regulus give you anything with the task to destroy it right before he died?"

Kreacher's ears drooped, the elf took a step back, "N-no, M-master Regulus-"

"Kreacher."

Kreacher disappeared and Harrison sighed, he should've known the elf wouldn't help in anyway.

He had about five more rooms to go through on the top floor, then he would start doing the othe-

Kreacher returned with a locket in his hand, "Master Regulus gave me this to d-destroy. Kreacher is a bad elf, he didn't do the last thing Master asked him to." The old elf had tears in his eyes, probably missing Regulus more than anyone else in this house.

"Give it to me, Kreacher, I know how to destroy it. Just give me a few days."

Kreacher looked doubtful, but Harrison didn't hesitate to reach out and grab the locket. Kreacher let go before Harrison could actually

grab it.

“Thank you, young master.” Kreacher cried, the tears in his eyes still not gone.

Harrison nodded, he could let the elf think he was going to destroy it, even bring the empty horcrux back with him as proof.

“We both want the same thing, Kreacher.”

~

Tom had invited him to help welcome guests, Harrison had asked the man how they would know each other, since Tom was playing a new politician and Harrison was just a boy from Hogwarts.

Tom told him to tell the others they had met at the Malfoys in the Summer break, told him that the Malfoys would confirm this.

Harrison agreed, of course. In the exchange of Fred and George being able to come, which made Tom sent him a questioning look, *I did invite your whole family, Harry*.

He arrived an hour early intending to give Tom the locket as a gift, since he didn’t really have anything else.

He made his way to Tom’s office, which was weird, since the past few months he had arrived in Tom’s office through the cabinet.

“Tommy boy!” He shouted when he was outside the door, opening it slowly.

Snape and the Lestrange’s were there. Harrison at least looked somewhat embarrassed when he noticed the people. “Hi?” He said looking at the Death Eaters, then he focussed back on Tom, “I’ve got something for you.”

“You do?”

“It’s yule, my lordness or whatever you want me to call you, of course I got you something.” Harrison said happily, giving Tom a small black box, “Don’t worry it’s not an engagement ring or something.” He added.

Tom rolled his eyes, placed the box on his desk and walked to one of the many bookshelves In his office, grabbing something that was shaped like a book, however now that it wasn’t next to other books

Harrison could see it was carefully wrapped in forest green wrapping paper.

“We’re having a full gift exchange with them here?” Harrison said, “That’s nice. Talking about gifts,” He looked at Snape, “Thank you for your- well special gift.”

Tom looked between the two of them confused and Harrison smirked, “I can now legally test my potion on humans.”

“It’s so much more fun to do it illegally, though.” Tom said, “*Especially if people will offer themselves, because they are your followers.”* He said looking over to the three Death Eaters in his office, smirking slightly.

Harrison laughed, “*Not everyone has a huge group of followers who’d kill themselves if you asked them to, Tommy boy.”*

“Perks of being a Dark Lord,” Tom said and the faces of the three Death Eaters were such a mix of confusion with fear that Harrison couldn’t help but laugh harder.

“Now open your gift.” Harrison said when he finally stopped, “Believe me, you’ll love this.”

“I can’t feel *love,* Harry.”

“Not literally then,” Harrison said back, Tom finally handed him the forest green gift and Harrison immediately opened it.

It was a book, of course it was, Harrison already knew that, but just the kind of book it was.

Well, he was shocked that Tom would even buy something like it.

“Greek mythology?” Harrison asked, Tom nodded, “In Parseltongue, those are better than the normal ones anyways.”

“*You* read Greek mythology?”

“Of course I do,” Tom replied, “I might be a Dark Lord, but I’m not uncultured.”

Harrison snorted, “Right, well Thank you. I actually barely know anything about any kind of mythology, so I’m going to enjoy this.” And he wished he had brought a camera, because really the shock on the Death Eaters face when they realised Tom was being *nice.*

Well it was something he wished he could've taken a picture of, for blackmail reasons of course.

"Now open yours." Harrison said and Tom nodded, opening the black box.

Tom studied the locket carefully, hiding the shock on his face, but Harrison could see through his mask.

"Is this the-"

"It's the real one, yes." Harrison answered and Tom took it out of the box, "I had to search the entirety of yesterday, but hey, it was worth it."

"Thank you," Tom said, still studying the locket. Harrison could feel the waves of magic from the thing, now that it was with the rest of it's soul once again. He honestly wondered how none of the Death Eaters seemed to notice the overwhelming magic that was slowly making the air so-

Tom let put the locket back in the box and the whole effect was gone.

"*Will you be able to do the ritual after yule?"* Tom asked and Harrison nodded, "*I think so."*

Tom nodded and Harrison decided to let Tom finish up this mini meeting, "I'll just eh- go raid your kitchen. Let you finish whatever this is."

"Be careful for the house-elves they are very busy preparing for tonight."

"Good thing they love me then."

Tom rolled his eyes, but didn't comment on any thing, instead turning back to look at his Death Eaters again, who all seemed to prefer when he was still talking to Harrison.

An hour later he was standing waiting for someone he knew to enter, while shaking hands of hundreds of people, it seemed.

"Ah, Heir Black, what a surprise." He heard a recognizable voice say and he turned around.

"It really shouldn't be." He answered shortly, trying to open his mind link with Tom, it was constantly half open, just enough to sense each

other, but if Harrison totally opened it and sent a signal he could-

“I was summoned?” Tom asked giving Harrison a questioning look. Harrison rolled his eyes, “Lord *Yaxley* arrived, Milord.” Harrison said and Tom finally looked at the man who was standing quite close to Harrison.

“Ah,” Tom said, “Well come in, Lord Yaxley.”

Harrison snorted at the bitter tone Tom said it in and he swore he saw a flicker of fear in Yaxley’s eyes.

Tom closed his eyes, one hand on his arm, summoning a death eater it seemed. Harrison was proven right when Rodolphus approached them, he had arrived a short time ago, without Bellatrix, luckily.

“You summoned me, My Lord?”

“Make sure Lord Yaxley doesn’t leave the manor before the meeting tomorrow.”

Rodolphus nodded, all of the Death Eaters had been taught to never ask questions. Harrison waited till Rodolphus left again, before turning to Tom, “Awfully protective you are.”

“I’m not *protective.* Besides, you don’t need protection.”

“Awe, don’t be embarrassed Tommy boy.” He said, reaching up to pat his shoulder. Tom rolled his eyes, “I am never inviting you again.”

“Rude, besides you *need* me here, would go totally insane if I wasn’t here.”

“I asked you to greet the guests, not pester me.”

“Well, should have thought about this possibility before you decided to have me greet the guests.”

“Harrison!” He heard Daphne behind him, the girl walking up to him and Tom, Harrison could see Millicent following her.

“Daphne,” Harrison smiled, “Hey!”

She nodded at him, then bowed her head a little at Tom, “Lord Gaunt.”

“Heiress Greengrass,” Tom replied, like a proper pureblood, which he

wasn't.

"Your formality disgusts me." Harrison muttered and Tom snorted, "It would. Really, I though you got etiquette classes as a kid."

Daphne laughed at Harrisons face when Tom said that. It was shock mixed with amusement.

"In my defence, etiquette was *different* back then." Harrison said and Tom smirked, "Yeah well, doesn't mean you can't act like a proper pureblood now, greeting guests and all. I mean I never got etiquette classes and even I can do it."

"With fifty more years of life experiences."

Daphne and Millicent were just watching their conversation with amusement when suddenly two red heads came up behind them, each of them trying to prank them by changing their hair colour.

Sadly, Harrison put up a shield as soon as he noticed.

"Harrikins, must you always upset us so?" Fred asked, dramatically.

"Where is all your brotherly love?" George asked then and Harrison laughed, "I've literally fled the home because you guys make it impossible to live there, you don't deserve my love anymore."

"So first you leave us," Fred started, "And then you blame us for the fact you left."

"I'm starting to think you really dislike us." George said and Harrison rolled his eyes, "You know I do not, now where's Sirius and Remus?"

"Well they were trying to get ready-"

"- But I'm pretty sure they ended up fucking inste-"

"Okay, okay. I've heard enough." Harrison said, "Just eh- try not to anger any Death Eaters?"

Fred and George looked at each other, then at Harrison, then lastly at Tom. "It's probably better for our health if we agree, right?" George said and Tom nodded. George sighed, "Fine then, though Harrisons friends are not safe, neither are any other students."

"As long as you don't break anything in this manor."

“Castle,” Harrison corrected Tom, “Salazar would be disappointed in you, even after he corrected you, you still call it a manor?”

“So did you a few days ago,” Tom replied, “*Little Snake.”* He then added, sarcastically.

Harrison tried, but probably failed to hide his smile.

“I feel like we’re watching something we’re not supposed to.” Millicent said to Daphne, who nodded slightly, then looked at Millicent and back to Harrison, “Tell the others to find us once they arrive, since somehow we’re the first.”

Harrison nodded and then they left.

“She’s going to make quite the name for herself,” Tom mused, “In Hogwarts I mean.”

“She already has, people started calling her the Ice Princess.”

“It fits her.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, only half listening still, instead scanning the hall they were standing in, Fred and George were no where to be seen, which isn’t a problem perse, it just could turn into one when they decide to do something stupid.

“Calm down, I have Death Eaters everywhere, trusted ones I mean. If they’re about to do something stupid they’ll be stopped. I also put them off-limits for any type of torture. They won’t ruin anything here, only give us a bit of amusement.” Tom said, like he could read Harrisons mind.

Which Harrison hoped he couldn’t. He really never knew for sure, specifically with their mind link.

He was distracted by Draco, Theo and Blaise entering together, Pansy and Tracey directly following them.

“Welcome to this *castle.”* Harrison said, shooting Tom a look, Tom’s lip curled into something that could be called a smile, though Harrison was sure only he noticed. Blaise raised an eyebrow, but was also the first to actually reply something, “Guess I really get to see the best houses in the Wizarding World simply cause I’m friends with Harrison.”

“You know it,” Harrison said, “Your parents also coming?”

“Yeah, they will follow in a bit.” Blaise said, just as he said that Lucius Malfoy walked in with Narcissa. None of the other parents were there yet.

“We just decided to go already, because parents can be so slow.” Pansy said.

Harrison nodded in agreement, he still hadn’t seen Sirius and Remus. “Millicent and Daphne are her-“

Harrison stopped mid-sentence, when he saw someone in the crowd entering.

“You invited her?” Harrison turned to Tom who looked confused, before his eyes drifted to the door, then he slowly nodded.

“Megan!” Harrison shouted, he and the woman had shared lots of letters over the past few months. Only getting closer than they were before.

Megan took that as a sign to approach them, “There’s my non-biological little brother.” She said, smiling slightly.

Harrison hugged her, before she even got the chance to greet Tom, who didn’t seem to mind too much. Especially because as soon as they let go, she bowed her head forward slightly and said, “My Lord.”

“You joined him?” Harrison asked, slightly disbelieving.

Megan nodded. Tom seemed to wait for her to explain, but when she didn’t he said, “She approached me a few weeks ago, telling me that she thought about it and would like to join me permanently. We did the whole ceremony and now she’s officially a Death Eater.”

“You’ll be there tomorrow?” Harrison asked, Megan nodded again.

“How didn’t I know about this?” He asked next and Tom said, “We wanted to get your reaction in person and you haven’t seen Megan since-“

“- Since my last break.” Harrison finished, “I get it.”

“We’ll just go-“ Draco said, before he left with Tracey and Theo. Harrison was almost sure Pansy forced Blaise to stay so they could overhear Harrisons conversations together.

“If you want to you can join your friends, *Little Snake.”* Tom said, hissing the last part, once again using the nickname Salazar gave him.

“*Nah, I’m good, also I’m sure I’m not going to have a lot of free time anyways. People love getting to know me just to say they’ve talked to me.”*

“Your friend seems annoyed by the fact that we’re talking in parseltongue,” Tom noted, he was right Pansy seemed very disappointed, “*She probably is.”* Harrison admitted. Blaise and Megan both seemed amused, not really bothered by the parseltongue at all.

“Lord Gaunt,” Harrison heard someone behind him, Lucius Malfoy.

“Lord Malfoy, I believe your son already joined his friends.” Tom said, Harrison could feel Lucius’ eyes drift to him, “The other ones.”

“Ah, well I too shall enter then, although I do hope you are able to speak with me later tonight, alone.”

Tom raised an eyebrow by the slight demanding voice Lucius said it in, making the man bow his head forward a bit, an almost invisible sign of submission. Tom smirked, “I believe I would be able to make some time.”

“Thank you,” Lucius said and quickly walked away, Narcissa following after saying hello to Harrison, Blaise and Pansy.

“I thought you didn’t mind Lucius?” Harrison asked and Tom replied, “I don’t it’s just fun to remind them of their place.”

“I do wonder what he has to talk about.”

“You can join us.”

“I thought he asked to talk to you alone?”

“And I believe he is in no place to make such demands.” Tom said, “If you wish to be there, you can be.”

Harrison nodded, “Well just come and get me when you decide it’s the right time to talk to Lucius then.”

Tom nodded, Harrison honestly wondered if the man planned on leaving anytime soon, but he wasn’t complaining. It was just a weird thought, Tom would rather be seen with a group teenagers than talk with others.

“Is Sirius here yet?” Megan asked, “Who’s invited anyways?”

“Black didn’t arrive yet.” Tom answered, “I invited almost every big political figure, including kids and any other family. Also some Death Eaters and other people who won’t be seen as directly light or dark sided.

“So no Potters?”

“I wouldn’t even trust them in this castle.” Tom responded honestly, making Megan say, “Yes!”

Harrison turned to Blaise and Pansy tuning Tom and Megan out, trusting them to keep it civil, if only for public appearances. “You guys can join the others, you know?”

“We know, but Draco has been bragging about this weird crystal thing he got for yule. I’m not even sure what it is.” Pansy said, “Even I couldn’t take it anymore.”

“And it’s fun to overhear my conversations?” Harrison guessed, Pansy managed to fake an at least somewhat guilty looking face. Harrison snorted, “That’s what I thought. Don’t get too excited, Tommy boy here isn’t going to spill any secrets.”

Tom and Megan stopped talking to look at them, Megan eyeing Tom and then Harrison kind of worried.

“*I can spill secrets like this.”* Tom hissed and Harrison laughed, “*You can.”*

“That’s just unfair.” Pansy said, “Do translation spells work, because I will master them.”

“They won’t work,” Blaise answered, “It’s a magical language, spells never work for those, because you can’t just learn them like any other language.”

It took ten full minutes for Harrison to finally convince Pansy and Blaise to join the other Slytherins, quickly after that Megan also left, only for Sirius and Remus to finally arrive and enter quickly.

Then a lot of parents from students he knew arrived, every single one of them took this chance to really talked with the genius kid. Harrison just used these conversations to get used to calling Tom ‘Marvolo’. It felt weird, sometimes he would almost slip up, only for Tom to shoot

him a look.

At some point almost his whole quidditch team arrived at the same time, except for the ones who either couldn't come or well- the ones who were already there. Most of the parents were also there, meaning Harrison had to shake a lot more hands.

"Tough life." Terence said, Harrison wanted to flip him off so bad, but another sharp look from Tom stopped him, instead he shot Terence a glare. Harrison knew that Tom was practically reading his mind at this point, about twelve minutes ago they got bored enough to both totally open up their own sides of the link, sending each other waves of annoyance or other emotions.

They hadn't closed it yet.

"As long as the Potters don't show up, I'm okay with this." Harrison answered, Terence nodded, "Fair, enough."

"I'm pretty sure your parents are the only ones whose hands I haven't shook yet here," Harrison said, only a minute ago he had stopped talking to Lord Flint. Terence laughed, "Oh they will try to talk to you later, get to know my little brother." Terence said, this day really made Harrison realise how many older sibling figures he had in his life.

"Well, as long as they aren't as boring as literally half of the people here, I'm excited to meet them." Harrison answered and Terence laughed, which Harrison took as a good sign.

Terence then looked at Tom bowed his head slightly forward and said, "Lord Gaunt,"

"Heir Higgs."

"Everyone greets you so formal, but they just walk up to me and say 'Oy! You're the genius, right?' It's unfair." Harrison said, "I mean I will say some people tried with their 'Heir Black's. That's still not my full title, though."

"If they used your full title they would be take longer to say your name than the actual greeting." Terence said, Harrison smirked, "I know, it would give me a bit of entertainment between all the boring stuff."

"I'm doing you a favour here," Tom said, "I mean at least not

everyone will try to approach you once we actually join the people inside the hall."

And Harrison couldn't argue with that logic, since it was true, the entirety of last year Harrison had been approached by people, but now he would have had most of that before the ball even started.

"Are you going to have a dramatic entrance?" Harrison asked instead of replying to what Tom just said.

"No, not quite as dramatic as I would have if this was with my Death Eater, I'm just going to walk in."

"Boring," Harrison sighed.

"*Just wait till tomorrow."* Tom hissed, "*We can make it as dramatic as we want."*

"I don't think I even want to know what he just said," Terence muttered, "I feel like I'm losing sanity every minute I stand here."

Harrison raised his eyebrows at the casual way Terence talked about Tom, while Tom was right there, but Tom just seemed amused so Harrison would let it slide, too. Instead he just laughed, "We've heard that before."

"Have we?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded, "People are just too scared to tell me when you're also there, like Terence just did."

"It's not like I can kill someone here in public," It's not the first time Harrison wondered just how strong the privacy charm Tom used was, because it had to be strong if he just talked like this.

"Yes, but you could kill someone afterwards." Harrison said and Terence looked worried, "Don't worry, I'll be angry if Tommy here murdered you."

"*Marvolo."* Tom corrected him and Harrison nodded, "Right."

"Well, I should probably go." Terence said.

"You can join your friends if you want," Tom said, "I think we're almost done."

Harrison shook his head, "No I will stay."

~

“So are you dancing this time?” Pansy asked, almost like she wanted to offer Harrison her hand.

“You weren’t that bad last year.” Blaise said, Pansy immediately agreeing.

“Do I have to?” Harrison asked, looking over at all the people dancing it doesn’t seem so bad, really, but he would much rather stay here on the side.

“Practice is important.” Tracey said, “If you ever want to really do well, you need practice.”

“I really don’t like dancing, though.” Harrison said.

“Just wait till others start expecting you to dance with them to get a chance to talk to you.” Draco said, “They luckily still think you’re a little young now, they’ll just greet you here, but in a few years.”

“I know, don’t remind me.” Harrison really did know, he had seen Tom dance with multiple people, talking with them, most of them weren’t Death Eaters, though. None of the Death Eaters would even dare to ask the Dark Lord to dance.

Tom didn’t seem to mind too much, which made sense. If Harrison could only dance with half the skill and grace Tom did, he wouldn’t mind either.

“You’ll be fine,” Pansy said and Harrison could feel the if coming. “If you let us teach you.”

“Oh come on! I’m not dancing.”

“You are,” Pansy said and then she just grabbed Harrisons arm and pulled him towards the dancefloor. Harrison let it happen, because he’d rather dance then stay alone.

Even if he knew that since he danced with one person he’d have to dance with all the others too, then his quidditch team, his family, maybe even Tom.

He chose to ignore that, though. Focus on the present and all that shit. And right now, dancing didn’t sound as bad as it usually did.

~

Harrison allowed himself to sit down for ten minutes, one dance had

turned into about a hundred dances- or at least it felt like a hundred dances- with just as much people.

And yes, Sirius and Remus might've let him rest for a bit, Fred and George might've tried to really messily dance with the three of them at the same time, which had been funny. But that didn't stop his feet from hurting.

"And here I was hoping you'd still dance with the host," Tom said, sitting down next to him.

"I'm surprised you even found the time to talk to me with all your popularity." Harrison replied.

"You know I'd always make time for you." He said, all kind, Harrison was almost suspicious, if he hadn't felt the annoyance of the past two hours slowly fade into amusement over their still open links.

"I will dance with you *if* you let me sneak off afterwards, I need to rest before the ritual." Harrison said and Tom gave him a confused look, "You don't need my permission to leave this room or this wing, you know? I mean this house is basically also your house."

"I know, but I do still want you to get me when you go talk to Lucius."

"I will, don't worry about that." Tom said, then he got up again. He smirked slightly, before dramatically bowing and offering his hand, "Now, can I have this dance?"

Harrison laughed and grabbed Tom's hand. "Never thought I'd see you bow for anyone."

"Only for you," Tom answered, amusement clear through the link still. Harrison was glad Tom still had a good mood this far into the evening, they still had a big part left.

"That doesn't mean I'm letting you lead, though." Tom said and Harrison shook his head, "You really shouldn't. I'm the worst at dancing."

Tom turned around, facing Harrison. Only then he noticed that they were already in the middle of the dancefloor. He pulled Harrison closer, "*Maybe the reason why you're bad at dancing is because you're just standing there awkwardly."*

Harrison rolled his eyes and placed a hand on Tom's shoulder, "*Shut*

up,”

Tom laughed softly, not loud enough for anyone else to hear- can’t ruin his image, can he?- But Harrison could hear it and that was enough.

And when they finally stopped Harrison would admit that really dancing isn’t that bad, as long as you do it with the right person.

Chapter End Notes

> this is part 1/2, since I decided the more serious part had to be written when I'm not about to fall asleep, goodnight everyone!

Chapter 33: “My gift,” The voice said. “I think it’s only fair for me to give you something in return.”

Chapter Summary

Harrison receives a gift and it causes some problems.

Chapter Notes

I've returned, the past few weeks have been busy, once again. I wrote this spread ver the last week or so and finally finished it :)

Harrison was laying in the room he had claimed a while ago, just resting, he knew that he would have to do a full ritual later, which on it’s own was exhausting.

Someone knocked on his door and Harrison was sure it couldn’t have been longer than an hour yet, so why was someone bothering him?

“Harrison?” The door opened, “Lucius asked to talk now, you still want to join us?”

Harrison got up, “Yes, I’m curious what he has to say.”

“The night is almost over, don’t worry.”

“I’m so glad,” Harrison said, “I mean the socializing is *exhausting*.”

“Get used to it,” Tom said, “You’re going to have to do a lot of that when we win this war.”

“Stop reminding me,” Harrison groaned, while half-pushing Tom out of the room. “Now where’s Lucius?”

“He’s waiting in my office.”

“To your office we go.” Harrison said, glad that Tom had decided to let Lucius go there, since it was not too far away from their rooms.

Tom nodded and started leading the way, leaving Harrison to try and catch up with him.

When they entered Tom’s office Lucius was sitting there, as soon as he

heard the door open he got up and turned to the door, bowing. “My Lord.”

“You may stand, Lucius.” Tom said and Harrison smirked at the obedience from a man as powerful as Lucius.

When Lucius stood up his eyes drifted to Harrison, Harrison could see Lucius trying to stop himself from asking any questions, instead he just accepted the fact that Tom had invited Harrison, he couldn’t do anything about it.

Tom sat down in the chair behind the desk, so Harrison grabbed the only chair left and moved it so that it was standing next to Toms.

“You *demanded* to talk to me, for which I should really punish you.”

Lucius mumbled, “I- I’m sorry, My Lord.”

Tom looked at Harrison almost as if asking for permission, Harrison rolled his eyes, but motioned for him to continue. Tom smirked, glad Harrison agreed with him here, then shot a *crucio* at Lucius.

He stopped pretty quickly, but it did the job of reminding Lucius who was the boss here and that it wasn’t him, for sure. Tom made sure to watch Harrison the short time he held the spell, Harrison hadn’t shown any sign of being okay with torture before this.

“*I’ve done worse things in my times with Sal, stop worrying.”*

“Yes he has, the self-made potion was still my favourite.” Salazar said from his portrait, “*Helga wasn’t fond of that one though.”*

“So you’re okay with this.” Tom said, “*Even after you put all the effort into making me sane again?”*

“I’m glad you haven’t lost your touch,” Harrison joked, “*It would seriously be worrying if you stopped this, the Death Eaters would stop listening, they only react out of fear mixed with a twisted kind of respect.”*

Tom nodded then turned to Lucius, “So what was so urgent you demanded this meeting? You *better* make this worth my time.”

Lucius nodded and didn’t waste anymore time before he started explaining, “Dumbledore and his goons have been trying to pass laws, more laws against Dark Creatures.”

“We know, they have tried for a while, never succeeded, though.”

Tom said.

“The worrying thing is that there’s someone slowly rising in power, she’s been trying harder to pass all these laws.” Lucius said, “Her name is Madame Umbridge, right now she’s not a big problem, but she could become one.”

“Umbridge?” Tom asked, “You mean the woman with the disgusting pink outfits who seemed way too interested in ‘Lord Gaunt’ When I just joined the Wizegamot?”

“That would be the one, My Lord.” Lucius said, “The biggest problem is, she despises Dumbledore, but also hates our ideals. If she keeps going she could slowly start a side of her own.”

“A third side in this war?” Harrison asked, “And all of it is in politics?”

“She won’t do too much,” Tom said, “She’s not a powerful witch, I had Rookwood write a bit about all the big influences in the Wizegamot.”

“She is a powerful politician, though.” Lucius said. “If any of us make a mistake right now, she’ll use it. Whether it’s Dumbledore, the Minister or me.”

“So don’t make a mistake, make sure the Minister doesn’t either.”

“What about Dumbledore?”

“I’ll keep an eye on him.” Harrison decided, “Try to keep him on the right path, which sounds absolutely disgusting, but hey? I will sacrifice my sanity to this side once again.”

“Don’t get yourself in too much trouble at Hogwarts.” Tom said and Harrison smiled, “I’ll be careful, still try to avoid the old fool, just make sure that he doesn’t do anything Umbridge can use.”

“Minister Fudge isn’t that smart, though, he also seems to befriend Umbridge, slowly.” Lucius said, “I can slow it down, but I’m afraid in a few years-“

“Do everything you can.” Tom commanded, “You will regret it if you don’t.”

“I d-didn’t say I wa-“

“Leave.” Tom said and Lucius didn’t argue. He got up and quickly left,

leaving Tom and Harrison alone- with Salazar also, but he was in a portrait, so did it really count?

“This could be bad.” Tom muttered, “Taking the political route sucks.”

Harrison sighed, “You’ll be fine. If this all ends really badly we’ll just kill her, then Dumbledore then anyone else in our way and take over.” He paused, “I will help you, whatever you decide to do. If you want to burn this whole place to the ground, I’ll be right there by your side- might try to stop you before, but if you really think that’s what best, I believe you. We’re not going to give up this stupid politics game just because some woman decides she hates dark creatures.”

“Thank you,” Tom said, quite awkwardly, “For you know- helping me.”

Harrison laughed, “No problemo, Tommy boy. Also in just five years we have so many seats nobody could even stop us in the Wizegamot.”

And Tom couldn’t even say that wasn’t true, because it was. So he just made an agreeing noise.

He had to admit when Harrison first brought him back he had been hesitant, people had always told him everyone needed someone they could totally trust. He had shrugged it off, but now that he was letting someone in, it felt kind of good. Being a Dark Lord sucked, lots of set backs, no one really believed your course. But then, when you meet someone like Harrison, it all doesn’t quite seem so bad anymore. Tom finally allowed himself to admit that these people had been right, everyone needs someone, even if it was a kid from centuries in the past that was somehow mentally older than all the grown-ups he’d ever met.

~

The ritual Harrison used this year was almost identical to the one of last year, however the execution was different. Firstly, Tom was there meaning the ritual seemed to work better, almost stronger.

And then, Harrison fainted.

which on it’s own was weird. When he opened his eyes- or well didn’t open his eyes- everything was black. The only thing he saw was a purple glow far away. It seemed to slowly approach, Harrison stood there, frozen.

"*You've done well,"* The voice said, it was a gentle female voice. "*You've done what you promised me. In exchange I gift you this."*

Harrison still didn't move, he wasn't sure what was happening had never heard of anything like this, he did however ask, "Mother magic?"

He cringed at how small and young he sounded in the presence of this powerful being. The voice didn't seem to mind, there was a giggle that rung through his head.

"*I should've expected you being able to identify me*," The voice said, "*I wanted to personally thank you, you've helped me a lot this past year. You're on the right path, Harrison*."

Harrison nodded, "The light?" He asked, unsure if he was allowed to ask questions.

"*My gift*," The voice said. "*I think it's only fair for me to give you something in return*."

"Haven't you already given me too much?" Harrison asked, not sure where to look, since the voice came out of the darkness of the never ending room he was standing in.

"*All your gifts they're yours. You only have them, because things in your past happened*." The voice explained, "*None of them are directly from me.*"

"What is it?" Harrison asked.

"*Figure it out,"* The voice said.

Before Harrison could ask anything else the light approached him faster than before, until his body seemed to open up and allow the light in.

"*I'll see you soon, Harrison."*

Harrison groaned when he woke up, all he saw were shocked and worried faces of his classmates, family and- well Tom.

"Are you okay?" Pansy asked, being the first to react to him opening his eyes.

"Ugh, this sucks." Harrison said, looking around, "I feel like shit."

He allowed himself to close his eyes again, screaming at Mother Magic in his head.

“What happened?” Draco asked and Harrison snorted, “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

The silence was deafening.

When Harrison opened his eyes again he allowed himself to look around, everything seemed… normal.

“Step back.” Harrison said, adding a “Please,” after he got a bunch of shocked looks. He ignored the strangers who were all watching the scenes. As soon as there was a path made for him, clear of any humans he put up a shield and started casting a bunch of strange spells.

“Nothing fucking changed.” Harrison muttered, “*Fucking deities thinking they can get away with everything.”* He hissed.

“Come with me Harrison,” Tom said, before telling everyone they could stay as long as they’d like. Harrison nodded, following the man, well aware his classmates and family also followed them.

“*You mentioned deities?”* Tom said and Harrison nodded, “*Mother Magic- She well, this is going to sound insane, she spoke to me.”*

“I felt your fear,” Tom hissed, “*I really thought; this is it, the end.”* He said carefully.

“*You can’t get rid of me that easily,”* Harrison sighed.

“*I’m glad,”* Tom said truthfully, “*What did Mother Magic want?”*

“She gave me a gift, though refused to say what it was, something about figuring it out myself is more fun.”

“Another gift?” Tom said jokingly, “*Like you aren’t powerful enough.”*

“That’s what I said,” Harrison admitted, “*Anyways now I have to figure this shit out and I don’t even know where to begin, also she made me faint in a room full of purebloods.”*

“She has a sense of humour.” Tom said glancing at the people behind them who looked kind of annoyed about the fact that they couldn’t understand the conversation.

“This is not funny,” Harrison said and Tom smirked, “It kind of is.”

“I hate you.” Harrison said and managed to sent a stinging hex into Tom’s side, for a dramatic effect. Tom just sent one back until they were duelling while walking both using small twitches of their wrists to sent the hexes.

“Oh to be powerful enough to duel so casually,” Fred said in a dreamy voice, breaking the kind of awkward silence between everyone but Tom and Harrison.

That’s when Tom sent a Rictusempra to Harrison, Harrison who was distracted by Fred’s comment managed to fall over, laughing.

“*How I love torture.”* Tom hissed.

After one minute Tracey was the one who dared to cast a finite.

“You asshole,” Harrison said to Tom.

“That’s no way to talk to a Dark Lord.”

“Trying to scare me, Tommy boy?”

Tom rolled his eyes, while Harrison turned to Tracey, “You’re the only one I like here.”

“Are you going to tell us what happened?” Draco asked and Harrison nodded, “To Tommy boys office we go.”

Tom and Harrison actually managed to lead the rest of the way without any banter or annoying the others. Honestly, they should get a reward for that.

Tom let all of them in and- somehow it fit, since Tom decided he needed a big ass office.

“Sit down,” Tom said, “Or stand I don’t care.”

The first ones who were smart enough or brave enough to listen to Tom were Sirius, Remus and the twins. They each claimed a chair, leaving the Slytherins to find a space on the small couch or on the floor.

Most of them decided to just stand. Tom sat down in his chair while Harrison decided Tom’s desk was an alright chair.

“*Must you do that?”* Tom asked, narrowing his eyes.

“*Of course,”*

“There’s important paperwork on my desk.”

“Not here.” Harrison answered.

“Just tell them your story.” Tom muttered, Harrison took that as a win, smirking at the man.

“So? What was so important you bought us all here?” Fred asked and Harrison shrugged, “Honestly just wanted to annoy Tommy boy, we could’ve done this anywhere.”

“So there’s nothing?”

“That’s not what I said.” Harrison replied, “I spoke with Mother Magic.”

“Please tell me he did not just say that,” Sirius whispered in awe, “You hear that Moony, Mother Magic is real! I told you all so many times!”

“I hear him, pads.” Remus said, shrugging at Harrisons questioning look.

“Well- anyways, she gifted me with something. It looked like an purple shining orb that my body swallow.” At the weirded out looks he laughed, “I know this sounds insane, but then I woke up. She told me that I had to figure out myself what the thing she gifted was.”

“The magic during the ritual was insane.” Pansy said, “We all blamed our Lord for the difference between this year and last year, but maybe it wasn’t him at all.”

“It couldn’t have been me.” Tom said, “I would have noticed, believe me.”

“You felt it?” Harrison said, “And didn’t tell me?”

“When could I have told you? When we were constantly hexing each other?” Tom asked, amused. Harrison sighed, “*I hate it when your right.”*

Tom smirked, “That’s what I thought.”

“The parseltongue thing is getting scary,” George said, “If Harrison

hadn't been so yo-"

"That's enough, brother." Fred stopped George, both bursting out laughing.

"Okay can we please go back to the whole secret power thing?" Millicent ask, "Or am I the only one who wants to know how much more powerful Harrison has gotten?"

"You're not the only one." Harrison said.

"You know nothing?" Daphne said, "What if she cursed you or something?"

"I'm hoping she likes me enough to not do that." Harrison sighed, "I will just try to figure this out, but I don't know what it could be everything feels the same, even my magic."

"Maybe it still has to manifest." Draco said, "Mother befriended someone a while ago who was thought to be a squib, now that same person is working as an auror."

"So patience?" Harrison asked, "I'm not good at patience."

"*Understatement."*

Harrison glared at Tom.

"You want us to throw some curses at you, see if it manifests something?" George asked, "I know some I'd like to test out."

"No torture in my office." Tom said.

"Hypocrite."

"That's different, Harry." Tom responded, "Because I enjoy it when it's Death Eaters. Especially the politi-"

"Be nice." Harrison cut him off, "Don't scare the guests."

"Never thought I'd see anyone tell the Dark Lord off and live to tell the tale, let alone my son." Sirius said, "Is that something we should be proud of, Moony?"

Remus sighed, not bothering to respond.

"Talking about telling Tom off," Harrison started, Tom looked at him

in surprise, “I need to discuss something with him, can you all find the way to the ballroom yourself?”

When they shook their head, Tom called an elf, letting the creature lead them back.

“Harrison, we want to see you before we leave.” Remus said, “You’re allowed to stay here, but-“

“Don’t worry I’ll come back to the ballroom in a bit, too.”

Remus nodded, closing the door behind him.

“So you’re telling me off, huh?” Tom said, pushing Harrison off his desk with a magical shove.

“Not really, gotta keep up appearances, Tommy Boy.”

“That nickname is truly the worst thing in existence.”

“At least you’re accepting it’s existence.”

“It’s hard not to.” Tom said and Harrison laughed, while sitting down in a normal chair.

“So what did you want to talk about?” Tom asked, “I’m assuming you didn’t just sent everyone away because you enjoy just my company more?”

“Well, that too, I suppose. But I did have something.” Harrison muttered quietly, then louder. “There’s a girl in Slytherin, Iris. She’s from a vampire coven you used to help in your.. saner years. You helped them get into Hogwarts, blend in, give them a chance to get a good education.”

Tom seemed to think before nodding, “I totally forgot.”

“I thought you did, you should start doing that again. That vampire coven still trusts that one day you’ll help them like you did back then. They could be the most loyal followers you will ever have.”

“And I’m also helping people who deserve help.” Tom added, “That’s the most important part of course.”

Harrison smirked, “Of course, because you are always doing everything out of kindness, no other motives.”

“You know me so well, *Little Snake.”* Tom said.

“You keep calling me that.”

“Salazar did it, it’s fitting.” Tom answered the question Harrison didn’t even ask yet.

“Though you don’t say it in English, only parseltongue.”

“That makes the nickname better.” Salazar said from his portrait.

“Oh you’re actually here, what do you think of the whole power thing?”

“I think you should treat it with caution, but also try to experiment, have some fun with it.” Salazar said, “And tell me about it when you figure it out.”

“Of course, I will.” Harrison said, “If you tell the others about it.”

Salazar sighed, “You always make requests.” But he left his portrait, so Harrison supposed he would do as told.

“I like the nickname.” Harrison decided.

“You better,” Tom said, “Cause I don’t call you something like Harry boy or whatever.”

“You sound like Dumbledore,” Harrison laughed, “Harry, my boy!” He imitated.

Tom laughed, “I think he feared me, always called me Mr. *Riddle.* With such distaste too, makes you wonder what I did as a kid to make him hate me so much.”

“Get sorted into Slytherin?” Harrison suggested.

“That might be the reason, to be honest.” Tom said, “Would not be surprised.”

~

The room was full with Death Eaters of every rank. Harrison wondered how Tom ever got so many people to join his course, as an insane man.

“Are you sure you want to be here, just expose to all these people that

you're part of the Dark Side now?" Tom asked, "You can stay anonymous if you'd like- I wouldn't mind."

"I'm sure, Tommy boy. Also, the secrecy spell in the dark mark will make sure they can't expose me right?"

"Yes, I will make sure it does."

"And I trust you one hundred percent." Harrison said seriously, "I mean it, I'm okay with this."

"The thing Yaxley said- there will be more, they are just jea-"

"I can deal with it." Harrison smiled, "And if I can't, you can. Now big bad Dark Lord whose also kind of a softie, go stand in front of your faithful followers."

"Did you just call me a sof-"

"Go!"

Tom sighed, but obeyed, standing on the small stage.

"I've called upon all of you," He started, quickly getting the attention of everyone. "To make sure you all know of my return and my new plans. I have decided that for now it is smarter to take the political route."

Protests were heard throughout the hall.

Tom let his eyes flash brighter red for a second, the fear rose in the hall and everyone silenced. "We can work our more violent nature in the shadows, we must not attract any attention yet. I want you all to make sure we win this course. We need to reshape this world, that's why we started this." Tom let his eyes wander over the crowd, "I will not tolerate any disobedience, it will be punished just as roughly as before. Understood?"

People hesitantly nodded, Tom smirked. "Now I feel like I must teach all of you the etiquette again, because I am a merciful Lord, perhaps some assistance. Ah yes, Yaxley come forward please."

The man looked unsure and Tom's smirk turned into a cruel smile, "Don't hesitate, I'm just here to remind you what you must do when you see me. You see when I walked into this room half of you seemed to remember, the other half though."

Yaxley stepped forward, “My Lord?”

“Bow,” Tom said, “Remember? That is what you do when you see me walk into this room.”

The man lowered to the floor.

“I’m just here to refresh your memory. Just because I look more like my old self does not mean you can forget the whole etiquette. You see? With the whole change of looks, I also got a lot more powerful.” Tom said, walking past Yaxley to the throne placed on the stage, “That means that a simple spell like *crucio* would hurt more than it did before, you understand?”

“Yes, My Lord.” Was echoed through the hall, though Tom’s eyes were focussed on Yaxley.

“You may stand,” He said slowly, “But do remember to not anger me again.”

“I won-“ Yaxley said, Tom cutting him off, “Go back to your place.”

“Now I think we got to the important part of this meeting, I did after all call you here to introduce someone.” Tom said, the signal that Harrison could come up on stage.

“Harrison Black here,” Tom started, “Surprisingly was the only one on the face of this earth that tried to bring me back. My prophesised enemy. I hope if there’s ever a repeat of this, at least one of you will find me before my enemy. I will be merciful, since this bought me the most useful ally I have had so far.”

Harrison smirked at the shocked faces, some of them he recognized, he had talked to some of them just last night.

“So I’m only here because I’m useful?” Harrison joked, Tom shot him a blank look, saying enough.

“His word is your command.” Tom said, “You shall follow it just as you follow mine, if you don’t you will not like the consequences, am I clear?”

Everyone seemed to fear the Dark Lord enough to not protest, so agreement was heard through the hall.

“Now to the boring part,” Tom muttered, only Harrison could hear, he

chuckled. “Lucius please report about what you told me yesterday night.”

~

“That wasn’t that bad,” Harrison said, “Oh *merciful Lord.”*

“Shut up,” Tom said, “That makes sure they’re thankful that I didn’t torture them.”

Harrison and Tom had just finished up the Death Eater meeting, which had been long and boring and there was only one person who decided to speak up and received a *Crucio.*

“I, too, am thankful you don’t torture me.”

“If you keep going on I will.”

Harrison laughed, “Sure you will, Tom.”

Tom’s gave him a surprised look, “Calling me by my name?”

“Yep,” Harrison said, “Decided to be nice for once, after all it’s not fair that I call you Tommy boy while you call me *Little Snake.”*

“I’m just a nicer person, accept it.” Tom said.

“Only because I made you a nicer person. Now, I’m going home and *you* are going to go to the vampire coven.”

“Am I?”

“Yes, you are. Deal with them.”

Tom sighed, “You always command me to do things, what do I get in return? A headache? An annoying child that always annoys me?”

“Part of the deal when I brought you back, Tommy Boyo.”

“Here I was thinking you were done with that nickname.”

“Never,” Harrison said and Tom sighed, “Go, you annoying child.”

“You love me, really.” Was the last thing Harrison said before he stepped out of Tom’s office and the soundproof door closed.

~

When Harrison returned to the house he was immediately approached by Fred and George, “Little brother!”

Harrison gave them both a suspicious look, “What do you want?”

“Can’t we just be happy to see you?” George said and Harrison shook his head, “No, *you* can’t.”

Fred smirked, “Well, in that case, will you help us?”

“With?”

“Pranks!” Fred said, “Sirius and Remus they don’t trust us anymore, obviously, but *everyone* trusts you!”

Harrison sighed, “You are really doing this again? The whole prank thing?”

“Always!” George said and Harrison pretended to think for a moment, “Okay, but-“

“Yes, anything!” Fred said and Harrison laughed, “All I want to say is my room is not to be tempered with neither is the new Regulus room, with all his stuff, you hear me?”

“It always has been off-limits.” George said, “Sirius was very clear about that.”

“Okay, now what do you want me to do?”

“Drop this in some of his food.” Fred said, handing him an purple potion. Harrison eyed it curiously, “What does it do?”

“Turn him into a cat.” Fred explained.

Harrison nodded, “Okay, I will.” He said, “Was that all?”

“Yes, thank you, Harrison. Once again our saviour.” George said dramatically. “We shall forever be in your debt.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Harrison said, “Can’t wait to see the look on Sirius’ face. After he turns back of course.”

~

Harrison spent the entire next day trying to find a moment to talk to Remus alone, which proved to be much harder than he thought it

would be. Remus was always with either Sirius or the twins.

But then he went to the library, which none of the others had any interest in. “I’ll come with you!” He said, it shouldn’t surprise anyone, since he spent almost all his time here in Black family library.

And so he could finally talk to Remus alone.

“Fred and George wanted to prank Sirius,” Harrison said once they were in the library and he had cast a secrecy spell.

Both him and Remus were looking through the books, for something interesting to read now.

“I’m not surprised.” Remus said, they’ve been trying for days.”

“They asked me to help.” Harrison said, “Wanted me to put this in his food.” He held up the potion, “It would change Sirius to a cat.”

“Why are you telling me, I mean in this whole prank war me and Sirius have been working together.”

“I know, however, I’m not planning to help just the twins.” Harrison said, “I’m going to bake something tomorrow put it in the entire thing and prank the three of them at the same time. I was going to prank you, too, but I’m honestly not sure how it would react to you being-“

“A werewolf. So basically don’t eat anything you give me tomorrow?”

“Yeah-“

“And don’t tell the others?” Remus said, amused.

“Exactly.”

“Okay, as long as you do it when I’m there, I do not want to miss their reactions to you pranking all of them.”

“You don’t have to worry abou-“ Harrison stopped talking, his whole vision blurring, then slowly everything seemed to turn darker, Harrison swore he saw someone watching him from the far corner of the library.

He squinted his eyes trying to see who it was or what it was, but his vision became more and more blurred and his whole body felt exhausted, more so then after he had duelled with Godric.

He let go of the book he was holding and suddenly snapped back into reality. The light in the library suddenly seemed blinding.

He was sitting in the floor, the book he had been holding tightly laying next to him. Remus was standing next to him, “Harrison are you okay?”

He allowed himself to look to the corner he had saw someone standing and nothing- or well no one- was there.

“I’m fine.” Harrison said, was he losing his mind? “It’s just- well- nothing. Don’t worry.” He tried to reassure Remus- and also himself.

Remus forced him to stand up and let Harrison lean on him to walk to the loveseat in the sitting area of the library, "Stay here." He said after sitting Harrison down.

“What are you going to do?” Harrison asked and Remus answered, “Well- firstly get Sirius here.”

“I’m *fine,* Remus.”

“Sure you are, kiddo.” Remus said, making it clear he did not believe Harrison one bit. Harrison sighed, but accepted his fate, laying down on the couch.

After five minutes Remus came hurrying back with Sirius, Fred and George after him.

“Pup!” Sirius said. Harrison slowly sat up, “I’m fine.”

“You are not,” Remus said and Harrison sighed, “I am!”

“Tell us what happened,” Sirius said, “Maybe we can figure this thing out.”

“I don’t know what happened, I was just talking with Remus trying to pick a book when suddenly my whole vision blurred, when it cleared a bit the whole room seemed darked, I could barely see. It did however, seem like someone was watching me from there.” Harrison pointed at the corner, “Then my vision blurred again, even worse, my whole body began feeling weak, so I let go of the book I was holding and then I was just sitting here on the ground.”

“Cursed book maybe?” Fred asked, looking at Sirius.

“I had Kreacher move all those to the back.”

“I didn’t feel any magic,” Harrison muttered, “It must have been due to magical exhaustion from talking to-“

“*Mother Magic*?” Remus asked, “That’s it, maybe it’s the whole new gift thing?”

“You think she would do this to our pup?” Sirius asked and Remus shook his head, “I remember when I got infected by- well- yeah. I often had these weird day dreams of the packs, it felt so real and often left me very tired. Never this badly though.”

“What did she give me?” Harrison groaned.

“We’ll figure it out, pup.” Sirius said, “Until then, just be careful?”

“That means no trips down to the chamber alone when you’re back in school.” Remus said, “No one can find you there.”

Harrison sighed, but nodded, he knew that his family only wanted what’s best for him.

Chapter 34: "Regulus, you spoke to him?"

Chapter Summary

New years :)

Chapter Notes

I can't promise regular updates anymore (If you didn't already notice.) I've been very busy.

The few days between Christmas and New Year's always felt like the longest and shortest days of your life. But this year that whole situation changed by one simple letter.

It was from McGonagall, saying that she thought about it and would agree to talk to Tom at least one. In the same letter she told him to come to school three days early to make exams of the past few years, trusting him to be able to do these exams- of year 2,3 and the first few the fourth year made.

Harrison trusted his own abilities enough to immediately say he would be there three days early.

“I get to join you guys after Christmas break,” Harrison said to Fred and George during breakfast, which made the twins cheer, while Sirius asked; “She accepted, even with you literally admitting your part of the dark side?”

“Yup, told me she would like to meet Tommy. I’ll tell him when I visit him today for the horcrux ritual.”

“You’re doing the ritual today? I never get told anything anymore.” Remus muttered and Harrison laughed, “I didn’t tell Sirius either, don’t worry.” He winked at Remus, knowing damn well the man was referring to him warning Remus about the potion.

“He really didn’t.” Sirius said, “So you’ll be gone till tomorrow?”

Harrison nodded, “The magical exhaustion does not go well with floo travelling.”

Sirius nodded, “Be careful.”

“You know me,” Harrison said and Sirius shook his head, “I mean-

with the whole power thing, don't do something crazy, okay?"

Harrison nodded, "I will be, Tom's going to be there the whole time, too. It will be okay."

"And tell us if anything happened."

"I will, stop worrying, Pads."

~

It had been going so well, he had come to Slytherins castle, bothered Tom for two hours until he finally decided it was time to do the ritual and then-

Then he grabbed the locket.

His lungs slowly filled up with something, it felt like he was drowning in this mystery liquid. He coughed trying to catch a breath, aware of Tom catching him when he fell. Aware of the man asking him what's happening and casting spells trying to figure out what's wrong with him.

He gasped, trying to catch a breath tried to focus on the cold floor he was currently laying on. He finally really saw the blurred room he was laying in, he moved his head to look at Tom.

His vision slowly cleared and he took another breath, "That was unpleasant." He said weakly, trying to make Tom less concerned.

The man let out a relieved breath, and Harrison finally noticed how his head was laying on Tom's lap, Tom leaning against the wall.

"Are you okay?" Harrison asked, Tom took a deep breath, "Aren't I supposed to ask you that?"

"You didn't." Harrison said and Tom nodded, "You scared me." He said, "The link totally closed-"

Harrison felt a gentle push against his mind and opened up the link, allowing Tom to feel his emotions, he noticed Tom also had the link fully open.

"I'm sorry." Harrison said, glancing at the locket that was still in his hand. "It did help me figure this out a bit." He muttered.

"What?" Tom asked and Harrison showed him the locket, "It felt like

me lungs filled up with water. The last person who touched this locket died from drowning."

"So you can see the past of the items?" Tom asked.

"I don't know, could be. I had it a few days ago, in the library I touched a book and the whole world just turned dark, I saw a man staring at me from the corner of the room."

"I've never heard of that before." Tom said, grabbing the locket from Harrisons hand. He could feel his soul trying to connect with the soul in the locket. Unlike with a human horcrux, it didn't feel that pleasant.

"We should do the ritual." Harrison said.

"Are you strong enough?"

"Of course I am," Harrison said, "Let's do this and quickly, I want to sleep."

Tom shot one last concerned look, but Harrison just shot him a smile and then got up, turned around and grabbed Tom's arm, pulling the man with him.

Tom followed him without saying anything else, although Harrison could feel the waves of concern still coming from the man through their link.

Harrison did prove that he was strong enough to do this by doing the ritual in record time, he suspected it was because Mother Magic felt a little guilty. He helped Tom sit up after the ritual, the man not looking as well as he did after the last ritual.

"That was a bigger horcru-"

"I can feel that," Harrison said, "You good?"

Tom groaned opening his eyes slowly, his eyes blue now.

Bummer. "Aw man, I loved your red eyes." Harrison said, he could feel Tom's confusion through their even stronger link now.

"They're not red anymore?" Tom asked, "So I don't have to hide them everytime I go out as Marvolo Gaunt?"

"Sadly." Harrison answered.

But then Tom's eyes turned red for a second, before returning to their original colour.

"Or you can control it now."

Tom smirked, "Good."

Tom still looked weak and Harrison could feel the exhaustion coming from their link, really wearing him down too. "We should go sleep."

Tom nodded in total agreement. "We should."

~

That's how Harrison ended up being woken up by angry hisses and screams.

"Fuck sake, it's still way too early for this." He muttered, he hadn't even known the Death Eaters would come this morning.

"You don't have the right to come in my personal wing-"

"But my- My Lord, I have-" A desperate voice said in the hall, Harrison heard Nagini hissing angrily at the man.

"If I were you I would take this moment to leave, not explain yourself." Tom said, then he quietly hissed at Nagini.

Harrison left his room, "What is going on?"

The Death Eater- one of the few Harrison didn't know by name- looked at Harrison and then back at Tom in shock.

"My Lord, would you please listen-"

"Come back this evening maybe I'll listen then." Tom sighed, "For now, *Crucio."*

Harrison glanced at Tom, the man didn't seem that angry, so he didn't have to be careful. Not that Tom would actually hurt him, but still an angry Dark Lord was not a fun one.

"I would recommend leaving." Harrison said, after Tom lifted the curse. The Death Eater finally seemed to realise he really wasn't welcome, since he quickly got to his feet and ran away.

"Incompetent Death Eaters."

“Talking about well- no actually this doesn’t relate to anything.” Harrison said, “McGonagall agreed to meet you. Also did you talk to the vampires yet?”

“I did, we’ve established the bond we had before. I helped two more kids to get their vampire registration deleted so they had the possibility to enrol Hogwarts.”

“I’m glad.” Harrison said.

“So McGonagall?” Tom asked, Harrison nodded. “I was thinking we’d meet up here and I come with.”

“I wouldn’t even try this without you.” Tom said, “Of course you’re coming.”

~

It was the 31st of December, Tom’s birthday, that Harrison finally tried to set up a interview with Rita Skeeter where he would expose all his secret research about Lockhart, something no one knew he had been doing. One of the main reasons he had been spending a lot of time in the Chamber of Secrets.

Now he had to wait for a reply, which he hoped would come the next day, because soon he would go back to Hogwarts and sneaking out is a lot harder there.

So he went to Tom’s place, knowing his Godfather had once again invited a lot of people for New Year’s tonight; this raised the question if it would be a new Blacks tradition. ‘The New Years Party.’.

Because although last year it had been mostly people they knew, this year a lot of people from the Wizegamot were coming.

“You’re coming tonight right?” Harrison said, bursting into Tom’s office.

Of course there were Death Eaters again.

Tom smirked in amusement, “Yes I am, Harrison.” Then he paused glancing at the Death Eaters- Harrison saw Barty standing there, which meant that the other two were probably the Lestrange brothers, although their hoods covered their faces just enough, making them anonymous.

"*Not even Happy Birthday?"* Tom asked, Harrison sighed dramatically, before hissing.

"*Of course, Happy Birthday."* Then he paused nodding his head towards the Death Eaters, "*Raid?"*

"Would you believe me if I said no?" Tom asked.

Harrison shook his head, "*Why, though?"*

"Some Werewolf group near Diagon Alley."

"Ah, of course." Harrison nodded, "Almost thought you were evil."

"I am," Tom said rolling his eyes.

"Of course evil man, protect the lives of poor citizens."

"Why do you always confuse my Death Eaters by saying things that would normally anger me?"

"It's fun, okay bye Marv." He said, "See you tonight, I am going to eat your birthday cake now."

"I don't have a birthday cake."

"That's what *you* think. Your elves would say differently."

Harrison closed the door behind him, but before he closed it totally he heard Tom say, "You don't want to know." Which meant the Death Eaters probably asked a question out of pure curiosity, forgetting who they're talking to. And Tom- distracted- just answered.

Harrison sent a wave of amusement to Tom with their link, distracting him just enough to not remember he should get angry at being questioned.

Harrison didn't mind Barty and the Lestranges.

He actually got cake from the elves, so he sat himself down in Tom's diner room until the man was done.

~

"I didn't know if I should buy you anything or not- so I just copied this." He handed Tom a book, another diary of a Slytherin descendant. "It's full of well, weird magics and theories. Sounded like something

you'd like."

"You didn't have to get me anything." Tom said, "Thank you."

"Makes me wonder why you don't make your birthday known, your Death Eaters would be more than happy to give you their Heirlooms."

"It's just another day," Tom muttered, "I feel like it will be a public thing now that you started talking about it with the Death Eaters there."

"I thought you would obliviate them." Harrison said honestly.

"I was thinking about it, but I want to know if they would share something like this or if they are loyal enough to not share it."

"You really trust no one," Harrison said, "Makes me wonder if I should be flattered that you somehow find me trustful enough. Or be worried that it's some weird Stockholm syndrome thing, with the horcruxes and all."

Tom raised an eyebrow, "You think I'm that dependant on you?"

Harrison snorted, "Sarcasm, Tommy boy."

~

When Harrison went home- Tom promised him he would show up later.- He was almost surprised at the full house.

"Ugh I hate crowds," He muttered trying to get past a group of people.

"You're not the only one," He heard someone say, someone he didn't know yet.

He turned around, there was a girl behind him. She was pretty, long blonde- almost white- hair, light blue eyes. And probably the weirdest fashion sense he had ever seen. "Oh, sorry I didn't notice you."

The girl laughed, "It's fine, Harrison."

Right, he was kind of famous. "And you are?"

The girl let out another giggle, "Luna," She paused just kind of staring at him, "Lovegood."

Harrison smiled at her, "Well, Luna, want to get out of this busy

room?" He had asked his friends to meet him in the library since no one spends a party in the library.

The girl- Luna- looked surprised at the indirect invite to join him in whatever he was going to do, but nodded.

"So a Lovegood?" Harrison said, "I didn't you to come."

"Well, father was quite surprised at the invite," The girl said, "But he would never refuse coming to an event like this."

He lead Luna through the Black house, to the library.

"Harrison!" Tracey said, "We thought you lied to us, maybe lock us in here."

"And force myself to socialize?" Harrison asked, "Never. I was at Tom's."

He glanced in Luna's way, the girl was looking around the library, no clear expression on her face. Though, he felt the girls magic almost analysing everybody in the room.

"Who's the girl with you?" Daphne asked, smile on her face.

"It's Luna Lovegood." Draco said, when Harrison shot him a surprised look, he shrugged. "Our parents went to school together."

"The Malfoys." Luna said, "Mother was quite fond of Narcissa."

Draco offered her a comforting smile, but didn't say anything.

"Wait! I know you." Tracey said, "First year Ravenclaw, right?"

Luna nodded, surprised that *anyone* noticed her.

"Well, Luna, welcome in our weird group." Tracey said, which was basically an invite to join them for the rest of the evening.

Luna giggled and sat down with the Slytherins. Harrison hadn't expect his friends to accept a new person so quickly, but it was something about the girl. Almost comforting magic filled up the room the moment she walked in. Almost the opposite to him or Tom.

It was 30 minutes later when Fred and George came running in, looking weirdly distressed. "Harry," Fred muttered, "You won't believe who's here."

“What?” Harrison asked, no way Tom scared them so much.

“Well, we invited our brothers- just Charlie, Bill and Percy. Dad could also come we said, but now Percy’s not here, but Molly is.” George explained, “She just walked in like she owned the place.”

“What?” Harrison asked again, this time in disbelief, “You think Percy did this?”

“No, he hates Mom, more than we do.” George said, “They’ve been arguing a lot lately. I think she just looked at his mail.”

Harrison nodded, “You can just go to your room to avoid them or stay here with us.”

“That’s not the problem, Harrikins.” Fred said, “They took the Potters with them.”

“*What?”*

“Yeah, they thought it was a smart thing to do.”

“It was hard to avoid either way, the whole ministry knew about this party or New Years ball- whatever you want to call it.” Millicent said, “I’m surprised Dumbledore didn’t come with them.”

“I hope he won’t come, Tom will be here in a bit.” Harrison said, glancing at Luna, who was just smiling.

“I will go try to find the Potters, stop Sirius from committing a serious crime.”

“You’re going to find *them?”* Blaise asked, “Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“We’re coming with.” Daphne said, it was clear there was no changing her mind.

Harrison sighed, but didn’t try to fight her on it, “Come on then.”

It wasn’t hard to find the Potters, they were loud. Harrison was glad to see that Sirius hadn’t exploded yet, he was standing in the corner of the room glaring at the Potters.

“Mom, dad, He is here!!” He heard Hope say, from somewhere in the crowd.

Harrison sighed, “Hello, ex-mom, ex-dad.” He said, “Or whatever the right title is.”

“That’s no way to treat guests,” Lily said, “He would’ve behaved so much better if he stayed with us, honey.” She said looking at James.

“Maybe you should’ve put in more effort in making me want to stay, then.” Harrison said, “No one invited you, so if you don’t want to deal with my temper or whatever motherly thing you were going to say, leave.”

“We are just staying till midnight, Harry, no need to make such a fuss.” James said.

That’s when Harrison saw Sirius approaching in the corner of his eyes, He shook his head slightly, he didn’t need help.

“Are you?” Harrison asked, “I’m wondering, why do you want to be here so bad? Don’t you have any other friends that would like to celebrate the New Years with you, Dumbledore, perhaps? Or is even he too busy for you now?”

“It’s really none of your business.” Hope said and Harrison smirked, “That, my dearest sister, is wrong. See? I live here, you’re in my house right now.”

Harrison glanced at Sirius, the man was smirking slightly, but at his glance he shrugged.

“You can stay,” Harrison sighed, “But never come back after this.” Harrison was about to walk away when Hope grabbed his arm, Harrison wanted to tell her to fuck off, stop trying to annoy him.

But then *it* happened again. The world slowly faded around him, he felt like he was thrown years into the past.

He saw it all, the cloak, wand, stone. They all spread over different families, one of them being the Potters, then the Gaunts. The last one though, it didn’t follow one bloodline, people lost it then found it again only to lose it the next day.

Then a loud voice seemed to echo in his mind, Harrison couldn’t make out the words. He tried to listen, tried approaching the sound. Then he snapped back to a darker version of the present.

The house was empty and completely dark, was he still dreaming? Or

did everyone just leave?

"*Lumos."* He tried so hard, pushing all his magic to his hand. He couldn't see anything in this darkness.

Another voice, coming from upstairs.

"Don't leave me," Harrison was almost certain the voice said.

"I have to Reggie, it will be safer for both of us." He heard an older voice *Sirius.* "Mom and dad they hate *me,* but you, you they love. They'll give you anything as long as I'm not here."

"Sirius, no." He heard a voice cry out. Then it all faded again.

"It was never the same after that," He heard someone say behind him. He turned around and saw a boy standing, older than him, but still teenager. He had seen pictures of this person, it was- How? This was Regulus.

The boy smirked, "So you do know me. I would be hurt if you didn't since you moved all my stuff."

"Sorry." Harrison said, not sure what to say to a dead person.

"I'm not blaming you, Sirius would've never done it." Regulus said, "It was about time, I've been dead for years. Kind of hurts, though, that I died to go against the side that turns out to be the one in the right."

"I would've done the same."

Regulus shook his head, "You wouldn't have, it's okay. I'm glad I got to meet you Harrison." He sounded so sincere, Harrison almost didn't belief this was the same brother Sirius had always described as cold.

"I'm not going to stop you from trying, but don't give rescuing me too much effort, okay? Save the world first."

Harrison nodded, not sure how to respond to this, he didn't think anyone else had ever been in this situation.

Regulus sighed opened his mouth to say something else, but then Harrison woke up. "R'gelus?" He muttered looking around, to see the Potters and his own family standing around him.

And Tom. Who had arrived somewhere in the time he had been lying unconscious on the floor.

“Regulus? You spoke to him?” Tom asked, “How’s that possible?”

“I didn’t touch anything this time.” Harrison muttered, not even bothering to get up, his whole body felt weak.

“Hope, show me your hands.” Sirius commanded, leaving the Potters confused, Hope for once cooperated, though.

“She’s wearing a ring, Potter Heir ring, right?” He asked the Potters, who nodded, too shocked to remember that they were supposed to be angry or annoyed.

“The ring,” Harrison muttered, looking at Tom. “We need to talk, like now.”

Tom nodded, confused, “What?”

“Not here, dumbass.”

Tom looked around, right he wasn’t supposed to speak parseltongue with light witches and wizards around them. Everyone would know his identity.

Sirius gave him a look that was a mixture of fondness and annoyance about the fact that Harrison would talk to Tom before telling him about his brother.

“’tis better if people aren’t here for that. It’s kind of busy.” Harrison said, “I’ll tell you later tonight, okay?”

Sirius nodded, though he looked disappointed, he quickly masked his disappointment by smirking, “To talk to Lord Gaunt here you have to actually get up first.”

Harrison groaned. Trying to get up without immediately falling.

It didn’t work the moment he got to his feet his legs just gave up on him. Tom caught him, though, before he could hit the ground. “This time that much worse?” He muttered.

“You don’t even want to know.” He responded leaning slightly on Tom’s arm, the man kept him standing without any effort.

“We’ll see you later, Harrison.” Blaise said, speaking for the whole group including Luna.

Harrison nodded, “Yeah, just come find me if Tommy boy leaves

without me, I don't know if I'll have the strength to actually get up once I sit down."

He then proceeded to lead Tom to his own room, sitting on the little sitting area he had made when his friends began to come over more frequently.

"Are you sure you're okay? Whatever this is it can wait." Tom said seriously and Harrison knew the link had probably cut out again, by the pure look of concern on Tom's face.

"I'm good, don't worry." Harrison answered, "It was weird, though. They well- showed me the Deathly Hallows. One of them went to the Gaunt line."

"What?" Tom said, "I don't think I own one and I'm the last-"

"It's the ring, it has the resurrection stone." Harrison interrupted Tom.

"Another horcrux," Tom said, "I really chose a Deathly hallow to become a horcrux."

"Personally I would have picked the invisibility cloak." Harrison said, "Harder to find."

Tom snorted, "Right."

"You should retrieve the ring soon." Harrison said.

Tom nodded, before asking; "What else did you see? You were out for a while, even after I arrived."

"It didn't feel that long." Harrison frowned, "I just talked to Regulus, about reviving him and how he wanted me to focus on saving the world first."

"So not only can you feel the past of items, you can also talk to the death?" Tom said, "This whole thing is starting to get more confusing."

"Maybe.. It's someone who's directly connected to this location, though. Maybe it's not only influenced by the items, but also by the location."

"It sounds like necromancy mixed with another gift." Tom said, "I mean, talking to the death, everything being dark? You were literally seeing the Deathly Hallows from the Potter ring. That seems like

Death wanted you to see it, maybe not necromancy more like a master of Death?"

"But I don't own any of the Hallows?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, "If Magic and Death chose you, who cares?"

"Maybe, it's a possibility. It doesn't matter though, I could use this if I learn to control it."

"Maybe recheck your occlumency?" Tom asked, "If there's new Magic, your shields are the first place to look."

Harrison yawned and Tom smirked, "Not now though, go to sleep."

"And what, you're going to stay here, watching me sleep like a creep?"

"No I'll leave like a gentleman." Tom said, "Tell your godfather you're sleeping then inform your friends that they shouldn't search for you immediately."

"Thank you, Tom." Harrison said, Tom got up from where he was sitting, "Goodnight, *Little snake."*

Harrison fell asleep before he even moved to his bed.

~

It was two hours later that his friends came to wake him, because it was almost New Years.

"I feel like such a parent," Pansy said, "Waking my kid for New Years."

"Fuck off, just try literally seeing the dead and travelling through thousands of years while physically still being here. It's exhausting."

"The Potters left," Theo said then, "Hope didn't think it was fun anymore when she heard you fell asleep, especially after no one laughed at her jokes about you being childish."

"So Molly also left, now it's just Bill and Charlie." Blaise added, "And Fred and George of course."

"So no annoying purebloods? Just the slightly less annoying ones?" Harrison asked and Theo nodded.

“Great,” Harrison said, “Is Tom still here?”

“Yeah, although he really looked like he’d rather leave. He spent the whole night talking to Death Eaters discussing politics with him, taking this chance of not necessarily having to be respectful to him.”

“I think they’re forgetting he will just remember the names,” Draco said, “Torture them in the next meeting.”

“That’s their problem, I’m not stopping him.” Harrison said, while forcing him to get from the couch. Stretching his legs felt kind of good.

“Where’s the Lovegood girl?” Harrison asked then, scanning the group.

“I’m pretty sure she’s with her dad.” Millicent said, “Stayed with us for a while though, she’s really nice, if not a bit strange.”

“I’m almost certain she’s a seer.” Daphne said, “She started talking about the Dark Lord and the saviour of the Dark as soon as you left.”

“She explained it with a lot of metaphors though, no one really understood her.” Millicent added, “But yeah, we like her.”

“Could be handy to befriend a seer.” Harrison muttered, “She was really nice.”

“She has no other friends,” Tracey said then, “She told me, it’s so sad, she’s such a sweet girl.”

“We’re her friends now.” Daphne said.

Harrison nodded, not only would it be handy, the girl was also one of the most comforting people to be with. Just spending an hour with her made him notice that, besides that she honestly seemed really sweet.

“We should probably join the others.” Pansy said, “The quidditch team also arrived almost two hours ago.”

“Is Sirius doing okay?” Harrison asked walking next to Pansy now.

“He’s confused, but yeah, he’s fine.”

“I’ll talk to him later tonight.” Harrison sighed, “It’s just- I figured something out about the Gaunt family.”

“You had to tell the Dark Lord, Sirius understands.” Pansy said, “He’s just confused on what happened.”

“So am I.” Harrison sighed.

That’s when they entered the enlarged living space where all the guests were. “Just talk to him afterwards, okay?” Pansy said, Harrison nodded.

Then he got pulled into a conversation with his team mates, who all heard about him joining the fourth year. He spent the next few minutes explaining that yes, he did still have to make all the tests they made.

“So you’re really joining Fred and George?” Terence asked, “Bummer, could’ve joined the 5th years, I’m kind of lonely there.”

“He’s not.” Montague said, “I’m pretty certain he’s one of the more popular Slytherins.”

“Shh!” Terence said, “He doesn’t have to know that!”

“I thought about going to sixth or seventh year, but I don’t want to move through my Hogwarts years too fast.” Harrison said, “Hogwarts really is my home.”

That’s where that conversation ended since Tom approached him.

“I’m glad you can at least walk again.” He said, handing Harrison a glass of butterbeer. Harrison shot him a surprised look, the man shrugged, “I was going to give you firewhisky, but Remus threatened me.”

Harrison snorted, “Well, thank you.”

“It’s what I do, you know, I actually am a nice person when I want to be.”

“I am aware, Marv.” Harrison said, using the nickname he had started calling Tom’s persona in public.

“Sirius asked me to tell you he’s in the kitchen.” Tom said, “Since I’m feeling so nice, I thought I’d do so.”

Harrison nodded, looking at his friends, “I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Take your time! It’s not like it’s almos-“

“Shut up, Flint.” He heard Terence say, he walked away laughing.

His amusement quickly faded when he walked into the kitchen, Sirius was looking sadly at the floor. When he heard Harrisons footsteps he looked up, “Harrison.”

“Hey, I’m sorry for just-“

“It’s okay, I just didn’t expect to hear well- the fact that anyone could speak to Reggie.”

“The first thing I heard was an argument between the two of you.” Harrison admitted, no point in beating around the bush, “It was the day you left, I suppose, since he was begging you to stay.”

“That day is my biggest regret.” Sirius admitted, “I could’ve saved him, my little brother.”

“He didn’t blame you,” Harrison said softly, “It all disappeared afterwards and Regulus appeared behind me, he seemed really forgiving.”

“What else?” Sirius asked, his eyes once more focused on the floor.

“He- well he asked me to not try too hard to bring him back. Focus on saving the world first, he didn’t ask me to totally stop, though.”

Sirius smiled slightly, “That’s my Reggie, always putting everyone else before him.”

“He actually told me he was sorry he went against Voldemort- it’s almost ridiculous.” Harrison said, “It honestly only made me want to try harder, we could use someone like him.”

“Do you actually think you can do it?” Sirius asked and Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know, I’ve never done anything like it. Regulus seemed to think I could do it, though.”

Sirius nodded, “Thank you for trying-“

“He’s my family, too, now, Pads.” Harrison said, “You know I’d try anything to bring your brother back.”

Sirius just kind of stood there, awkwardly, so unlike the ‘normal’ Sirius Orion Black. “We should get back to the-“ He made a vague gesture.

Harrison nodded, “Yeah, we should.”

Luckily, the rest of the evening was pretty calm. Harrison could only hope it stayed like that for the rest of the new year.

Chapter 35: “He was batshit crazy.” Harrison said.

Chapter Notes

> Yknow the end is really weird on this one because I really wanted to finish this but I also really want to play Hogwarts Legacy.

Harrison smirked slightly while pouring the potion into the cake he was making, he’d warned Remus already to not eat whatever he made today.

He did however save the last bit of the potion- just if he ever needed it in the future.

“Harrikins! What are you making?” Fred walked into the kitchen, looking at the bowl in Harrisons hand.

“What does it look like?” Harrison said, waving his hand, suddenly everything in the kitchen seemed to just work magically, Harrison not putting in any effort anymore.

“What’s the occasion?”

“I’m leaving for Hogwarts in two days,” Harrison said, “Might as well celebrate the last few days of my easy second year life.”

“Rigghhttt.” Fred said, then he ruffled Harrisons hair, “Whatever you say.”

“Where’s George?”

Fred shrugged, “I honestly don’t know.”

“Well, find him and tell him we have cake in- thirty minutes or so.” Harrison said, Fred saluted and walked away, grinning.

That’s how they ended up sitting at the dinner table, two orange cats and one black cat- and of course a laughing Remus and Harrison.

Harrison wished he had a camera somewhere close to take a picture of the three somehow grumpy looking cats. He would’ve framed them and hung them right here in the dining room.

“This is amazing, cub.” Remus said, still laughing, now petting a Sirius

Black who was trying to slap him in his face with his claw.

“I honestly don’t know when they’ll change back.” Harrison said, “I suppose Fred and George do.” He said looking at the orange cats. Who seemed to get even more annoyed by that.

“A long time then.” Remus said, “This is going to be fun.”

“I should’ve made a part without the potion, though.” Harrison said, “It looks good.”

“That it does.”

Then they were interrupted by a bunch of meows and Fred and George were no where to be seen anymore, suddenly Harrison regretted his choice. At least Sirius was still annoying Remus.

“I am blaming you if the house explodes.” Remus said, when he noticed the same thing as Harrison.

“Yeah, you do that.” Harrison said, his eyes still scanning the room.

~

“Tom Riddle,” McGonagall said, looking at Tom with such a look of amazement. Harrison and McGonagall had decided that they would do this a day before Harrisons first exam, then he would immediately come with McGonagall back to Hogwarts in the evening.

“Tommy boy.” Harrison said, sitting down in one of the chairs in Tom’s office, the chair he kind of claimed everytime he came here.

“Deputy-Headmistress,” Tom said, slight- dare he say- smile on his face. “I always thought you would get far.”

“Yes, well, I wasn’t the one people suspected would be the youngest minister of magic.”

Tom nodded, “Well, I had the right ambition to get there. My mind was just not-“

“He was batshit crazy.” Harrison said, “That’s what he wanted to say.”

“Mr. Black!” McGonagall said, a mix of surprise and fear. A look he’d never expected on his Professors face.

Tom snorted, “I was.” He paused for a second, “But I would’ve worded

it differently."

"How did you get here?" McGonagall asked then, "You're sane."

Tom just looked at Harrison who seemed oblivious to it, McGonagall was surprised then, "Quirrel?"

"I knew someone would notice," Harrison muttered, "I mean Dumbledore would've known because of the-"

"What?"

"Yeah, there's wards around Hogwarts that detect any person that enter-"

"He let *me* into a school with children?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded, "Obviously, but that's not why we're here, we already know Dumbledore sucks."

"I honestly came here expecting to meet up with an insane person." McGonagall said, "I- I'm still surprised that I haven't been cursed yet."

Tom seemed a bit awkward not sure how to continue this conversation while talking to someone he should treat has an equal- someone who's not Harrison.

"How did you end up here? If you want to share."

Tom nodded, "Yes- I can share a bit."

"*Don't tell her too much,"* Harrison reminded him, "*She might still work with Dumbledore."*

"The room prevents anyone from talking about this outside," Tom responded, "*I spent six hours putting up those wards to make sure we're safe."*

Harrison nodded.

"Well- You obviously know the time we grew up in wasn't-" Tom started.

"It sucked." McGonagall finished.

"Yeah- a lot of wars. I lived in an orphanage, you probably know that, too, people were keen on telling other people my sad history to make fun of me." Tom said, "The Muggleborn Slytherin, unheard of.

“I became obsessed with figuring out my ancestry, while also becoming more and more scared of dying. Also my fascination with magic grew, it was a way to protect myself against all those bullies.”

“So you found the Dark Arts.”

“I did indeed, it was a more protective kind. Better than anything I could wish for, to make it better I had Parselmagic. A kind of magic no one could reverse, something that was for me and me only. I started exploring this and eventually people figured out I was Parseltongue, suddenly all the bullies wanted to become my friend- I didn’t understand that parseltongues are always Heirs of Slytherin.

“When I figured it out I was enraged by my mother who dared to make me the person I am today, but I was even angrier at my muggle dad, for making me believe I had no family, for making me go through all I had been through.”

Tom nodded, “Then I opened the chamber- I had found it some years ago, I never intended to kill anyone else. I always told myself that that day was a mistake, something took control over me. However, when the basilisk accidently killed someone because of me, I used it to crea-“

“Wait you opened the chamber, you were the one that framed Hagrid?”

“I did what I had to, to survive.” Tom shrugged, “I made a horcrux then, that was where it went wrong. I got addicted to the magic, to the thought of being immortal. I even killed my dad and uncle. Then I made more horcruxes until eventually my soul was so small-“

“That’s what caused your insanity? It makes sense.”

“Yeah, then Harrison came to me last year, practically forced my biggest soul piece back into my body and suddenly the regret came.”

“We’re slowly but surely restoring his whole soul,” Harrison said.

“That would take away your-“

“Immortality?” Tom shrugged, “Maybe for the better.” Harrison shot him a confused look and Tom hissed, “*Half-truths.”*

Harrison nodded, “We’re almost there, a few left until he’s totally human again.”

“Well- this is better than I expected already.” McGonagall said, “You’ve done a good job, Mr. Black.”

“Finally getting the credit I deserve, I’ve been working my arse off and everyone only looks at Tom and compliments him for being sane again.” Harrison rolled his eyes, “I’ve done all the work.”

“And what are you planning now?”

“Honestly, I’m going into politics.” Tom admitted, “Already have.”

“Marvolo Gaunt.” McGonagall said, “Dumbledore has been quite annoyed by that man.”

“I have always been good at annoying Dumbledore.”

“Dumbledore gets annoyed by everyone who doesn’t do exactly what he says.” McGonagall said, surprising both of them. “What are your goals, though?”

Tom opened his mouth, but Harrison was shut him up immediately by saying, “Talking politics, really? Ugh, I’m going, don’t kill each other.”

He stood up and hurried out of the room, Tom sent him a wave of confusion, which he answered with a wave of amusement mixed with tiredness.

He had some stuff to prepare for before he and McGonagall could leave to Hogwarts and since it looked like McGonagall and Tom wouldn’t kill each other any time soon, he supposed he could do it now.

~

It was an hour later that Tom found Harrison sitting in a random corridor talking to Nagini.

“*So then Tom actually almost fa-“*

“You’re joking.” Harrison said,

“Oh please don’t tell me you guys are really telling each other embarrassing stories about me.” Tom said, leaning his side against the wall.

“We totally are. Nagini has some great ones.” Harrison said, “Where’s McGonagall?”

“In the dining room, I asked her if you were planning to eat here or at Hogwarts.”

“And she trusts you to not poison her food? You guys really bonded.”

“Don’t get jealous.” Tom smirked. Harrison frowned, “What are you kidding me? I am so jealous of you, it’s always been my wish to become closer to McGonagall, maybe I should start killing people now? You reckon that would make her want to befriend me in a couple of decades.”

Tom snorted, “You should give it a try.”

“Would you like to be my first victim?” Harrison asked.

“You’d have to kill yourself first for that.” Tom reminded him, “And I’m not going to let you kill yourself.”

“Aww, you do care!”

Tom nodded, “Sure I do, now come you absolute child. Your teachers waiting for us.”

“Right, *Bye Nagini, I’ll miss you.”* Harrison hissed the large snake replied, *“I’ll make sure I have more stories the next time you’re here.”*

Harrison chuckled and then finally got up, McGonagall was waiting.

~

Hogwarts was almost empty, except for the few students who stayed during the break. Harrison spent his breakfast sitting at his spot at the Slytherin table, alone. There were barely any Slytherins, most of the people who stayed at the school were Hufflepuffs and Gryffindors.

Harrison personally didn’t really care, either way. The lack of people gave him the opportunity to write to Tom during breakfast, who managed to quiz him on some of the harder parts of the tests he would be making.

He had Charms and History on his first day, he knew he would ace the practical and theoretical test of charms, however History.

Didn’t Sirius tell you most of it was about Merlin’s time? You personally knew the man, how hard could it be? Tom asked, his neat handwriting appearing on the new page in his journal.

Only the second year part is about Merlin the third year is mostly about Goblin wars.

You'll be fine.

I know, I know.

If you do fail let me know, so I can laugh at you and then threaten your godfather to give you a higher grade.

In that order? I'd think you would laugh after threatening my godfather.

That too, of course.

Sounds unrealistic, you laughing so much.

Well, I'll only laugh when it's about someone elses pain, you'll do fine.

Thank you.

Harrison decided that no one would care if he was fifteen minutes earlier since he was the only one doing the exams today, so he left to the charms classroom.

In the end Tom was right there had been no reason for his worries, although he was really fucking tired.

Since he had talked to McGonagall about which subjects he would pick, he had extra exams even when school started for everyone again. He had just picked all of them except divination, since everything was really interesting, but he would not spent his time getting classes from a fraud about something only a small percentage of people could actually do.

So when the rest of the students actually arrived, he was still making exams everyday, he actually got off the entire first week, although his exams only lasted till Wednesday.

His first actual class with the first year was surprisingly Transfiguration, meaning Sirius and McGonagall would teach the class together.

It was also a mixed class, due to them having two professors, so every 4th year was there. Turned out not everyone had heard about Harrison Black moving up yet.

"What is *he* doing here?" Roger Davies, a 4th year Ravenclaw student

asked just as McGonagall opened the door.

“He will join your classes from now on, Mr. Davies.” She said, nodding at Harrison.

“Terence would not stop complaining, he’s jealous.” Pucey said, “Something about wanting to have classes with his little brother- it was quite confusing.”

“That sounds like Terence.” Harrison said and Pucey nodded in agreement before sitting at his usual space next to Warrington.

“Hey Black!” He heard someone shout, a Hufflepuff who was sitting in front of the other Hufflepuffs, but behind the Slytherins, “Want to join me?”

Harrison nodded, joining the boy.

“Cedric Diggory,” The boy introduced himself.

“Ah right, you live near the Weasleys.” Harrison said, “And you were at Hope’s birthday party one and a half year ago.”

“That party was terrible. My parents always force me to go these things, trying to show me off or something. I hated every second of it.”

“That party was terrible.” Harrison agreed.

“Either way, the Potters angered my parents, I’m not sure why, but I won’t get forced to go to these events any time soon.” Was the last thing Cedric said before McGonagall started talking.

“Before the break we started working on our animal transfiguration, after I taught all of you how to use the vanishing spell, last week we finished turning beetles into buttons.” McGonagall started, “The rest of the year we will focus more on this, today I will teach you all Vera Verto. It’s a spell used to transform animals into water goblet, Professor Black will show an example.”

Sirius tapped a bird resting on the desk three times before pointing his wand to the animal and muttering, “Vera verto.”

A goblet appeared, it was forest green with gold lines on it.

“You tap three times before pointing the wand at the animal and saying the incantation.” Sirius said.

McGonagall waved her wand, and suddenly there were birds *everywhere.*

“Practice.”

The rest of the class Harrison sat there, talking to Cedric while petting his bird and watching people try and fail at doing the spell. Some managed to make goblets, but they had wings or were made out of feather. Harrison swore he saw a goblet fly away once or twice.

“You still think you’re too good for practice?” Sirius came up to him, Harrison shrugged, “Do you want me to do it?” He waved his hand very dramatically and the bird turned into a goblet.

“Now do the real spell.” Sirius said and Harrison reached into his pocket, “I don’t think I have my wand.”

Sirius rolled his eyes, handing Harrison his wand, which he had found earlier. “That’s why I wanted you to do it.”

Harrison turned the goblet back into a bird and then tapped it three times before pointing his wand at it and-

“This is the one without core, you know that right?” Harrison said, “I’m pretty sure the other one is at Toms.”

He turned the bird into a goblet either way.

“You should get your wand after your classes then.” Sirius said, before moving on to a student who had been waiting to ask a question.

“I didn’t believe people at first, when they said you could do things like that.” Cedric said, “Any tips?”

“The trick to magic like this is seeing it as a tool, but your imagination is the magic.” Harrison said, “I don’t know that makes sense, basically you have to push your magic to make what you imagine. Transfiguration is mostly about imagination.”

Cedric nodded, closing his eyes before tapping three times and then pointing his wand at the animal, Harrison could barely hear the muttered words.

The bird changed into a goblet, but the whole goblet was still as white as Cedric’s bird had been.

“Good job, Mr. Diggory! 5 points to Hufflepuff!” McGonagall said,

“And 10 points to Slytherin for helping another student and managing to do the spell.”

“I don’t think I’ll mind sitting next to you this year.” Cedric said, “I have never been any good at Transfiguration.”

“I’ll help where I can.” Harrison said.

~

“Harrison! Could you help us with Charms?” Tracey asked and Harrison nodded, “Yeah- just- Gimme thirty minutes or so I have to do something. Ehm- Why doesn’t everybody who wants to join us go to the ROR? I’ll be there in a bit.”

Tracey nodded and started asking around if people wanted to join, Harrison took that as a sign that it was okay for him to go. He had to get to the defence classroom, to talk with Lockhart.

“Harrison Sirius Black, came to help me sign my letters?” Lockhart said, Harrison shook his head, “I had a- well an idea.”

“Oh! Do tell.” The man smiled and Harrison wanted to gag and run away.

“I was thinking maybe we could start a duelling club, I have a friend who works at the Daily prophet who would also be interested in seeing you work here so this could be the perfect solution. An open class for all to learn how to duel and extra exposure for you in the Daily Prophet.”

“I like this plan, Mr. Black.” Lockhart said, “I’ll be sure to think about it, but I think we can manage to plan something.”

“Please do it as quick as possible, my friend in the ministry is really excited to see your work.”

“Of course, so are a lot of others, tell them to have some patience. It shouldn’t take longer than a month.”

“Thank you, professor.”

“Anything to help the students at Hogwarts.”

Harrison turned around and walked away, talking with Lockhart was probably the worst way to spent time in this entire school- yes it was even worse than talking with Dumbledore or the Potters and that says

a lot.

The Room of requirement was busy, there were first years, but also second years and a lot of fourth years. The Slytherin quidditch team was also there, surprisingly joined by Oliver Wood and some of the Gryffindor quidditch players.

“You told me to bring people who wanted help.” Tracey said, she seemed apologetic, “Maybe I shouldn’t have shouted that everybody who wanted help with homework should join us.”

“It’s okay, I have nothing else to do anyways.” Harrison said, beside write a letter to Rita he reminded himself.

“Okay so who needs help with charms? I’ll start with explaining that.” Harrison said,

Some of the fourth years asked help with the scouring charm, which made Harrison shoot them a horrified look, “We don’t actually have to do that for the exam right?”

“Maybe.” Fred snickered, “I’ll help them, your fear for cleaning charms is almost cute, Harrikins.”

So Fred sat down with some fourth years helping them with cleaning spells while Harrison regretted not skipping ahead to fifth year.

“Should’ve listened to Terence.” Pansy said and Harrison nodded, “Nobody told me you had to do cleaning charms in the fourth grade. So any help for transfiguration?”

“Actually,” A brave first year interrupted, “I think most of us came here to get some defence classes, Lockhart doesn’t really teach us anything.”

“Did everybody come here for defence classes?”

Almost everybody nodded, so Harrison asked, “Okay whose in control of the room?”

Tracey said, “I am.”

“Can you make like a practice room? A big one.”

Tracey nodded, closing her eyes focussing totally on the magic of the room. The items in the room started to shift until the whole room was different.

“is this alright?” Tracey asked, Harrison nodded.

“All the first years, I want you to practice shield charms. Tracey could you place some harmless training dummies?”

Tracey nodded.

“Did Lockhart explain Protego?”

The first years nodded.

“Good, you can practice with the dummies, they will shoot some sparks at you, they won’t hurt, but you will be able to see if your shield work. I’ll come answer any questions in a bit.”

“For all the second years, I will explain Expelliarmus in a bit, the disarming charm. This is very handy in battle with people who can’t do any wandless magic.

“Third to seventh years can practice duelling, try to cast spells wordless, it gives you an advantage. Anyone who wants to can practice casting accio wandless, it’s the most important wandless spell to know, since it gives you the ability to summon your wand if you lose it.”

“Like you do, very often.” George said.

Harrison snorted, “Right, okay everyone start practicing.”

Harrison spent ten minutes explaining expelliarmus after wards he started walking around to answer any questions or help people.

And he had to say, it was actually fun.

~

Maybe you will actually be a teacher in the future. Tom wrote after Harrison told him about his day, *It always used to be my dream.*

Mh, I don’t know if I would be able to do this everyday for the rest of eternity.

You have to do something.

We’ll come up with something.

Yeah, we will.

Oh, by the way, did I leave my wand at your place? I lost it.

Yeah, Nagini found it, you'll just have to come by to get it.

Or you bring it.

And what let Dumbledore know I entered Hogwarts again?

I don't think he cares enough, to be honest.

Fine, I'll come bring it. I am curious what you did with my old room.

That's how Tom ended up sitting in Harrisons room.- he didn't change the room he was staying in to the 4th years rooms, since he had a private room anyways- Looking through the books he took up from the chamber. Neither of them mentioned the fact that Tom could have just sent the wand through the cabinet without having to come with the wand.

"Sometimes I miss Hogwarts," Tom admitted suddenly, "I suppose that's why I tried so hard to get the DADA position."

"Maybe you should try again next year," Harrison said, "Just for one year."

"Right, just one year." Tom muttered, "Maybe I will, I mean a lot of Lords teach. Also it would give advantage to show I care enough about Ho-"

"You should do it, try applying as Marvolo Gaunt, if Dumbledore is desperate enough he'll accept and he has to be pretty desperate, I mean accepting Lockhart?"

Tom nodded, deep in thought. "Has Dumbledore done anything suspicious at all the past few weeks?"

"Besides glare at me?" Harrison sat down on his bed, "Nope."

"Good." Tom glanced at Harrison, then back at the books.

"Have I ever shown you my animagus?"

"I don't think you ever told me you were an animagus." Tom responded, "Can you-"

Harrison transformed before Tom could finish his question. "A wolf? That's-

“Right, nothing is impossible for you, although I still haven’t seen you cast multiple patroni at the same time.”

The wolf growled and Tom smiled, “I suppose you’re kind of cute.”

Harrison growled again and Tom walked over to the bed, “Oh of course, not cute, very scary.”

Tom sat down next to the black wolf and the wolf put his head on Tom’s leg. Tom allowed himself to pet the wolf, a soft smile on his face.

They stayed like that for a while, until Harrison eventually changed back to his human form and told Tom about the letter he sent to Rita today.

~

It was the next day something strange once again happened, Harrison had just been sitting at dinner with his friends when suddenly the world seemed to darken around him again.

“Welcome back to another year at Hogwarts!” He heard a voice, he looked around and saw Headmaster Dippet. “After last years events we have some new rules for security, the most important one being that curfew will be moved to 9pm instead of 10pm. If the prefects see anyone out after nine they shall go to the Headboy or Headgirl immediately, they will decide a proper punishment.”

Harrison looked around and quickly found the headboy- young Tom Riddle was sitting there, goons all around him. He was smirking while listening to his- well Harrison wouldn’t call any of them friends. There was something so dark in those eyes it made Harrison shiver, he would not have liked young Tom Riddle.

“Hogsmaede trips will also be reduced to once per month, you will be sorted into group each group will have a guardian, this will either be the headboy, headgirl or a teacher.”

Tom Riddle had really manipulated Dippet into giving him all the power. As a Headboy he would be able to do anything without anyone punishing him, meanwhile he could threaten others with punishment.

Harrison scanned the Great hall to find the Headgirl, but he didn’t see anyone with a Headgirl badge.

Before Harrison could take another look the whole world turned back to normal, he was at least glad that he hadn't fainted this time. He blinked a couple of times, no one had noticed anything strange except for his friends who were shooting him confused looks.

"That was new," He muttered, "I gotta-" He nodded towards the door of the great hall and then stood up and left quickly.

"Do you think we have to follow him to see if he's okay?" Blaise asked and Pansy shook her head, "I think he just needs some time, that was strange."

~

Harrison had practically ran to the chamber of secrets- something that he promised he wouldn't do- before he got out his journal and wrote to Tom about what just happened.

So the whole seeing the past thing might be true?

Yes, but I didn't touch anything at all.

You were touching Hogwarts. Maybe that's enough.

So it could come at any moment? Fucking great. Thanks a lot Mother Magic.

I think we have to focus on finding a way for you to control it, rather than finding out what it is. I'll go look if there's anything in the library about someone with a similar situation.

I hope you'll find something, because this feels like a weakness.

Don't worry about it. We'll figure this out and I'm not going to let anything happen to you.

Thank you, Tom.

You're welcome, Little snake.

Suddenly a comforting wave came over him and Harrison was pretty sure Tom had felt his stress even before he had explained what happened.

He looked down at the diary, he was still sitting in the entrance hall of the Chamber, he only went here for privacy after all.

He sighed and decided to go back to the Slytherin common room, listen to Sirius about not going down here all alone would probably be smarter, although he wanted to do nothing more than just get to the bedroom of the chamber and spent the night there.

When he actually got back to the common room he noticed how much time had passed. The common room was pretty much empty except for some studying older years and some second years probably waiting for him.

“Harrison!” Blaise said, noticing him first.

“Eh- hi?”

“Where have you been, we’ve all been worried!” Pansy said and Harrison just raised an eyebrow.

“The chamber,” Pansy realised and Harrison nodded, “I needed to get away for a bit.”

Harrison noticed some of the older years listening in, mostly people he did know, “You guys might as well join us.”

He waved his hand to make the couch bigger and some extra chairs moved to the sitting area the second years usually claim.

“So what happened?” Pucey asked.

“All of you were at the Yule ball at Marvolo Gaunts, right?”

Most of them nodded and Harrison continued, “I got some kind of gift from Mother Magic when I fainted, it’s been happening a lot recently- the fainting. I usually see some old memory or the death. However today I didn’t faint.”

“You didn’t touch anything this time.” George said and Harrison shrugged, “Tom made a point when he said I was technically touching Hogwarts. Maybe that’s enough, which worries me, it’d be a lot harder to control.”

“Maybe talk to Luna Lovegood.” Fae said, Harrison hadn’t even noticed she was here until she spoke up.

“I met her, why would she be able to help?”

“She comes from a long line of seers, I’m pretty sure she herself is a seer. Now, I’m not saying *you* are a seer, however this sounds like

being a reversed seer in a weird way."

"Anything is worth a try." Salazar said from his portrait, "With things like these, you shouldn't stay ignorant for too long. Rowena spoke highly of the new girl, so you can trust her, you know how good of a judge of character Rowena is."

Harrison nodded, "So I just talk to Luna Lovegood?"

Sal nodded, "Yes, *meanwhile I will keep you updated on Tom's progress, if the man forgets to do so himself."* He hissed the last part to make sure nobody could overhear.

"*Keep an eye on Dumbledore, too, he's been too silent for a long time."*

Salazar nodded, "*I overheard something interesting yesterday, Dumbledore was told about your fainting at New Years."*

"The Potters were there." Harrison hissed, "*As long as he doesn't know the cause it's okay."*

"He'll probably try to talk to you soon." Salazar paused, "So take someone with you, whether it's Snape, Sirius, Remus or for all I care Lockhart, it has to be someone who Dumbledore won't just manipulate."

"Lockhart is too full of himself to get manipulated by Dumbledore and all his greatness." Harrison said.

"Exactly why he was an example."

"Thanks, Sal, you're the best."

"Can I go tell the others I'm your favourite now?"

"Will they believe you?"

Salazar sighed and sat back, a clear sign that this was the end of the conversation.

"Sorry about that," Harrison muttered, "I just- I sometimes remember I have to take care of some things randomly."

"No one blames you." Blaise said, then Terence said, "I will however blame you if you don't speak to Luna sometime soon."

"Yeah- I'll do that, I promise."

“I think we should sleep, it is Harrisons first Runes class tomorrow after all.” Warrington said, being one of the few who also picked Runes.

“Oh, right. I’m excited for that one.”

“How did you even manage to do the exams without any classes?” Terence asked, reminding Harrison once again he hadn’t told the full truth to the Slytherin team yet.

“Magic,” He said mysteriously, “Alright, I’m off to bed.” He then said, leaving the group behind after everyone told him ‘goodnight!’ or ‘Sleep well!’.

Chapter 36: "Or just go to therapy."

Chapter Notes

> I feel so unproductive since I should have done school work instead I spent almost the entire day writing this lmao.

DUELLING CLUB! Was all Harrison saw everywhere, Lockhart was good at making students excited for events, Harrison had to admit that.

After seeing the first poster he rushed to the owlery to sent Rita a letter with the date. The woman's reply came the same day, it was a letter full of excitement. Rita Skeeter did love destroying careers.

The next person he wrote to was Tom, who he told about the duelling club and the fact that Lockhart had actually listened to him.

I'm not surprised any chance of fame excites that man. I wouldn't be surprised if it was a turn on for him.

Did you just seriously say that?

Surprised?

Slightly, makes me think of something my friends talked about when I just revived you.

Should I be worried?

Probably, especially since a bunch of eleven year olds were discussing your sex life.

What? Harrison could feel Tom's confusion and slight dread for whatever he would say next.

Or well, whether it exists or not. In their defence- and I mean please don't kill them for all I just said- you were an insane man who spent years looking like a literal monster.

How did you even-

It was Yaxley's fault really.

Right, not surprised, can I kill him?

He's your death Eater, do what you want. As long as you don't touch my friends.

Okay, well I'll talk to you later, I'm just going to kill someone now.

Tom's side of the link closed of entirely, Harrison snickered before putting his journal down. It was actually a good moment to stop writing to Tom, since his friends seem to love the idea of starting a conversation with him.

"What class do you have now?"

"Care of Magical Creatures." Harrison replied, "I'm curious what it will be like."

"Kettleburn is pretty nice," Terence said, "Just very strange."

"Good to hear, I don't want to deal with annoying teachers. Especially because Dumbledore seems to hate me enough for everyone." Harrison said, distracted by Tom's absence in his mind. Thinking about it, they hadn't shut their link down in months, Harrison wasn't even sure why they didn't shut it down anymore, but it was comforting in a way.

They could always sense when something is wrong and had both gotten a habit of sending reassuring emotions to each other, not quite having mastered the link enough to really communicate. They were getting closer though, if they totally opened up the link while standing close to each other they could practically read each others mind. This was also scary, since having someone hear every thought process you have- well let's just say they were careful whenever they tried this out.

"You okay, Harrison?" Theo asked and Harrison nodded, "Yeah- I'm- I'm okay."

"Didn't have another vision or whatever you call those, have you?"

"No, I'm good." He says, offering a half-smile. His friends seemed unsure, but accepted his answer, it's not like they would get another one anyways.

It was that night when the link finally opened up again, Harrison let out an audible sigh of relief, which once again confused his friends- he seemed to be doing a lot of that lately. He then opened his Journal.

Tommy boy? You okay?

I am fine, Tom replied as quick as ever *I was in a meeting with a bunch of Death Eaters and those fools managed to almost completely destroy our bonds with the last few werewolf packs who still agree with us, which means we now have to either convince them again or decide that we're okay with not having werewolves on our side. Which we're not okay with, because if the werewolves aren't on our side they are on no one's side and they'll go crazy. They will make muggles notice their existence again and it's just one big mess.* Tom paused for thirty full seconds before writing an almost embarrassed sounding, *Sorry for ranting, never thought I'd have to apologise for something like that. And sorry for leaving so suddenly, it must have been weird.*

I was kind of worried when you shut the link down completely, I thought you were angry about the conversation we had or anything like that. However, I do understand that this must've been one annoying meeting.

It really was, I wasn't angry. I just didn't want to bother you with constant annoyance- I wouldn't have been able to stop it from leaking through our link. Especially with both of us getting better at picking up the other's emotions.

Did that meeting take the full day? Harrison asked, in disbelief.

Yes, although I did spent almost a full two hours casting crucio on different people, it was kind of therapeutic.

You should do that more often then.

Or just go to therapy.

Where's the fun in that? Harrison asked, not believing for one second Tom would even think about going to therapy.

You're an evil person, Harrison Sirius Black, don't let anyone tell you differently.

Well, Tom Marvolo Riddle, I am nothing compared to the pure evilness you are.

I am glad you can see that I'm an evil person still, sometimes I worry that I just accidentally brainwashed you into thinking I'm a good person.

You're not a bad person perse.

Aren't I?

Harrison sighed, knowing his friends would hear him see the Journal and turn back to whatever they are doing, *You're not that bad.*

Right, whatever you say.

~

It was the next day when he got a letter from Dumbledore, again, just like he and Tom predicted. He decided to take Sirius, since the man got more fun out of being at these meetings with Dumbledore than Remus or Snape did. Also, while taking Lockhart would have been funny, the man would have no real reason to be there. He wasn't one of Harrisons 'parents' like Remus or Sirius and he wasn't the head of house Slytherin either.

Dumbledore could sent the man away and they wouldn't be able to do anything about it, Harrison didn't think that that would be the smartest plan, since as much as Harrison wishes he could believe that Dumbledore wouldn't try anything when he talks to an literal student, his past experiences told him differently.

Harrison knocked on the door to Dumbledore's office, not sure what to expect, he knew that Dumbledore was planning something the man had been too quiet lately, but what the man was planning was a mystery.

Which was the reason Harrison felt almost nervous when Dumbledore opened up the door with his normal way-too-kind-and-also-kind-of-creepy smile.

"Harry, my boy!" The man said, "Do come in."

Harrison raised an eyebrow at the unnatural enthusiasm of the man, "Headmaster." He replied, Sirius following him into the office.

The first thing Harrison noticed was the absence of Fawkes, the bird was no where to be seen, but there wasn't an ash pile either.

"So why did you call me here, Headmaster?" Harrison asked, hoping he sounded somewhat respectful.

The man, motioned for him to sit down, "Lemon drop?"

Harrison and Sirius both immediately shook their head.

"Bummer, they are delicious." The man said, "Well, more for me

then." He grabbed a hand full of lemon drops, eating them slowly.

Harrison had never wanted to leave this office more than he did now.

"Headmaster, I have to get to class soon, why did you call me up to your office?" Harrison asked again, the man nodded. "Oh right, I have two things actually." Harrison suddenly remembered what Tom had told him last time he went to meet with Dumbledore.

'*Close the link, your occlumency will be stronger, open it if you need any help.'* Harrison quickly closed the link of, not sure if it would worry Tom, but he would explain later.

"I heard something that worried me a lot," Dumbledore said then, "Something about you fainting multiple times, because of your inability to control your magic?"

"I don't think it's any of your business, headmaster." Harrison said, "I mean that respectfully, I haven't fainted once in the school and my out of school activities shouldn't be your problem."

"I never said it was, this isn't a punishment, my boy. I'm just offering my assistance would you need it, you see, I have this friends who makes runes bracelets that help stabilize magics of all sorts. Usually they put everything the bracelet catches in one big reservoir to help people at St. Mungo's. I think it could be a great thing to have one of those reservoirs here, the bracelet only takes magic out of your control."

Harrison clenched his fist, noticing Sirius was about to shout at Dumbledore he said, "I will never allow any magical artefact to take my magic. The fact that you're even offering means you don't know what you're even talking about. The Potters probably told you I fainted because they thought it was funny, but headmaster- and I can promise you this- if you even try anything with this kind of magic it would swallow you alive."

"I'm sure that's an exaggeration- just think about it."

"Using this magic to help children with way smaller cores would be like using a illness that kills you to cure a cold, headmaster, I'm warning you don't try anything." Harrison said, "I don't want to accidentally kill students, because of your inability to listen to me about my own magic. Now what was the second thing you wanted to talk about?"

Dumbledore looked down defeated, Harrison had never wanted to use any type of torture spell on someone more. If he thought about it hard enough, it would just happen, no one could blame him. Accidental magic, he would say, it's hard going through puberty and someone suggesting such a thing. He would actually get away with it to, as long as he didn't use one of the unfor-

"I heard you moved up to fourth year, usually you should talk about the headmaster about such a thing. It is very rare for something like this to happen, I would have liked to been warned about it at least."

"Honestly, headmaster, I don't think it should really matter to you. If it hadn't been me who moved up you would have just let it happen. But, for your information, I talked about it with the deputy-headmistress, because I didn't want to bother you with something so small, that's what professor McGonagall is for, right?"

"You should have talked to me about this, my boy."

"Heir Black, headmaster."

Dumbledore sighed, "We are never going to agree, are we?"

"Maybe once you start treating me like every other student in this school. That's what I am, after all, just another student."

"We both know you aren-"

"I am, Dumbledore, everyone else knows it. So stop treating me like some special case, maybe focus on the students who actually need more of your help."

Dumbledore didn't say anything and Harrison took that as a sign to stand up, "Can we leave now, headmaster?"

"Yes, of course." The man said.

Harrison quickly left the office, Sirius following him.

"What the fuck is that man thinking?" Sirius asked, "He already did this when I was in school."

"What?"

"I'll tell you later- somewhere not so open." They were after all standing in the middle of a corridor. "You also have class now, so I would go there quickly, Snape doesn't like students coming late."

“I’m already late.”

“I’m aware, so am I. I should be teaching a first year history class right now.”

“Goodluck,” Harrison said, “I’ll come visit you after class.”

“You should do that, pup.”

When Harrison walked into the potion classroom, the whole class was making some potion. Harrison honestly wasn’t sure which one.

“Mr. Black, good to see you finally decided to join us.” Snape said and Harrison nodded, “Dumbles called me up to his office, something about being worried about me.”

Snape looked as unimpressed as Harrison felt and he nodded, “Well you can join someone and help them, they’ll explain what you have to do.”

Harrison nodded and quickly sat down next to George, bad choice in potion class probably, but hey? It would be eventful.

Fred had joined Lee this class, so George actually was working alone so far and he didn’t seem to mind the help. This luckily, made it actually fun to work with George since the boy decided to be nice.

“Nice of you to join me this class, Harrikins.” George had said once they left, “Didn’t think you would dare to do such a thing.”

“You don’t scare me,” Harrison replied, “Also, Fred’s betrayal must’ve been hard on you.”

“So, so hard. You’re my new favourite sibling.”

“That suggests that I wasn’t already.” Harrison said and George laughed, “Keep dreaming, Harrikins.”

~

Harrison sat down on the big couch in Sirius’ quarters, him and Remus had been waiting for Harrison. The first thing Harrison did was ask Sirius what he meant earlier and the man said, “Oh right! Well-

How do I even explain this? Every so many years Dumbledore either convinces or manipulates a student into wearing one of those bracelets he offered you. While it is true that they’re used for good in St.

Mungo's doing something like that for a school hospital wing is highly illegal, what Dumbledore does is even worse. He connects them directly to his own core. A way to keep his magic strong, since when you get older your magic gets weaker- unless you are immortal of course."

"So Dumbledore is trying to steal my magic?" Harrison asked and Sirius nodded, "It's been a while since there was a person in this school with magic powerful enough to give some away, the last must have been either Bill or Charlie Weasley."

"Charlie left two years ago, right?"

"Yes, but both of them refused to actually give magic, even when their mom started bothering them about it. They probably sensed something was up."

"So who was the last one that did accept?"

"James Potter." Sirius said, "He had just enough power to not notice something was up, all Dumbledore needed. Dumbledore took the bracelet away in sixth year. When James' figured out in seventh year he didn't mind, telling us Dumbledore probably had a good reason. After that he started listening to Dumbledore even more."

"You would think that he would have been furious, but James was easy to manipulate." Remus said, "We never understood why he didn't get angry, but James insisted Dumbledore had a good reason."

"Before that the last person strong enough would have been Tom Riddle." Sirius said then, "I am pretty sure I now know Voldemort well enough to say he refused, so Dumbledore is probably weakening fast. He could only take a bit from James."

"But when Tom Riddle was in school he was still so you-"

"Yes, but he was also breaking a magical pact everytime he went against the blood pact he made, even with helping Newt he went against it. Magic is ruthless."

"Believe me, I know." Harrison said and Sirius nodded, "At least she tried to be nice for you?"

Harrison nodded, "I know and it's probably useful when you know how to control it, it just kind of pisses me off how I can't control it at all."

“That’s understandable, cub.” Remus said, “Just keep trying and if we can help with anything, tell us, okay?”

Afterwards they moved on to other subjects, luckily, after around thirty minutes Fred and George joined them and they all had dinner in Sirius and Remus’ quarters, since they were all there anyways and the elves were more than happy to make some quick food for them.

Then after dinner Harrison decided to go to the common room to finish his assignments and join some of his friends, but as soon as he sat down in the common room, Tom wrote to him.

You just decided to disappear this morning?

I had a meeting with Dumbles, so I decided to listen to you about the whole occlumency thing. Harrison replied, realising he totally forgot about that.

Right, why?

Well, Dumbles decided he could use my magic so asked me to wear this beautiful bracelet to steal my magic, to which I said no of course, since well my magic could kill people for all I know. He gave me some lame excuse about it helping me control my magic, since the Potters probably told him about me fainting. Then later Sirius proceeded to tell me that Dumbles didn’t want my magic to help others, but to make his own magic stronger.

Oh right, that, I totally forgot about that.

He asked you, too?

Yeah, I think I was the first one, he seemed unsure when he asked me. He gave me some lame excuse about storing it for the castle, which was full of magic that should be restored after a while, then he told me that I was the person to ask, my magic matched Hogwarts pretty well, due to being from the Slytherin line. He asked me in my sixth year. I think if he asked me a year earlier I would have agreed, but at that point I didn’t care enough about anyone to give away my magic for ‘good’.

I’m glad you didn’t, Dumbledore with your magic would have been-

Bad?

Yeah, very bad. He also managed to question me about why I moved up some years. I just told him to treat me like any other student and to help the students who actually needed it first.

I take it he didn't like that?

Nope, but he couldn't disagree with me, because we both know I'm right about this one.

So you've been back for what? Two- three weeks and already angered Dumbledore?

Yes, but it's hardly my fault that the man is so easy to anger.

That's true, be careful around him. He's still- sadly- a powerful man.

I know, don't worry about me too much, Tommy boy.

And there we go with the nickname again. I almost thought we could have a full conversation without you calling me that.

Sorry, My Lord.

That's better.

Nah, it feels weird to call you that.

Then don't, don't want you getting uncomfortable.

You just keep getting nicer and nicer, what happened to the rude, insane Tom that I knew?

You killed him.

Harrison snorted, *Right, my bad.*

Talking about my sanity, Bellatrix has one of the horcruxes in her vault. She's semi-sane again, so I can probably get that one, if you're up to do the ritual another time soon again?

I can do it whenever you want me to, Tom. How many more are there?

Well there was the Locket, Diary and Diadem, all of which we already retrieved so the Goblet and the Ring are left.

And me.

Yeah, and you.

So two more to go until you're basically sane again?

I don't think I'll ever be 'sane' again, but sure, if that's how you want to

say it.

Good. I'm excited to get the ring, I've always wanted to see a Deathly Hallow.

You are aware that Dumbledore has the elder wand, right?

What? He does?

Yeah, I thought you knew. Technically you probably saw the cloak, too, since the Potters probably use it all the time- but it's pretty much invisible.

Right, so the stone is the only one I haven't seen.

Probably, unless you've never seen Dumbledore use his wand.

I think I have seen Dumbledore use his wand before. By the way, there's a seer a year below me my friends told me I should talk to her to get help with my gift, have you found anything on it yet?

No, there's nothing that seems even close to what you have, speaking to a seer sounds smart. They'll probably be able to help you more than I could. The Lovegood girl is the seer right?

Yeah, that's her.

The Lovegood's are nice enough, you should have no problems with them.

I spoke to her at the New Years party, she was really nice if not a bit strange.

That sounds like the Lovegoods. I'll keep trying to find something, maybe you should check the library is the chamber? There's a lot of books on literally anything there. If there's anywhere you could find a book on this, it's there.

Alright, I'll do that.

Good. Tom replied and Harrison sent over a wave of gratitude before closing the Journal. He should probably pay some attention to his friends.

~

It took five whole 'private' defence classes for people to start complaining that Harrison never finished his summoning charm class, last year. After he had started focusing on the seventh years, he had

totally forgotten that he still needed to actually teach the other part of the class. However, he had actually succeeded in teaching all of the graduates the charm so he couldn't even blame himself. That was the most important part, teaching everyone before they leave Hogwarts.

While people complained, the first years and non-Slytherins looked at Harrison in confusion and so Harrison started from the start.

"The summoning charm- a charm you usually start learning in fourth year and should master in fifth year is an important charm, used by almost everyone. Whether you are taking a career as potioneer or as dueller this charm will always come in handy. You can actually use it on the clothes of a person- and no this won't take the clothes of get your mind out of the gutter- this will actually force the person to come toward you with their clothes. Often confusing them, this is used by a lot of the top duellers and even by Godric Gryffindor himself- however, people say he wasn't fond of this way of duelling, preferring to use spells that actually did something.

Now for everyone who doesn't know- so either the non-slytherins, since none of you all were here last year or the firsties- I made my own variant of this spells, usually I gatekeep most of my spells since they can be either dangerous to try or dangerous to actually use, this one I have no problem with sharing.

It's a spell that allows you to summon anything- besides certain objects that are charmed against summoning charms- quicker, due to the fact that the item will teleport instead of fly towards you. It can be used over very long distances, although I do always say, don't use this for things that are in a totally different building or on the other side of Hogwarts, since you can accidentally summon the wrong item and get accused of stealing something. Not fun.

The thing that makes this spell so hard is that it's a spell made up by me, who usually does it without wand and wordless. Since I can't make an incantation, everyone who ever read about making spells knows how hard it is to make an incantation right for a spell, I only added a wand movement that might assist you.

Wand movements are something that can help your magic memorize the spells, they're not actually needed to do a spell, you often see powerful wizards and witches not move their wand at all. Wand movements are there for control, not to actually do the spell.

That's why I made the wand movement similar to the normal accio,

just with a flick in the end. I will now demonstrate how I do it."

He did the spell summoning a random book from Terence, who didn't seem to mind to much. He was one of the few who managed to almost get the spell right last year, which had impressed Harrison since the boy had only been a fourth year.

He then grabbed his wand, allowing people to see the wand movement and summoned another book, this time it was Blaise's book.

"Everyone who tries this spell must be able to do Accio first, since it will not only simplify it, but also strain your magic less, if it's already used to summoning items. Everyone who doesn't know Accio yet will have one of the sixth years who managed to do it last year teach them."

"I can teach them," Gemma said, "I mastered it after sneaking into some of your seventh year classes last year."

Harrison smirked, he had noticed the girl, then he quickly nodded.

"So everyone who doesn't know the spell go with Gemma, everyone else with me. Start practicing and ask any questions you want."

That is how Harrison ended up once again explaining the spell he spent the entire last half of is first year teaching.

"I didn't know you actually made spells yourself, Black." Oliver Wood said, "That's impressive."

"This one was kind of a half-accident, I was fed up by how slow the normal summoning charm was."

"Everyone is, I think." Wood said then, "I never understood why there wasn't a quicker way."

"Well if you want to try to learn more useful spells, you're free to join my classes anytime, Wood." Harrison said, "Last year I only taught Slytherins to avoid Hope, but I recently found out that it isn't just me, but it's most people who disagree with her. She's been losing popularity quickly lately."

"Your article in the Daily Prophet really made me realise just how bad the Potters were." Wood said, "Hope, though, I never liked her for a second. She has zero magical skill and yet thinks she's the best witch

in this school, only because somehow she didn't die that night."

"She was never attacked that night." Harrison said, so softly that only Wood could hear, "I was." He honestly didn't mind if people figured that out, some would believe him, others wouldn't. Lately he just didn't quite feel like keeping those secrets anymore.

Also allowing this gossip to spread, but never confirming nor denying would make people doubt both sides which they could later use when they tried to convince people that they really should vote for Marvolo Gaunt instead of the person the Potters and Dumbledore wanted to win.

"You- I- What?"

"It's one big lie, Dumbledore just decided to tell everyone a lie, but since I remember that night he can't fool me and he knows he can't which is why you see me in Dumbledore's office at least twice per year."

"And you're telling me this because?"

"Because I tried to keep this a secret, but honestly it doesn't matter, it will only make people dislike Dumbles more."

"Right, so why me?"

"Because you mentioned that night," Harrison shrugged, "Don't worry, Wood, you're not part of some sort of big scheme of mine, although that would be funny."

"Call me Oliver," He replied, "And I don't think that's something that most would call funny."

Harrison shrugged, "I think it's funny."

Oliver laughed, "So you said, now help me with this spell." Harrison nodded and started explaining it more clearly. He showed how to do it another couple of time before moving to his friends to help them- they *had* been complaining that they needed help for the past few minutes.

After another hour or so Theo had actually managed to do the spell, being the first one to do it totally. Pansy, Draco and Blaise had been very close. Crabbe and Goyle- who Harrison honestly never saw anymore had joined the group that was still learning Accio. Daphne Tracey and Millicent had all managed to do a wordless accio, which

meant that they were probably going to master the spell in a few more months.

“You’re helping me teach others the next time.” Harrison had said, after two hours he had told everyone to go back to their common rooms, practicing for longer would not be good. He had also forced everyone to take regular breaks, he had learned something from Fae fainting last year.

“I barely know how I did that, how would I be able to teach others?” Theo asked, “I’ll just watch in amusement, see all of you suffer and then after like a week forget how to do the spell and join the others again.”

“You won’t forget the spell if you just keep using it at random moments.” Harrison said, “That’s what I did with the Patronus charm.”

“Which you still didn’t manage to cast more than once at a time?” Draco asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “I stopped trying, really.”

“So try now, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you use the charm.” Tracey said and the other second years agreed with her, Harrison rolled his eyes and muttered, “*Expecto Patronum.”*

He tried to think of his happiest memory, until he ended up on some random day he and Tom had been hanging around in the Slytherin library all day, feeling absolutely useless and lazy, but also feeling some calm neither of them really ever feel.

His animal formed, the changing forms stayed, but now it tended to stay longer on the form that slithered over the ground and Harrison had a feeling that he knew why, somewhere in the back of his mind, something he had been pushing down for so lo-

“Harrison, try casting another one!” Pansy said, looking at the animal in amazement.

Harrison thought of the snake that was slithering through the room and tried the spell another time, immediately another animal formed, this one only switching between two snakes, the other animal now skipped the snakes, It changed between a bird, wolf, dog, lion and badger.

“Could you do another one?”

Harrison was scared what would happen if he casted another one, he could guess. The snakes would separate, one joining the badger, raven and lion, the other one-

“No, no I can’t. It doesn’t feel-“ Harrison stopped himself, “Waving his wand making all the animals disappear at the same time. “Let’s go back to the common room.”

None of his friends fought him on that decision, but he did get some confused looks. His friends probably knew he could’ve easily managed casting another one of those animals.

Chapter 37: Lockhart; unmasked truth!

Chapter Notes

> Me 4 days ago: Okay, I'm gonna challenge myself, I'll make a chapter twice as long as my usual chapters, it might take a while but it'll be worth it.
> Me now: Well, that was the fastest I've ever written a full chapter.
>
> Enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Gather ‘round! Gather around! Now can you all see me? Can everyone hear me? Excellent!” Lockhart started, “Now Dumbledore gave me permission to have this little duelling club. Just in case you all need to defend your self in the future, just as I have done multiple times. For full details see all my published works! Now let me introduce my assistant Severus Snape!” He finished.

Snape walked onto the stage, looking unimpressed, Harrison almost burst out laughing.

“You got Snape to help him?” Draco whispered and Harrison shook his head, “No! Dumbledore must’ve forced him.”

“I’m just glad it’s not one of the Potters,” Daphne muttered and Harrison couldn’t agree more.

“Now let’s show what we’re doing today?” Lockhart looked at Snape, who nodded and they both walked to separate ends of the stage before bowing and then they started throwing spells.

Snape managed to put up a shield strong enough to hold every single one of Lockhart’s successful spells, then he threw a expelliarmus at Lockhart, who failed to put up a shield and not only lost his wand, but was also thrown into the air.

When he fell, he laid there for almost a full minute- that’s longer than the duel lasted- before getting up and saying, “Well done, professor Snape! I was just holding back, of course. That what Snape just showed all of you was the disarming charm and the spell we are going to focus on today.”

“Maybe we should get an example from two students? Mr. Black

perhaps?" Snape asked and Harrison rolled his eyes before walking onto the stage.

"Oh! Ms. Potter, come up here, I do like a sibling duel." Lockhart said and Harrison scowled at the man before deciding he would hold back enough to give Hope a chance.

"Remember only use the disarming charm and shield charms!" Snape reminded them and Harrison nodded, Hope was still making her way to the stage.

Right before she actually stepped onto the stage she flashed a look at her parents and nodded, once, quickly.

Harrison would've felt scared, hadn't he known how bad Hope was at magic.

"Okay one.." Lockhart started counting just as Hope stood in front of him in the middle of the stage.

"You're dead, Black." Hope muttered.

"Two.."

Harrison smirked, "Took long enough."

"Three.. Go!" Harrison turned around, walking to his side of the stage, seeing Hope bow pathetically, he did it in a real, respective manner.

"Serpensortia!" She shouted, a snake jumping from her wand. Harrison gave her a confused look, he was almost sure the entire school knew he was a parseltongue.

"What was that for?" Harrison asked, before he casted a quick "Expelliarmus!"

Hope's wand flew into his empty hand, his full attention was now on the venomous snake quickly approaching the other students. "*Sweety, hatchling, come here."* He whispered to the snake, "*I have food for you."*

"Speaker?"

"Yes, shh, don't worry, come here." Harrison tried to calm the confused, poor snake, who had been summoned from wherever. "*I sincerely apologise for the other human bringing you here."*

"Where am I?"

“Hogwarts.” Harrison replied, the snake was approaching him slowly. That was when Lockhart shouted, “Mr. Black! Stand still, I will banish him.”

“No, you won’t!” Harrison shouted back, casting another wandless and wordless disarming charm, “I’m sorry, professor, but I’ve got this under control.”

“Mr. Black, be careful, that snake is-“ Snape started.

“I know he’s deadly, don’t worry.” Harrison rolled his eyes, smiling at the snake now right in front of him, he bend down, “*Can I hold you?”*

The snake gave him a curious look, “*Yes, I suppose.”*

Harrison nodded, grabbing the snake carefully, “*Do you want me to sent you back?”*

“Can you?” The snake asked, “*I have hatchlings they-“*

“I can,” Harrison said, waving his hand once, hoping that this spell did indeed sent the snake back to where it came from. He was aware of everyone’s eyes on him, not only Hope’s furious look or Lockhart’s confused, impressed, but also angry look, but also everyone else’s.

“That’s how you handle snakes, not just banish them.” Harrison said, “Was that example good enough for this duelling club?”

Lockhart nodded, Harrison threw his wand back at him, which he failed to catch, then he gave Hope hers.

“You tried, that’s the important thing.” Harrison muttered when he walked past Lockhart, smirking slightly. Only Snape and Lockhart heard it, Snape now also had a smirk on his face, Lockhart however seemed embarrassed.

He also smiled at Rita, who was standing between all the Hogwarts students, while stepping off the stage.

“Now, everyone make duo’s and start practicing!” Snape shouted, because Lockhart was still standing there, frozen by what just happened.

Harrison, instead of joining the other students, approached Rita. The woman was overlooking her notes in the middle of the chaos of students trying to make duo’s.

“Rita, what a pleasant surprise to see you here.” He said sarcastically, smiling and the woman looked up with a big smile.

“Oh, of course!” Rita said, “You were right when you said Lockhart is a fraud. That was the worst spell work I’ve seen in a while.”

“I’m glad you want to help me.” Harrison said and Rita laughed, “Do you even know how much I’ll gain from this, beside your payment? It’s going to be front page everywhere and I’m going to be the first one to write something about it.”

“I’m glad you’re getting as much enjoyment from this as I am.” Harrison said, “I don’t want to see a single positive word about Lockhart in the article.”

“No problem, after seeing this, I wasn’t planning on writing anything positive.” Rita admitted, “I’m going to try to interview some people now, any suggestions?”

“Any Slytherin, the older Gryffindors are okay, avoid Hope, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger. Cedric Diggory is the only Hufflepuff I really know. Luna Lovegood is a good contact, her dad owns the Quibbler, though, so you might want to avoid her.”

“So Cedric Diggory, any Slytherin and some Gryffindors?”

“Yeah, for older Slytherins try Terence Higgs and Marcus Flint, they will probably be somewhere here together and for Gryffindors anyone who’s with Oliver Wood.”

“Thank you,” Rita smiled, “Well, I’ll leave you to duel now.”

~

It was three days later that Harrison noticed something changed, he felt like he was constantly being watched. Not only by Dumbledore like normally, but also all of the Potters, Granger and Ron Weasley.

“What the fuck did I do?” Harrison asked silently, to the group sitting around him, a group made up by people from different years and houses. They were currently sitting in the library taking up an entire enlarged table.

“What?” Blaise asked and Harrison said, “The Potters and co have been watching me non-stop. I can’t think of a single reason they could be watching me.”

“It’s the parseltongue,” Cedric said, “People have been talking about it a lot. They tried to hide it, though, you’re scary.”

“But didn’t everybody already know? I literally take Ebony to class with me sometimes.” Harrison said and Cedric nodded, “Right, well people thought you were possessed last year and beginning of this year after Hope admitted she stole your Diary and only saw satanic scribbles.”

“That’s bullshit.” Harrison said, but he couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

“Most people thought it was,” Cedric admitted, “But there’s always a few who will believe every word the Potters say. It was a weak try at making people understand why they disowned you.”

“So people think I’m still possessed?”

“Actually,” It wasn’t Cedric speaking up this time, it was Pucey. “I think they are watching you so closely now to figure out if you are still possessed or if you never were possessed.”

“That’s insane.” Harrison muttered, but he couldn’t help but silently grab his new Journal to write Tom that his old plan really had worked, a lot of people had indeed thought about him being possessed due to the Diary.

Parseltongue was enough? All that extra effort for nothing?

Sorry, Tommy boy, people are easy to fool.

The Potters are easy to fool, you mean.

Exactly, that’s enough.

“Dumbledore is probably call me up to his office again, isn’t he?” Harrison asked and Blaise was the one who nodded, “Yes, most likely. I can bet the Potters will be there this time.”

“Anyone wants to switch places for that day?” Harrison asked sarcastically, “Then all of you can experience what I experience multiple times a year.”

“No thank you, we’ll pass.” Cedric laughed, “I have been called to the headmasters office once in my four years on this school.”

“One whole time?” Harrison asked, “I honestly expected that to be

zero.”

“Sorry to disappoint you.” Cedric replied, but just then Harrison saw Luna walk past them, going towards the book on animals.

“It’s okay, Cedric, I can forgive you for this terrible disappointment.” Harrison said, “I have to go talk to someone, I’ll be back soon.”

He got a bunch of muttered goodbyes, then went to chase after Luna. The girl was standing almost like she was waiting for hi-

“Harrison Black,” Luna said, “I felt you might need me.”

Harrison hesitated before nodding, “Yes, I had a question-“

“I can help you, Harrison.” Luna said, “Once we get rid of your nargles, you’ll be able to control your gift in no time.”

“Nargles?” Harrison asked, unsure and the girl giggled, “Don’t worry about it! I’ll be waiting for you tonight, Harrison.”

The girl started walking further and Harrison could only softly ask, “Where?”

He got no response.

~

Over the past few months Harrison had shown some memories to Tom from the founders time, however he never showed the memories that really had a special place in his heart. However, when Tom asked him if he could show the memory with Lockhart he couldn’t help but ask if the man wanted to see some more founders memories, too.

Of course, you know how it works right?

I do.

Harrison poured the memory on the page, Tom and him finally figured out a way to not have to sent the memories to the other constantly, rather they edited the spell to work on your own memory. The book flipped to a certain page and there was the blinding light again, Harrison closed his eyes and when he opened them he was in the memory of three days ago.

“I’ll never get used to that.” Harrison muttered, looking around, he immediately spotted Tom.

“Lockhart really is an idiot,” Tom said, amused while looking at Lockhart explain the rules of the duelling club.

“It gets worse.” Harrison replied, watching Snape get on the stage and immediately embarrassing Lockhart. “I’m kind of excited to watch my duel.” Harrison admitted, it was always different to watch from a different point of view.

Harrison watched the rest of Lockhart’s speech, once again wondering how people could believe that man was actually a ‘hero’. Luckily, after around two minutes they called past-him up to the stage.

“Well, let’s see.” Tom said, “I’ve never seen you duel, even though you keep saying you’ll show me the memory of duelling with Godric and will duel with me sometime.”

“We will duel sometime.” Harrison said and Tom rolled his eyes, “Empty promises.”

That’s when they started duelling, although it ended quickly by Hope summoning a snake. Harrison heard himself mutter things at the snake before sending it back to wherever it came from.

“You’re so nice to snakes,” Tom commented, “If only you were that nice to humans.”

Harrison snorted, “I am, just not to you Tommy boy. You ready to move on or do you actually want to watch me talk to Rita?”

“We can move on, Lockhart offered me enough amusement.”

“I’m glad that my memories are amusing to you.” Harrison replied, before chanting something under his breath the memories slowly fading into older ones.

“This is the duel,” Harrison muttered, “The one I talked about a lot.”

Tom looked at a ten year old Harrison raising a challenging eyebrow to a smiling Godric Gryffindor.

“If you want me to speed things up, tell me, this took almost an hour.” Harrison said, before finding a place to sit on the ground, watching younger-him duel Godric.

He kind of missed it, he should talk to the founders more often.

He noticed Godric starting slow, he himself also not putting a lot of

effort into the actual duel, although it quickly sped up. They both seemed to move around the spells the other had thrown effortlessly. Around 10 minutes in Salazar came in and started watching the duel.

Neither of them slowed down by the distraction though, even when the other founders entered and started softly discussing the moves they both made in the duel.

“That’s-“ Tom stared at the duel, “well- impressive.”

Harrison smirked, “Why, thank you.”

Tom’s eyes didn’t leave the duel once, only when Harrison finished it by casting an expelliarmus and grabbing Godric’s wand, did Tom look away. “You weren’t kidding when you said you were a good dueller.”

“I wasn’t,” Harrison replied, “I did get training from Godric, so that helped a lot. Also, none of the founders were very good at wandless magic, so if you managed to get their wand, you have basically won.”

“That must have given you a big advantage.”

“I did, although with duels we usually did keep the rule that you lost after losing your wand, even when I was using my fake-wand.”

“Bummer.” Tom replied, while listening to the other founders making fun of Godric.

“Luckily that won’t have to be a rule when we duel,” Harrison smirked, “We’ll just keep going until one of us is either knocked out or in some other way also unable to finish the duel.”

“As long as we don’t kill each other, I’m okay with that.”

“I would never kill you, Tommy boy, would just force me to put in the effort to revive you again.” Harrison rolled his eyes, “That’s not even worth the fact that I can gloat about it afterwards.”

“Glad to know- I suppose.”

Harrison laughed before he started chanting again, this time showing Tom a memory of Godric and Helga explaining him about Hippogriffs together. Then, once Helga left to get something, Godric lifting him onto the Hippogriffs back. It was the first time he ever flew on something that isn’t a broom.

“He could have killed you,” Tom said matter-of-factly and Harrison

snickered, “The Hippogriff was sweet and Helga screamed at him afterwards so it’s all okay.”

“I am liking Helga more and more in these memories, she seems to be the only one with some self-preservation.”

“I didn’t show you a lot of memories with Salazar and Rowena yet, did I?”

Tom shook his head and Harrison nodded, “Yeah- so you have seen Godric and Helga, and wonder why Helga seems like the more responsible one? Godric is literally the reasons Gryffindors are what they are today. Even though, I have to admit most of them would really disappoint Godric, but most of the Slytherins would also disappoint Salazar.” He shrugged, “So- well can’t blame them.”

“When I was young and still not used to the wizarding world, I always used to question why they would even put people in houses, if it only caused more chaos and prejudice.” Tom admitted, “The moment I got sorted into Slytherin my whole chance of ever befriending anyone in a normal way was gone, because not only was I a Slytherin, so hated by most of the other houses- Because believe me, no matter what they try to tell you about me causing the prejudice around Slytherin, that it wasn’t there before I actually went to Hogwarts. Is one big lie.- I was also a muggleborn- mudblood, whatever you like to call it. There was no chance of connecting with people in the Slytherin house, too. I used to just lie awake at night, wondering why I couldn’t have been a Gryffindor or Ravenclaw- or even a Hufflepuff. It would’ve made it so much easier.

“Now of course, it makes sense, I was Slytherins Heir, not only that it also gave me the chance of building whatever I have created now.” Tom sighed, “Sometimes I wonder if the whole house system made me who I am, you know?”

“I think it isn’t that easy,” Harrison said, the memory seemed frozen now, nothing was moving and it was slowly fading away.

“It isn’t, but that doesn’t mean I haven’t thought about changing the system if I succeed in ruling this place.”

“I don’t mind the system that much, it’s the people that ruined it.” Harrison said, “Back here, in the founders time, there was no house that was hated on a lot. There was no such thing as ‘being bad, because you’re a Slytherin.’ Your house was more or less a way to explore the abilities you already possessed more with the people

around you, who already had similar interests. I'd do anything to find a way to bring that feeling back, everyone is equal, but different."

"That sounds pretty amazing, to be honest." Tom said and Harrison shrugged, "It more or less was a way for the Founders to 'pick' their children. They couldn't all keep track of all the children so instead they had a house, often picking the kids who resembled them the most, kids could always disagree and ask to be placed in one of the other houses, though, people still can, just ask the sorting hat.

"I have never wanted to get rid of this system, although I do sometimes wish I could change it back. It's what I have been trying to do by including more people, making my lessons open for all houses- as long as you're respectful to everyone. No one said a word when the entire Gryffindor quidditch team joined us- except Hope, I would have sent her away and everyone knows it- just because we all know the Gryffindors are just people. I was scared that people would make a big deal out of it as first, especially the Slytherins, they are usually the coldest to the other houses, but the only reason they're like that is because it's the only way to survive. If you show a sign of weakness the other houses pick up on it, you are everyone's enemy."

"Maybe that's something you could focus on after Lockhart leaves, uniting the houses." Tom said, "Showing people that it's a good thing to at least accept others, even if they think differently about certain things."

"If only people knew the Dark Lord was all about uniting the houses, not trying to separate them," Harrison said, "Life would be so much easier."

"Oh- sorry, yes of course." Tom smirked, "I meant, you should only accept some of the Ravenclaws and a few Hufflepuffs, they're loyal. Not the Mudbloods, only the purebloods. The Gryffindors though, don't even think about interacting with those. There's only mudbloods or blood traitors in that house, you do not want to be seen interacting with them."

"Of course, my Lord." Harrison said, laughing. "I will make your big pureblood army bigger and then force them all to inbreed, keep the blood pure."

"*Toujours pur,* it is your family motto." Tom said, "If anyone even thinks about *mating* with someone whose not pure, brutally murder them."

“Did you really just use the word *mating?”* Harrison scrunched his nose up, “I always hated that word.”

“What?” Tom asked sarcastically, “You think I would use the word *intercourse* for people that are so obviously below us, we don’t need to treat them with respect.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “If you keep going on, I might start to think you’re serious about this- No! Don’t you even think about making the joke agai-“

“I wasn’t going to.” Tom said, “Sometimes it’s funny to think that people actually think I would act like that.”

“I mean, you did for a while.”

“Not quite, I like to think I had a bit of-“

“You didn’t meet yourself when you were still insane, believe me on this one, Tommy boy. Although, I do admit, I don’t know where they came up with the idea you wanted to slaughter all muggleborns. Even insane you managed to tell me that that was not your plan.”

“Dumbledore,” Tom said, “I think Dumbledore actually thought about taking control of the Muggles himself back when Grin-“

“Oh right! I heard about that.” Harrison said, by now the both of them were sitting in an empty room, Harrisons mind had given them this. It wasn’t really a memory, more a room that seemed familiar, all the places he felt like home mixed into one big room.

“What’s even worse is that people actually believed him, I mean it wouldn’t be possible even for the most powerful wizard in history to kill all the muggles on earth, take over every area that is currently part of the ‘muggle-world’.”

“You were- *are* more powerful than most people could possibly imagine. I think none of them thought you would actually succeed, but I think it was more the fear of what if he does succeed, or even partly succeed? The place you would start is England and as much as people would like to deny it, with your army, you probably could have done it.”

“They don’t know how brutal muggles can be, not like I know.” Tom said, “If I even tried, I would be shot ten times by the time I actually manage to kill a small village, even with my power. There’s no way of

stopping them."

"That's why you want to separate us from them," Harrison nodded, Tom had told him this before, he could only feel sorry for the boy Tom once was, to fear something so much. A group he was forced to be part of nonetheless.

"Sorry-" Tom said, but cut himself off before he could finish the full apology.

Harrison offered a smile, before asking, "You want to see more?"

Tom nodded and Harrison started chanting once again, the comforting room around them changing into a setting that was in one of the memories from when he was only four years old.

Harrison showed Tom a couple more memories, before apologising and saying he had to leave, meet up with Luna like he had promised the girl.

"You think she'll actually be able to help?" Tom asked and Harrison hesitated, "I- well- I'm willing to try whatever she thinks will help. I haven't really fainted a lot in the past week, but I don't want to lose the entire ability either, I think it could be handy if I can actually control it."

Tom nodded, "I do agree that it seems like something you could use in the future. Just be careful, okay?" He looked Harrison in the eyes, the boy nodded seriously, "I will be careful, I always am, aren't I?"

Tom scoffed, but didn't say anything else and Harrison allowed himself and Tom to be slowly pulled out of the memory. A second later he was sitting in his own small dorm again.

"Right, now I have to find Luna." He muttered, quickly grabbing his fake and real wand off his bed. Turns out, the girl didn't intend for him to literally just find her, since she was waiting outside.

"Harrison!" She said standing up from where she had been sitting on the ground leaning against the wall.

"Luna, hi." He said, not sure what else to say.

"Come, let's go to the Astronomy tower." She said, while pulling him along with her and Harrison could only thank the gods that Luna Lovegood was- somehow- the most direct person he knew.

Harrison hadn't been in the Astronomy tower a lot, especially not beside his astronomy classes.

"I always think looking at the sky is calming, I do not want you to get nervous, Harrison Black." Luna said, "This is only the first step in the process."

"Do you know what I am? What the magic is?" Harrison asked, unsure if it was the right thing to ask or whether there was even a right thing to ask.

"I sense something in your magic," Luna replied, not really answering straight forward. "You keep talking about 'your new magic' but you have to look at it as more of an extension of the magic that was already there, show it acceptance."

"What is it?" Harrison asked and Luna shrugged, "I've never seen anything like it, it's darker than anything I've ever felt."

"So it'll make my magic dark-aligned?" Harrison asked and the girl shook her head, "No, Magic-" She stopped, "I'm a seer, you know that right?"

Harrison nodded and the girl looked at the sky, seemingly deep in thought, "Seers magic is lighter than any other magic, almost exact opposite to whatever magic casted you, however my own magic is almost dark-aligned."

"How?"

"Magic isn't so much a spectrum- well it *is* a spectrum, but it isn't something you just change, you can add things and it will change colour, maybe, but it will never change the darkness of it shade.

"For example your magic is seen as grey magic, the neutral colour, but I sense a bit of purple-ish magic in you. Almost no one notices or even sees the colour, which is why they decided to call it 'light' and 'dark', it's accurate enough, not really explaining which colour it is, but to pick a neutral shade, people's mind quickly went to grey."

"So my magic never was truly grey?" Harrison asked and Luna shook her head, "No ones magic is truly grey or white or black, white ones are usually gold-ish the black ones are a dark shade of blue or green depending on the magic they use. A core isn't that simple, for example blue magics will usually do better at charms, while the green ones often excel at either herbology or duelling, depending on the shade of

green and whether it leans more toward blue or yellow."

"So I have to accept this darker magic, what will it do with my colour?"

"It's like adding a drip of yellow into a red mixture, you don't really notice it, but it's just a drip closer to turning orange."

"What colour is the magic?"

Luna sighed, "I can't tell, it's vague." She looked away from the sky to meet Harrisons eyes, "What I want you to do is search for the magic, in whatever way you usually connect to your magic and try to let the new parts in, only then you'll be able to totally separate it and only allow it to be used when you need it."

"Do you have any idea what kind of magic this is?"

"It feels like death," Luna said, "You should start practicing now, Harrison Black, the sooner you have mixed and once again separated your magics, the sooner you will have actual control." Was the last thing Luna said before getting up and walking away, leaving Harrison to look at the empty night sky alone.

~

"Why would you have to mix it only to separate it again?"

Harrison sighed, "It makes sense! By mixing it, my magic will not only get used to it, it will also finally be accepted around the strong shield I put around my magic as a kid, there's a reason why I mask my magic so well. If I separate it then, it will still be behind that shield."

"I still don't understand." Draco said and Harrison rolled his eyes, it was one of the slowly becoming rarer moments where he was sitting in the common room with just Draco. Honestly, the boy was still one of his bestfriends, but sometimes he could get so tired of overexplaining everything.

"It doesn't matter, the point is, Luna really is helping me. She told me things I had never even thought about." Harrison said.

"Her mother was the same way, if I have to believe mother." Draco said, "She was actually one of the few Ravenclaws who got totally accepted into the Slytherin group of mother and her friends. I believe she was especially good friends with Regulus."

“Sometimes I forget you and I are related.” Harrison said and Draco shrugged, “Every pureblood is.”

Harrison nodded, “Lily is a muggle, though.”

“James isn’t.” Draco replied, “Either way, you’re still related to everyone.”

“Except the Slytherin line.” Harrison muttered, “If you don’t count the blood adoptions.”

“It’s because of the inbreeding, no one is related to the Slytherin line, except for the Gaunts.” Draco said at Harrisons surprised look he raised an eyebrow, “What? I’m a Malfoy, I had to learn practically every pureblood bloodline so I could find a suitable partner for the future or whatever. It’s a gross thing to think about when you’re six, believe me.”

“That’s actually sad.”

Draco shrugged, “At least I was allowed to look outside of the Malfoy line, ask Sirius he would have only been allowed to look at first or second cousins, otherwise you have the risk that they aren’t totally pure anymore.”

“Pureblood culture disgusts me.” Harrison muttered and Draco smirked, “Well our Lord isn’t helping with what people think his ideals are.”

“At least he realises that inbreeding causes weaker magic,” Harrison said, “The magic in this place would have been so much more impressive if all the Purebloods allowed themselves to look at people outside of the family tree.”

“Inbreeding causes magic to weaken?” Draco asked, it was obvious he had never heard of such a thing before.

Harrison nodded, “Look at the most powerful people you know right now. Tommy boy, me, even Dumbledore or Severus.”

“All of you are half-bloods,” Draco realised, “Voldemort is *half-blood?”*

“I’m pretty sure I have told you that before, if I haven’t please don’t tell anyone, Tom might just kill you.”

“I can’t believe this.” Draco muttered and Harrison sighed, he really

should think before he says something like that.

“It shouldn’t be that surprising, I mean the name ‘Tom Riddle’ screams muggleborn. I am also sure you tried finding things about Tom Riddle after I told you the name and only found things about the Slytherin mudblood.”

Draco nodded, “I did- but still, why would he try to rid the worl-“

“We both know that’s not what he’s doing, Dray.”

Draco nodded, still looking like Harrison just made him doubt everything he ever believed in.

~

Lockhart; the unmasked truth.

Was the first thing Harrison read when he woke up two days later, “Rita didn’t tell me it would already be published.” He muttered before he started reading the front page article.

We all know him from his brave stories, the man who beat a full vampire coven saving the poor citizens in South-America. However, I have reason to believe that all of these things are just myths, made up by a fiction writer who would like to see himself as this hero.

Gilderoy Lockhart accepted the teaching position of Defense Against the Dark Arts post for this school year and at the request of the much beloved school genius- Harrison Sirius Black- started a duelling club, I myself was invited by Heir Black to write a piece about it.

I had always been interested in seeing the Lockhart work, but it only disappointed me, the man couldn’t even cast a simple shield charm, even though he was way too full of himself. Shocked by the lack of skill the man showed I went on to interview his students.

“The man can’t do a single thing,” A second year Hufflepuff said, “He accidentally freed some pixies in our classroom and ran away screaming, because he didn’t know how to freeze the little beasts. Luckily Black came to save us, quickly putting all of them back in their cage without even raising his wand.”

Another student- this one a Gryffindor from two years above the Hufflepuff said, “I lost all hope of having a normal schoolyear after our first class where the man gave us a test to test our skills in DADA, but all the

questions were about him instead of the actual important things we learned over the past few years. From what I've heard he gave this same test to every schoolyear and there was only one single girl who actually got a good grade, the rest of us failed for our lack of defensive spells."

I then asked this student if the Headmaster actually allowed this to continue happening and the student replied, "I am pretty sure it's what he expected to happen when he hired Lockhart, the man is nothing but a fool with a god complex."

I quickly moved on to more students, eager to learn more because so far I hadn't heard a single positive thing about the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher yet. The next ones were even more negative then the ones I had heard before though.

"I asked him to assist me, DADA has never been my strongest subject, he accepted immediately, but when I entered the classroom he made me sign fan letters instead." A sixth year Ravenclaw said, "I pretty much lost all hope, luckily other students have been helping me ever since then."

"The other day I was in the dark forest and got attacked by some creature- I am still not sure what it was- I totally agree that it was my fault, I shouldn't have been in the forest. However, that doesn't make up for- after I defeated the creature- Lockhart coming up to me trying and failing to cast an obliviate on me. Right before he tried to do so he told me; 'I might not be exceptional in magic, however I have always been good at the forgetting charm.' He then casted the charm, luckily he didn't hit me."

And if that wasn't the most shocking thing I had heard for a while.

The truth is finally here, the once hero is a fraud who has been obliviating people to try and convince others that their achievements were his. Not only that- he is an selfish teacher who cares more about his own reputation and fame than his students.

Rita Skeeter.

Harrison read it over twice then put the paper down, he was lowkey impressed by Rita and worried for whatever student it had been Lockhart tried to obliviate, he wished he could thank Rita for leaving out the house of that student.

"I was wondering why Rita tried to talk to me that day," Terence said, sitting down next to me, "Should have known you had something to

do with it." He ruffled Harrisons hair, Harrison slapped his arm away.

"I didn't see her notice a fifth year Slytherin."

Terence shrugged and Harrison raised an eyebrow before he realised- "You are-"

"Shh, no one has to know." Terence muttered, "I had a reason for being there, but this- well- Acromantula or whatever it was- I don't know it was night- came up to me. I hadn't noticed Lockhart following me."

"You should be careful around him." Harrison muttered, "He might not be a good dueller, but he's still-"

"I know, but I've got your protection," Terence joked, "No one fucks around with Harrison Black."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Be careful, Terence."

"People would think you're worried for me if you keep saying that-"

"I am!" Harrison said, just then Fred and George joined them, "What is he?"

"Worried for me, sweet as he is." Terence said and Fred and George snickered.

"Yes, Harrison Black is such a sweet person! Always worrying about others." Fred agreed and George laughed full on now.

Pucey and Montague were the next ones to sit down with them, Pucey immediately commenting, "That doesn't sound like Harrison at all, are you guys okay?"

Harrison sighed, "It doesn't matter! What does matter is that Rita finally published this." He showed the newspaper to the other Slytherins. "Lockhart should be gone in the next week or so."

"How were you even sure enough the man was a fraud to organise all of that?" Fred asked, "It seems a bit much for someone who wasn't 100% sure about something."

"Have you seen the man? He barely has any magic. The stories he posted are all around the same time, although they suggest him being in total different parts of the world." Harrison shrugged, "I just didn't have a good feeling about him and I've learned to trust my instincts

about people. They are usually right."

"Well I am glad Harrison trusts his instincts enough, otherwise we would be trapped with the fool for another few weeks." Terence said, "Fuck, that makes me realise how soon the OWLs are."

"It's almost March," Harrison agreed, "Very close, you should start studying. Maybe start a studying club open for all houses for OWLs and NEWT students."

"Only if you agree to help us," Terence said, "Everyone would agree then."

"You know I would help all of you either way, this just makes it easier for me." Harrison said, "Because you can do the actual planning."

Terence muttered something that sounded like, "It was your idea to do this, not mine." But then nodded to show his agreement either way, so Harrison started telling Terence about the seventh years he suggested talking to, since he was sure Terence knew who the nice fifth years were himself."

~

Turns out Harrison had correctly guessed Lockhart would be out of here in a week, the Thursday after the newspaper released the man was nowhere to be found and Dumbledore announced the DADA classes were cancelled, until they found someone who could teach the subject.

Harrison was sure Remus wouldn't mind coming back, but when he suggested it to the man, the man raised an eyebrow, "Sirius is pretty much a full time Transfiguration teacher right now, if I become the DADA teacher no one would teach History. I told Dumbledore that if he wanted me to teach he should ask me *himself* next year and give me the teaching position for the entire year."

"Did he agree to that?" Harrison asked and Remus nodded, "He told me he would try to find another History teacher for just that year, giving him enough time to find a DADA teacher for the year after."

That's how Amelia Bones ended up at Hogwarts, accepting the position for the last few weeks of this school year. The woman was a strict, but talented professor, she managed to make up for a lot of things they hadn't been taught by Lockhart.

The woman also had a certain respect for any and all magical talents, it didn't matter whether you were good at Potions, Herbology or her own subject DADA, if you ever wanted to show off or discuss a form of magic, the woman would help you. Harrison, himself had many discussions with Amelia about different branches of magic, each of them as interesting as the last.

Harrison himself, finally a bit at piece with the magic Mother Magic gave him, decided to look into bringing Regulus back more, diving into old books about Necromancy. It was one of the few days he spent alone in the Library with a pile of multiple books from the restriction section spread on the table in front of him, that James Potter decided to come and seek him again.

"I'm going to need to see a signature to allow you to keep reading those." Was the way he announced his presence and Harrison sighed, grabbing the sheet with McGonagall's signature, he had begged the woman so he could prove people he didn't just have a signature because Sirius and Remus were teachers.

"It's not signed by either Remus or Sirius, so don't even try using that as an argument." Harrison said, "So what do you want or do you enjoy disrupting students from their studies?"

"I do not, although, I don't trust you enough, you're looking into necromancy?" James asked looking at the books more closely.

"I got a certain interest, everyone does. I mean becoming illegal Animagi when you're 13 is the interest of some for me it's reading books about Necromancy." Harrison said and James gave him a look that seemed like a mixture between anger and concern.

"We've been worried about you, the Parseltongue ability isn't something the Potter line would have given you-"

"I know my history, so?"

"Are you okay?" James asked, faux-concern all over his face now. "Dumbledore is well willing to help you, but you have to let him i-"

"I don't need help, Potter, in fact I feel really fucking good. If Dumbledore wants to help me so badly he sent you to make sure I'll accept, maybe he should talk to me first and explain what is wrong with me."

"He believes you are being contro-"

“Oh another theory!” Harrison rolled his eyes, “You know how many theories I heard about my magical abilities, that specific ones was really popular about a year ago. You’re a bit behind, right now the people like the theory that I have been feeding of others people’s magic specifically a lot. That sounds familiar right?”

James eyes’ widen and Harrison gave the man a look, “Are you done, I’m trying to read?”

“Yeah- I- Yeah.” James said, Harrison watched the man walk away in disappointment, probably because he now had to tell Dumbledore the plan didn’t work.

Harrison turned back to his books on Necromancy, not thinking about the Potters more than he had to.

Only an hour later he found something useful, well, maybe not useful. It was a mark that seemed familiar, he grabbed his journal and started drawing, not sure what Tom would think he was doing, but deciding he honestly didn’t care. He could explain later.

That looks familiar, what is it from? Was the first thing Tom wrote when Harrison stopped drawing.

That’s what I’m trying to figure out. I was going to ask whether you know what it could possibly mean, but judging on your reaction the answer is a solid ‘no.’

Sorry, I could swear I have seen it before, though. Where did you find it?

I also thought it looked familiar, it’s from a book from the restricted section.

If we both recognize it, perhaps it’s something we’ve seen together. Does the book have an author on it?

Nope, blank.

What is the book about?

Necromancy. Harrison answered, not explaining it at all. He expected Tom wouldn’t question it too much, since the man always knew what he was working on.

It couldn’t be-

What?

So there's two possibilities, either it's inferi or it has something to do with the Deathly Hallows. Both of these we both would have seen once, you had a whole vision about the Deathly Hallows and the inferi were at the cave.

But it doesn't look like the Deathly Hallows sign-

Or it could be something to do with the horcruxes, the rituals we've been doing. It's all magic closer to Necromancy than other kinds of magic.

I'll ask some other people if they have seen it before or if it's just us.

Yes, you do that. I'll try to find more on Necromancy and the sign.

~

The way to Muggle studies was probably Harrisons least favourite path in the castle, no secret short cuts, just a lot of stairs.

At least, that's how he had always seen it, this time was different. Harrison had, like always, been walking in a group made from people out of all houses. He had been talking to Pucey when he suddenly stopped, stopping the whole group he had been walking with.

"I recognise this place," He muttered and Pucey scoffed, "No shit, we walk here everytime we go to Muggle studies."

"No it's- well." Harrison waved his hand scanning the corridor for hidden traces of magic, "Did I tell any of you about the Founders secret fifth common room?" Harrison asked and most of them shook their head, although Fred and George had of course heard about it.

"It used to be a big boring room full of competitive games and uncomfortable chairs- at least that's what the founders told me, however one week they just decided to re-do the whole room, turning it into a big comfy common room for all four houses. The houses were a lot more united back then."

"Where are you going with this? Our class starts in fifteen minutes." Montague said, Harrison nodded, "I know, it's just the entrance is close, I can feel it. I've been in there before and it didn't make sense I came inside by going through a trapdoor on the 3rd floor corridor and then do a bunch o- It doesn't matter. Either way, I never found the real entrance. This whole path however, is so empty everywhere else there's secret corridors and short cuts, there's nothing here."

"You think the common room is here?" Pucey asked, looking at the

way too empty corridor and Harrison shrugged, “It would make sense it’s not close to any other common room, none of the houses could just claim it as theirs since it’s in their area.”

“We should come back later,” George said, everyone agreeing with him. Harrison was the last one to nod, shooting one last glance back at the empty wall that he had been staring at the whole time. There was no such thing as empty walls in Hogwarts, they all had at least something covering it. Otherwise it was a secret entrance.

~

It was indeed ‘later’ when they finally came back, but this time with a much larger group, who all insisted they wanted to come with. Even after Harrison reminded them that there could be *nothing at all.*

Some of them had just looked at him and said, “There’s never nothing with you.”

Harrison decided to not remind them of the times he went looking for the founders portraits and, in fact, found nothing. So he accepted that not only his usual 4th year group, but also some second years and 5th/6th years would come with him.

“It does look empty,” Blaise said when they finally arrived in the corridor and Harrison nodded, “Too empty, I always thought it’s just the most boring place in Hogwarts, but the founders would not be *boring.”*

“So there should be something hidden, you’ve been there before, right?” Terence asked and Harrison nodded, “The weird thing is, I entered last year by going where Dumbledore told everyone to not go, I had to pass a Cerberus, then devil’s snare, the next room had flying keys with a big locked door. Then a living chess match, although I just blew that one up. There was also a troll and lastly some riddle with poison.” Harrison shook his head, “I do not want to do all of that again, too much effort. I came into the common room a bit later, the exit was close to the great hall, but it should have another entrance.”

“Can’t we just find the exit?” Pansy asked and Harrison shook his head, “It’s a magical exit, either way I know the entrance is in this hallway, just don’t know where. Dumbledore or one of the previous headmasters probably tried to hide it.”

“Fucking headmasters,” Harrison heard Terence mutter, he honestly wondered if he was a bad influence on people, since he had never

heard any of the Slytherins curse before they met him.

Harrison started walking further into the path, trying to sense some kind of magic, anything really. Then suddenly he remembered something, “Try looking for snakes,” He said to the others.

“Snakes?” Tracey asked.

“Small engravings of snakes will probably around the entrance either that or parselscript- which will look like weird scrabbles.” Harrison said and that’s when a Gryffindor- Harrison thought it was Katie Bell spoke up, “Wasn’t it for all four houses?”

Harrison sighed, he knew he would get a comment about the snakes. “It is, the founders- well- how do I say this.”

Blaise spoke up, “Salazar is a parseltongue, the easiest way to protect something is when only one line can actually open it. They probably made the charm to prevent future headmasters from totally erasing the space, since you would need parseltongue. It was open all the time, but a headmaster found a way to close it, so now we would need a parseltongue to either open it or erase it- sounds right?” He asked and Harrison gave him a thankful smile, before nodding, “It does sound like something the founders would do.”

“And how does he know what the founders would do?” She then asked.

“Portraits,” Harrison said, as if that explained everything. “These snakes aren’t going to find themselves.”

Cedric was the one who found the snakes pointing them out on the wall, Harrison went closer to inspect them.

“Let me guess,” Harrison muttered, “*Harrison James Potter.”* He hissed to the wall, the entrance not opening. He frowned, “That should have been it.”

He knew the students were looking at him, wondering what he could possibly need to say to open the entrance. “*Open.”* He hissed almost unsure, the wall stayed there.

“Fuck.” He muttered looking closer at the snake, “*Heir of all four.”* He muttered looking at the smaller engravings of animals underneath the snake.

The wall slowly opened exposing the big comfy room, a mixture of all the colours.

And a shit ton of dust.

“Ugh we’re going to have to clean this,” Fred said and George smirked, “Let Harrison do it! It will be good practice for our exams!”

Harrison shot him a glare, but tried waving his hand, cleaning absolutely nothing.

“Just imagine it clean and push your magic to do it.” Tracey said imitating Harrison, then the Slytherins started laughing.

“I honestly don’t know if I should see this as bullying or not,” Harrison rolled his eyes, before closing them. Focussing entirely on his magic, “Step back,” He warned the rest, before releasing it slowly trying to push it to clean the room.

And surprisingly it worked, although Harrison himself was the last one to notice.

When he released his magic he hadn’t thought about splitting the magical ability again, he hadn’t had any trouble with it since he mixed it, but now releasing it he forgot the part where he should keep the shields around that small part.

He fell to the ground, nothing close to catch him that time. When he opened his eyes he saw the founders walking around the room.

“Should we make it greener?” Helga asked, looking at the room with an equal amount of every colour, “It was his favourite colour.”

“The other students don’t know why we’re doing this, it would seem like we favour the Slytherins.” Rowena said, “I’m sure he’d love it either way. How’s the text going, Salazar?”

“Writing in Parselscript is hard, especially with names, I’m almost done though.” The man said his wand lightning up, a magical string connecting it to the wall with slow engravings.

“I hope he’ll find it when he’s in Hogwarts again.” Helga said, “I think he would use it for good.”

The last thing Harrison saw was Godric waving his wand to change the lightning of the room, making it feel more cozy.

After that the room suddenly got darker and he saw four ghosts.

“Harrison?” Rowena gasped, “Is it really you?”

“Yeah, I’m not dead, though. Don’t worry,” Harrison muttered and Rowena looked at him, shocked.

“He has a new magical ability.” Salazar said, “Magic gave it to him, he doesn’t know what it is.”

“And that confirms my theory of ghosts being connected to their portraits, I thought you already told them?” Harrison said and Salazar nodded, “Parts of it, not the specifics. The chance of a gossiper listening are too big.”

“Well done on the cleaning!” Godric said, in his normal excited voice. “Only you could try to not faint the next time?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, then, “I actually cleaned the place?”

“Quite well,” Helga nodded, “Although your magic makes it look so dark.”

Rowena smiled at him, “We’re so proud of you.” She said and Harrison only then noticed he was beginning to fade away, he begged Mother Magic to give him just a bit longer, but the world around him got darker.

He hugged Salazar, the other founders used to this, just joined the now-group hug. The last thing he heard was a whispered, “There’s portraits hidden in the room.”

Then he opened his eyes and was back in the room with the other students, who all seemed impressed and worried, none of them coming too close due to Harrisons magic moving angrily around him.

Harrison closed his eyes, focusing on hiding his magic again, putting extra shields around the ability this time. Then he looked at the group of students offering an, “I cleaned the room.”

“Try it without fainting next time.” Draco quipped and Harrison nodded, “That’s what Godric said.”

“You saw them?” Daphne asked, “The founders?”

Harrison nodded, “They have portraits here.” He looked around the now clean room and noticed the engraving was way clearer than it

had been the last time he was in the room. “We’ll find them later, for now, let’s just see what we can do with this place.”

That got a lot of agreement and Harrison smiled as people started walking around, changing certain items into more modern looking things, the 10th century was a long time ago.

Harrison just stared at the written text Salazar had come up with.

*In memory of *10th century* Harrison,*

Our son from a different time, we hope you find this room and will use it for whatever you wish to use it for.

We love you,

Godric, Helga, Rowena and Sal

Harrison smiled, Salazar was never good at writing something nice for people, but he did a good enough job this time.

“What does it say?” Tracey asked and Harrison shrugged, “It doesn’t matter.”

Tracey shot him a look and Harrison nodded his head towards the older classes and non-Slytherins, the people who didn’t know the real truth and Tracey nodded in understanding.

“This room is for-“

“Yes, yes it is.” Harrison whispered, only Tracey could hear, “I used to hate this place, it was a boring room where older years would sit and play chess for hours. The founders changed it after I left.”

“That’s kind of sweet,” She glanced back, making sure no one was listening, “Are you sure you’re okay with sharing this place with possibly everyone in the school?”

“Is not allowing Hope a choice?” Harrison joked and Tracey gave a sympathetic smile, “We both-“

“Yeah, I know. It’s fine, as long as they don’t destroy the place.” Harrison muttered.

~

He met up with Luna the next day, they were once again watching the

night sky in the Astronomy tower while Luna told Harrison about magic.

“So did it work?”

Harrison nodded, “I have been able to control it well, I led my magic go once though and the ability immediately worked I was pulled back into an old memory of the room I was in.”

“You can choose when to release it,” Luna said, “magic will do the rest, show you the rest as soon as you release it. Although, try not to do it on accident too many times. I think I have figured out what you can do.”

“What is it?”

“I always thought it to be a rumour when people said that there were people who are like seers, but reversed. They don’t see the future, but the past. It shows you useful memories, explaining questions you might be asking, even if you aren’t conscious of these questions. The part of talking to ghosts is weird- I think Mother Magic might have mixed the ability with a light form of Necromancy, you are able to communicate with the death, but I think, if you practice long enough, you’ll be able to control some parts of death too.” Luna’s eyes found his eyes, “Of course it would help if you were to collect all the Deathly Hallows.”

“You think I would-“

“You would be unstoppable, already are, but I cannot possibly start to imagine how much you would be able to do if you somehow got all three Hallows in your possession.”

“Do you think it would be possible to bring somebody back from the death?” Harrison asked and Luna smiled, “Haven’t you already done that?”

Harrison gave the girl a shocked look, wondering how she could possibly know about Voldemort, but then he remembered, she was a seer, a powerful one.

“Don’t worry, Harrison, I won’t tell.” She giggled, “However I’m assuming you’re talking about someone who does not have horcruxes? It would be harder, but as long as you have a body or are able to make a body, it’s never impossible. Especially with Death on your side.”

“Would you help me-“

“As long as Regulus Black accepts my help, I will assist you.” Luna nodded, “Consent from the ghost is the most important part, without that part you will *always* fail, remember that.”

“How do you know?”

Luna shrugged, “The nargles told me.”

After that they changed the subject, it was 1am when Harrison snuck back to his dorm, thanking which ever god he had on his side that Percy Weasley wasn’t doing rounds tonight.

Once he was back in his dorm he grabbed his journal, *Tommy boy, you awake?*

I am, the question is why are you?

I was talking to Luna about something.

At 1am?

Is that Jealousy I hear?

Whatever, what do you need?

Harrison sighed, it was either write everything he had figured out in the past 48 hours down or-

Can I come over?

You’re asking? Just come the next time.

I didn’t want to just walk into your home at midnight, I might get killed by some Death Eater.

Are you okay?

Hmm, oh yeah, I’m good.

Harrison closed the Journal walking over to the cabinet. He stepped into it and as soon as he left the cabinet in Tom’s office a pair of arms wrapped around him.

“I don’t believe you for a second.” Tom muttered, “You practically haven’t talked to me in the past two days and now you suddenly want

to come over?"

Harrison, who froze as soon as Tom had touched him, relaxed in the man's arm. "Be careful people might think you like giving hugs, this is the second time you've done this."

Tom scoffed, stepping back, "So what's wrong? I'm not changing the subject."

"Nothing is wrong," Harrison said, "I just had another vision yesterday. I guess it kind of fucked with me." He glanced at the empty portrait of Salazar and Tom followed this look, a look of understanding on his face now.

"The founders?"

"It's well- Hogwarts has this common room for all four houses, I think I've told you about stumbling past it when I got the stone last year." Harrison said, "The place was dirty so people challenged me to cast cleaning charms, anyways, I released my magic to try it, because I honestly didn't know how else to do it and I forgot about the extra protection I should've put around the ability. As soon as I let it go I fainted and came in this old memory of the founders making the room for *me,* after I left, it was made in the single space I used to hate at Hogwarts." Harrison sighed, he honestly hadn't noticed how much this experience fucked with his emotions, until Tom noticed it, because of course the man could somehow read his emotions better than he himself could. "Afterwards I came in this space with them in it, it was their ghosts, but they were solid, I could actually touch them, I suppose it made me realise how much I miss being in the past. I mean I love this time, but the founder-"

"They are your entire childhood, it makes sense." Tom said, he looked unsure and for a second Harrison thought he was going to offer another hug, but then the man just ruffled Harrisons hair in an affectionate way. "So this room, where is it?"

"Close to the Muggle studies classroom."

"The empty corridor," Tom said and Harrison nodded, "That's the one."

Tom nodded, "Well, you're welcome to come here any time, even at midnight. Don't worry about waking me." The man looked to the empty portrait on the wall, "I'll help to make you miss them less where I can."

Harrison smiled, but he felt like crying, it wasn't often he had a sudden reminder of how his childhood had been like, but talking about it- or talking about being there with founders who seem alive, it always was some sort of trigger. "I know you will."

"You should go to sleep, you can tell me about your midnight talk with Luna tomorrow." Tom said and Harrison nodded, "Tom," The man nodded, raising an eyebrow.

"Thank you."

Tom offered him the softest smile Harrison had ever seen on the man's face, "You're welcome."

Chapter End Notes

> Most of this was written by a very sleep deprived me due to exams, so I'm sorry? Thank you for reading! Also thank you all for the positive comments, it honestly is the one thing that's been keeping me motivated enough to continue writing so much, I never thought I would actually write so much about this random idea I had almost a year ago!

Chapter 38: “Of course, you know me always befriending the furries.”

Chapter Notes

> This might be kind of strange, since I had exams and barely had time to write so it's written in 2 weeks, sessions where I allowed myself to write like 500 words max. So it's all over the place, but I tried?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning was strangely one of the best mornings Harrison had since summer break, where he had admittedly spent a lot of time at Toms. When he had woken up he stressed about being late for classes, but then he remembered it *was weekend.* The Slytherins would cover for him, since if he wasn’t in his dorm, of course he would be at Toms.

So Harrison allowed himself to get up way later than he usually would, even in the weekends. When he did finally convince himself to get up he quickly changed before he went to the dining room, where Tom was sitting, Harrison wasn’t sure whether the man had been waiting on him or just woke up too.

By the amused smile he got from the man, he guessed it was the former.

“Sorry,” He mumbled, quickly joining Tom.

“Hey I remember being a teenager,” Tom said, “No one’s blaming you for being tired.”

“Honestly, it’s kind of your fault, how are the beds in this house so comfortable?” Harrison asked, even though he knew that the beds had been picked very carefully by one of the ancestors. “I also can not imagine you getting up late, even as a teenager.”

Tom shrugged, “I am not a morning person. I do have to admit that around fifth year getting up late became impossible for me, due to-“

“Death Eaters?”

“Knights of Walpurgis at the time,” Tom said, “If you ever decide to

start a group like that, tell them that they don't have to let you check every single thing they do, at some point it got annoying."

Harrison laughed, when suddenly breakfast appeared in front of him, the entire time he ate he spent listening to Tom complaining about the old Knights of Walpurgis.

Once he was back in Hogwarts no one had missed him necessarily, of course the Slytherins had noticed his absence, but like expected they had told everyone something about him obsessing over some new kind of magic and that they had tried to ask what it was about, but that once he started explaining it all seemed to complex to even try to understand so they left alone.

His friends knew him so *well.*

"How's Voldemort doing?" Tracey asked sitting down next to him on a couch in the corner of the four house common room. The room had immediately become a popular place for friend groups with people from different houses, although there had been a few fights between houses already- they had only discovered the room a day or two ago- causing Harrison to look into any kind of magic to prevent these fights from happening.

Harrison gave the girl a look, "That's a weird question."

"Is it?" Tracey asked, "You've made the man sane again, so you say at least and I have to admit the few times I've seen him he seemed normal enough. Is it strange that I'm curious enough to ask for updates?"

"I suppose not," Harrison sighed, "I don't have a lot to say, Tom is well- he's doing well. *Really well.* Lately he's been a lot more human then before, I don't know how to explain it." Harrison paused, "Okay I'm going to say this, but Tom will probably kill you if you share this with anyone, just out of embarrassment."

Tracey seemed curious and concerned at the same time, Harrison supposed that was an appropriate response."

"I think he's a *hugger."* Harrison said then, Tracey giving him the most disbelieving look ever. "I mean- He hugged me twice now, but I think he's just embarrassed about the fact that he's a hugger. Both times he had a good excuse to hug me, but he just seemed like-"

"Like he wants more physical contact?" Tracey asked, "I mean I

suppose that if anyone on earth is touch starved it would be someone like *Voldemort."*

Harrison nodded, "Yeah, yeah, you're right." He shrugged, "I don't necessarily mind it though, although the fact that he seems so embarrassed about it is so annoying, but I mean it's probably the way he was raised-"

Tracey giggled, "I can't believe I'm about to say this about our Lord, but-" She took a deep breath, trying to stop herself from laughing more, "I think you should show our Lord that it's okay?" She said, although she made it sound like a question, almost as if it was a dangerous or wrong thing to say. Afterwards she started watching Harrisons face carefully with an almost knowing look in her eyes.

"I suppose," Harrison muttered, not noticing the girl carefully trying to read every expression on his face. After a minute of silence and almost no emotions on Harrisons face, Tracey sighed, dropping her head on Harrisons shoulder. "I think you saved the Wizarding World the day you saved Voldemort." She admitted, "I think none of us want to make you feel like you did this really big thing, since we know you'd hate it, but deep down we all know it."

"I don't know," Harrison replied, "I think either way it would have been okay, as much as all the powerful people *suck* there are enough people who genuinely would have tried to do the right thing and eventually succeeded. I just did what I thought was the best thing to do and I know a lot of people would disagree."

"Saving hundreds of people in the progress." Tracey said, "You never give yourself enough credit."

Harrison leant back in the couch, careful not to move too much, Tracey still had her head carefully placed on his shoulder. "It's too soon to say I really saved a lot of people. I'm trying my best, though."

"Either way, all of us are grateful for what you have already done. I spoke to Iris the other day and the vampires finally managed to convince more people to stop drinking blood, because our Lord started supporting the vampires again."

Harrison smiled, "That's all Tom, not me."

"It would not have happened without you, just accept it."

"Okay," Harrison said, "Thank you."

Tracey lifted her head from his shoulder, “We should join the others.” She said and Harrison nodded, he hadn’t meant to separate himself from the rest of the group, but when they had sat down exactly where the founders had stood in his memory the other day, he just had to get away for a bit.

~

The last stir almost decided if the potion would turn out right, did it change into the colour you expected it to be? Did it explode? Or cool down? Or heat up even more? All these questions could suggest that you actually managed to make the potions you were hoping to make, or giveaway the fact that you failed to make the potion.

When you’re making your own potion all you could do was guess.

“I think we did it,” Harrison muttered looking into the cauldron with an orangish fluid. Snape looked at the cauldron after Harrison took a step back, “So we need to test it?”

“Yes, but before the 10th of march, it’s Remus’ birthday then.” Harrison replied, “Which won’t work either way since it’s the 10th in a couple of days.”

“Just give it as a late present.” Snape said, Harrison nodded, “I think I should. Can you store these? I’ll talk to Professor Bones, I think I should be able to make an appointment with her, right?”

Snape nodded, “She is the one who usually makes the decision about these things.”

So Harrison left to search Amelia Bones, which turned out to be totally useless since the woman was not in the school on the weekends. So instead he returned to the Slytherin common room, a room which was a lot emptier since Harrison opened up the four house common room again. Right now there were only two students sitting.

“My mother says he’s back,” He heard a student say, it was a student who was obviously older than him, but he hasn’t seen them around a lot. So not one of his friends or any of the other students he tended to teach spells often.

“I wouldn’t know, it’s not like my parents ever *supported him.*” The other student replied.

“We would have heard something about it if he was actually back, wouldn’t we, with us being Slytherins and all?”

Harrison sat down on a chair in the corner of the room, the girl and boy didn’t seem to be anyone he knew or had seen around the Slytherin house before. The magic in the room also seemed off, almost like- *oh.*

Polyjuice. Harrison realised, but if students managed to get Polyjuice, it must have been Dumbledore’s plan.

But why would they pick non-slytherins? Were they hoping that they wouldn’t be recognized and could easily get answers this way? But why sit and talk about it in an empty common room?

“You know you’re not supposed to be here.” Harrison said, casually. The two students looked at him, surprised.

“What?”

“You *do remember* when Snape told us all that hanging around the common room is strictly forbidden on Sunday afternoons?” Harrison shook his head, “I think it was something about the elves cleaning and not liking the Slytherin students too much?”

“That’s ridiculous!”

“It’s been a rule since forever,” Harrison shrugged, “You should leave quickly before Snape comes and checks.”

“You *are* still here, why should we leave?” The student on the right said and Harrison almost snorted when he realised.

“I should have known that if anyone’s stupid enough to sneak into the Slytherin common room and *pretend* to be part of Slytherins to get answers about a Dark Lord who died eleven years ago, it should be you, Hope.” Harrison said, “I’m almost disappointed it was so easy to guess, I was excited to solve the riddle. However, I do wonder why you are only with the two of you.” Harrison muttered the last sentence, not sure if they could even hear him.

Hope scoffed, “I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“If I were you, I’d leave, I can do whatever the fuck I want down here without anyone telling on me and believe me if you are not gone in one minute, you will regret it.” Harrison glanced at Salazar’s portrait,

the man sat there calmly. “It’s not like Salazar Slytherin will tell Dumbledore what I did.” He smirked.

Hope opened her mouth to say something, but the student next to her stopped her, “We should listen to him.”

Harrison expected it was Granger, no way Ron would have been smart enough to listen to him, if he had to believe Fred and George. “I suggest you listen, Hope.” Harrison said, “Also to answer your question, because I do still believe helping you is the right thing to do in these situations.” Harrison sighed, “The Dark Lord is dead, no one talks about him anymore, most Slytherins even agree that what the Dark Lord wanted was too far.”

“You mean that?” -What Harrison thought was- Granger asked.

He shrugged, “You all may believe me to be a bad person, maybe I am, but I would not lie about something like this. I would not risk the safety of the Wizarding World purely because I really do dislike the both of you.”

Hope nodded and grabbed Grangers arm, pulling the girl out of the common room.

Once they were really gone Salazar spoke up. “Your acting skills have gotten better,” He said and Harrison smirked, “Wouldn’t want to get Tom into trouble now would we.”

“I am glad you decided to defend him through all of this, you’ve made him a better person for sure.” Salazar said.

“That’s what I’m here for isn’t it? If I didn’t have something like that to motivate me I could have stayed with you guys.” Harrison answered quietly, “I have to make sure the password gets changed.” He said, “I’ll be back later.”

Salazar nodded, “You do that.”

It was only once Snape told him that for Hope and Granger to know the password, someone must have told them that Harrison realised that, indeed, they probably had some Slytherin spy.

Which was a ridiculous thing to think, really, but Harrison couldn’t even disagree with Snape when the man suggested they hold a speech in front of the entire house, just to be sure.

“You will do it.” Snape said and Harrison shook his head, “No fucking way.”

“You’ll get 20 points?” Snape tried and Harrison sighed, “Why would you want me to do it?”

“I think people are honestly more scared of you then they would be of me, they can easily hide things from me, or so they think, you however are one of them.” Snape said, “So you’ll do it?”

“30 points.” Harrison said, because while he really did not give a shit about the point system, the rest of the house did and honestly, he kind of liked being known as the boy who single-handed guarantees the Slytherin win.

“Fine,” Snape said, there’s no point in arguing with Harrison, honestly.

~

It was that evening, just after curfew that Harrison- with help of some friends- gathered every Slytherin in the common room.

“Now I don’t want to be dramatic, because quite honestly, this situation is just weird.” Harrison started vaguely, “But I need answers and Snape agreed that this is a bad thing. Today I came into the common room which was completely empty except for two students who I didn’t recognize. Turns out, they were my lovely biological sister and one of her friends, they had somehow gotten their hands on Polyjuice potion and were trying to get answers about the Dark Lord. Now I don’t know if any of you have answers and quite honestly, I don’t give a shit.” Harrison lied easily, knowing damn well that there were still a few people in the room who didn’t know about Tom’s return. “But that’s not the point, the point is that *Gryffindors* somehow got the password to this common room.

“That could mean two things, either someone told them, if that’s the case- believe me- you will not like what happens to you if I find out by yourself, so you should step forward now. The other option is that there’s someone who says the password to come in loud enough for people in the hall to hear, which is just stupid, magic will hear you no matter how hard you say something. *Whisper it.*” Harrison said, “I’m sure you all have gotten the new password, if I even hear about this one leaking, someone will be punished, believe me.

“So anyone interested in telling me how they got the password?”

Harrison asked, when no one spoke up he nodded, “I thought so, believe me, if I figure out someone did this on purpose-“

“I think they get it,” Flint said, smirking slightly, but Harrison could see that their team captain was just as angry as he was.

“Right, goodnight everyone.” Harrison muttered.

“Hope broke in?” Was the first thing Draco asked when Harrison came to join them. Harrison rolled his eyes, “No I was just lying-“ He said, voice full of sarcasm.

“I always thought Slytherins knew better than just give away the password.”

“I honestly think it might have been one of the first years saying the password too loud. Anyone could hear it, the chance of a Slytherin actually telling them is very small, especially since they were asking about the Dark Lord, I feel like every Slytherin already kind of knows Tom is back, even the ones who are less supportive.”

“I think most of them aren’t sure enough to talk about it, if they don’t have Death Eaters as parents. All they would look at is the fact that it is still peaceful, there’s no new war yet.” Pansy said, “It’s not like they can speak up about disagreeing with the Dark Lord in Slytherin.”

“So it was an accident, you’re saying? They accidentally stumbled past a first year saying the password too loud?” Daphne asked, “That would be too lucky, especially since we change the password every week, Polyjuice takes a month or so to make, right?”

“So maybe they made it already and they were waiting or Dumbledore knows the Slytherin passwords? Honestly, that would creep me out.”

“It doesn’t matter, we just have to work on making sure it never happens again.” Harrison said, “I just told Hope that there was no way the Dark Lord was back and that I would not lie about something like that.”

“And she believed you?”

“She’s not that smart.” Harrison replied, “It didn’t even take a lot of convincing, besides I am a pretty convincing actor.”

“Sure, you are.” Blaise said and Harrison shot the boy a glare, “Well, I am going to tell Tom that his secret existence might be in danger or

does anyone else want to do that?"

The Slytherins shook their head and Harrison sighed, "Well, you all will see me tomorrow if he doesn't kill me." He muttered, not excited at all to tell the man about Dumbledore trying to figure out if he was alive again, which must mean he had a suspicion that Tom was in fact back.

~

"Hey Tommy boy!" Harrison said when he entered Tom office through the cabinet, Tom wasn't there, though. So Harrison started his long quest to find Tom, who ended up being in the middle of a meeting once again.

The room was full of Death Eaters and Harrison honestly hadn't known that Tom was going to have a full meeting tonight, yet he had all the attention on him, Harrison was sure that if Tom stopped talking you could hear a pin drop, none of the Death Eaters dared to mutter a word.

"*You know I can sense you're here."* Tom hissed, Harrison swore he saw some people flinch.

Disappointed, he would have liked to see Tom dominate a full room so easily, Harrison replied, "*I was just being nice, letting you finish your story."*

Tom had an gleam in his eyes, Harrison was sure only he noticed. The Death Eaters around him were trying to make some room for him to walk to the stage, but when Tom moved his now red eyes over to them, they all froze.

Harrison snorted, "Stop scaring them." He said in English, "I'll wait in your office- or kitchen, I don't know depends on how bored I'll get."

"You can stay," Tom replied, "I'm almost done here."

Harrison nodded, motioning for Tom to continue his story and then spent the next 20 minutes listening to Tom cursing at some political Death Eaters who had really fucked something up, before warning everyone that 'the next time he won't be so merciful'. After that the Death Eaters got dismissed, Tom telling all of them to not even try and hang around the manor to overhear a conversation, the elves would throw them out.

“So what brought you here?” Tom asked, “For the second time in a week?”

“Something happened.”

Tom raised an eyebrow, “What happened?”

“It’s- well-“ Harrison looked away from Tom’s now almost concerned look, “Today I came into the Slytherin room and saw two students who I didn’t know, which is weird since I know the entire Slytherin house by face. I quickly realised it was Polyjuice, then that it was not just *someone,* it was Hope.”

“Are you okay?” Tom asked, now he really did sound concerned. Harrison allowed himself to look back at the man’s face and nodded slowly, “Yes- it’s just she was asking after you, which means she really does think you’re back now. That ruins the whole trying to keep it a secret that the Dark Lord is back plan, right?”

“It does,” Tom sighed, “But it is probably just Dumbledore thinking I’m back and the man has nowhere near enough evidence to prove it’s true. Did she learn anything when she snuck into the common room?”

Harrison shook his head, “No one was there, we now changed the passwords.”

“And you are sure you’re okay?” Tom asked, “Hope didn’t do anything else? No more annoying visions- or flashbacks?”

Harrison shook his head again and Tom nodded, “Good then why did you seem so worried?”

“I mean, telling you that the world might know about your existence in the next few months was a big reason for my worries.” Harrison admitted, “I lied to Hope though, told her there was no way you’re back. I told her that I would’ve noticed and while I really dislike her, I would not lie about something this serious.”

“You were scared to tell me?” Tom asked, amused.

“I was not scared,” Harrison insisted, “I just don’t know how an emotional person such as you would respond, for all I knew, you might have blown up your house. And really? Is that all you’re reacting to from everything I just said.”

“It’s funny,” Tom smirked, “I never thought you would admit being

afraid to tell me anything, even if it's only because I'm 'emotional' or whatever."

Harrison sighed, "You are so annoying," He said, all serious, but then he started laughing. He couldn't help but feel glad that Tom seemed to be in an okay mood even after his meeting. It would have sucked if Tom had actually gotten angry, even though Harrison had to admit, ever since Tom started looking for more horcruxes he hadn't really gotten angry anymore. Not at Harrison, at least, or Harrisons family and friends. He had seen Tom leave a man right on the edge of dying, only to heal them up and start the process of torture again before, but he chose to ignore that. He could ignore these things, because in the end Tom really did fight for what was right and listened to him.

Which was more than he expected when he decided to help Tom in this time, he had expected to be forced to deal with a man who was constantly angered by everything around him and could not listen to another human being, no one was equal to him after all.

"Now that you're here, want to join my Necromancy research?"

"And here I thought I would get a break," Harrison muttered, "Sure, I'll join you."

~

It's a sign some cult used during World War II, people later thought it might've been Grindlewald trying to make a third side, with similar ideals, but without him as a sign. Tom wrote him three days later, *It's been in a lot of books since then, which is probably why you also recognised it.*

A cult used a Necromancy sign?

You could word it like that.

That's slightly disturbing, Harrison wrote, *Were there any well-known necromancers?*

I don't think so, Necromancy is something most people see as either a dark form of normal magic or a myth.

But Inferi are living proof of Necromancy.

You can make those without being a Necromancer, I did so.

You'd have to be very powerful.

Is that a compliment? Why, thank you, Mr Black.

Harrison rolled his eyes, even though he was all alone in his room, *An unintended compliment, maybe.*

That's a compliment nonetheless. Either way, I did know some people who joined this third group, each of them would have a neckless or tattoo with the sign on it. I always thought this was weird, since everyone always insisted this third group did not have a hierarchy, so who was forcing them to tattoo themselves?

Maybe they liked it? It's some sign that they were part of something?

I don't think so, some of them tried to scrape the tattoo's off their skin later or remove the necklace, each one I've seen try died.

That's disgusting, you've seen people scrape their own skin off?

I know, bummer they didn't want my help. Anyways, you do know Grindelwald is still alive right?

Wait, yes I heard about that, Nurmengard right?

Yes now we have two options, we either sneak in or try to do it the legal way.

In this case, I vote sneaking in, no way they let anyone close to him. I'm pretty sure Dumbledore would have to okay it.

That means we have to plan another prison break, you really want to do that again?

Hey it was quite the bonding experience.

Sure it was. Tom replied and Harrison once again wondered how he'd gotten to the point in life where I could not give a fuck about having to sneak into some very secured prison cell.

Admit it, Tommy boy, you loved planning the Azkaban break out with me.

Only because I loved seeing you fail at casting the Patronus charm.

Oh! Talking about that, have I told you I finally managed to cast more than one patroni at the same time? It was amazing.

Really?

Yeah, I got up to three before I stopped, I think I could do more.

Harrison could feel Tom's shock and a small sense of proud in the back of his mind, he smirked. He did love shocking the man.

~

Snape made the appointment with Bones, that's how they ended up in a holding cell in the Ministry of Magic, a powerful privacy charm around them and a few prisoners; half of which were werewolves, the other half was just human.

"You have enough potions?" Harrison asked, looking at the six prisoners, Snape nodded. "We should start with giving one to a human, it should be highly poisonous.

So that's what they did, they had 3 different kind of potions, which they had made earlier. They were sure one of the potions should work.

While testing the first one, the human started screaming, rolling on the ground blood coming out of the eyes of their test subject, but he seemed to recover. He didn't die, his wounds slowly healed and eventually the man was- while in a lot of pain- still alive. Not much happened with the werewolf, but his nails did suddenly grow.

"Claws," Harrison muttered, writing that down.

The second one seemed to kill the human effectively, but do absolutely nothing to the werewolf. The third one however, killed neither the human nor werewolf, but the wolf did turn into his wolf form for a bit.

"We need to observe the werewolves with the full moon," Harrison said, the guard which had been accompanying them- since it was still highly illegal to do this without anyone working for the ministry being present.

"It's very unusual Heir Black, usually we kill them immediately after, not wanting to deal with the consequences." The guard said and Harrison raised an eyebrow, "We don't actually know if it's save to use this potion on hundreds of the people working in our civilization."

"You need permission from the Minister." The guard said and Harrison sighed, "So take me to the bloody Minister."

“I don’t know if I-“

“Don’t make me get Lord Malfoy.” Harrison said, knowing how much power Malfoy’s name carried in the ministry.

“I’ll lead you to his office,” The guard said.

Harrison then had to get through all the wand checks, which was easily done since he never used his wand, the last thing he used his wand for was probably Lumos, or any spell like that. The ministry had no way of checking which spells he casted wandless.

It was once they were actually standing in front of the office, that the guard told them they would have to wait a while, the Minister was currently in a Wizengamot meeting.

So Harrison waited and when the Minister did show up, he was in no way surprised to not only see Lucius with the man, but also the new Lord Gaunt.

“Minister Fudge,” Harrison said, bowing his head forward slightly, the man looked at him, “A Hogwarts student and professor Snape.” Fudge said in surprise, “This must be important.” He said, shooting the two Lords beside him a look, Harrison smirked when he saw Tom turn around, feeling the burning curiosity in the back of his head.

“Thank you for being able to see me so quickly- Lord Malfoy and Lord Gaunt can stay, actually I think we would both like to know their opinion about the reason why I am here.”

“Well you heard, the student.” Fudge said, Harrison honestly did not understand how the man just accepted to listen to him so quickly, didn’t the Minister have anything better to do?

“Heir Black,” Harrison said to Fudge, trying to stop the man from saying ‘the student’ one more time. He honestly expected the man to know what he looked like.

“Really?” Fudge asked, once they were standing in his office, “Well then the pleasure is all mine, we have a lot of talk about you here in the Ministry. Some people are saying you’ll be the next one to take my position.”

“Well, sir, quite honestly those type of rumours are always there when there’s a student that’s good with magics, the last few times that proved to be nothing. Don’t fear me, I don’t think I will be the one to

take your position." Harrison shot a look at Tom, the man had a perfectly masked face, but Harrison could feel the slight amusement in his head.

"I believe you came here with a purpose, Mr. Black." Malfoy said and Harrison shot him a glare, at the same time Tom shot the man a look.

"Right! Well I believe you have heard I am testing a new type of Wolfsbane today?" Harrison asked and Fudge nodded, "Well, I need to be able to study the effects of the potions till at least a week after full moon, for it to be totally safe. I know usually you don't give the permission- but this potion could mean we only need to give werewolves wolfsbane once in their life, they'll be safe for the rest of their lives. There's no more aggression because they forgot their potions. So I would appreciate if you made an exception."

"You were right when you said I could use the opinions of Lord Malfoy and Gaunt," Fudge replied, "This is a different situation then ever before, shall I allow it?"

"I do not know why you are even doubting for a second to allow this, Minister." Tom said, "This could make everyone- not just the werewolves safer."

"I do agree with Lord Gaunt," Malfoy said, not that the man really had a choice, the way he was casually scratching his arm now proved that.

"Well, I do believe I have no choice but to allow it then." Fudge said, "We'll keep the werewolves in the holding cell, Lord Gaunt, could you assist the aurors in making sure the cell is safe to keep werewolves at full moon?" Tom nodded, "Maybe Heir Black himself could help, from what I have heard his magical power is more than enough, it could be a learning experience."

Fudge nodded, "You do not need the humans anymore?"

Harrison shook his head, "We have enough information to safely say that no human should ever drink this potion, just as we thought. It's unsafe."

"Okay, well, I am glad I got to meet you Heir Black, but I have business to attend to." The man said, dismissing them all.

"I'll tell Dumbledore you'll be away for another while," Snape said after they left the office, Harrison nodded, thanked the man for his assistance and then turned to Tom.

“Really had to offer my help, huh?” Harrison asked and Tom smirked, “It’s your fault I have to inspect dirty holding cells for the rest of the days with a bunch of idiots, might as well take you with me. Have you ever been to the aurors office in the Ministry of Magic?”

Harrison shook his head, “Do we really need the aurors?”

Tom shrugged, “It’s probably faster.”

Harrison sighed, “Come let’s just do this alone, I am not waiting to meet a bunch of idiots as you just called them.”

Tom nodded, following Harrison through the Ministry of Magic.

When they entered the room where Harrison had earlier done the experiments, Tom whistled, “Impressive.”

“Why thank you, although, this was not meant to look like a torture chamber.”

Their was blood in the first cell, the second cell was a seemingly human with scratch marks all over himself, he looked at his claws terrified, in the third cell was just a body, the fourth and fifth cell were distraught humans, the last cell was a wild Werewolf trying to claw it’s way out.

“Maybe we start with that one,” Harrison said, the werewolf hadn’t found a way to escape the cell- yet, but he could any time soon and no one in this building would be safe then, really.

“Yes, we should do that, quickly.” Tom agreed.

~

“I did not expect this to take that long,” Harrison said, when he crashed on the loveseat in Tom’s office. “I am going to fall asleep here.”

Tom snorted, “No you’re not, what if Death Eaters come in? I mean I can ignore them knowing you have your own room in this place, but me allowing you to sleep in my office? Unacceptable.” Sarcasm was clear in his voice, that almost caught Harrison off-guard.

“Sounds like you’d be totally okay with me falling asleep here,” He mumbled and Tom sighed, “I just do not understand why you’re so tired? I mean magical exhaustion is impossible with your core and it’s

only what? 8pm?"

"I don't know." Harrison replied, "I'm a teenager, deal with it."

Harrison could hear Tom walking to the door of his office, "Do you want me to take food with me for you?"

"Yes, please." Harrison replied, this time truly surprised at Tom's offer, He didn't think he had ever been allowed to eat in Tom's office.

The door close and Harrison moved, now sitting on the loveseat instead of laying sprawled over it- which had not been very comfortable either way. Salazar was currently not in his painting, leaving Harrison all alone in Tom's office, that was also rare.

It made him once again realise just how much Tom trusted him, every single thing that could be used as blackmail on the man was either here or in his room and Harrison was certain that if one day he decided to wander into the man's room, he wouldn't mind either. Sure, he would be surprised, probably ask Harrison what the fuck he was doing there, but angry? No, Tom did not get angry at him.

And that well it was strange, he had known it for a while now, never really scared of the man being angry at him, even when his friends worried. At first, though, Harrison had thought it was purely because Tom knew he could match his powers easily. If Tom tried to fight Harrison on anything he'd not only lose a valuable ally, but also get caught up in a fight that he could possibly lose.

Now, though, Harrison was pretty sure Tom didn't give a shit about the fact that he was a valuable ally or the fact that Harrison could beat him in a duel. The man did not get angry, because he honestly cared. If that wasn't one of the strangest thoughts-

"Earth to Harrison?" Tom asked, now standing in front of him, Harrison blinked.

"Oh, hey."

"The elves will bring food here in a bit," The man said, "Sickle for your thoughts?"

Harrison smiled, "Are they really worth that much?"

"I could give you more," Tom said, smirking slightly, then he quickly masked his face again. "I have never seen you that deep in thought,

ever, it must be something serious."

Harrison nodded, "Yeah, I suppose it was." He muttered, not sharing anything else and the man didn't push for more information.

That just proved me right, Harrison mused.

~

Harrison was allowed to go to the Ministry every other day to note the symptoms of every potion. Admittedly, Remus' birthday had already passed, but the man made sure he knew how much he appreciated Harrison working this hard to make sure he was making not only a helpful, but also a *safe* potion.

Today, the final results would be there and afterwards he'd be able to publish the second potion, which was obviously the safe one. The werewolf had stayed calm throughout the full moon and also stayed healthy the entire time before and after.

Harrison could not believe he had done it.

"You've done a great deed for our world," the Minister complimented him, it was the first time he visited the test subjects. "You will forever change the life of every single werewolf on this earth."

"That's what I am doing it for," Harrison said, "Could I use one more werewolf to make sure it's safe?"

Fudge gave him a shocked look, "How long would it take?"

"A week at most," Harrison replied, "I need to be sure."

"You have to understand how many exceptions I already made for you, but I'll allow this one more." Fudge said, "I'll get a note to Azkaban as soon as possible, actually, Lord Gaunt seemed interested in Azkaban, you could ask him to write up the letter for me."

"Of course, sir." Harrison said, "Thank you for allowing this."

Harrison secretly wondered how much of Fudge jobs Tom and Lucius had to solve, they seemed to be the two with the most power over Fudge- surprisingly, since Tom was still 'new'.- Did Fudge actually do anything himself? How hadn't he noticed how busy Tom was?

He sighed, he honestly wasn't sure where to find Tom, the man could be anywhere.

Where are you, like right now? Harrison asked, not expecting a reply really.

That sounds suspicious. I am with Lucius, his office.

Oh great, Fudge wants you to help me get a letter to Azkaban for another test subject.

Can't that man do anything alone?

Harrison snorted *That confirms my suspicion.*

What?

I was just thinking, Fudge told me you were interested in Azkaban, but I thought the man was probably to lazy to do it himself. I asked myself how many of his small shit tasks you end up with.

Usually I force Lucius or other Death Eaters to do them, while still getting the credit, however since this is for you, I'll help you.

So nice, Harrison wrote back, *Do you have your own office here?*

You know, me being in the Wizengamot is not even a job, not really. So no, I don't even officially work at the Ministry. Most of the people work at the Ministry, I'll admit, but I don't want to be bound to some 9 to 5 job.

Besides, we are super rich.

That we are. Let's meet at the Slytherin castle- manor whatever. Tom replied and Harrison smiled at the journal, before he looked up at the now empty holding cells of the Ministry- if you could even call them that. All he could think about was how glad he was that no one was there to see him smile at his Journal.

He arrived at the castle earlier than Tom and took that time to look around Tom's office again, he always did this when he found himself being in the room alone.

Tom switched it up, a lot. Mostly the books changed, although sometimes the room seemed like a totally different room. There were some key aspects that always stayed the same, his desk, the general setting of the room and how he stored his files.

You should never mess with Tom's system.

"Fudge made sure I knew I would get fired from my job if I did not do

this for you," Tom said, instead of a normal greeting. "I don't even get paid."

"Sucks to suck," Harrison answered. "I can pay you for this."

"You would just get it out of the Slytherin vault, it doesn't count like that."

Harrison shrugged, honestly, neither he or Tom would ever need to think about getting a job to earn money. They didn't spend more than needed and had enough money for at least a dozen more lifetimes. "Write me the letter, oh Lord Gaunt."

Tom sighed, grabbed a paper, "I don't even know how my signature is enough for an experiment. I thought you would need at least Bones' signature."

"Fudge will probably force them to accept yours." Harrison said, watching Tom make his normal neat curls on a piece of paper.

Harrison had never met a single person who could write quite as neat as Tom could, it still shocked him sometimes.

"Don't you have any classes, I have seen you at the Ministry every day for the past two weeks." Tom stated more than asked.

"Nobody cares where I go." Harrison said, "Is my presence that noticeable to you?"

"I suppose it is." Tom said, "Must be the link."

~

Harrison actually did get two- not one- more werewolf subject and proceeded to feed them the potion, then he studied every single think that happened to them and whether it had to do with being a werewolf, the potion or an other factor in their lives.

He decided the potion was safe to publish. It was almost unbelievable, the thought of becoming a published potioneer.

He also gave Remus the potion, the man exclaiming it was the best thing anyone had ever done for him, Harrison wanted to remind the man that he did this for all werewolves, not just him.

But then again, he probably wouldn't have started if not for Remus. So he allowed the man to thank him everyday for a full week. He was

honestly just glad that neither he or Sirius ever had to worry about Remus forgetting his potion again.

He had apologised to Snape for ruining his entire Wolfsbane business, since with this new potion in the market he wouldn't sell hundreds of potions each full moon. The man just told him that he would take 20 percent of the money they earned with the potion.

Harrison did not complain, honestly he never really thought about the fact that he would earn money with the potion he created.

It was another month later that the potion became public, until that point Fred and George's birthday prank had been the talk of Hogwarts. It changed up quickly when the students saw Harrison on the front page of the Daily Prophet.

"Twelve year old Hogwarts student creates life changing potion." Terence read out loud, "Well, guess whose once again in the newspaper."

"It's front page?" Harrison asked, not sure how to react, he had never created anything before. Not in this time, anyways- or something this impactful.

Terence handed him the newspaper, "You're famous."

Harrison scanned the paper and was pleased to note that nothing negative was written about him or the potion. On the contrary, the newspaper was very informative and nothing bad about werewolves was said in it. It talked about how it made sure that there was no danger to being close to a werewolf and that the fear and hatred of these creatures is unnecessary.

And it was not written by Rita Skeeter, instead there was no name at the bottom, it just said 'Anonymous writer.' The text felt familiar, but Harrison had no idea who could have written it.

"This is surprisingly well written," He mumbled, Tom wouldn't bother writing a newspaper right?

"It will keep our furry friends safe, for sure." Is what Pansy replied, Harrison hadn't even noticed the girl next to him.

"*Furry friends?* You have a lot of those?"

Pansy giggled, "Of course, you know me always befriending the

furries.”

Chapter End Notes

I made a lil playlist of songs I listen to while writing, not all of them really fit the vibe of this story(SOME OF THEM DO), but that's not the point:

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7By1yVpHulRy93VFeDSrFC?si=f086eefb6ae34233

I forced myself to not add gangnam style.

Chapter 39: "You're not replacing me are you, darling?"

Chapter Notes

> It has basically been a year since I started this fic and now I am 200k words in.. fucking crazy. Thank you all for joining me on this journey- holy shit.

Harrison spend a lot of time at Tom's place outside classes, it was honestly great to be able to travel between their places so quickly with the cabinet. The thing was, exams were approaching- quickly. Everyone in school seemed to be stressful, the library was as full as it could get and people had started studying in the four house common room, which at first had seemed to a room reserved for fun things.

Harrison did not even want to start about the Room of Requirement after he first decided to help people to learn in the place. Luckily, only a few students knew how to actually get in without there already being a door.

So to avoid all the public spaces full of stressing teenagers, Harrison visited Tom daily, the man didn't seem to mind too much. The third day he started asking Harrison about his opinion about political matters, which Harrison had rolled his eyes at. Then Tom reminded him that one day he would be the most powerful politician and that would not change in their long immortal lives- unless he somehow got kids with another powerful Lord.

That made Harrison shut up and listen to Tom explaining what the Ministry deemed important now.

"They want to take Dumbledore's power of picking all the teachers himself away," Tom said, looking at some papers spread on his desk.

"They *what*?" Harrison said, "Who's the other option, Fudge?"

"Actually," Tom said, clearing his throat, "This case states that we as the Wizengamot either vote for every teacher," He read out loud, "Under there it says, *If everyone thinks we're too busy for that we shall make an board for Hogwarts. This will include parents and politicians alike."*

"They want to make Hogwarts a play field for politicians? Great."

Harrison muttered, “I suppose it can’t be worse than Dumbledore, the man literally allowed *you* possessing *Quirrel* to teach us for a year.”

Tom glanced up from his papers, Harrison could see a smirk on his face, “You think that’s worse than *Lockhart?”*

“Lockhart’s a close second.” Harrison replied, “Poor, traumatised Quirrel.”

“The man’s doing fine, he’s currently back in South America.”

“If the Ministry takes control of the teachers, they might force Remus to quit.” Tom admitted, “Dumbledore is a lot, but he’s one of the few accepting Wizards of giving Werewolves another chance at life after they are turned.”

“We’ll have to stop it, I’m not exactly against the parents choosing.” Harrison said, “You should promote that option.”

Tom nodded in response, the Ministry really sucked most of the time. “I was planning to.”

“I’m surprised I found something where I think Dumbledore is the best option,” Harrison muttered, “That is besides when we have to pick a victim to test some new torture spell, he seems like a great option then.”

“I so love it when you allow yourself to say evil things.” Tom said, “I was wondering-“ Tom stopped talking he seemed to be deep in thought. Harrison sat back in his chair, waiting for the man to finish his sentence.

“Can you show the whole Patronus thing?” Tom asked and Harrison gave him a surprised look, Tom never was one to directly ask for his shows of magic like others did. He nodded slowly, casting the now pretty familiar charm. He had practiced it a lot, but hadn’t dared to cross the three Patroni mark yet.

The animal switched between forms, lingering on a snake, before moving onto the next one. Harrison sighed waving his wand again, the animal splitsing between the Founders and the other group of all the people from his time now; Tom, Remus and Sirius. The animal still lingered on the snake the second group.

Harrison noted how the groups had changed in the back of its mind, Tom used to be in the founders group before.

Tom did not seem to notice, staring in awe at the animals purely made out of happy memories.

“One of the snake-“ The man started, Harrison cutting him off, “Yes, yes it is you. I’m sorry if that makes you embarrassed?”

Tom shook his head, Harrison could see a trace of a smile on the mans face, “I don’t get embarrassed, you could have known that by now.” The man eyes flickered from the animal to Harrison, “I’m flattered.”

“I wish I could blame this one on the whole soulmate thing, but even if I don’t understand that yet-“

“It’s probably not it?” Tom finished his sentence, like always seeming to know just what he wanted to say, “Believe me, I have thought about that possibility for a lot of things. It never seems to feel quite right, though.”

Harrison nodded, the term soulmates did not feel quite fitting to whatever was going on between them, even if that was what they were- literally, with Harrison carrying a piece of Toms soul.

“You said that you forced yourself to stop before three the last time? Do you want to try?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded, casting another animal easily. The snake separating itself from the earlier made groups.

“That’s strange,” Tom muttered and Harrison stared at the animal, a mix of shock and embarrassment he had expected this, why did he still cast the stupid last patronus-

“I suppose I should be glad it’s not putting me with any of your parental figures,” Tom said, “I would not know how to deal with that situation.”

Harrison snorted, “You would be the worst parental figure ever.”

Tom shot him a glance that made Harrison quickly cancel the spell. His emotions felt like they were all over the place.

“Thank you for showing me,” Tom said then, smiling once again.

“You would have seen it either way some day.” Harrison answered, “I am just glad I still have the ability to shock you.”

“You never fail in shocking me.” The man muttered, Harrison was not

sure whether he was supposed to hear that or not.

“Glad to be of service,” He replied, jokingly and Tom laughed, very quietly and short, but it was a laugh nonetheless.

Harrison wondered not for the first time how people could tell each other this man was evil.

“Have you managed to learn cleaning charms without fainting yet?” Tom asked, “You *do* have your charms exam soon, I believe.”

“I think separating the magics could work,” He shot Tom a suspicious look, “You don’t just somewhere have a messy room you want me to practice on, do you?”

“I can make one, it’s easy to blow stuff up, maybe let the Death Eaters free in a room.”

“I’ll manage,” Harrison muttered, not even wanting to see how badly destroyed a room would be after the Death Eaters had been given a free pass at destroying it.

“Smart choice, our entire castle would be in danger.” Tom muttered, “Poor Salazar’s life work, destroyed just like that.”

“You could always move into the Chamber of Secrets,” Harrison said and Tom shot him an amused look. “Then I could just wander into Hogwarts and confuse Dumbledore. If only I hadn’t gone into politics.”

“Poor you,” Harrison said, “Anyways, I did manage to clean up my room with a cleaning spell, if that counts.”

“A teenager room? Without fainting?” Tom said, “You’re practically a professional already.”

“Yeah, well, I do have to keep my room neat-“

“You have a lot of visitors in there?”

“I was going to say to keep it up to the standards you left it with, but sure, tons of visitors.” Harrison replied, rolling his eyes. “Especially because I love the idea of one of them accidentally getting cursed if you forgot one of your cursed items.”

“Did I forget something?”

“I don’t know, did you?”

“Not on purpose,” Tom said, “But you can never be sure.”

“So that means I can’t act out my teenage boy fantasies of making out on every single surface in the room- I don’t want anyone to get cursed.” Harrison sighed, “Damn, I was really hoping to get-“

Tom shook his head, “I do not need to hear about your need to get laid- Or teenage boy fantasies, whatever.”

Harrison snorted, “*You* don’t have to worry about me coming here panicking because someone got cursed by one of your items during one steamy make out session.”

“Good, because I wouldn’t help, I would come to see if my teenager curses actually worked.” Tom answered, smirking. “I mean they were all experimental, most didn’t even really have a reverse.”

“Oh, now I am curious- maybe I should try it out.” Harrison muttered, “I want to know what your teenage mind was up to.”

“You really do not, believe me. Most of my thoughts went to trying to achieve world domination.”

“You were a boring teenager,” Harrison said, all serious. “I mean every teenager I know decides to try world domination and might have actually succeeded if they were sane enough at the time.”

“Yeah, boring.” Tom said, “That’s what I said.”

~

“The basics of duelling are pretty easy, I tried to show that by starting the duelling club, which turned into a disaster.” Harrison said, “10 steps, turn, bow, fire. The most important spells in your case would be the shield charm and expelliarmus, as long as the person you’re duelling has no wandless magic, they won’t be able to beat you once you took their wand.”

The students in front of him, a mix of Gryffindors and Slytherins of any year above the 4th year, were taking notes. The exams seem to approach faster than ever and these students had practically begged him for another class.

He had been teaching the extra classes Terence had put together, make sure everyone felt ready for exams. People of any house and year were allowed to join. You could either study in silence, together

or listen to Harrison. It was a popular ‘class’ to the point where Harrison was once teaching ninety students.

He spend extra effort on the OWL’s and NEWTs classes, the students in these classes were stressing over how real it was suddenly getting, every grade mattered.

“But, Harrison, aren’t you alone during your practical exam- I understand they will be able to ask questions about the theory of duelling, but the practical part-“ Katie bell asked, the girl had finally allowed herself to open up to the Slytherin/Hogwarts prodigy Harrison Black.

“Believe me, they will find a way. I think that Ms Bones is pretty fond of duelling, she especially will think it’s important you know the right rules to do such a thing.”

Many classes went like this, Harrison found himself enjoying the time he spent in front of a group of students. He also found himself enjoying telling Tom all about his ‘classes’ afterwards.

Overall, while Hogwarts was stressing out about exams, Harrison did not feel as bored for once.

It was three weeks later that the exams officially started and Harrison was almost disappointed by them. The fourth year potion exam had consisted of questions about ingredients, then they had to brew a pepper up potion from memory. Harrison secretly suspected it was because then Snape would have to brew less pepper up potions for the infirmary himself.

Sirius and Remus had made another History test covering some of the many Goblin wars. Harrison thought it was easy enough, although he wasn’t sure if he would keep his perfect scores.

The charms test was about everything they learned this year, including usage and wand movements. The practical exam did not have any cleaning charms, Harrison was secretly glad, he was pretty sure he *could* do them, but he still preferred not to.

Transfiguration was chaotic, McGonagall had decided having Sirius there with the exams, to see how she graded the practical parts would be a smart idea. In the end he got an Outstanding without casting any spell in the official curriculum, since Sirius mentioned to McGonagall that Harrison had managed to get his animagus form. Just showing McGonagall the small wolf form and his ability to cast multiple

patroni got him an outstanding on the practical part.

DADA was a test on both defensive and offensive spells, Bones did not let the fourth years duel. Instead she placed a dummy and told Harrison to show her what he could do.

Harrison was glad he could impress the woman at least a bit.

Herbology also consisted of showing Sprout what he had learned so far, Harrison did not know he knew that many ways to manipulate the way a plant grows. But he got somewhere with a bit of creativity. Sprout told him she'd give him extra points for creativity at the end of his exam.

All the other exams consisted only theoretical parts, except for Astrology, where they had to draw an constellation and write an essay about the said constellation.

Overall, Harrison thought he did well- or well, he probably got only Outstandings except for history.

"Exams are finally over," Cedric said, joining Harrison, "What are you doing this summer."

Probably spending time with Tom, Harrison thought. Instead of actually saying such a thing he shrugged, "I don't know if we have any plans. Fred, George!" The two boys looked at him, they had been walking in front of Cedric and Harrison probably making some master plan for an end of the year prank- which they never actually end up doing.

"What's up, Harrikins?" Fred asked and Harrison asked, "Do we have any plans this summer break?"

"I don't know we might visit Charlie in Romania again- he has been sending letters about your special gift. Oh! Or we visit Bill he's in Egypt now."

"That's my plans." Harrison shrugged, Cedric laughed, "Right, well, I would tell you all to come over some time in the summer break, but I live very close to the Weasleys. I do not think you want to accidentally bump into one of them."

Harrison nodded, "The thought of being able to bump into Hope at the Weasleys is even worse. Either way, you could come to the Black house, see the Black Library."

“It really exists? The big library with book about the weirdest subjects?” Cedric asked, “I always thought that was just another pureblood rumour.”

Harrison shrugged, “There’s a big library, although I have been in manors with bigger libraries.”

“Well, we’ll see.” Cedric said, “I’m going to join the Hufflepuffs now, don’t want them to think I am a traitor for hanging around with the snakes.” He joked and Harrison snorted, “Right, of course, good luck with dealing with the accusations.”

“Thank you, I’ll need it. With this loyalty to my house, I might get kicked out soon.”

Cedric left Harrison with Fred and George, Harrison did not know if he should fear the looks the twins shared or ask them what they were planning.

George made the choice for him when he said, “I do not understand how you befriended people from *every* house.” Obviously going for the ‘nothing suspicious is going on here’ route.

“You united the houses more than they have been in the past century, in what? Six months.” Fred continued and Harrison sighed, “I am not going to help you get common room passwords.”

“Damn it!” Fred said, “So close to our big prank.”

“Yet so far.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Goodluck getting the passwords.”

He was surprised the twins still asked his assistance after what he did last break.

~

Fred and George claimed they failed to get all the passwords, although Harrison thinks the lack of a prank at the end of the year feast was simply because they figured out whatever plan they had is not as funny as they thought it was.

They didn’t seem to upset, since Slytherin once again won the house cup. Harrison was getting a lot of glares from the other tables.

Harrison just sat back calmly smirking at the glares people shot him,

letting the people around him do a sad try at pretending this was a team effort.

Damn, hanging out with Tom made his superiority complex bigger. Then again, Harrison could understand where Tom's superiority complex came form, if he heard the man talk about Slytherins wins during his time it seemed like Tom was the one who gave them all their wins too.

Harrison allowed himself to at least enjoy the win a little bit, since his effort at helping the houses around him and people always hanging out with him seemed to have make Hope explode enough times to place Gryffindor at last.

The older Gryffindor students did not look particularly happy with Hope and her friends.

It was only when Harrison was back in the common room, the time that they should spend packing their bags, that he allowed himself to celebrate with the rest of his house.

Flint stood up again silencing the entire room, Harrison groaned, "Flint- Flint- Captain, *Marcus,* Don't do this again."

The older boy smirked, "You don't get a say in this, *Harrison.* When there's a prodigy in your house, you should celebrate that fact."

"You suck at giving speeches." Harrison said, "I could also silence you with a twitch of my wrist."

"Terence will continue for me," Flint said, "We thought this out."

Harrison looked at Terence in betrayal, "I can't believe you."

Terence smirked, "Go on Flint, Speech!"

"Harrison Sirius Black, our prodigy." Flint started, "I feel like this is going to be a tradition for your years at Hogwarts, I can only hope the people will continue celebrating having you in our house when I have graduated. Last year I talked about how we won the house cup only because you are in our house, we did not quite know you like we do now. The fact that we won simply because you are in our house is still a fact, but I feel like there's other things we should be thankful for.

One of the examples is how you managed to make us all pass our grades without spending the entire month before the exams studying,

don't get me wrong we studied a *lot.* But we still managed to have a life outside these studies, something we never had before. So Thank you for that. I can say that you helped at least half of Hogwarts pass their exams.

Besides that you spend months researching a man simply so he would no longer teach us, even when some of us made fun of you for seemingly be obsessed with *Lockhart.* I'm pretty sure there was a bet going on here on when you were going to come out to us all, tell us you have a big crush on the man. It was a small moment of disappointment to all of us when we thought this, though. However, you proved us wrong. Thank, Merlin.

I will cut this short so the last thing I can say we are all thankful for is your help in making Slytherins image better. We had years of protecting younger years against bullies, simply hating on them because they were Slytherins. Somehow, you managed to unite the houses show the others how Slytherins don't have to be evil. There's still some bullies, but it lessened by a lot."

"That's also because people fear him," Daphne said, "Believe me, I once tried to scare away a bully by threatening to use all kinds of spells on him and they did not move, but as soon as I mentioned I would get Harrison they *ran."*

*"*I am not that scary," Harrison said, the silence in the room afterwards was deafening. "Okay only if I want to be," He muttered.

"It doesn't matter," Flint said, "You helped us all, in a lot of different ways and I can say for all of us that we are thankful you are in our house. So, cheers to Harrison Sirius Black."

There was a cheer through the room, Harrison swore he heard some people chant his name.

Harrison never hated attention more than he did in that moment.

~

Last year, when Harrison had travelled back home, he was still seen as a somewhat mysterious person. People, besides his class and teammates, didn't really bother talking to him.

Now, however, the entire time in the train was spend talking to different people.

“Harrison, can’t you just tour the train, instead of everyone coming here?” Daphne asked after a Hufflepuff 5th year, who Harrison had helped a lot during her OWLs, just left. “I mean, I know you feel like you owe us all something after leaving the 2nd year and skipping grades, but you don’t *have* to sit here the entire time.”

“Because I socialize for *fun?*” Harrison asked, at the looks he got he sighed, “Fine, fine I’ll go.”

He walked through the entire train, greeting all kinds of people, he sat with some Gryffindors for a while before moving on and running into Cedric, who he talked with before joining Terence and Marcus.

“Hey,” Harrison said, when he finally sat down for the first time in what felt like hours.

“I really thought you were going to skip us for your little tour,” Terence said, “I was about to blame Marcus for scaring you.”

“I don’t get *scared.* Not after telling Tommy boy that Dumbledore might know he’s back.”

“You didn’t die,” Terence said, “I’m impressed.”

“I feel like casting the killing curse won’t work on him,” Marcus said, then he rolled his eyes. “Even that has been tested before.”

“I like to think Death fears me.” Harrison said, “Although, it’s probably just dumb luck.”

“Is death not practically your lap dog?” Terence asked, all serious.

“I have no fucking clue,” Harrison sighed, “We are still working on figuring all this weird power out, although we did get closer. Wanna know a little secret?”

Terence and Marcus shared a curious, but scared look.

“I am going to talk to Grindelwald somewhere this break.”

“Why would that have anything to do with this?”

“We found a mark which a secret group used during the first Wizarding World,” Harrison told them, “The mark has something to do with Necromancy, although it did not have a clear response. I had never seen the mark before, but it felt really familiar.”

“So it might have something to do with your whole, well power?”

“I am hoping it has something to do with that, since I am done with researching this.” That’s where that conversation ended and Harrison and Marcus got into a discussion about quidditch, Terence joining in now and then. It was actually quite fun.

“I’m going to miss school quidditch when I am done with my NEWTs next year.” Marcus said.

“You will get the chance to try and be a professional.” Terence said, “And then I get to tell people my friend is a professional quidditch player.”

Marcus snorted, then looked at both of them, suddenly very serious. “One of you should be the new captain after next year,” He said, “I am serious, don’t let someone like Malfoy take over. No offense, but the quidditch team will *fail.”*

“There’s no way I am going to accept the captain position when I’m in my *last year,* Marcus.” Terence muttered and then looked at Harrison, “You’ll do it.”

“It’s two years from now,” Harrison said, “We’ll see.”

“No, no. I agree, Harrison, You are the best option in this case.” Marcus said, “I mean it, I don’t want the quidditch team to fail. If you don’t accept I will fail my seventh year on purpose.”

“Fine, fine, I’ll do it. Unless Dumbledore killed me by then, but you can’t even blame me for that.”

“The fact that the chance of Dumbledore killing you is bigger than the Dark Lord killing you is scary.” Terence said, “There’s no running away from Dumbledore in Hogwarts.”

“I can always spend days in the chamber of secrets, that place has *everything.* It’s like a full damn manor, only underground.”

“You are taking us there someday.” Terence said.

“I don’t think I have showed anyone, yet.” Harrison said, “Maybe I should do a tour through it, ask for money.”

“I am not paying you, you are the richest person in the entirety of the Wizarding World.”

“Oh! I could ask for Heirlooms, making the other purebloods poor.” Harrison said, “Store them all in the Founders vaults then let their bloodlines die, since the founders vaults are secured better than any other lineage.”

“You are evil.”

“Tom rubbed off on me.” Harrison shrugged, “It’s not my fault really.”

“At least he does not torture people,” Marcus said, making Harrison laugh. “You really don’t know me at all. Let’s just say I haven’t hurt anyone on purpose since three years ago.”

He really had not been a good person in the founders time, but no one was back then. Painful experiments on muggles who had tried to kill witches and wizards had been quite normal. It was all so easy back then, no punishment at all, especially not if you had the protection of not only the Slytherin lineage, but also the Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Gryffindor.

Especially the Gryffindor one scared people, Godric had been famous for his reckless yet sometimes very painful way of duelling. It was one of the reasons he was such a good dueller.

“What did you do to those muggles you were living with?” Terence asked, “Are they still alive?”

Harrison suddenly realised he had never told anyone the full truth, besides his family and classmates. Oh and Tom.

“I never actually lived with Muggles,” Harrison admitted, since he had trusted both Marcus and Terence with so much already. That did not mean they would not have to swear to secrecy if they wanted to know the full truth.

“I knew it,” Marcus muttered and Terence looked at him, “Are you going to tell us the truth.”

“If you swear on secrecy.” Harrison said and Terence didn’t hesitate to do so, although Marcus took a bit longer. Almost like he wasn’t sure if this was worth it. Harrison took that time to put up a privacy spell.

And that’s how, after Marcus, too, swore of secrecy, Harrison told them the entire story.

“I would not believe this, if it was not you telling the story.” Terence

said.

“People keep saying that!”

“And you are wondering why?”

Harrison shrugged, “Not really. Anyways, you are now in the very exclusive group of 16 I think? Who know the truth!”

“Thank you for trusting us.”

“Is it really trust when you will literally lose your magic if you tell others?” Harrison asked and Terence shrugged, “It’s a twisted sort of trust.”

~

“Honey, I’m home!” Harrison shouted while walking into Tom’s office, remembering the last time he walked into Tom’s place while saying this.

Unlike the last time he did get a response now, a very sarcastic, “Hello, darling.” From the man.

Harrison snickered, “Why the sarcasm?”

Tom’s eyes flickered up from the letter he was reading, “Oh, of course. Hello, darling. How has your day been?” He asked, all sweet.

“Well, I spend hours in a train.” Harrison replied, “So overall great.”

“That train ride sucks.” Tom agreed with him, “I mean the first time was fun, because the idea of being there was crazy, but then you do it four times per year. Two times in my case.”

“It’s all part of the Hogwarts experience.” Harrison said, “It especially sucked today, because it turns out I made lots of friends this year.”

“You’re not replacing me are you, *darling?”*

“Never, *Honey.”* Harrison replied, “I am still waiting for the day to meet someone with your ability who’s also nice enough. Someday in our eternal lives, perhaps.”

“Nice enough, huh?” Tom asked, smirking slightly. “Here I thought you were slowly starting to notice my huge impact on your life with how nice I have been and all that.”

Harrison snorted, “Keep dreaming. I won’t notice that until I have hopelessly devoted the rest of my life to you.”

“You haven’t already?” Tom asked, “Bummer, here I thought I could boss you around and make you do anything just for the reward of being able to be in my presence.”

“Of course, your presence means so much to me.” Harrison replied, wondering how quickly his conversations with Tom usually changed from something serious to something close to flirting.

“What were you reading?” He asked then, intending the conversation to turn into something closer to normal.

“Something about a group of giants spotted in the highlands.” Tom said, “They were wondering if I ever intended to get the giants on my side.”

“Giants have brains?” Harrison asked before he could really think about what he just said.

Tom gave him a look full of confusion and Harrison shook his head, “Sorry, please continue.”

“But, I don’t know if the giants will be a lot of help since Dumbledore has Hagrid and I have no connection to any giant, at all.” Tom said, “I can’t really promise them anything since they don’t have the political understanding to know what I will be offering them.”

“So let a stupid Death Eater talk to them.” Harrison said, “Some of them act like giants.”

“And they are aggressive,” Tom said, “There’s no way we can make them be peaceful.”

“Keep an eye on them, but don’t make a move yet. Make a move when Dumbledore does, if he ever does.” Harrison said, “That way you will have no promises made without actually gaining something from it.”

“We have the danger of them picking Dumbledores side over ours.”

“That’s their problem.” Harrison said and Tom nodded in agreement, waving his hand, the letter disappeared.

“So nothing interesting happened the last few days at Hogwarts?” Tom asked and Harrison started telling him about how boring

Hogwarts was sometimes in more details.

~

It had been longer then a year since Fred and George had stripped Molly away from her claim of the Prewett house. There had not been one day where she had not felt angry, especially since after Fred and George left, most of her sons started distancing themselves from her.

And Dumbledore had told her everything would be solved, if she just had a bit of patience. The man had not moved a single finger to help her get her revenge, get her rightful part of the Prewett vaults back.

That's how she ended up in front of the Potter manor, knowing that if anyone's hatred for the arrogant child Harrison Black was as big as hers, it was his biological parents.

"Molly! I haven't seen you in a while, come in! Can I get you anything?" Lily asked, when she opened the door, showing the woman standing there.

"Actually, I think you could help me with something." Molly answered, Lily let her in and that is how she ended up in the dining room talking to a furious Lily Evans-Potter.

"They stole your position as Heir to the Prewett lineage?" Lily asked, "Harrison did exactly the same, Hope will be unable to claim her Gryffindor lineage."

"I have been thinking if there's anyway we could get the lineages back?" Molly asked, "Perhaps you could sue the boy. He has done a lot of sketchy things."

"It would take a lot of time and research to actually do such a thing."

"Focus on Sirius and Remus, that way maybe I'll get access to my kids, too."

"Do you really want to do this Molly?" Lily asked, "I mean my family has been doing a lot better since Harrison le-"

"Lily, sweetheart, They are stealing from us."

Lily took a deep breath, "Right, if you want to do this, we have to do it right. We have to dive into their backgrounds."

"We can do this." Molly said and Lily nodded, they really could if they

did this right.

Chapter 40: "In my defence- I was insane." - Tom 20x per day

Chapter Notes

> I'm back, sorry for taking so long. I have this big school project and I'm writing a book for it with help of my english teacher- it's all just one big chaos. I am also doing 2 years of english tests in a half year- it's been stressful. But here I am :)

“We are going to Egypt next Monday,” Was the first thing Sirius said when Harrison returned to Grimmauld’s place five days later.

“What happened to ‘Hey, How are you’?” Harrison asked, making Sirius roll his eyes. “I thought we were going to Romania again?”

The man nodded, “Yeah, we might, but Bill invited the twins over, in extend he also invited us. He’s going to show us around old magical Temples.”

“That sounds interesting.”

“I thought you would like that,” Sirius said, “Now how has the start of your break been, pup?”

“I’m glad you asked, pretty interesting actually. Although, I had to deal with a lot of political talk.”

“Oh yeah, the whole teacher thing?” Sirius asked, Harrison honestly forgot Sirius was also in the Wizengamot, “Yes, that, and Dark Lordy business. Did you know there’s a group of giants in Scotland? Pretty close to Hogwarts actually.”

“Really?” Sirius asked, “I don’t think I have ever seen a giant.”

“I was surprised, too.” Harrison said, “However, now we don’t know what to do about it. We are waiting for Dumbledore to make a move.”

“Sounds like you have been busy,” Sirius replied and Harrison nodded, “I’m glad to be home.”

And he was, although he had to admit slowly this place started feeling less like his home. That did not stop him from going to the Library, walking through the endless shelves of book to find something that

sounded interesting.

When he eventually found a book on Runes, he joined Remus, who was sitting in the little sitting area. Sirius seemed to have taken the job of making the library a more comfortable place. The couches which had been standing here for what could've only been for at least a century were replaced by midnight blue couches, matching chairs on the side.

"Sirius did a good job buying these." Harrison muttered when he sat down, actually being able to sit comfortably while reading was never a negative thing.

"That's what I said when he came home with them." Remus said, looking up from his book. "When did you return from Voldemort's?"

"Just a bit ago," Harrison said, "I'm glad I came home today, though, since apparently we're leaving in what? Three days?"

Remus nodded, "I did tell Sirius to send you an owl."

"Did he?"

"He *intended* to." Remus said, "But he forgot. Don't worry, we're only going for a few days."

"That sounds like Sirius," Harrison laughed, "Well, either way, it sounds interesting enough to forgive Sirius for forgetting to tell me."

~

Egypt was *beautiful.* Bill and his team stayed in tents just outside an ancient temple, far away enough to not notice if there was any type of dangerous magic inside the magical building.

"Fred, George!" Bill shouted, the twins must be easy to recognize with their hair. Not that Bill wasn't easy to recognize, Harrison mused, the man was not just the only one with red hair, he was also the palest of the entire group.

Bill hugged both Fred and George. Fred tried escape, "Ew! You are sweaty, dear brother of mine."

"You're going to have to deal with it." Bill said, winking at Sirius, Remus and Harrison, who were looking at the brother reunion in amusement.

“Sirius, can we go back please? I don’t want to deal with sweaty Bill hugs.” Fred begged and Sirius laughed, “We’re staying.”

“Traitor!”

“Good to see you guys again,” Bill said then, “I think you’ll all enjoy it here. However, I think it’s a smart idea to rest from the portkey travel, that sucks.”

Bill started leading them to the visitors tents, explaining how they all had their turns of being allowed visitors. Each of them could have a total of ten visitors each time.

“So did you and Charlie flight from England on purpose?” Harrison half-joked eventually.

“No, although we would have.” Bill admitted, answering more serious than Harrison expected him to. “Mom she has gone crazy. I was there last March, mom was so *angry*. Something about Fred and George stealing her money. Dad says she has been like this since last year.” He looked at Fred and George, “I don’t blame either of you for throwing her out of the Prewett family, that woman went crazy.”

“So what exactly is the temple?” Remus asked, an obvious effort to change the subject.

“It’s actually for an ancient god, Horus, god of war and the sky.” Bill explained, “However, the temple we are visiting focuses more on the fact that kings often thought they were direct descendants of Horus. He is also often described as the god of royalty for this reason. I do have to say, this temple has been hidden from muggles for centuries, we as wizards have managed to keep it out of books, but this also means that the danger of coming past artefacts with curses on them is big. Wandless magic won’t save you in there.”

“That felt like a personal attack,” Harrison muttered, Bill laughed, “Sorry, we have to be clear. If anyone dies it’s on all of us and we’ll no longer be allowed any visitors.”

“Can we help, though?” Harrison asked, “Any chance to learn something new I will accept.”

“We’ll see what you can do,” Bill said, “Don’t worry nobody does nothing here.”

“Fuck,” George muttered.

~

The magic was practically visible in the big room they were standing in. Bill was talking to his colleagues in one side of the room, leaving them to look at the big statues. There were a lot of statues, a mixture between humans and animals.

“What do the runes say?” George asked and only then Harrison noticed the old magical runes, covering the entirety of the wall furthest away from the entrance.

Harrison reached out to the runes, letting his hand gaze over it. There did not seem to be a lot of magical residue left in the walls. “I don’t know, ask your brother.”

It was almost ten minutes later that Bill approached them, “Sorry, they found some scroll they wanted me to look at.”

“Do you find a lot of scrolls?” Harrison asked and Bill shook his head, “This is the second one.”

“Can we see it?” Fred asked, Bill shrugged, “I can show you, none of us managed to understand it.”

“What about the runes?” George asked, “What do they mean?”

“Something about snakes,” Bill answered, “The Egyptian magical folks made their entirety of own runes, with their own meaning. It’s impressive and annoying at the same time. We have not been able to translate it totally yet, we have an expert for that, however. So no, I don’t spent my day translating texts.”

“Snakes?”

“Snakes were often seen as a protective symbol, besides the cobra being a signature of royalty. You’ll see small snake statues or signs everywhere if you look close enough.” Bill explained, “We have a theory that at some point, there were people who talked parseltongue using this temple.”

“Why do they always need your parseltongue?” Fred asked, giving Harrison a look.

“We have not actually found anything in parseltongue yet,” Bill said, “We have mostly been busy with making the temple safe for a big search. I have spent two months breaking different kind of curses

everyday."

"So do we get to see the rest of the temple?" Remus asked, from where he and Sirius were listening to the entire story with interest. They *were* history teachers, after all.

"Parts of it," Bill nodded, "Maybe we'll get you to do harmless pieces of curse-breaking."

"Harrison," Fred said jokingly, "This would be the *perfect* place to test out your new little magic trick."

"I am not doing that in a place like this," Harrison responded, not even knowing why he bothered to respond.

"New magic trick?" Bill asked, Harrison sighed and gave Fred a look. Fred obviously understood what he meant since not a minute later he started telling the whole story about Harrison meeting Mother Magic and her giving him a special gift.

"You're a seer?" Bill asked and Harrison shook his head, "I only see the past and dead people."

"I have *never* heard of that before." Bill said, "Mother Magic gifted you specifically this gift?"

Harrison nodded, "I know it sounds unbelievable."

"Believe me with my job, I'll believe anything." Bill said, then he turned towards the wall and started to tell them a story about the different meanings of every statues and why they would be connected to this temple.

Harrison thought it was interesting how most of the things here weren't even necessarily made for religion, rather than Wizards just adding things with magical meaning behind it.

"They wanted to charge the air," Bill explained, "The air in the Wizarding World is filled with magic, it's everywhere, but in the Muggle world not so much. They claimed this temple from muggles, there was some spiritual energy, but not real magic."

"So they added these statues not for Religion reasons or for the way they look, but for magic?" Remus asked, Bill shrugged, "Pretty much."

"They have a core." Harrison stated, reaching out to the closest falcon

statue. Bill's face flickered to fear for a second and then when Harrison didn't collapse to amazement.

"I can feel it," He smirked at Bill, "I live in the old room of Voldemort at Hogwarts, I have learned to recognize curses, believe me." Harrison lied easily, really everything he did here was just unsafe and reckless behaviour, but Rowena always stimulated his curious nature and if he did get cursed, he knew Godric would be cheering.

Besides, he had the horcrux, he was pretty much immortal.

"You scared me, we haven't scanned everything yet." Bill breathed out, "Merlin, never do that again."

Harrison smirked, "I'm sorry, I am a Gryffindor at heart."

"And you thought we were going to be a problem." George said, Bill rolling his eyes in response.

Harrison waved his hand, scanning the statue for any kind of magical artefacts in it.

"There's a wand in here." He muttered.

"A wand?" Bill asked and Harrison nodded, "I think-" He reached out again, now putting his whole hand on the statue, "Dragon heartstring?" He felt the slight prickle of his magic trying to reach out to the wand, making him quickly pull away his hand again.

"You can feel the core?" Bill asked, "Maybe we should use your magical powers deeper inside the temple."

"I am not very good at controlling the new gift, but we can always try, although-" Harrison glanced at the man, "You will need to have some safe items from the temple, it's kind of touch activated?"

Bill nodded, "I'll see what I can do."

"Why does Harrison always get a job when we take him somewhere?" Harrison heard Sirius whisper to Remus, to which he got the response: "Is it really a job when he never asks for any money?"

"He doesn't need any more money," Sirius stated, "He owns like quarter of the money in the Wizarding World."

"Not *that* much," Harrison said, interrupting their conversation.

“Okay, one fifth then.”

Harrison sighed, “With the Black vaults, full Slytherin vaults and Gaunt vault perhaps- even then it’s probably like one tenth at most.”

“Gaunt vault?”

“You think Marvolo wouldn’t give me access if I gave him puppy dog eyes?” Harrison asked, “Damn, there goes my plan of stealing his money.”

Bill seemed to take their moment of being distracted as a sign that he could get back to his colleagues to discuss what he just figured out, meaning Fred and George took the chance to make bad jokes. At some point, Sirius turned into padfoot and tried to attack Remus and Harrison was honestly wondering how he ended up in this family.

Meanwhile, Bill seemed to stress over any of them accidentally touching something cursed.

~

It was the next day that Bill told Harrison that he had gotten permission from his boss to let Harrison experiment with his powers in the temple. Fred, George, Remus and Sirius could come with if they promised to behave.

And so Bill lead them down a long staircase, everything around them seemed to get darker with every step of the way. Eventually they ended up in a big chamber, there were artefacts everywhere and Harrison could feel the Magic in the room almost investigating them, seeing if they’re safe.

“It can feel overwhelming in this place for the first time,” One of Bill’s colleagues said, “If any of you want to step out of this chamber at any time, just do so.”

Harrison nodded, he didn’t need to look at his family to know that they, too, understood how serious the woman was.

“So Harrison, what is the process, what can we do?” Bill asked and Harrison shrugged, “I am not sure, I let my magic go and touch some of the safe objects. Or I don’t have to touch anything, last time just being in contact with the room was enough.”

“You can sit in the middle, any of the objects laying there are free to

touch." Another colleague said, they were with the four of them. Bill and three others, probably to be certain nothing could go wrong.

Harrison sat down in the middle of the circle made out of objects and closed his eyes, focusing entirely on his magic. He let his magic go slowly, trying to release the barrier he made with Luna's help.

The room started filling with more magic, Harrison felt his own magic mixing up with the magic that was already in the room.

"How does he hide all of that?" He heard someone whisper, he ignored it in favour of slowly hiding his magic again, except for the part of his gift which he let scan the room. It did not take long before Harrison 'fainted' again.

The room was dimly lit by a few candles around Harrison, he looked around searching for anything besides this empty room, when he suddenly heard a loud bang behind him. He turned around and saw a cloaked man walk in.

The man was breathing loudly, he walked straight towards Harrison. Harrison stood up and walked away from the middle of the circle, he had the feeling that-

The man sat down in the middle of the circle, slowly taking off the hood of the cloak he was wearing, Harrison could take a look at his face now. He seemed *normal*, which was scary on its own during these kind of situations.

Suddenly a group of six walked into the room, each sitting at a candle around the man. Harrison stared- not sure if he should look in awe or disgust- as they started chanting and suddenly all pointed their wands at the man in the middle, slowly a slit started to appear on his throat, until eventually the wound was big enough for him to bleed out.

The bleeding didn't stop though and Harrison hadn't noticed the carvings in the floor until the blood seemed to stream through it, spreading through the room until eventually it lit up and the body disappeared.

Not one person in the room said a word, each of them just stood up, waved their wands, blowing out the candle in front of them and then left.

Harrison awoke afterwards to see the curse breakers look at him in curiosity, but all he could do was quickly get up and look at the floor,

look for any sign of the carvings he had just seen.

They were still there, barely noticeable, but they were there. Harrison closed his eyes and begged for Mother Magic to do anything to the carvings, so the others would see it, too. There was no spell to light something up with less magical potential than the rest of the room.

It was when he heard slight gasps he opened his eyes again to see the faint glow of the carvings in the floor that he had just seen slowly being filled up with a man's blood.

"What did you see, pup?" Sirius asked, as he noticed Harrison staring at the carvings with no emotions on his face.

"A ritual," He answered, "Nothing too bad."

"What did they do in the ritual?" Bill asked and Harrison sighed, "They were chanting- not in Latin, I could not understand a word. Then they made a human sacrifice, it was the slowest throat slitting I had ever seen. These carvings were all filled with blood, it started glowing when they were done. Then they each just blowed out a candle and left."

"Can you show us the memory?" Another curse breaker asked, "Maybe our translator can make something out of it?"

Harrison nodded, "I'll get you the memory."

~

A human sacrifice? You should show me. Was the first thing Tom replied after Harrison told him what had happened.

I'll show you the next time we decide it's time to show each other random memories again.

Fine, How's Egypt?

Actually, it's good, although I do miss my favourite Dark Lord. Harrison wrote, both hoping Tom could feel the humour behind that sentence and not. Their link was, as always, open. So Harrison could feel if Tom had a strong response.

Yes, of course. I suppose you mean Grindelwald?

Totally, I love that man.

Yes, that's what I thought. You know, I used to fear that man during my time at Hogwarts.

You? Fearing a Dark Lord? That whole idea is absurd.

I know, but I mean childhood trauma and all that. Tom wrote, *I did also look up to the man.*

That sounds more like the Tom I know.

The childhood trauma part? Or the looking up to a serial killer?

Both?

I hate that you're right. Harrison snickered, replying with a quick; *Aren't I always?*

Sure you are, Tom agreed easily, *When are you returning to England?*

Aw, do you miss me, just like I miss Grindelwald?

So much. Tom replied, *You know I do.*

Harrison had never read more sarcastic sounding words. He was not surprised that it was Tom who wrote them down.

~

It was one of the last days they would spent in Egypt when Harrison heard that what he had seen was an old ritual sacrifice to Mother Magic, this caused the room to feel so full of energy.

Harrison had to admit he was both disappointed and amazed that he had seen it; It could have been some old evil ritual, which would have been interesting.

"We have some experts on the job of releasing the Magical Energy right now, we think giving the energy back to Mother Magic would make her stronger," Bill explained, "She has not been doing well lately."

"Dumbledore made all the strengthening rituals illegal," Harrison said, "I'm not surprised."

"At least here in Egypt I can still do rituals." Bill said, "I had never done them before, but honestly, it feels kind of great."

“We do one each year on Yule, you should come when you’re back in England.” Harrison said and Bill laughed, “You are a criminal, huh?”

Harrison shrugged, “So are Fred and George, don’t look at me.”

“I’m not surprised,” Bill laughed, “I’m happy for them, they managed to get away from our family. That is something I know Charlie and I both dreamt of when we were their age.”

“Now they are stuck with us.” Harrison said, “Adopted by their heroes.”

Bill nodded, “I was surprised when they wrote me about that, I had to hear them talk about the Marauders for years. Your biological dad was one of them, right?”

“Yes, sadly.” Harrison muttered, “So was Peter Pettigrew, he betrayed the Potters, he was the one who almost indirectly killed me. Sirius and Remus are the only good Marauders.”

“Well at least they got adopted by the last good ones,” Bill said, “And by a family with enough influence on the Wizarding World to make a difference. As soon as I am Lord of the Weasley house I am going to do everything to re-build our reputation in a better light.”

“Harrison! Bill!” Sirius shouted, “Are you coming, your colleagues made some big goodnight dinner!”

Harrison shouted that they would be there in a minute, then replied, “I am sure you would succeed.”

Bill nodded, not even doubting himself slightly in his ability to do so.

~

Back in England Harrison spent some time with his friends. He was hanging out with Blaise and Pansy at the Parkinson’s manor as he suddenly got a wave of anger from Tom’s side of their link.

“Bloody hell,” He muttered, grabbing his journal, waiting for the man to say anything.

“What happened?” Blaise asked, while Pansy also shot him a concerned look.

“Tom is angry about something, really fucking angry.” He said, “I have never felt this before.”

Pansy and Blaise nodded in understanding, although Harrison could tell they still had questions, they respected his- and Tom's- privacy and waited for him to explain.

The ministry found out that we broke the Death Eaters out of Azkaban. Tom wrote down and Harrison frowned at his journal, *How?*

One of them got sick, during the scans they figured out about the Polyjuice, they then tested all the Death Eaters on similar effects. They think the Dark Lord has returned or some high ranked Death Eater freed them all to make their Lord return soon.

Both theories are practically right.

I know, but Fudge asked me for advice on how to deal with this on a political level. I have no idea what to do, Umbridge suggested letting Dementors search the entire Wizarding World. Even Hogwarts and Diagon Alley,

That is really dangerous.

That's what I said, but at that point Fudge had already agreed, they are sending dementors to Hogwarts, letting them roam the ground the entirety of next school year.

I am so glad I learned the Patronus charm.

It's even worse, the Death Eaters can't leave the house at any time now, since the Ministry will actively search for them. They will also question anyone whose slightly suspicious, even Hogwarts students.

Are there any positives? Harrison asked, there was always a positive to something this negative.

They aren't focused on the teachers of Hogwarts anymore.

That's something at least.

We'll have to be careful. Tom wrote, Harrison noticed his anger had at least gotten less.

Aren't we masters at being careful?

Quite the opposite. Tom wrote down, *I am going to warn Narcissa and Lucius that the Aurors will be searching for the Lestranges.*

Goodluck. Harrison wrote, closing the journal immediately after.

“So?” Pansy asked, “Can we know what happened?”

“They figured out the Death Eaters escaped Azkaban.” Harrison said, “Now there’s going to be dementors *everywhere.* It’s going to suck.”

“Even at Hogwarts?” Blaise asked.

Harrison nodded, “I don’t understand how the Ministry agreed either.”

“That sounds like a good way to traumatise a lot of children.” Pansy said, “Do they realise there’s going to be twelve year olds?”

Harrison shook his head, “I don’t even know anymore. The Ministry stopped making smart decisions a while ago.”

“It’s almost scary there are people who think this is a good idea.” Blaise responded, “There’s people who actually thought this was the best decisions.”

“Probably some old people who haven’t been in Hogwarts since the 19th century.”

“We survived Lockhart,” Harrison muttered, “Some dementors should be less bad. I can try to teach you all the Patronus Charm, might be fun.”

“A school year wouldn’t be a school year without Harrison somehow teaching us an impossible spell.” Pansy said, “If only you really taught us all the summoning charm.”

“I tried my best, besides, you can do it. Just not *wandless.”* Harrison said, “You can’t expect me to teach you wandless magic in two years.”

“I wouldn’t have even tried teaching you anything if I were Harrison, Pansy.” Blaise said, Harrison laughed, “Thank you for appreciating the fact that I try. It’s been tough.”

“You’re so very welcome.”

Pansy gave them both a glare, “I am never inviting either of you over anymore.”

“People say that quite often to me,” Harrison replied, “I keep wondering when someone is going to say that and not invite me again in the next month or so.”

“I only have to wait a month to beat them?” Pansy asked, “I’ll see you

in a month then."

"You could just not invite him and still see him." Blaise said, "I'm pretty sure that doesn't count."

"That's good, I'd hate to not come to your birthday. Last year was- interesting." Pansy said, "I mean you almost killed yourself."

"I did not," Harrison argued, "I was just channelling my inner Gryffindor."

"You did that a lot your first year, did Tom beat it out of you?"

Harrison rolled his eyes, "No one beat anything out of anybody." He muttered, "I am still just as reckless, I just don't show that side as often as before."

~

"Hey Darling," Was the first thing he heard when he walked into Tom's office.

Harrison smirked, "Hello Honey." Only then he noticed the four Death Eaters in the room. Harrison shot Tom a confused look, which Tom answered with his own smirk.

The Lestranges were there, together with Rookwood.

"Oh, bad time?" He asked, Tom shook his head, "You're welcome to join us. I was just reminding them how important it was to not let anyone notice them."

"*How did you threaten them?"* Harrison hissed.

"*Dungeons."*

Harrison laughed, "Right, that would work. What about the others?"

"Believe me, they won't be leaving their houses anytime soon." Tom said and Harrison didn't question the man further, instead he sat down on the couch he had loved lately- especially while bothering Tom when he was doing work.

Tom glanced at him, amusement clear on his face. The man probably knew exactly what he was thinking about.

As Tom continued telling the Death Eaters what they could and

couldn't do in the next few months- and ways they could help him specifically, the Death Eaters seemed unsure what to make of Harrisons presence.

"We could always make them research," Harrison said, "I mean we are still trying to bring someone back to life."

"Right," Tom said, "Rookwood, do you still have people in the Ministry we can trust?"

The man nodded, although he seemed unsure.

"I want you to contact them vaguely about Necromancy." Tom commanded, "If they try to do anything to bring you back to Azkaban, come to me immediately."

"A-are you sure, my Lord?" The man asked, "They would know about your return."

"You will not say my name." Tom said, "If anyone figures out Voldemort is back, I will not hesitate to slice your body in halves. Harrison here would make sure you don't die before you completely ran out of blood, even as I continue cutting your body in smaller pieces. Do you understand?"

Rookwood looked at Harrison, looking for any sign Harrison wouldn't do it. Harrison raised an eyebrow, as he felt Tom practically pleading in his mind.

The man owes him, really.

Rookwood nodded quickly, "O-ofcourse my Lord, no one will know."

"Good, dismissed." Tom said, Harrison quietly wondered if Tom had started saying that around the same time he started treating his Death Eaters as stupid little monsters. "Bella, you stay behind."

The woman nodded, as the other three quietly left the room. Bellatrix shot Harrison a glare when he didn't leave with the others, but then turned to Tom. "What do you need me to do, my Lord?"

"A lot of things, but the most important one is listen to your therapist." Tom said, in a bored tone.

Bellatrix sneered, "That woman made me cast Accio ten times to prove I have control over my magic. I was once the most feared witch

of my age-“

“I am pretty sure that was McGonagall.” Harrison muttered, Tom smiled, before quickly masking his smile again.

“I hired the best therapist available for you, she’s risking her life every time she works with you, believe me if she tells you to cast Accio she has a reason.”

“My Lord-“

“No Bellatrix, you don’t understand. If there’s a war again I’m going to need you there, but if you’re not stable enough to be there, I won’t be able to actually trust you enough to be right there, fighting with the dark.”

“My Lord, please-“ Bellatrix tried again, but Tom cut her off again, “Bellatrix, I swear I will have you locked up again.”

That seemed to do something, because Bellatrix was suddenly quiet and she nodded, “Sorry- I just don’t understand, how could you not trust me? Wasn’t I always your most faithful?”

“You can leave,” Tom said, Bellatrix seemed like she wanted to say something else, but with one more glance at Harrison she changed her mind and got up.

“Have a good day, my Lord.” The woman bowed respectfully before leaving.

As soon as the door closed behind Bellatrix, Tom seemed to relax, “Bellatrix is so-“

“She just looks up to you,” Harrison said, “You’re the most powerful person she knows.”

“She’s probably thinking about sucking my-“ Tom sighed, “Never mind, I’m just saying, she manages to make me uncomfortable around her. That’s a talent.”

“So you’re saying she acts like this without you ever indulging in her fantasies?” Harrison asked, “Damn, she’s bad.”

Tom was awfully silent and Harrison gasped, “Oh, you did didn’t you, well that answers my classmates question.”

“In my defence,” Tom started, not even sure why he was defending

himself about this to a literal child. “I was insane.”

“Don’t worry Tommy boy, no one will know.” Harrison said, “I mean it explains a lot. I have one more question though-“

Tom glared at him, but that didn’t stop him from asking, “Did you look all snake like-“

“That’s it, you’re not allowed in here anymore.” Tom said.

Harrison laughed, but deep down he felt sick thinking about the idea of Bellatrix with Tom- Bella of all people. “Did you at least do it to gain something from her?”

“Oh yeah, I got her entire part of the Black fortune.” Tom said, “Oh god- that makes me sound like a fucking-“

“Why were you after the money?”

“I wasn’t, it was the heirlooms I was after.” Tom said, “It was also the only way to get my horcrux into a Black vault without any of the Blacks knowing.”

“You mean Bellatrix doesn’t know about the horcruxes?”

“You think I trusted her enough for that?” Tom asked, “Of course she doesn’t.”

“That does explain a lot.” Harrison said, wishing he had paid better attention to Tom’s embarrassed face just minutes ago.

Chapter 41: "Are you up for another adventure?"

Chapter Summary

A lot of intentional flirting.

Chapter Notes

This was a tough one to finish and I'm so glad I'm finally done.

Turns out that Rookwood did indeed have trustworthy people working as unspeakables. Something about the bond of one unspeakable with another being unlike any other bond.

Harrison seriously doubted that, but when Rookwood came to Tom telling him a bunch about different ways to bring people back from the death.

“If you find a way to contact them you can pull them back through the thin layer between life and death.” Rookwood said, “Of course, you would need a body, if you don’t have one you would just make a ghost- trap the person you are trying to save for eternity.”

“That doesn’t sound good,” Harrison muttered, “The body should still be *you know where,* right?”

Tom nodded, “We’ll have to retrieve it.” Tom said, “I also still want to go after Grindelwald. I hope you didn’t have a lot planned this break.”

“I’ll make time for you, Tommy boy.” Harrison said, “It’ll be fun.”

Rookwood looked between them unsure if he should say something else, wait there, or quickly leave. The man had slowly gotten a bit more used to Harrisons presence, but the closeness between Harrison and Tom tends to still freak a lot of people out.

“You are dismissed, Rookwood.” Tom said, answering the man’s questions for him, “If you find out anything else, tell me immediately.”

“*Unless you’re asleep, you don’t like people in that wing.”* Harrison hissed, remembering when once a brave Death Eater had come into the family wing of this castle.

"*That should be obvious,"* Tom returned, making his hisses longer than usually. Rookwood quickly got up and walked out with a respectful, "Of course, My Lord."

"What was the whole thing about that day anyways?" Harrison asked when the door closed, Tom gave him a confused look, "What day?"

"When I got woken up by you screaming at a poor Death Eater in your personal wing."

"Right, he thought it was smart to report of a group of werewolves." Tom said, "Woke me up just to tell me they were close to Diagon Alley."

"That sounds like a stupid thing to do, did the man have a death wish?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, "I honestly don't know, I would not be surprised if he did."

"What did you do about the vampires?"

"I left them alone, but I told Fenrir about them just to be sure." Tom said, "I don't know what the man did, he's not really directly one of my followers, he's more an ally."

"Yet he follows your commands."

"Most people do," Tom said, "You do."

"Only because you would only command me to do something when it's really important." Harrison replied, then to change the subject he said, "We should get the Gaunt ring, with the stone. It would give us an easier way to contact Regulus."

"You think getting the stone is easier than letting you practice your powers?" Tom asked, sounding genuinely surprised.

"Honestly, yes. Also, the hardest part will be retrieving the body, so why not retrieve another horcrux in the process?"

"It still feels crazy," Tom admitted, "I spent years of my life creating enough horcruxes to make sure I'm immortal, fearing the thought of dying more than slowly losing touch with reality. Now, I am- with your help- reversing all the stupid mistakes, wondering why I ever thought this was a smart idea."

"At least you'll keep one horcrux," Harrison said, "You don't have to

die."

"Why did you accept that so easily?" Tom asked, "You'll be forced to spent eternity with me."

"I don't get forced, Tom." Harrison said, "You know that. This is my choice. Sure, at first it was hard to accept. It felt like a crazy thing to agree to, making you sane in exchange for my chance to escape this place. To be honest, I was lying about it at first, I was sure I could convince you of letting me die once you were safe enough. Now, I don't think I want to die, spending eternity with you doesn't sound half-bad. I know that if I want to die in a couple of centuries we'll find a way how to make it work."

"I will promise you now," Tom started, taking a deep breath. "That no matter what happens, I will never force you to continue living if you truly want to end it."

Harrison offered him a small smile, "Then I'll promise that no matter what, I will hear you out when you try to convince me to keep on living."

They had never talked about this, not like this anyways. They had made jokes about spending eternity together, what they would do if they were the last two people on earth, how they would spent their time once they got bored of their current lives. Anything except for discussing what they just discussed.

Harrison was glad they finally talked about it, even if it was this quick. He felt like their understanding of each other was bigger now and they both knew that they would always choose whatever the other wanted above their own wants. That had been clear when Tom said he would let Harrison off himself if he really wanted, the man didn't care about a lot, but he did *not* want to die.

But he had just said that he would let Harrison ruin the one thing he had worked his entire life to get, at least, once he got all the horcruxes back.

Tom was still looking at him with a strange look in his eyes, Harrison had seen it before, but not quite this intense.

"I think I am going to find Ebony, I haven't seen him in a while." Harrison announced, the snake had joined him when he went to Toms in the Christmas break and hadn't gone back to Hogwarts with him afterwards. Even though he had seen the snake pass them a couple of

times, he hadn't spoken to the snake in months.

Tom nodded, "I'll finish this," He motioned to his paperwork, "Perhaps we should go to the cave tomorrow."

Harrison gave him a surprised look, but then slowly nodded, "That sounds good."

"Goodnight, Harrison." Tom said.

"Hey, who says I'm not returning here before either of us go to sleep?"

Tom gave him a look before casting *tempus,* the clock read 11pm, "I think you should probably try to sleep especially if we're going to the cave tomorrow."

"You sound like a parent convincing his kid to go to sleep."

Tom laughed, "Whatever, goodnight."

~

The time spent with Ebony was spent listening about the snakes adventures with Nagini. Harrison was honestly just glad the snakes seemed to enjoy being around each other, it certainly makes both him and Tom feel less bad about having less time to spent with their snakes.

Afterwards Harrison went up to his room to get ready for sleep, however before he actually had the chance to go to sleep, there was a knock on his door. Very softly, almost unsure, Harrison glanced at the door.

"Come in," He answered, watching the door open up slowly.

"Sorry I wasn't sure if you were asleep or not," Tom said, while stepping into Harrisons room, "I figured something out."

Harrison sat up, curious, it wasn't like he would've fallen asleep anytime soon anyways.

"This is your family tree," Tom said, handing over a very thick book. Harrison looked at the pages, just as Tom said it seemed to be a magically enchanted family tree.

"Right," Harrison said, "Why is this important?"

“You *do* know the story about the Deathly Hallows, right?” Tom asked, Harrison nodded slowly. “Here, at the top.” Tom pointed, “You’re related to one of the Peverell brothers, which means that not only you would have rights to the invisibility cloak- which Hope probably has right now, if we trust what Sirius said about James having it in school- but you could also claim the lordship.”

“Wouldn’t that be for James, though?” Harrison asked, “And it didn’t show when I went to Gringotts.”

“I have a theory for that,” Tom said, “I myself am not directly related to one of the brothers, yet the ring has passed down in my family for generations. It makes sense, the brother with the stone killed himself.”

“So why doesn’t it show?”

“Probably to keep us safe, sure we can defend ourselves, but they didn’t know that their descendants would be powerful enough to do so.”

“You mean that everyone thinks they no longer have family that’s still alive?”

Tom nodded, “It would also explain why the story is told as a fairy tale not a true story.” He paused, “If we go to Gringotts with evidence we might be able to claim the vaults, reclaim everything they’ve left behind for whoever tried hard enough to get it.

And the best part is there is a reclaiming ritual for heirlooms, we could get all the Deathly Hallows at once, but we’ll have to wait to do that. Dumbledore has the elder wand, we don’t want him to get suspicious.”

“How did you figure this all out? Why were you even looking at family trees?” Harrison asked in slight disbelief.

“I have been wondering about this since you told me about what the Gaunt ring was and the fact that the Potters have the invisibility cloak, well it made me curious.” Tom admitted.

“And you just have a book with all the Wizarding family trees?” Harrison asked, amused.

“Every family has one of their own family, but then you have one of every family due to inbreeding.” Tom said, “This one I stole from the Malfoys, though, my family specifically was fan of inbreeding, they

refused to marry anyone outside direct family, even if they were purebloods. It's kind of disgusting."

"Makes you wonder how your magic is still so strong."

"How nice," Tom said, "I believe that was a compliment."

Harrison rolled his eyes watching Tom- his entire room was dark the only light came from the doorway, Tom hadn't closed the door behind him. "Do you want to get the ring now?" He asked and Tom gave him a look, "Now?"

"Why not?"

Tom nodded, "Okay, let's get it now." He said, "I'll wait for you outside."

Harrison quickly changed and then walked out of his room, Tom was standing there leaning against the wall.

Who needed sleep anyways?

"Where did you hide the ring?" Harrison asked once Tom noticed him walking out of his room.

"The Gaunts family manor," Tom said, "I would say it's actually one of the best protected horcruxes, it's hidden under a floorboard and has a bunch of deadly protection spells."

~

The Gaunt manor was a big house on the edge of Little Hangleton- a muggle village. The house was rumoured to be haunted and muggles tended to not come close, besides some teenagers who would enter the house because of stupid dares.

"Be careful," Tom said when they entered the place, "I don't know what's cursed and what's not."

Harrison nodded, following closely behind Tom, scanning the place for any signs of magic. "You killed your family in this place?"

Tom nodded, but stayed silent.

This place probably had no happy memories for the man, Harrison had heard about Tom trying to return back home, but his own family denying that he could be family. The same summer Tom killed them.

“Are you okay?” He asked and Tom nodded, slower this time. “I’m fine.”

Tom opened a door, “The ring should be in here.” He said, “Don’t touch anything.”

Harrison nodded, watching as Tom scanned the room for any signs of magic. When he found the exact spot the man started chanting, the floorboards lighting up slightly.

Harrison watched in awe as Tom undid all the curses, his magic swirling around the room. Harrison felt the horcrux trying to connect with the magic, purring at the magic of Tom, more than it had done anytime before.

Harrison ignored it, trying to stay distracted by the view of Tom breaking open the floorboards, while still chanting.

“Harrison.” Tom said, “Can you help me?” He sounded impatient, had he asked for help before?

Harrison honestly didn’t know. He nodded and came to stand next to Tom, “What do you need me to do?”

“Push your magic on the field.” Tom said, Harrison looked at Tom’s hand, the magical field they were covering. He nodded, quickly focussing on pushing his magic into the field.

It wasn’t long before the field seemed to shatter into pieces. Harrison noticed Tom twitch his wrist one more time before reaching in and grabbing the ring.

“We could do the ritual now.” He said, looking at Harrison.

“Here?”

“Why not?” Tom asked, “If you are okay with that, of course.”

Harrison nodded slowly, “We should be able to draw the runes here.”

That’s how they ended up drawing rune circles in the house, somewhere in his mind Harrison was constantly wondering why Tom was so set on doing the ritual here. Did it have to do with making the kids in town believe something is really going on with this house?

Probably not, Tom didn’t care enough about muggle kids. So about closure then?

“This would be the time to practice your cleaning charms,” Tom noted, looking at the dirty floor. Harrison smirked, “You were the one who was set on doing it here, lay down on the dirty floor, Tommy boy.”

Tom rolled his eyes, with barely a single movement, the man cleaned the entire floor. “I didn’t think you would pass up the option to practice.”

“Show off,” Harrison muttered.

It was Tom’s turn to smirk as he sat down on the floor. Harrison looked down at the ring in his hand and smiled, walking towards Tom.

He went down on one knee in front of the sitting man, “Tom Marvolo Riddle-“

Tom gave him a *look*.

“-Will you let me do this ritual for you?”

“Do you want me to put the ring on?” Tom asked, instead of replying Harrison grabbed Tom’s left hand and put the ring on his ring finger, winking at the man before backing up.

Tom rolled his eyes again, “Just do the ritual.”

“I am going to miss your red eyes.” Harrison sighed.

Tom let his eyes turn red, it had been a while since he had seen the man do that without the Death Eaters there, “I’ll still be able to do this.”

So with Tom’s red eyes not in danger, Harrison started the ritual, wishing he had slept before going here.

It took only about half an hour this time, that didn’t stop Harrison from falling to the ground, exhausted when he finished the ritual. He felt Tom’s worried eyes on him, he also knew the man probably didn’t have the energy to move either right now.

“I’m exhausted,” Harrison muttered and waited for Tom to say anything sarcastic about his bedtime or that he could have refused coming here and doing the ritual.

“So am I,” was the response he got, “I think there’s some beds

upstairs- I'm not apparating right now."

"I am *not* moving right now," Harrison responded and suddenly the floor seemed to get softer under him. He turned his head to be able to look at Tom properly, "Thank you."

~

It wasn't until he had been awake for like fifteen minutes when Harrison noticed not only had he slept on the floor, so had Tom, without complaining about it. The only comment the man had made when he noticed where they were was, "That was quite the adventure." In response of which Harrison had laughed and nodded, "Indeed."

Tom had then managed to side-along him back to the Slytherin Manor. Where they then had breakfast together.

The whole morning was so strange and just when Harrison thought it couldn't get any weirder Tom said, "Harrison."

Harrison looked up, "Yeah?"

Tom held his hand out, a familiar stone laying in it, "You should have it."

"That has been with the Gaunt family for years." Harrison said, as if that wasn't obvious.

"You can always give it back later," Tom said, "I think you should hold on to it, in case we do get all the Deathly Hallows."

"What about the rest of the ring?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, "I'm remaking it with a gem from the Slytherin vault, that should be enough to keep the purebloods happy, would they ever see the ring."

"You're serious?" Harrison asked, "You really want to give me this?"

Tom nodded, "I wouldn't give it to you if I didn't mean it."

Harrison nodded, taking the stone from Tom's hand, "Thank you."

Tom gave him a smile, "Now are you up for another adventure?"

"What, the cave? Now?" Harrison asked and Tom shook his head, "Grindelwald."

“Oh, right.” Harrison said, “You still want to do that, even if we have another possible way of bringing Regulus back?”

Tom shrugged, “I don’t want to deal with going to the Ministry today, but if I don’t give myself an excuse to not go, I’ll force myself to go anyways and then I’d have to listen to people talk about the Azkaban break out all day. Besides, *you* said the mark felt familiar without ever having seen it before, that has to mean something.”

“Okay,” Harrison nodded, “We can go break into another prison.”

“This time we won’t help anyone escape.” Tom said, “That ought to give me less work at the Ministry.”

“You could always free Grindelwald just for fun.” Harrison said, “If you manage to kill him afterwards, you’ll be famous for life.”

“Setting another dark lord free seems like the last thing this world needs right now.” Tom replied, “Besides, I don’t want to be known as some little hero. I think that’s your biological sisters’ job.”

“Right, because she’ll actually manage to kill you.”

“Never underestimate people.”

“You clearly haven’t seen her cast magic yet, that child is *bad.”* Harrison said, “I can’t wait to see her try to fight you.”

~

It wasn’t hard to break into Grindelwald’s cell, actually it was kind of disappointing. Tom flew them to the top of the tower and opened the closed cell with a parseltongue enhanced version of *alohomora.* The man inside the cell looked up in shock, he was probably not used to visitors.

“He looks kind of pathetic.” Harrison muttered, just loud enough for Grindelwald to hear anyways.

Tom snorted, “Right.”

“What are you-“ Grindelwald started talking, his voice sounded *dry.* The man probably hadn’t had much to drink in the past decades.

“Shut up, old man.” Harrison muttered, “We’re just here to ask some questions.”

“I am not answering anything about the Dumbledore’s.” The man said, stubborn and Harrison chuckled, “That family is the last thing I want to know about, keep the incest stories especially to yourself please.”

“What are you here for then?”

Tom pulled out a drawing of the vague mark. It was made from different lines and circles overlapping each other, it looked like nothing. If they hadn’t known it had a meaning, they probably would have thought it was just another not very creative drawing.

Meanwhile, Harrison transfigured a stone into a glass, filling it with water to give to the man

“What do you think I know about this mark?”

“Do you know who I am?” Tom asked, not answering the mans question. The man shook his head, “Why would I?”

Tom slowly turned into the snake-like figure the world has known him as. “Now?”

“Why should I know you?”

Harrison groaned, “Just tell the man. I want answers.”

“You might know me as Voldemort,” Tom said, while changing back. “The reason you’re telling me what this mark means, is not only because I know more than a hundred different ways to make your death more painful than any death you have ever caused, but also because the thought of this mark, the fear of it haunted my childhood.”

“It was one of my opponents, somewhere in the middle of the war a third side was created.” Grindelwald said, “If you truly lived during that time you would have known.”

“The truth, or Harrison here will start boiling your blood until you talk.” Tom said, “I have heard it isn’t pleasant, the blood boiling curse, slowed down and worse at the same time.”

“That’s not a spell,” Grindelwald said, “I would have heard about the creation of it.”

“Haven’t you heard? Anything is a real spell if you’re a parseltongue.” Tom smirked, “Now I suggest you start talking, the truth this time.”

“It’s my group,”

“Jeez, we hadn’t gotten that far.” Harrison rolled his eyes, “Just tell us about the fucking mark I don’t want your life story.”

“I found it in an old book,” Grindelwald said, “It didn’t say a lot, just that this mark could make you control a persons entire life, you could kill them simply by thinking about killing them. Tattooing this on people and then giving them total freedom, made it so that I could rule them without them even realising I could.”

“What does it have to do with necromancy?”

“The mark was created by a necromancer I believe,” Grindelwald said, “It was in a different book I found years later in a muggle library. This mark was on the front of the book, it was a story about a necromancer growing up in a household of necromancers that slowly got killed by their own creators-“

“You think this fictional muggle book says the truth?”

“It sounded realistic enough, the girl created this mark so that, if like happened with the rest of her family, her creations would ever get a mind of its own she could simply kill them by the power of this tattoo.”

“Why would it seem familiar to me then?” Harrison asked softly, but Grindelwald still responded, “Perhaps, it has something to do with your past. I believe in connections passed through magic.”

Harrison scoffed, “Right, you have lost your mind in the time you spend rotting in this cell, we should go Tom.”

Tom glanced at Harrison and nodded, he hadn’t said a word since Harrison took over asking the questions, but now he did still ask.

“Does this have anything to do with the Deathly Hallows?”

“Everything has something to do with the Deathly Hallows.” Grindelwald said and Tom nodded.

“Cut his finger off before we leave,” Tom said, “The guards should know someone has been in here, make his security better.”

Harrison listened to the man, cutting off the man’s left index finger, before following Tom.

~

Harrison left to his room later that day, the stone he had gotten from Tom in his pocket, almost weighing him down.

He closed the door harsher than he meant to and got the stone out of his pocket.

All he had to do was turn it in his hand, then he would be able to see them, as if they were really here, not through some stupid portrait. He had thought that portraits were enough, and really they were. But then he saw them in a stupid vision.

The portrait didn't really capture their expressions the way they really were.

He sighed, putting the stone on the table he had in his room, it was of no use to struggle with the fact that he couldn't see the founders now.

It reminded him of the story of the Deathly Hallows, the brother had killed himself, not bearing him being alive while the person he had gotten the stone for had died. That is what magics like these caused; sadness, despair.

"*Are you okay, master?"* He heard someone behind him, Ebony.

"*I'm fine,"* Harrison hissed back, "*Just missing some people."*

"I miss my mom sometimes," The snake replied, "*It was hard after they took me away from her, although, now I realise people here might be better than any life I could have had with her."*

"*You remember your life before the store?"*

"Of course I do!" The snake said, happily. "*I grew up with a lot of other Hatchlings, most of them got taken away though. I hope they are okay."*

"I am sure they are."

"Who were you missing, master?"

"I suppose I was also missing my parents."

"The rude ones?" Ebony asked, "*They are not worth it."*

"No, I didn't actually grow up with them, I was adopted for a while. I suppose it's kind of like me adopting you."

“What were your other parents like?”

“They are legendary.” Harrison replied, *“I had four of them, each of them taught me other things. Making me the person I am today.”*

“And you wish to talk to them?”

“I do, and I can. The problem is, it’s not good for me, seeing death people-“

“I never understood you humans, if you want to see them, do it.”

Harrison looked at Ebony, snakes were so simple, purely basing everything on their instinct. No doubt, if Ebony got the chance to talk to any of the snakes he knew before he would take the chance.

Harrison sighed, picking up the stone again, slowly turning it in his shaky hands.

It all happened very quickly, four figures flickered before disappearing again. Instead, one figure appeared then, the familiar Black brother was the last person Harrison suspected would visit him.

“They told me to tell you they wouldn’t show themselves while your this emotional,” He said, “I agree with them it’s probably for the best to not see them like this.”

Harrison tried blinking away the tears that he felt swell up into his eyes, “Right,” He agreed, “It was a stupid idea.”

“They did tell me to tell you that they also miss seeing you.” Regulus said then, “As a real person.”

Harrison nodded, realising that blinking only made the tears fall down his cheeks faster. “So why did you come?”

“We wouldn’t want you to think the stone was the wrong one,” The black brother said, “Besides, the last time was kind of unexpected, for both of us.”

Harrison knew Regulus was right, “So you’re here to tell me to stop trying so hard again?”

“Quite the contrary, actually, I think you might be close to doing the impossible.” Regulus admitted, “I warned you away to not make you obsessed with this idea that was literally impossible, but I am truly starting to believe that you and the Dark Lord could do this. So if there’s any way I could help when you’re so far, please try to

communicate with me."

"You really think we can do this?"

"I wish I could say I didn't." Regulus said, "But we all know Magic favours you, so does fate probably, it wouldn't be weird if Death does, too. I have been getting weird flashes lately, flashes of my life before, the Dark Lord, he horcrux mission, everything. Almost like Death has been trying to prepare me for coming back. So to answer your question, yes I do truly believe that you will do this if you keep trying."

Then Regulus faded away and Harrison was left alone with Ebony in his empty room, he wiped his tears away with his sleeve.

"*Did it work, master?"*

"I didn't talk to them." Harrison replied, staring to the emptiness where Regulus had been just a few seconds ago. He could tell Ebony was confused, but he didn't have time to answer Ebony's questions. He had to tell Tom that Regulus did really think that they were succeeding in bringing him back. That he felt like Death himself had been trying to prepare him to come back to this world.

He didn't know how Tom would reply, but it would probably follow making another plan for hours, a way to get Regulus' body out of the cave safely. What to do with Regulus to not make Dumbledore suspicious of Tom's return.

And honestly, for once, Harrison could say he was *excited* for the planning part. If this worked not only would he have done something thought of as impossible for hundreds of years, but he also would bring back Sirius' *brother* his own *uncle.*

It still sounded like an insane plan to him, but now he had some hope back.

He had almost forgotten the reason he had picked up the stone for just minutes ago, suddenly none of that sadness seemed to matter anymore.

The founders could wait for a bit longer.

Chapter 42: "I was doing it for Harrison."

Chapter Summary

> Harrison shows Tom the founders vault- Remus and Sirius talk about how close Tom and Harrison are.

Chapter Notes

> Second post this week, I'm on a roll.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison returned to Grimmaulds place after another few days, and he had once again forgotten that his family was made out of a bunch of genius' who act like idiots. It took about a whole day of trying until he could get Sirius to have a serious- no pun intended- conversation with him.

"You can access all the Black vaults, right?" Harrison asked, as soon as he realised that yes, this time Sirius was really listening.

The man nodded slowly, Harrison knew that he was probably suspicious of whatever Harrison was planning.

"So you could get into Bellatrix' vault?"

Sirius nodded again, "Do you need something from her vault? Why not just make the Dark Lord ask her."

"The thing in her vault got put into her vault only after Tom agreed to sleep with her, he's scared that she'll force him to do such a thing again." Harrison scrunches up his nose in disgust. "This was the easy way."

"Do I want to know?" Sirius asked, when Harrison shook his head, he sighed. "What is it?"

"Hufflepuff's cup, another horcrux."

"Did he take all the founders items?" Sirius asked, Harrison laughed, "Except for Gryffindor. To this day I'm still wondering whether that is because he hates Gryffindor or because he couldn't find the sword of Gryffindor."

“Fine, we can go to Gringotts later this day.” Sirius replied.

“Could I invite Tom?” Harrison asked, “I think he would like coming along, also I haven’t shown him the founders vaults yet.”

“Haven’t seen him enough, huh?” Sirius asked, the man sounded amused, “Sure invite him along, pup.”

Harrison narrowed his eyes at the comment, but then decided to let it go.

“I spoke to Regulus again,” Harrison said then, not entirely sure if it was a good thing to tell Sirius or not, “On accident.”

“What happened?” Sirius asked, he sounded worried.

Harrison sighed, “I just got really sad one evening and decided to try and see the founders, Regulus came to tell me that they wouldn’t see me while feeling down, since they didn’t want me to use them as escape.”

“Are you okay?” Sirius asked, even more worried now and Harrison nodded. “I am fine, Regulus then managed to tell me that he believes we’re actually able to bring him back. That, even though he was doubting it before, he had gotten some signs it might actually be working. We might actually bring him back, pads.”

Sirius nodded, not sure what to say and then he just hugged Harrison. The hug felt more emotional than any of the other hugs Harrison has gotten from his godfather- no *father*. It told him just how thankful the man was.

It only made him want to try harder at really bringing Regulus back.

When Sirius let go and started talking about all the epic pranks he pulled, Harrison let the subject change happen. It was only once the man left he grabbed his journal.

Tommy boyyyy!!!

You have attachment issues. Was the quick reply, *You were literally here 30 hours ago, what is important enough to get you this excited?*

Number one, that was rude. Number two, you are coming to Gringotts with me and Sirius. I’ll show you the founders vaults and then we can also retrieve the Hufflepuff cup.

You miss me that much? Tom replied, Harrison laughed quietly to himself as the next sentence appeared. *Taking your Father on our dates, that's a new one.*

What? You're nervous to meet my parents?

Very, obviously, what if they don't like me?

It was almost scary how most of their conversations lately ended up with them pretending to go on dates, or to be madly in love, but Harrison loved how easy it was to joke about these things. Besides, he was looking forward to his friends reactions if they ever saw him and Tom acting like this.

Don't worry, honey. They'll love you.

You will never understand this nervous feeling.

Because both your parents died?

Ouch, too far, I would like to remind you that you could easily meet them with the stone.

Then what? Hear all about how you killed your father?

Sounds like fun.

Your twisted brain still amazes me till this day, Harrison wrote down. *But I do have to admit your murderous tendencies are one of the reasons I fell so madly in love with you.*

That's crazy, since I fell in love with your oh so small moral compass.

One of us has to have a moral compass, even if it's small. And it sure as hell wasn't going to be you.

How late do I have to be at Gringotts?

Around 9? I don't know.

Alright, 9 it is, I'll wear my best clothes for you.

I can't tell if your serious or not.

See you then, Harrison.

Tom? The man didn't reply again, so Harrison took that as a sign that,

no, the man wouldn't tell him if he would actually show up in his best robes or not.

He put the journal down, deciding that he would find Fred and George, hopefully it was safe for him to just walk into their room.

The last time he had wandered into their room, he had gotten some new itch powder all over his clothes, it took hours to stop working and he spent the entire time scratching his skin open.

It hadn't been fun and Fred and George had spent the rest of the day as Harrison's two rat companions. Strangely enough- and also kind of sadly- the boys had seem to enjoy it, meaning they had not learned their lesson to not mess with Harrison. Instead they had taken that as a sign to stop fearing Harrison so much while doing pranks and decided to target him more.

The next time he might just lock them up in the dungeons, maybe they'll stop again then.

"Harrikins!" Fred said, "Didn't notice you here the past few weeks."

"You do know I have been back since yesterday morning, right?" He asked and George shrugged, "We didn't notice you."

"But then again, we did lock ourselves into our rooms for three whole days to experiment. So we might've just missed you coming home because of that." Fred added and Harrison snorted, "That does sound about right."

"So how was the dark evil lord?" Fred asked then, Harrison shrugged, "He seemed fine. Although, the Azkaban break out is stressing both of us out."

"I heard what the ministry was planning to do about that," George replied, "I can't believe they thing having dementors had Hogwarts will save anyone."

"They probably think the Death Eaters will go after Hope." Harrison muttered, it had been something that he thought about a lot lately. Extra protection made sense, but why at Hogwarts? Dumbledore always loved reminding people that Hogwarts was the safest place to be during the war, but still that is the first place they decided to put dementors. "I think someone in the ministry is trying to prove their power through this, too. Situations like these are always the time to prove you can handle the pressure during the worst times."

“Maybe *he* should step up, too, then.”

“I think he is,” Harrison muttered, thinking back about all the vague things Tom mentioned during the last few days, whenever he returned from the ministry he talked about the break out. He was trying harder than he usually would, Harrison had thought it was to make sure people don’t suspect him as a cause.

But perhaps, “In his own very Tom way.” He said and Fred nodded, “Good for him.”

Harrison nodded, he agreed of course, but somewhere he wondered whether Tom knew what he was doing. Since he hadn’t directly told Harrison his plan.

Then again, sometimes Tom liked to keep things a secret, at first Harrison thought it was because the man didn’t trust him, but then again he never lied when Harrison asked him about something. Now, Harrison suspected it was because Tom liked seeing Harrisons surprise after a plan worked out, the man seemed to get some weird kind of satisfaction from confusing Harrison only to impress him later.

He decided to not think about it too much, instead he would let the man surprise him with whatever he was planning, because honestly he liked the surprises, too.

~

Harrison couldn’t help but laugh as he saw Tom standing in front of Gringotts in formal robes. Then again, the man always wore robes like these when he went out, so Harrison was probably the only person amused by his efforts.

He was the only person to see Tom’s lazy clothes when the man sat in his office working all day.

Tom smirked when he noticed Harrisons look, raising an eyebrow at him, yet very careful to not show too much emotions, people were watching *everywhere.*

After all, Tom and Harrison had both gotten quite *famous* for lack of a better word.

“Well, Lord Gaunt, am I underdressed?” Harrison asked, when he finally stood in front of Tom.

“You always are, Heir Black.” Tom replied easily, “It doesn’t bother me, it just makes me look better.” Tom winked at him, Harrison was aware of Sirius and Remus- who insisted on coming along- watching them from a small distance.

“Well, I was just going to say I am glad you showed, but if you keep insulting me like that-“ Harrison trailed off, Tom chuckled slightly, “My deepest apologies.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Let’s just *get your horcrux.”* He hissed the last part, Tom nodded, “Yes, of course.”

Harrison signed at Sirius and Remus to follow them before entering the tall building. It had been a while before he had been in there.

He walked up to the goblin in the back of the room, “Greetings, may your gold ever flow.” Harrison said bowing slightly, he saw Tom also bowing in the corner of his eye.

“May your enemies fall at your feet, Heir Black, I shall get Griphook for you.”

“Thank you.” Harrison said, not even questioning how the goblin knew exactly who he was after him only coming here for two times.

It wasn’t long before the familiar Goblin walked towards them, “Ah! Heir Black, Lord Black, Slytherin.” He said, “And Mr Lupin. Follow me, please.”

Harrison got lead down the familiar path, turning into the first office they saw.

“How have you been, Heir Black?” Alright, no goblin formality then.

“Quite alright, actually I learned some shocking news after talking to Salazar Slytherin. The man told me that Rowena Ravenclaw’s daughter, Helena was murdered by the Bloody Baron before Rowena died, which would mean that *if* Rowena’s body is hidden in the walls, it wasn’t Helena who did it.”

“Helena was the last of the Ravenclaw bloodline, no one else would have had access.” Griphook insisted, “Unless,”

Harrison looked at the goblin in curiosity, but the goblin shook his head, “We shall talk about this later, I am sure there’s another reason you came here.”

“Actually,” Sirius said, “As Lord Black, I would like to enter Bellatrix Lestrange’s private vault.”

Griphook cleared his throat, “I would love to help you, Lord Black, but Bellatrix Lestrange doesn’t currently own any vault.”

“What?” Harrison asked, “She told us she did.”

“She did,” Griphook nodded, “However, back in 1981 she signed the vault over to Lord Slytherin, or well the contract stated the vault would go directly to the Dark Lord.”

Harrison gave the goblin a shocked look. Tom was the one to say, “Don’t bother questioning how goblins know these things, they always just do.” Then he turned to Griphook, “Why didn’t I get notified of this?”

“Due to you dying, I believe she signed it over one day before your attack on the Potters.” Griphook said, “You never came back, so we never signed it over officially.”

“Can I access the vault?” Tom asked, “Or do I have to sign anything.”

“I’ll have the papers here as quickly as I can, but until you sign them, no one will get access to the vault.” Griphook said, “My sincerest apologies, but that’s the best I can do.”

“Thank you, Griphook, we appreciate it.” Harrison thanked the goblin truthfully, “Now about the Ravenclaw vault, is there anyway I could get the goblins to search the walls for me?”

“You believe that even though Helena wasn’t alive to research her mother, the rumours are still true?”

“I believe the possibility that someone else got access from either Rowena or Helena isn’t as small as you suspect it is.” Harrison nodded, “Therefore the possibility that all of it is true, isn’t as small as you’d think it would be. I have learned that rumours are always based on at least a bit of truth.”

“We’ve all waited to get an official request from the owner of the vault for centuries, normally we’d have you wait until you can claim the lord title, but I do believe that, because you’re the only alive heir, we can make an exception.” Griphook said, “I’ll have a team research it when the Hogwarts school year starts again.”

“There’s another thing, last time I was here you said Helena made the vault bigger after Rowena died, this would have been impossible.” Harrison said, “Wouldn’t you goblins have known Rowena was still alive.”

“The founders,” Griphook sighed, “They made us sign something, well we agreed to do it of course, it was a contract making sure we wouldn’t spy on them as we do the rest of the wizarding world. So no, we wouldn’t have seen that she died or not. All we knew is she stopped showing and her daughter claimed she died.”

“That’s strange.”

Griphook nodded, “Although, Gringotts wasn’t quite as secure back then, we accepted purely to protect them, they had a lot of enemies.”

“That I know. Thank you, Griphook.” Harrison said to the goblin, “Now would you mind taking us down to my vaults? I want to sort through some things.”

“I will call another goblin to lead you to your vaults, meanwhile I can get the papers for Lord Slytherin.” The goblin left the room in a hurry.

“Why wouldn’t Bella tell me?” Tom asked and Harrison smirked, “Maybe you forgot, you were insane as fuck.”

“I might have been insane, but not forgetful.” Tom said.

“Sure you weren’t.” Harrison agreed, “I think Bellatrix did it to be sure that if she got captured you would still be able to access her vault. You would have figured out sooner if you had decided to not kill me.”

“Can I try again?” Tom asked, “Killing you, I mean.”

“Have a go at it, Tommy boy.” Harrison said, “Just know if it back fires, you only have one horcrux left.” Harrison was aware of Sirius and Remus listening to them talking, but he ignored it in favour of bullying Tom some more. “That is besides me, but if you actually manage to succeed this time.”

“We can just spend entirety in hell together,” Tom said, “I think that sounds like fun. Annoy the devil until he kicks us out.”

“Or we can annoy Dumbledore, I’m not a big fan of religions.” Harrison said.

“That makes two of us.” Tom said, “*Annoying Dumbledore sounds like a perfect second date.”*

Harrison snorted, “Keep dreaming, Tom.”

That was when Griphook walked back into the room, a younger goblin following him. Everyone got up to follow the younger goblins.

“We’ll stop at Gryffindors first.” Harrison told the goblin, remembering how it went last time he was here.”

“*Have you been in the Slytherin vault yet?”* Tom hissed, Harrison shook his head, “*I’m excited to see it.”*

The ride down to the bottom of Gringotts was long, since the founders vaults were pretty much the oldest vaults in the building they were really totally at the bottom. However, when they finally arrived there, every vault seemed a lot bigger, they were protected by blood wards, dragons or anything like that.

It was almost unbelievable that these vaults had been here since the 6th century.

Harrison immediately opened the door by letting it *taste* his blood. He had forgotten how red the Gryffindor vault was, the gold of the coins making it look like some bad fan club house of Godric Gryffindor.

And really, Harrison supposed that was an accurate description.

“Is that the sword of Gryffindor?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded, “The only founder artefact you missed in your horcruxes.”

“The sword gets summoned through the sorting hat,” The young goblin said, “Godric Gryffindor charmed it so that- if anyone ever need his assistance in Hogwarts- they would get it through the sorting hat.”

“He’s a crazy old man.” Harrison laughed, then he heard a “Hey!” from the other side of the room.

“Sorry, I love you!” He shouted, totally forgetting that the portraits were everywhere in this vault.

“You’re rich, Heir Gryffindor.” Tom said, amused. “Perhaps I shouldn’t have given you access to the Slytherin vault.”

“The money doesn’t really matter,” Harrison said, he pointed at the

chest with his name engraved in it, “That’s why I returned. It’s wands from Godric, letters, books he thought I would like to have in this time. Pictures of all of them, anything like that.”

“Each of the founders made one of those, right?” Remus asked and Harrison nodded, “Well I don’t know what Salazar did.”

“He made multiple, then basically an entire corner charmed to not allow anyone in and all the stuff I placed into the Heir vault.”

“That man is crazy.” Harrison muttered, “They all are.”

“So I broke down the wards.” Tom said.

Harrison laughed, “I’m not surprised.”

Harrison sat down in front of the chest, opening it slowly. It smelled like parchment, wood and perhaps he also smelled some potion ingredients.

“That’s a lot of letters.” Tom said and Harrison nodded, “I was thinking we make a beautiful wand wall, like a lot of old purebloods have.”

“Do you want me to empty the wall over there?” Tom asked pointing to the back wall and Harrison nodded, “Could you? Perhaps Sirius and Remus can help you.” He gave Sirius puppy dog eyes, the man could never refuse.

Sirius sighed and nodded, following Tom to the wall the Dark Lord had pointed at earlier. He saw Remus follow him, while Harrison stayed sitting in front of the chest sorting through it.

“Damn, this is one big mess.” The Dark Lord muttered and Sirius nodded, “I am not surprised, if they are indeed directly related to the Potters. The Potter vault is the messiest vault I have ever seen.”

“Slytherins vault isn’t much better, to be honest.” He said, while waving his hand, making items float away from the wall. It suddenly made a lot more sense why people feared this Lord so much.

Sirius himself hadn’t seen a lot from the Dark Lord, the only times he saw the man was with his son and he was sure the man only acted that freely in front of Harrison, or when he was alone. He had never seen effortless displays of magic, but even this; wandless easy magic, was enough to prove his power.

“I should probably thank you for coming here,” The man said, “I truly needed to get into Bellatrix’ vault and of course, I could have done it alone, but you even coming here to make sure I had access.”

Sirius nodded, “I was doing it for Harrison.” He said, not wanting to lie about his intentions.

“That’s something we have in common then,” Tom muttered, Sirius wasn’t sure what the man meant when he said that, he decided to shrug it off since only a few seconds later he asked Remus, “Are you still connected to any other werewolves?”

Remus seemed shock at the direct question, usually when people approached the subject they were careful about it, made sure to not hurt Remus’ feelings.

Tom didn’t really seem to care.

Yet, Remus answered truthfully. “No.”

“Bummer, most werewolves are great connections.” Tom said, “Fenrir is one of the worst ones, not every werewolf is like that. As far as I know, connecting with other werewolves will satisfy the wolf in you more.” If Sirius didn’t know any better, he would think Tom was trying to *comfort* Remus.

Before Remus could answer Harrison shouted, “Tommy boy!” Sirius snickered when he saw Tom roll his eyes at the nickname. “Come here, I have something that I think you’d like.” Tom’s eyes seemed a little brighter after Harrison said that and suddenly it all seemed so real, Harrison really had an impact on the *Dark Lord.* A man he despised for as long as he knew.

“I believe you can finish this?” Tom said, motioning to the almost empty wall, Sirius nodded and then Tom left him and Remus alone.

“He’s actually nice.” Remus said, almost like he couldn’t believe it and honestly Sirius felt the same. With his limited experience with the man, the only times he saw him when the Dark Lord wasn’t with Harrison was as his persona at the Ministry of Magic. “And he made Harrison a better person, somehow.”

“What?” Sirius asked.

“Come on, padfoot. You and I both know Harrison would’ve ended up in a spiralling depression if Tom hadn’t shown up out of nowhere.”

“Is that something we should be worried about?”

“Do you want me to answer honestly?” Remus asked and Sirius nodded, unsure. “I think that whatever happens between them, it’s probably better for both of them. Being worried about how close they are would only make it worse for not only Harrison, but also the Dark Lord, which then makes it bad for the entire wizarding world.”

“You say that like you expect something to happen between them.”

“Honestly? Harrison accepted living forever so Tom could destroy all his other horcruxes, you don’t just promise forever to anyone, padfoot. I know you have thought about it too.”

“I have, but he’s happy.”

“So we let him be.” Remus said and Sirius took a deep breath, but nodded. They spend the rest of the time- which admittedly wasn’t that long anymore- working in silence.

Then Harrison came with the wands and the young goblin helped them make a beautiful display.

“Are we going to have to do this for every vault?” Tom asked and Harrison smirked, “Anything to spend more time with you.”

“Right,” Tom said, dragging out the ‘i’.

The next vault was Hufflepuff’s vault, which they went through in about the same time as Gryffindors vault, since both Godric and Helga didn’t have any extra’s in their vault. Just a chest and other personal stuff.

Rowena’s vault however took a while, especially since Harrison decided to show Tom the library.

“So you’re saying that the Ravenclaw library is at least four times this size?” He asked, “How did they even get this in a vault?”

“With a lot of effort and yes, from what I have heard. I have never actually been in Ravenclaw’s castle or manor.”

“We are going there together.” Tom decided and Harrison snorted, “Okay, Mr. Living-in-Slytherin-manor-isn’t-good-enough-for-me.”

“That’s a longer name than yours I believe.”

“You wish.” Harrison mutters, then he led Tom to the room full with organs and no one was surprised when the man showed a weird kind of fascination to human organs.

What did surprise Harrison is when Tom admitted he had always liked biology at his muggle primary school in the orphanage.

“I didn’t take you for that kind of person?”

“What is that even supposed to mean?” Tom asked, “You mean just because I’m a politician I can’t believe in the Evolution theory?”

Harrison actually laughed out loud at that, “Sure you can, Tommy.”

After that Harrison made sure to get Tom out of that vault, quickly. So they moved on to Slytherins vault, the only vault that Tom had been to before and Harrison hadn’t.

“Are you ready?” Tom asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “Just open the vault.”

Tom followed his command, revealing a forest green room, filled to the top with galleons, the wall was covered in gems and random weapons. There was a corner with portraits and an empty spot against the wall.

“that’s where the chest was before I moved it to the heir vault.”

The rest of the room was filled with eggs of magical creatures, mostly snakes, parselscript books, recipes and any other kind of thing you can imagine.

“I actually have something for you,” Tom said, “Something I wanted to give you personally, not put into a vault.”

The man retrieved a carefully wrapped book- exchanging books seemed to be just their thing now- and he handed it over to Harrison.

“Don’t worry, you’ll still get another birthday gift.” Tom said and Harrison smiled at the man, before carefully opening the gift.

It was a journal by Salazar himself, one he hadn’t seen anywhere before.

“I had to search a while for something like this, but I was sure it should be somewhere in this vault. Salazar started writing this right after you left, probably in a therapeutic way, dealing with goodbyes

can be hard after all." Tom said, "I thought you would like to have it, read it."

"Does he say it's about me?" Harrison asked looking down at the journal and Tom shook his head, "Not directly, though he talks about his *little snake*. This made me so certain."

Harrison looked up again, even though he was slightly embarrassed by the fact that he felt like crying just because he had been given this amazing gift.

"Thank you." He said, very softly, but he knew Tom could hear him.

The man didn't really reply, though, instead he opened his arms, inviting Harrison to step forward, into a hug. Harrison smiled, giving up on not crying.

"Be careful they might realize you're actually human." He muttered against Tom chest, as soon as he had stepped into the hug Tom had closed his arms around him. It felt like the least awkward hug between them yet.

"Let them realize." Tom said and Harrison laughed, neither of them made a move to step out of this hug.

It was only once Sirius cleared his throat that Harrison let go, Tom following his example right afterwards. "We can go back up, see if you can get into Bella's vault." Harrison said, clearing the now kind of awkward air.

So that's what they did, they went back up and gave Tom time to do all the paperwork for the access to the vault, then they went down to Bella's personal vault.

"Be careful everything is cursed with duplication charms." Tom said and Harrison nodded, before he and Tom started waving their hands and twitching their wrists to take away the charms. It took a while to get everything done, but when Tom was finally standing there, with the cup safely in his hands, Harrison could only say it was worth the effort.

"I believe this is actually your last horcrux, right?"

Tom nodded, "Besides you, yes."

"So are you feeling sane?"

“Sure,” Tom said, very convincing, “Just as sane as you are.”

“So not at all,” Sirius said, “Good to know.”

Harrison laughed and Tom shot Sirius a surprised look, before also laughing, quietly though, no one could hear him be happy.

As they walked towards the entrance of Gringotts all Harrison could question is what the headline would be tomorrow, of course people had seen Tom and him talk, but going to Gringotts together needs a sort of trust not a lot of people have.

Harrisons suspicious about how big this news would be were confirmed when they walked out of the Gringotts building and there were people everywhere, interviewers and camera’s anything you could imagine. The news had spread fast.

They ignored everyone, Harrison just grabbed Tom’s arm and let the man apparate him back to Slytherin manor, where they had decided to spend the rest of the day, since Tom was curious about Harrisons opinion on politics.

At least that’s the excuse Tom used, Harrison suspected the man just really missed his presence in his day to day life these past two days.

And honestly, Harrison would be lying if it hadn’t felt weird to not talk to Tom for an entire 24 hours, they hadn’t even talked via the journal.

“James Potter is going to join the Wizegamot.” Was the first thing Tom said when they entered his office.

Harrison actually froze, maybe Tom really had been serious when he said he wanted to talk politics.

“I thought he had zero interests?” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, “Dumbledore could have forced him.”

“Will this be really negative?” Harrison asked and Tom hesitated, “Not once you are allowed to activate your seats.”

“That’s another year.” Harrison said, remembering that, while it had been age seventeen in the past, they lowered the age of claiming lordships for people like him till fourteen.”

“Another year,” Tom agreed, “But after that, none of this matters

anymore."

Harrison nodded, "Another year shouldn't be too bad." He agreed, "Besides, I can always force Rita to write more about my fake childhood, then he'll never be a *popular* Lord."

"You should do that anyways." Tom said, "People have heard from you now, so anything with your name will have more attention, meaning that you could destroy them with a few articles."

"What do you think James thinks about the dementor situation?" Harrison asked, "It doesn't seem like something Dumbledore would enjoy, neither do you enjoy it, meaning that there's a third side in this conflict."

"James will side with Dumbledore," Tom said, he sounded sure about that at least. "The Ministry has always been its own side, it dislikes Dumbledore just as much as we do and they aren't necessarily fond of Voldemort either."

"They love Marvolo Gaunt, though."

"*Everyone* loves Marvolo Gaunt." Tom said, "I can be very charming, you know?"

Harrison nodded, "I am aware of how charming you are." He said and Tom laughed quietly. Then the man changed the conversation topic to Harrisons time at Hogwarts and what he was planning for his third- or fifth- year there.

And Harrison thought that maybe the politics were really just a way to cover up how much the man missed him the past two days.

If that was true, Harrison couldn't blame him. He had missed Tom too these past few days.

Chapter End Notes

> I just came back from a party at work and I'm TIRED. But I only had like another 200 words to write for this, so i allowed myself to finish this before going to sleep. That's why the end might be a bit quick.

Chapter 43: "Magic marked us all,"

Chapter Summary

Harrisons birthday! :)

Chapter Notes

I'm going to be very busy with school again so I told myself to at least finish this chapter before I start stressing over that. :)

Harrison had told his family to not plan something really big for his birthday this year, las year had been great, but maybe a bit too much. It made Harrison feel bad that he hadn't even finished the potion for Remus on time.

So when he woke up on his birthday to balloons *everywhere,* he had been unimpressed to say the least.

When he finally got downstairs and Remus and Sirius were sitting at the table while Fred and George were nowhere to be found, he shot the two men a suspicious look.

"Harrikins!" George came running out of the kitchen, "We are almost done, just give us a bit longer."

"What are you doing?" Harrison asked, but George had already gone back into the kitchen, so instead he turned to Remus and Sirius, who both shrugged while smirking.

"I don't trust any of you, you know that?" Harrison stated and Sirius nodded, "We're aware pup. Just sit down and wait for Fred and George."

Harrison did sit down, unsure if he was going to like whatever the surprise was.

Remus then spoke up, "We invited some of your friends to come over," He said, "I know you didn't want a big party so we're keeping it small, but still having your friends over is nice, right?"

Harrison nodded, "It is, thank you, Moony."

"I helped you know," Sirius said and Harrison stuck his tongue out at him, just as Fred and George walked into the room with a big

chocolate cake with candles and all.

“Happy birthday Harrikins!” Fred said, putting the cake down in front of him, “For our favourite little brother.”

Harrison laughed, before blowing the candles out, only then noticing the messy green handwritten sentence on the cake.

Happy birthday, Harrikins!

“What’s in it,” Harrison asked, not trusting anything Fred and George make.

“Oh you know, flour, chocolate, sugar.” George shrugged and Harrison rolled his eyes, “I’ll eat it without scanning it for any of your pranks, but only because it’s my birthday.”

“You really do not trust us at all, do you?”

“Are you surprised?” Harrison asked and George shrugged. So Harrison started cutting the cake into pieces with his magic, giving everyone a random piece, if he was going to get pranked so was everyone else.

He took a bite and just when he expected something to happen- well nothing happened.

Besides the *taste,* Fred and George were good at baking.

“You can trust us,” Fred said, “It would be rude to prank you on your birthday.”

Harrison raised a single eyebrow and George shrugged, “He makes a point, we have tried before, brother.”

“Ah, but Georgie, we’re changed men.”

George nodded, “That’s true.”

Harrison was so confused by the entire situation, that he just decided to silently eat his cake and let Fred and George discuss whatever they were discussing without him constantly interrupting.

After the cake breakfast Sirius handed him his present, always wanting to be first.

“Let me explain this,” Sirius said, as Harrison opened his present to a

blank piece of parchment. “Fred and George have probably told you about the marauders map.”

Harrison nodded, “A map of Hogwarts, it shows everyone and where they are at that exact time.”

“Well they found it in their first year and we sure as hell aren’t going to take that away from them,” Remus said, “So we remade it, together.”

“All you have to do is come up with a password and write it on the parchment.”

“What’s the original password?” Harrison asked, “From the first version.”

“I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.” Fred said, Harrison nodded, “Can I have a quill?”

Sirius handed him one, Harrison wrote down the exact sentence, but in parseltongue.

“What is it?” Fred asked and Harrison smirked, “*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.”*

The map formed itself, Harrison only saw Dumbledores name right now, “That man never leaves Hogwarts does he?”

“Harrison, what did you do?” Sirius asked and Harrison looked at him in confusion, “What?”

“The writing it’s-“

“He made a Parseltongue password,” Remus said, amazed, “The entire map translated itself to Parseltongue.”

Harrison looked closer at Dumbledore’s name, noticing that, indeed, it wasn’t normal writing. “Oh,” He said, “No one can spy on this thing, ever, except me or Tom. Thank you, padfoot.”

“That’s not all,“ Sirius said, “We actually charmed it so you could add other places such as the dungeons or even the chamber of secrets and the map would still work. To close it, the phrase is still, Mischief Managed.”

“I could add the chamber and see whose there?” Harrison asked, surprised.

Remus nodded, “Yes, we figured out a way to charm it so that even after adding new parts it would still work.”

“This is the best gift I have ever gotten,” Harrison said, truthfully, “Thank you, so much.”

“Of course, pup.” Sirius said, offering Harrison a hug, that the boy gladly accepted.

“We actually just got a bunch more prank products,” George admitted, “We’re not good at getting gifts.”

Harrison laughed, “Good! I love bullying Death Eaters with your pranks.”

“Not what I expected,” George said, handing Harrison a box full of all kinds of products, “But we’ll accept that as a thank you.”

Harrison nodded, “Good, because I am thankful.”

“Your friends should be here around two,” Sirius said, “We didn’t plan anything else, because you asked us not to, so do whatever you want.”

“Thank you, padfoot.” Harrison smiled and Sirius ruffled his hair, “Anything for my thirteen year old son.”

“I’m so young,” Harrison said, almost like he had forgotten his actual age.

Which wouldn’t be surprising if he had.

“Wait Harrison before you leave,” George said, pulling out another present. “This arrived yesterday, Charlie went to visit Bill right after we did and they teamed up to make this awesome present for you.” He handed over the present to Harrison.

“They actually got a birthday present for me?”

George shrugged, “I didn’t exactly expect it either.”

Harrison opened the gift, a small cube was in it, with a simple note saying; *Tap it with your wand.* Harrison followed the easy command, actually summoning his working wand to do so.

As soon as he tapped it, the cube started growing, until it was about the size of a storage cube. The sides were invisible, obviously made with very impressive warding work. The inside of the cube looked like

a small landscape, with a model dragon in it.

Harrison had to admit this might be the coolest gift he had ever received.

Besides the whole getting adopt by the founders, that was.

“Why don’t they put this much effort into our presents?” Fred questioned, staring at the dragon in amazement.

“Because we wouldn’t appreciate the magic the way Harrison does?” George suggested, “Or because Harrison is obviously everybody’s favourite little brother.”

“Well, it’s hard to not like little genius Harrison.” Fred admitted and Harrison snorted, “Thanks?”

“If you still want to see Tom before your friends are coming over, you should go now, cub.” Remus said, amused at Harrisons look when he said that.

“Right,” The boy said, “I’ll be back in a bit?”

“Have fun!” Remus shouted after him, then he turned to the rest and said, “I really didn’t expect Charlie and Bill to create something like that for him.”

George nodded, “I know right! I didn’t even know they could do something like this.”

~

“I was already wondering if I should come over or if you would come here.” Tom said as Harrison walked into his dining room, “I suppose this answers my question.”

Harrison nodded, “My home away from home,” He said dramatically as he sat down opposite of the man. “I have to leave around two though, Sirius invited a bunch of people.”

Tom smirked, “Ah, socializing, your favourite thing to do on a birthday.”

“It’s not *that* bad.”

“That’s a first.” Tom replied, still looking way too amused. “How was your morning so far?”

Harrison raised his eyebrows at the question, actually surprised that Tom was interested enough in his morning to ask about it. “Well I woke up and Fred and George made a cake, which didn’t turn me into some random animal so I’m taking that as a win. Also their brothers Bill and Charlie made this awesome birthday gift together-“ Harrison said, “They actually made a full on living space with a model dragon in it.”

“So I actually have to try to give you the best birthday gift this year?” Tom asked, “Damn.”

Harrison smiled, “You did already give me that journal.”

“And I already told you,” Tom said, “That that wasn’t going to be your birthday gift, that was just something I found in the Slytherin vault I thought you’d like.”

Tom grabbed a box, it was totally black, with only a silver engravement of some rune in it. “Open it,” Tom said, as he handed the box over.

Harrison glanced at Tom, unsure, but did follow the request. The box was split into different parts, each containing a vial in it. Harrison lifted one up, to see a familiar misty looking liquid in it. “Memories?” He asked and Tom nodded, “I spent my first few years in the Wizarding World in Hogwarts, I never got to explore anything due to Grindelwald and the second world war. So as soon as I got out of Hogwarts I went and explored the world.

I suppose that’s something not a lot of people know,” Tom said, fondness in his voice. “I hadn’t made my third horcrux yet and I was actually kind of sane, so I spent my time exploring the world and exploring tribes from all over the world.

These vials are filled with memories of people all over the world, people who were once kind enough to share them with me, as well as some of my own memories from my travels.” He explained, “It was once my goal to spread some of these, show the beauty of magic without restrictions, but then everything happened and- well, now we’re here years later. I don’t want to use these beautiful memories for political gain anymore, I just want to remember why I started doing this in the first place. I suppose that’s why I am giving them to you, nobody appreciates magic like you do.”

For the first time in many, many months Harrison could honestly say he was speechless.

“I-“ He started, “Tom, *thank you.* How do you always manage to out do every other gift I receive?”

Tom shrugged, although he looked smug as he said, “I suppose I know you well enough to do so.” And Harrison couldn’t even disagree. “Where’s your pensieve?”

Tom actually laughed now, “Come on, we’ll go to my office, you can watch the memories there. Not all of them though, that would take a while.”

So Harrison followed Tom to his office, holding the box carefully in his hands. All he could think was, how could Tom possibly out do this next year, because knowing the man, he sure as hell was going to try.

Tom opened the door for him, letting Harrison walk into his office, before closing it and waving his hand. Suddenly the wall behind his desk opened to reveal a whole new area with a pensieve.

“How didn’t I know that was there?” He asked and Tom smirked, “That is actually pretty new, I made some people build it while you were in Egypt and I was putting together this gift for you.”

“You put this together while I was in Egypt?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded, “What did you think, a spur of the moment thing?”

“To be honest? Yeah, kind of.” Harrison replied and Tom shook his head, “This took some planning, *Little snake.* Don’t worry, though, it was kind of fun, I got to watch all the memories again, something I hadn’t made time for before.”

Harrison nodded, “Can I?” He asked, unsure and Tom nodded, “It’s your gift, so do what you want to do.”

“Okay,” Harrison said, “Is there any you like the most?”

Tom reached for the box Harrison was still holding and when Harrison let it go, he put it on top of his desk, opening it carefully.

Harrison saw the man gliding his hands above the vials, searching for a specific memory, eventually the hand stopped, reaching for a vial. He handed it over, Harrison grabbed it carefully. “What is it?”

“You’ll see,” Tom said and Harrison rolled his eyes, but nonetheless let the fluid slowly drip into the pensieve. He then glanced at Tom, who nodded once, before going in.

The first thing he noticed was the snow, it covered the entire area he was in, although he couldn't feel the cold from it. Then he noticed some people in the distance, before he also saw an what must be around 20 year old Tom walking.

He followed the man, who looked very close to the Tom he had gotten close with over the past few years. He then watched the man introduce himself to the strangers, who then managed to take him on some trip into some fort in the snow.

Harrison had never seen anything like it.

"This is where we've stayed for years now," A girl said, Harrison thought her name was Charlotte, "It's the only place we're safe since Dumbledore got together with our Ministry to ban all other kinds of magic."

"Why did you decide to run away? Instead of staying and not practice your magic anymore?" Tom asked curiously looking around the room he was currently in, it was filled with all kinds of magic enhancing artefacts.

"Magic marked us all," Charlotte said, "There was no running away, she gave us a gift, but with a price." She then unzipped a part of her zip-up hoodie, exposing a low cut shirt with a blue-ish mark just visible on her skin.

Harrison stared at it, not sure what it was. He barely noticed it when past Tom said, "I promise, if I ever manage to take over the Ministry, I will allow any sort of magics in England."

The last thing Harrison saw before getting pulled out of the memory was the girl bowing her head in thanks.

"What was that mark?" Harrison immediately asked Tom as soon as he left the memory, the man replied, "That's the mark of the water element. Some people are able to bend certain elements to their will, the girl in the memory was an example from the water element."

"Why did you choose to show me this?"

"I suppose it reminded me of you, you got a certain gift from Mother Magic, something others- and you yourself, obviously fear. But this fear, it was normal, there are a lot of people with certain gifts, Dumbledore tries to silence them, but that doesn't mean they don't exist."

“You think there’s others like me?” Harrison asked.

“Not necessarily, I do truly believe she gave you something no one else ever had before, but that doesn’t mean there haven’t been people with similar experiences, such as elementals.”

“And Dumbledore has been trying to silence them for years now,” Harrison said, “So he’ll try to silence us, too?”

“He has been trying, the Wizengamot had to deny his clause of forbidding parselmagic twice now, the only reason he decided to that is because he realises only we can have any use from this magic. The Wizengamot denied the clause twice, because it was too rare to matter.”

“He’s been trying to do that?”

Tom nodded, “Yeah, that and a lot more.”

“That’s fucked up,” Harrison muttered, looking at the empty vial in his hand. “Do any of these memories show their actual magic?”

Tom nodded, “Of course, what kind of gift giver would I be if it didn’t?”

Harrison hugged Tom, “Thank you for the gift.” He muttered.

And really it shouldn’t have been surprising that Tom, instead of just standing there and letting it happen, or even stepping back, pulled Harrison closer, hugging him back.

But Harrison couldn’t help his surprise and satisfaction at the small action.

~

When Harrison came home he was just on time, because he actually heard someone step out of the floo behind him. The person let out a surprised little noise, before she started laughing.

“Sorry, Harrison.” Tracey said, as Harrison turned around, “Happy birthday!”

“Thank you,” Harrison replied, before Tracey pulled him into a hug. “Am I the first one here?” She asked when she let go of him and Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know, I just got home.”

“Ah,” She said, a knowing look in her eyes, “Well, we should wait for the others then. How has your break been?”

“I went to Egypt,” Harrison said, “Which was awesome, because Bill showed us around a lot of old temples and tombs that are currently closed to everyone else. However, the whole Azkaban situation is kind of ruining the break, especially because Tom has to deal with the escaped prisoners, which means I have to deal with them also.”

“At least you know the Patronus charm now.” Tracey said, “Imagine if this happened in your first year, on top of having to deal with Tom’s insanity.”

“Okay, yeah, you’re right I shouldn’t complain.”

It was then that another person stepped out of the floo, Terence of all people.

“Am I late?” He asked and Harrison gave him a surprised look, “Sirius invited you?”

“Okay, that hurts.” Terence said, though the boy was still smiling so Harrison took that as a sign he didn’t really hurt his feelings. “Fred and George did, but yes.”

“Sorry, I just- when they said they invited some friends, I expected it to be like the second-now-third years.”

“Sorry to disappoint.” Terence said, Harrison rolled his eyes, “You’re the second person to arrive, come in.”

Turns out when Sirius said he had invited some friends, he meant every person Harrison could possibly count as a friend. He was just glad Sirius had at least thought enough to make a room with food and drinks where everyone could fit.

In other words, he had cleaned the room the Blacks would usually use to throw big party’s or yule balls.

The guests were people from all Hogwarts houses, with the majority being Slytherins. They were also spread over the now 3rd years till the now seventh years.

“Hey Harrison,” Someone said and he turned around to come face to face with Cedric.

“Oh, Hey.”

“What are you thinking about?” The Hufflepuff asked and Harrison replied, “I am currently planning to kill Sirius.”

“Woah,” Cedric chuckled, “If you need a loyal Hufflepuff to be your alibi, just tell me.”

Harrison snorted, “I knew I kept you around for a reason.” Then he gave the boy a confused look, “Your parents didn’t force you to attend the Potters party today?”

He had honestly forgotten about his twin, who was having her party at this exact time; he knew she was, he had heard it. Yet so many of the people who would usually attend the Potters party were here; The Gryffindor quidditch team- or a big part of it- for example.

“When we got our invitations to this party we got together,” Cedric said, “And decided that none of us like Hope either way, at least you actually are a friend to us, so we went here. My parents weren’t happy, though, he still associates the Black family with dark magic.”

“Well, the Light side isn’t that Light anymore lately,” Harrison muttered, “I’m glad you decided to come here.”

~

“Mom,” Hope whined, “Where’s the rest?”

Lily sighed, looking at her child, “I don’t know, honey.” She glanced at James, silently begging the man to help her, they both knew what this meant; Harrison had taken another thing away from their child.

James nodded, “Hey Hope, how about we take Ron and Hermione out to Diagon Alley? You can pick another present.”

Lily gave Hope a smile and the girl sighed, “Fine.”

So the five of them went down to Diagon Alley, a place that was so quiet nowadays, due to the dementors everywhere. Lily grabbed Hope’s hand, carefully keeping the girl away from the dementors, she hoped James was looking out for Ron and Hermione, Molly would kill them if something happened to their child.

Especially because the only reason she left her child alone at the Potters, was because she was trying to find more dirt on the Blacks.

~

Harrison let himself fall on the couch between Blaise and Pansy.

“I am still wondering why Sirius decided to invite half of Hogwarts.” Harrison said, “I hope it pisses off Hope enough to make it worth the awkward conversations with people whom I have spoken maybe five times in Hogwarts.”

“Oh right, you have a twin.” Pansy said, “That must suck for her, nobody showing to her party.”

“Who cares?” Harrison said, “Perhaps Dumbledore will show to her party.”

Pansy laughed, “I heard Dumbledore isn’t leaving his house anymore in fear of the dementors finding out about something he did.”

“He did do some pretty fucked up shit,” Harrison said, “Don’t dementors react to your magic as well as your soul?”

Blaise nodded, “It’s connected.” He explained, “If your magic feels dark you’re probably more emotional meaning your soul is more tasty. Dark magic is purely based on emotions.”

“Which is why they would be perfect in our little world, killing all the people who dared to use the magic that forces the user to act on their emotions.”

“Exactly.”

“I didn’t even know that,” Harrison admitted, “How fucked am I? With the whole secret magic and horcrux thing?”

Blaise shrugged, “Don’t know.”

“You know the Patronus charm, Harrison, you’ll be fine.” Pansy said.

“That’s what Tracey said.”

“Great minds think alike.” Pansy said, “Where’s Tracey? I haven’t seen her yet.”

“I think I saw her with Daphne,” Harrison replied, “Somewhere.”

Pansy then left them to search Tracey and Daphne. As soon as the girl left, Draco joined them. “The Dark Lord summoned my father right

before I left." He said, "You wouldn't know why, would you?"

"Tom mentioned nothing," Harrison said, "It's probably nothing too important, isn't your dad currently working on the dementors?"

Draco shook his head, "Umbridge got that role, she does it all by herself."

"I haven't heard anything positive about her yet." Harrison muttered, "I hope Tom takes over before she gets the chance to ruin everything we've been fighting for."

"She has Fudge in her pocket," Blaise said, "The chances of her slowly taking over are big, if Tom wants to make a move he should do so quickly or go back to the violent way."

Harrison nodded, he knew Blaise was right, to be honest the boy usually was. But, he also trusted Tom enough to confidently say that Tom would never totally return to his old ways, even if the man decided to fight with more violence.

Which was inevitable, because Dumbledore seems to be preparing for a war, even if the man didn't know that Tom was alive again.

"We'll have to deal with whatever Umbridge decides is best for now," Harrison said, "Even if it's going to suck, just one more year for me to get my seats."

"Harrison," He heard George say, his eyes scanning the space around him, until he found the redhead, who was slowly approaching them. "You have to see this."

He threw a newspaper on Harrisons lap, Harrison gave him a confused look before picking up the paper.

LORD GAUNT AND HARRISON BLACK SPOTTED NEAR GRINGOTTS.

"Oh, you've got to be fucking kidding me." Harrison said, "That was like a week ago!"

"What is it?" Blaise asked and Harrison handed him the paper. Blaise smirked, "Well, you've made it. When the press cares who you hang out with you know you're important." He saw the boy scan the news paper. "This is beautiful, *None of the Goblins wanted to speak up about the business the Black Heir and Lord Gaunt came here for."*

“They asked the Goblins?” Harrison asked in disbelief, “Have they ever met a Goblin before?”

“Who wrote it?” Draco asked and Blaise turned the page over, Harrison really wondered how they wrote such a long article about him and Tom going to Gringotts together.

“Ehm,” Blaise said, “Benjamin Rawthorn.”

“I have never heard of him before,” Harrison admitted, “Is he a new writer?”

“I don’t know, ask *Lord Gaunt.”* George teased and Harrison rolled his eyes, “I hate you, the article doesn’t even suggest anything.”

“Perhaps because you’re thirteen,” George said, “Wait a few years and they will start.”

“Have either of you actually read it?” Blaise asked, “Being thirteen doesn’t matter in the Wizarding World, it’s not the first time this happens and won’t be the last. Everyone’s okay with it *especially* because Lord Gaunt pretends to be younger, the people think he’s what? Twenty-five?”

“Yeah, Wizards wouldn’t give a shit,” Draco agreed, “As long as you’re above eleven everything is fine. Although, more acceptable would be fourteen since you could claim your Lordships then.”

“Okay, *well* nothing is going on.” Harrison said, “You know the newspaper, it’s all rumours.”

“Rawthorn does sound familiar, though.” George said then, as if he had been thinking about the name the whole time. “Let me ask Fred.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, “If you figure it out please tell us.” George put up two thumbs before walking away, off to find his brother. Harrison wondered how far they had gotten with their magical twin bond, because if they had any practice at all they would be able to communicate almost as he and Tom could.

“That was weird,” Draco said, while snatching the newspaper out of Blaise’s hand, Harrison sighed, “I don’t really care what people think about this, although I could try and make it something positive.”

“What are you going to do?” Blaise asked and Harrison didn’t bother replying, instead he summoned his journal.

I suppose you've read the paper. Harrison wrote down.

Oh, yeah.

I was thinking we make it seem like you are my mentor for the political world, introducing me to it slowly.

Which I am. Tom wrote, *Why? Are you embarrassed they caught you outside with Marvolo Gaunt?*

No, although, if that paper suggested anything, we should try and stop rumours before they spread. Marvolo Gaunt should stay just as loved as he currently is, even among the Muggleborns.

So do an interview with Rita.

We could do one together, Harrison suggested, *Although, I was going to say talk about both our childhoods, but Dumbledore would be suspicious.*

No, actually I quite like that idea, Dumbledore being suspicious of beloved Marvolo Gaunt could make it so that he seems like a paranoid old man.

Alright, so it's a date.

If you keep talking like that, the rumours will only spread quicker, Harry.

See if I care. Oh, by the way, I was thinking, we could do the last ritual tonight, get you all back to your almost complete soul?

Okay, Tom wrote down after a few seconds, *See you tonight.*

Yeah, see you.

"Shut up," Harrison muttered as he noticed the look he got from Blaise, "Look even if it *was* like that, it is not everyone's business. And for your information, I'm telling the truth when I say that it's not."

"Right," Blaise said and Harrison rolled his eyes, "I'm going to find some Gryffindors, at least they don't feel like they know about every part of my life."

"It's because they don't know you're constantly thinking about the-"

"Hush," Harrison said, before leaving the two boys alone, trying to spot the Gryffindor quidditch team in the crowd.

"Oliver Wood," Harrison said when he found the boy, still not entirely

sure how he went from asking the password to the Gryffindor common room nervously to almost being friends with the almost seventh year Gryffindor.

“Harrison Black!” The boy said full of enthusiasm, “My escape from the long boring Potter parties.”

Harrison laughed, “You’re welcome for that one.”

“I never thought I’d get invited to the Black family manor,” Angelina Johnson said, “I have heard all these horror stories about people getting screamed at because they aren’t pureblood.”

“Oh! The old painting?” Harrison asked, “Yeah, we got rid of that. Sirius was constantly being called a traitor Remus is a Werewolf, I’m a half-blood, Fred and George are blood-traitors. None of us could really happily talk to the painting.”

“Well, I am glad I got the chance to see the place.” The girl said, “I have always loved old Wizarding houses, they’re so-“

“Creepy? Disgusting?” Harrison guessed, “But at the same time have some charm?”

“I suppose,” Angelina nodded, “Happy birthday, Harrison.”

“Why thank you.” Harrison said, “I hope you’ve been enjoying yourself.”

“Are you kidding me? This place is awesome.” Oliver said, “We’ve been great, I didn’t expect you to invite so many people from different houses.”

“It wasn’t my choice,” Harrison said, “I didn’t want a party, so Sirius did all of this, even though I asked him not to.”

“Tough luck.”

“Well, it’s okay so far.” Harrison said.

The Gryffindors agreed, so at least he wasn’t being a terrible host- and turns out, neither was Sirius.

~

Harrison groaned as he crashed on the couch in Tom’s office, ignoring the man’s look as he did so.

“Hello to you, too.” He said, amused and Harrison sat up just a bit, “Hey.”

“Busy day?”

“Sirius decided to invite half of Hogwarts.” Harrison said, “I thought my birthday was supposed to be spent how I wanted to spent it.”

“He tried.” Tom said, “And it makes you look better for all those people who got invited.”

Harrison nodded, “Right, politics.”

Tom nodded, “People have to like you, especially with your power, you’ll be the strongest person alive if you also have a lot of loyal followers.”

“How did you make this day sound like a good thing?”

“It’s a talent,” Tom smirked, “Now, you ready for the ritual?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Harrison said, “Let’s get this over with.”

So they did the familiar ritual, the last horcrux and Tom would be whole again- well without the piece of his soul currently still resting in Harrison.

Harrison was oddly sad that this was over, the whole horcrux hunt, but he was also glad that Tom was really Tom again now, at his full power.

And human enough to have emotions. That was probably the most important part.

He didn’t know if Tom would agree, though; the man remained just as stubborn as he was at the beginning of this process.

Chapter 44: "I got attacked," - "That much was clear."

Chapter Notes

> This one took me a while to finish, I am so sorry! It has just been a very busy few weeks for me.
>
> I have returned for now, though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison, Sirius, Remus, Fred and George did indeed still go to Romania, it was a very short weekend trip due to how busy Charlie currently was.

Harrison had spent the two days with the dragon and mother he had saved a year ago, the two had been glad to properly thank him now by 'welcoming him into their family.'

Whatever that meant.

As soon as they returned to Grimmaulds place, Harrison, Fred and George got their Hogwarts letters. "Do they know when we're not in the country?" Fred asked, looking at the letter- they had literally arrived fifteen minutes ago.

"Probably," Harrison said, "Rowena made the charm."

"That explains something," The redhead muttered, opening his letter, not even bothering to look at the list of things they need.

Harrison followed his example, frowning as he felt the weight of his letter, "What is in there?"

"Oh," Sirius said, "Moony! Our son is prefect!"

Remus snorted, "You could've let him figured out for himself, Sirius."

Harrison gave them both a shocked look, before noticing that indeed it was a prefect pin. "Why would they make me prefect? Dumbledore hates me."

"Actually Snape could have suggested you and with the acceptance of McGonagall Dumbledore's opinion wouldn't matter anymore." Sirius

said, “Let’s be honest, there’s no better person for this job than you, Harrison.”

“I would beg to differ,” Harrison muttered, “Terence *is* the sixth year prefect, right?”

Fred nodded, “Marcus is actually, surprising everyone the seventh year prefect, if the badge wasn’t taken away.”

“At least the others are nice then.” Harrison said, “I really have to suffer through the prefect rounds?”

Remus laughed, “I have never seen anyone react this badly to receiving a prefect badge, wear it with pride, cub.”

“I don’t need a pin to prove my worth,” He scrunched up his nose, “Aren’t all prefects at least fifteen?”

“You were never a normal case.”

“Don’t you even dare use the excuse of no one listening to a thirteen year old, everyone fears you.” George said and Harrison rolled his eyes, really being a prefect would not be all bad, but it was just the extra responsibility that came with it which sucked. Especially because this meant less sneaking out at late nights, less hiding in the Chamber of Secrets and more paying attention to the things that happen around him.

“Percy is probably head boy this year,” Fred said then, “So that’s at least one nice Gryffindor prefect.”

Harrison nodded, “That’s something.”

“You can’t be seriously disappointed in being a prefect.” Remus said and Harrison shrugged, “I suppose it has some pro’s.”

“If you decide it is really that annoying you can always refuse to be one.” Sirius said, “But I would just try it out, it could help you and Tom with whatever your goals are right now.”

That was true, Harrison had to admit. Tom had used his prefect and later on Head boy position to manipulate people and get away with things others usually wouldn’t.

“Right, thanks, padfoot.”

Sirius nodded at him then grabbed his book list, “We’re going to have

to visit Diagon Alley again, aren't we?"

~

Diagon Alley was different, there was no big crowds, just the darkness created by the hundreds of dementors searching the place. Harrison did not even want to know what Knockturn Alley looked like right now.

"Expecto Patronum," Harrison muttered under his breath, twitching his hand, the familiar changing animals appearing. "Where to first?"

"Flourish and Blotts?" Fred suggested, "We don't need a lot besides the books and potion ingredients, most of which we still have."

Harrison nodded in agreement, "Yeah, let's make this trip as quick as possible, even with Patroni I'm not a big fan of the dementors."

There were only seven other students in the store, none of whom Harrison really recognised.

"Hey, there's a customer I'll never forget."

Harrison tried to find the source of the spoken sentence to find Ella standing behind the counter, smirking, "No Lockhart for me to curse this time?"

"Not since he was humiliated in the daily prophet." Ella admitted, "I wonder who would have the power and knowledge to do such a thing."

"I wouldn't know," Harrison said seriously, to which Ella raised an eyebrow, "third year books?" She then asked and Harrison shook his head, "fifth year, three times."

She raised an eyebrow, but nodded, "So give me your lists."

They did and the girl left them to get the books from the back.

"And I once again wonder how Harrison befriends everyone," George said, "This was because you cursed Lockhart, right?"

Harrison nodded, he had an amused expression on his face. "Poor man could only talk in Parseltongue, but could not even understand it."

George laughed, "Right, that was it."

That's when Ella returned, her arms full with books. "This should be it, fifth year is a tough one."

"OWLs," Harrison muttered, "The first real important tests."

"That's right," Ella said, "Now, I'm sure I'll see all of you next year for your sixth year books."

"Is that a weird way of saying she's sure we'll pass our OWLs?" Fred asked and Harrison nodded, "Yeah, see you next year, and if you need me to curse another person, just send me an owl."

"I might take you up on that offer," Ella said, both sounding like she's joking and not. "You can't curse dementors can you?"

Harrison shook his head, "Sorry, even I have some magic laws to follow."

"Dammit." Ella said, "Well, then I have no one for now."

"I'll watch for your owl," Harrison said, chuckling and Ella nodded seriously, "You better."

They left pretty quickly afterwards, even if they would usually go shopping for a while longer, the dementors made the whole experience just grim, so they went home as soon as they had all gotten their potion ingredients.

~

Harrison's last few weeks of summer break were spent making some essays, even if he could do them all when he arrived at school, and visiting a bunch of people who felt like he hadn't given them enough of his time during the break.

And visiting Tom.

Then again, Tom might as well be one of these people, even if he spent all his time with the man, Tom would never agree it's 'enough' of his time.

So that's how he found himself going back to Tom's manor almost every night, instead of back home to Grimmauld's place.

Today was one of those days, he had just spent the day at the Malfoy manor with a bunch of his friends, Tom took his chance to go together so he could 'check' on the Malfoy family and Bellatrix, who seemed to

move between the Malfoy manor and Lestrange manor quite a lot.

Now, Harrison found himself walking the familiar path to Tom's office, instead of directly flooing into the room, because Harrison quite liked the walk. The soft murmur of the paintings of him and Tom's ancestors talking about whatever kept them busy these days.

It was quite relaxing.

"Hey, Tommy boy." He said, walking into the familiar office, even when he didn't floo directly into the office, he still did not knock on the door.

He knew he might regret that once day, but he hadn't regretted it yet, so he would learn from his own mistakes later, instead of learning from other people's mistakes.

"Hey," The man said, "I was wondering whether you would stay here or with your father."

"Well, at Grimmauld's place there isn't a lonely Dark Lord who needs my attention, the choice was easy."

"How nice of you."

"You know me," Harrison said, letting himself fall onto the couch, "Always helping others."

Tom rolled his eyes, "Sure you do."

Harrison narrowed his eyes, "You sound sarcastic."

"Do I?"

Harrison nodded, "Very," He answered, "I'm hurt."

"I am really not sorry at all." Tom said, "You know, Lucius thinks Umbridge is controlling the dementors."

"*What?"* Harrison asked, "Those things get controlled by people? I thought they were literal living creatures who could think for themselves."

"Everybody does," Tom nodded, "So did I, naturally I went to research and it turns out, that while they are more or less independent creatures, they are all connected.

That means that there's one dementor who practically controls all the others through some mental link. If Umbridge or the Ministry controls that one dementor, they control the entire pack."

"How big is this pack?"

"I think it might be every dementor in Azkaban." Tom admitted.

"That's not good." Harrison said, "Really? *Umbridge?"*

Tom nodded, "We're trying to figure out whether Fudge knows."

"Sounds like Lord Gaunt is busy," Harrison said, "What about the Dark Lord? Any evil master mind plans to take over the world?"

Tom hesitated, which made Harrison worry immediately. Tom was *always* sure about his every move, he never doubted a decision he made, not as the Dark Lord anyways.

"I was thinking of letting the world know if the Dark Lord's return," He admitted.

"*What?"* Harrison asked, he had expected a lot, but that was not one of the things.

Tom hesitated again, "Look, just hear me out, I wanted to discuss this with you before taking any steps. I think that the chaos caused by the break out right now causes fear in a lot of people, which means if they know the Dark Lord is back, they can blame someone and Lord Gaunt can step up as a better option for president."

"You want to take over the Ministry." Harrison stated and Tom nodded, "As soon as possible."

Harrison nodded, "It makes sense," He said, "But I think you should wait for a bit longer, let rumours spread for a while. It has a larger impact then."

"So next school year?" Tom asked, "Your sixth year, I mean."

"Possibly, I don't think it's something you could plan, really."

"No, but that's kind of perfect." Tom said, "They've been trying to bring the Triwizard tournament back, we can use that."

"Okay, *what?"* Harrison asked again and Tom chuckled, "Yeah, Dumbledore really wants the tournament back."

Harrison sighed, “That man is crazy, but you’re right the tournament would be a perfect time.”

“I’m glad you agree.” Tom said, “Now how about this interview with Rita?” He asked, changing the subject totally and reminding Harrison that, indeed, they had the interview planned in two days.

~

Rita skeeter was beaming as they walked into her office, well aware of all her colleagues’ looks of jealousy. It wasn’t everyday that you had Harrison Sirius Black and Marvolo Gaunt agreeing to doing an interview together.

In reality, that never happened, many had tried.

“Lord Gaunt, I don’t believe we’ve professionally met yet,” Rita said, she smiled at him, all teeth.

Tom nodded, “I believe we’ve only met once or twice, in which cases you were always screaming at me to pose right for your newspaper while I tried to get to a meeting.” He paused, “So the pleasure is all mine, Ms Skeeter.”

Harrison almost rolled his eyes at Tom’s behaviour. The man could make anyone obsessed with him without trying. Harrison would know, it sure as hell would’ve worked on him, if he hadn’t met the man when he was still very insane.

“You can call me Rita,” She said, “Harrison, it’s great to see you again.”

Harrison smiled, “As long as you keep your promise, it’s a pleasure.”

Rita laughed, “Shall we get into it then?” She asked motioning for them to sit down, “The world will go crazy when they read this interview.”

Harrison sat down, Tom following his example.

“Okay so my first question is fairly easy,” Rita asked, “Yet, so many wonder, how did you two meet?”

Tom glanced at Harrison, unsure if he wanted to answer. When Harrison said nothing, he spoke up. “It was the Malfoy’s Yule ball, I had been invited due to my name and Harrison was there, invited by

the Malfoy heir. At first I assume from both of our sides we formed a connection over mutual interest in each other's political views and magics. Later it turned into some sort of friendship."

"Heir Black, you are quite young, why do politics matter so much to you?"

Harrison cleared his throat, "Well, Rita, I suppose I must blame my magic is to blame for that. See, not many people know this, but bloodlines that died can return if someone got chosen by magic. I went to Gringotts last year and figured out I was the heir of not one or two houses, but six of them."

"Most of those got out last year, is it true that you are the heir of all the Hogwarts founders?"

Harrison nodded, "Indeed, I don't know why Mother Magic decided to give me all of them, but all I know is that it happened."

"Can I safely assume that you and Lord Gaunt went through the old things the founders left behind, in the picture we all saw?" She showed them a picture of them together at Gringotts.

Tom nodded, "It was an offer I couldn't refuse, seeing all of the vaults."

"Heir Black, how do you feel about the large amount of seats you would have once you turn fourteen?"

"If I am being honest, I'm not entirely sure, all I know is that I'll use them in such a way that – hopefully- everyone profits from."

"I believe I am speaking for everyone when I say that Heir Black will do absolutely amazing." Toms aid, all sweet.

Harrison did roll his eyes right now, "Is this your way of trying to get me to vote for whatever you stand for right now?"

"Is it working?"

Harrison shrugged, making Tom laugh, "There you have your answer." Rita said.

"In all seriousness, though," Harrison started then, "I do think that Marvolo and I agree on most things which is why we've been getting along so well. Marvolo is my coach in the political world, he let's me

get to know it before jumping into it when I turn fourteen."

"How has that been working?" Rita asked.

"Usually we meet up and I tell him about some of the things the Wizengamot is currently discussing, nothing classified though, I ask him his opinions on the matters and why he thinks taking a certain route is the best one," Tom explained, "I'm turning him into a proper politician, which is something he will need once he has the power to decide about most things just by using his own seats."

"Do you, Lord Gaunt, as one of the most beloved politicians in our country right now, worry about the power Heir Black will get in just one year?"

Tom shook his head, "I have put all my faith in certain choses Harrison made before, I'm not hesitant to do it again. He's probably going to fix this country more than ruin it."

"How nice of you to say," Harrison muttered and Tom rolled his eyes, "Take the compliment."

"What about you, Heir Black, do you worry?"

"Of course I do, I was told I have all this power just a few months after entering this entire new world, it's really scary. However, the more people I talk with, the more I realise that perhaps I don't have to look at my power as something scary, because in reality it's just a tool to make sure no one can fuck this place up again."

"Those are some strong words," Rita laughed, "I might quote you directly on that one."

Harrison grinned at the woman, "I hope you do."

"What about your father, why wasn't he the one to introduce you to the political world?" Rita asked next and Harrison hesitated, "I think Sirius, my dad, he was never the most interested in politics. He does his duties and takes them seriously, but the hours of discussions I had with Marvolo are not something I should expect from him. And that's totally fine, but it's also the reason I have opted for letting Marvolo introduce me to that part of life."

"It's honestly been great, getting a second opinion on most things." Tom added, "Harrison comes up with things I never even would have given a second thought."

Rita had a bunch more questions about not only there jobs and futures, but also more personal things. After about another thirty minutes she decided to wrap it up. Harrison gave her some galleons with a look that he hoped she understood.

'Don't write any bullshit'.

Rita nodded, before opening her office door for them, "I do hope you both will return one day."

"When we have more to share," Harrison said, "We will return here in no time."

"Well, I do hope something news worthy will happen in your lives in the upcoming few months, then."

"We'll try our best." Tom promised, "It was a pleasure to meet you, Rita."

It was only once he and Tom were outside again that Tom said, "Bella always admired Rita for her skill to figure out everyone's secrets."

"I can't say I'm surprised," Harrison replied, while grabbing the arm Tom offered him. He felt the familiar feeling of getting apparated a few seconds later. Just like that they were in Tom's office again.

He and Tom both knew he could have easily apparated himself, he had done so before, however they also both pretended to not notice it as Harrison squeezed just slightly in Tom's arm before letting go.

Tom sat down behind his desk, Harrison sat on the opposite side. They sat in a comfortable silence for a few minutes when Tom spoke up, "Is there anything you still wish to achieve before returning to Hogwarts."

Harrison nodded, "I kind of want to get Regulus' body back," He said, "Perhaps try to bring him back already."

"We could go back to the cave tomorrow?" Tom asked, the man seemed like he wanted to crash today and not get up anymore.

Or maybe Harrison was just reflecting how he himself felt.

"As long as you're not making me go today, I'm totally fine with that."

Tom nodded, "If we succeed in doing this, we have done something no one has before, you realise that, right?"

“It’s not the first time for either of us,” Harrison replied, “But, yes, I am aware that we’re making history.”

~

The cave hadn’t changed at all, but the mood was better this time. This time Harrison wouldn’t have to fear about the trip back, how Tom would be going absolutely crazy by the time they return.

Tom easily went through the first layers of protection, all while Harrison was watching him closely as he opened up the next part of the cave.

“Why did you *have* to make inferi?” Harrison complained as he looked at the water, unsure.

“Regulus is probably one of them,” Tom muttered, not looking all that thrilled either.

So Harrison took the first step as he slowly reached into the water, trying to find the rope connected to the boat again. He and Tom had agreed at Tom’s home that swimming the whole route would be an even worse suicide mission than the whole mission already was.

Tom slowly stepped into the boat when Harrison finally gotten it back above the water.

“Can you control them?” Harrison asked, remembering how last time it had taken a lot of concentration from Tom.

“Till a certain point,” Tom said, “Just get us to the middle of the lake.”

Harrison followed Tom’s command, while also watching the man as he tried to focus his magic on the inferi.

It was only once the boat started rocking back and forth that Harrison noticed that something was happening in the water.

“Shit, Tom, this isn’t going to work.” He said, the man didn’t reply, he didn’t even open his eyes. “Tom!”

Harrison casted a Lumos and immediately wished he hadn’t, because then he wouldn’t have seen the shadows beneath him. The hundreds of bodies. “Jesus christ,” He murmured, “We’re so fucked.”

He tried getting the boat to move faster, perhaps they could make it to

the other side, rest there while figuring out what he could do. It was then that the water seemed to split, lowering them to the bottom as two walls of water build up besides them.

That was until the walls both collapsed and he was suddenly stuck in the water with those hundreds of bodies, unsure where Tom was. He just started casting spells, one allowing him to breathe, another one for light. Anything he could come up with.

It was then that he felt something grab his ankle, pulling him even deeper into the lake.

Inferi, right, Tom did a damn good job at controlling them.

He tried to struggle against the tight grip on his ankle, but nothing seemed to be working, he let it happen, he let himself get pulled to the bottom of the lake.

Until a spell out of nowhere seemed to free him and he shot back up to the surface. His vision was blurry when he was finally above the water again, all he could see was another figure next to him.

“Fire,” He heard the person mutter, *Tom,* “It helps.”

“You’re a bit late with that tip,” Harrison said, voice laced with sarcasm.

“Sorry, I-“ The man started unsure of what to say, “Let’s just get Regulus out of this hell cave.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, ignoring the man looking at him with some sort of curiosity, surprise, fear even perhaps.

He could feel it all right through their open link.

“Maybe I should let one of them take me down there,” Harrison muttered, “It would be easier to find Regulus.”

“Are you crazy?” Tom asked, “Don’t answer that.”

Harrison laughed, “I’ll see you later, Tommy boy.”

“Are you sure you want to do this?”

Harrison just sent the man something that was meant to be a mental hug, something he would probably regret later, but he didn’t really give a shit right now.

It was easy to find the place the inferi seemed to rest, it was a pile of bodies, some awake some still in deep slumber. Harrison tried to look through the pile, find Regulus, when he felt another inferi grab at his leg. He shot a spell at the undead creature, not even bothering to look if it worked.

He continued looking at the pile sometimes firing off some spells, trying to avoid any serious attacks, when he finally saw a familiar face.

Well, familiar enough to be almost sure it might possibly Regulus.

In other words, it was only the hair that looked like it could be Regulus, all the inferi looked like each other. He swam towards the somewhat familiar man when an inferi suddenly shot up from below him, grabbing at his throat, just as Harrison wanted to fire his spells another one grabbed one of his arms.

Harrison would be impressed by the teamwork if he wasn't currently panicking about the fact that he really could not breathe anymore now.

Both the inferi seemed to take his panic as a sign to squeeze harder, Harrison tried kicking them off him, but nothing seemed to work.

It seemed like forever, as he floated there in the water, almost numb to the feeling of the inferi squeezing his throat even tighter.

And then, suddenly, he could breathe again. The spell hadn't cancelled yet, meaning that he didn't immediately choke in water when the inferi let him go.

He looked at the inferi, trying to see what happened when he saw another inferi had bitten the one that had been holding his neck. He shook off the inferi holding his arm before inspecting the now fighting inferi's closer.

Regulus, Harrison realised, comparing the boy to the one he had thought was Regulus. It was easy to spot the slight differences, most of which were related to the face structure of both men.

Harrison grabbed the inferi that must be Regulus and then shot them both upwards by sending a blast to the bottom of the lake.

Once Tom saw him the man grabbed him, pulling him back to the shore quickly, Harrison could easily guess that the man would never

return to this place again.

He was kind of glad that Tom wouldn't.

Harrison stunned Regulus as soon as he was actually standing, not in the water anymore, then he followed Tom, the man led him out of the cave and then to the edge of the anti-apparition wards.

Then Tom grabbed his arm without saying another thing, apparating them both back to Tom's office, then he called his house elf to put Regulus in a safe room, where the still-inferi man couldn't hurt anyone.

It was only after the man had done that that he turned to Harrison, scanning Harrison for any sign of injuries.

His eyes stopped at Harrison throat, there was a mark the size of a hand.

Tom stepped closer, reaching out to touch it, stopping just before making actual skin-to-skin contact, giving Harrison a questioning glance.

Harrison breathed in and nodded.

"What happened?" Tom asked so softly, Harrison wasn't quite sure if he imagined it or not. "I got attacked."

"That much was clear," Tom muttered, as Harrison felt magic slowly caressing the mark on his neck, *Tom's* magic.

"My turn to ask the questions," Harrison said then, "What happened in the boat?"

"I don't know," Tom admitted, almost embarrassed. "Believe me, I wouldn't have let anything of this happen."

Harrison nodded, "I know."

"The bruise is magically enhanced." Tom said then, changing the subject entirely. "There is no way to make it disappear totally. You're going to have to let your magic heal it slowly."

"Like you're doing with your magic right now?" Harrison asked and Tom nodded, "Of course I could do it for you." He joked.

Harrison laughed, "Whatever makes these bruises disappear quicker."

Tom's hand lingered on the bruise for just a few seconds before the man let it fall, instead pulling Harrison into a hug. "You scared me."

"I didn't mean to," Harrison replied, "I just had to get this done, now we never have to go back there."

"You should have let me done it."

"And what? Risk you getting killed?" Harrison asked, "You are the only hope for the future of this Wizarding World."

"They wouldn't have attacked me," Tom said, "Besides I don't know how far I'll get with saving this world if you die."

"You don't know that." Harrison said, letting go of Tom slowly before stepping back. "You would be able to do it without me, you and I both know that you have more than enough power for that." And even as Harrison said that, both of them knew that Tom hadn't meant it in that way, not really.

Tom stayed silent for a bit, before nodding, "So what are we doing with Regulus?"

"I think, this is going to sound crazy." Harrison said, "Perhaps we could revive him in the Chamber of Secrets, it's the most secure place I know *and* charged with ancient magic, giving us enough help for any ritual we would need to do."

"What about Dumbledore?"

"He can't see what happens in the chamber, that's why everyone doubt it's existence." Harrison explained, "There's no evidence of it existing if you're not a parseltongue."

"Surprisingly, this isn't the worst idea ever." Tom said, "We should do it."

Harrison nodded seriously, knowing damn well that both he and Tom were thinking about the fact that the new school year was starting soon. Harrison wouldn't spend every single moment of his waking days- and even most of his nights- at Tom's. Instead, he would be back in his personal room in Hogwarts.

He wondered if Ebony would even come with him, the snake had gotten too attached to Nagini and Harrison felt bad about forcing the snake to come with him if he really didn't want to.

“Harrison,” Tom said, sounding a little bit impatient. Harrison shook himself out of his thoughts, “What’s up?”

“Do you think we could sneak the body into Hogwarts before the actual start of the year, since it will be less busy now than when everyone returned.”

“We have the cabinet, so it should work.” Harrison replied and Tom nodded, probably planning the best way to do this in his head at that very moment.

Chapter End Notes

'kay, bye everyone! :)

Chapter 45: "Weird way of saying you miss me, but I'll take it."

Chapter Summary

Harrison goes through some shit.
(Doesn't he always?)
Also Blaise is brave and protective, so he decides to visit the Dark Lord on his own.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting for a while, I actually had two ear infections and an eye infection for an entire week and it sucked so much. I have returned though!!
Enjoy.

Gemma had jokingly given him the task of leading the first years to the common room this year, something about him being closer to their age and less scary.

Most people would argue he was more scary.

But Gemma seemed like she really did not want to do this another year, besides the girl was also head girl now meaning Harrison technically had to follow her demands about his prefect duties.

That's how he ended up here, in front of a group of first year students.

Harrison cleared his throat awkwardly, he had never been the best at speeches. That was Tom's talent. "Welcome to Slytherin," he said, "I am Harrison Black, fifth year prefect and I'm here to explain some things about Slytherin, because I think there's a lot of misconceptions.

Firstly, we are not evil. Some of you might be scared right now, Slytherin the evil house, but actually just like any other house this house is purely based on your strengths. Our bad reputation is purely based on the cunning leaders coming from this house. These leaders sometimes ended up fighting for the rights of the Dark wizards, is that a bad thing? Not at all. Just because you are in Slytherin does not mean you are evil, we are all just teenagers here.

However, some of the other students might not realise that, so I want all of you to be careful, watch out for each other. I, myself, have been

fighting to unite the houses more and so far it seems like I'm succeeding, but I'm not near satisfied. So be careful, if anyone gives you any trouble you can approach me or any of the other prefects. I know for sure that the head boy, Percy Weasley and the head girl, our very own Gemma Farley will happily help you with any issues as well.

Besides all that you might notice that our common room is in the dungeons, this might seem scary, but it's actually a big advantage since we have our own place. Students tend to stay away from the dungeons, no matter where in the dungeons, except for Snape's classroom of course. Besides," Harrison paused, "We have the Giant squid, who absolutely loves us."

He looked around, trying to spot one of his friends. Eventually his eyes found Theo. "Did I miss anything?"

The boy shrugged, "You could mention your little class thing."

"Oh right!" Harrison said, "People always beg me to teach them things, so I give some magic classes in a secret magical room, every single one of you can come to a class sometime." Harrison looked around the common room, "I probably should mention you too, shouldn't I?" He asked, looking at Sal's painting, the man nodded.

"The painting over there," He pointed at Salazar's painting, "Is our founder, Salazar Slytherin. He used to not talk, but he started talking sometimes around two years ago. Now, I think it's time for Professor Snape's welcome."

The man came out of the shadow for dramatic effect, "Thank you, Mr Black." He said, before looking at the new Slytherin students, who were whispering among themselves and looking around in awe. "I should probably mention that we have three rules in Slytherin. The first one is, everything that happens in the common room stays in the common room, any fights, secrets, literally anything. In the rest of the school we have to be one front, it helps us protect ourselves from the rest of the school. The second rule is, if you want to go against school rules, don't get caught, I won't help you if you do. The third one is help other Slytherins, if anything happens, no matter to who. If it's a Slytherin you help, understood?"

The first years nodded.

After that, Harrison led them to their dorms, before crashing in the common room, where more of his friends were now sitting.

“You did quite well,” Tracey said, “You still need practice before you really go into politics.”

“I think I’m better at political speeches,” Harrison admitted, “This is just scary, because you do not want to scare those little kids too much, but you also want to warn them about the dangers of being part of our house.”

“They are safer than we were.”

Harrison could only agree, because that safety was the thing he had been trying to achieve the past two years.

~

It was the fifth day of being back in Hogwarts and Harrison felt like absolute garbage. It had started about a day ago; he had been feeling some sort of pull to something. He could deal with that, however this morning he had suddenly gotten the worst dizziness he had ever felt.

When he finally managed to get himself out of bad and dressed, he stumbled into the common room, where he and his friends usually met. The entire Slytherin table had once again been reorganized, so that Harrison could sit with all his friends at once.

“You look bad,” Pansy said and Harrison snorted, “Geez, thanks, love you too.”

Pansy rolled her eyes, “Are you okay?”

Harrison shrugged, “Somethings up with magic or whatever, I’m dizzy as fuck.”

“I would suggest you used the wrong magic for your core, but that’s impossible.”

“Let’s just go to breakfast,” Harrison said, “If it gets worse I’ll go to Pomfrey, I promise.”

Harrison actually managed to get to the great hall without falling over, which at this point was something he was proud of. As he sat down he asked, “What’s first hour?”

“History,” Montague replied, the boy was scanning the teachers table, “The new teacher is weird.”

The new teacher was an interesting figure, it was probably one of

Dumbledore's friends. He was an old man, who seemed to rather be anywhere but where he was right now. At least he didn't have a beard as long as Dumbledore.

"Professor Matthew Runcorn." Terence said when he noticed both Montague and Harrison looking at him. "Dumbledore fed him his lies easily and the man actually believes Dumbledore. He's absolutely obsessed with the first official wizarding war of Dumbledore and Grindelwald."

"Does he know Dumbledore and Grindelwald are rumoured lovers?" Harrison asked, the dizziness making him just slightly absent-minded.

"What?" Terence asked and Harrison looked around to see all shocked face, "No one knows? I could have sworn I told this before."

"You did not." Blaise said and Harrison sighed, "Okay, well so, Dumbledore and Grindelwald had a blood-pact. They were actually really good friends all the way through childhood, Dumbledore had actually promised to help Grindelwald get rid of all the muggles, but once he realised how that would be near impossible they had a big fight where Dumbledore killed his own sister on accident.

Anyways, there's some evidence of a hidden romance in their story. When I mentioned the love very casually to Dumbledore," Harrison got stopped there.

"You did what?" Draco asked, "Do you actually care about surviving at all?"

"I was fine, Draco." Harrison said, "Either way he responded in such a way that makes me believe it's real."

"I-" Terence started "I don't think Professor Runcorn knows."

"That could be useful later." Harrison said, hoping that even with his current state he'd be able to make a good first impression in History, last year he had loved the class.

But then again, Sirius and Remus were his teachers for the past two years, it's hard to go wrong there.

"Let's just hope for the best," George said happily, "If you need to get out of the class, we'll cover for you, Harrikins."

Harrison offered his brothers a smile, before turning back to his food,

he wasn't really interested in eating right now, but if he didn't everyone would get even more worried.

And he'd hate that.

So he forced himself to take a few more bites before pushing the plate away.

"We should go," He said, "Get there early."

"Do we?" Fred groaned, "Fine, let's go."

Harrison steadied himself after standing up, his legs felt like the could turn to jelly at any moment, making him collapse.

That would be awkward as fuck.

Then suddenly, Fred and George were walking next to him, both slinging an arm around his shoulders, keeping him up in such a way that it looked like they were just being their usual selves.

Fred winked at him when he send them a questioning glance, "So Harrikins, I'm still hurt you left us almost the entire summer break."

"We were going insane without you!" George added and Harrison laughed, "You were already insane."

George sighed, "That's not the point, dear brother of ours."

"The point is that you decided you would rather stay with *him* than us!" Fred said, "Isn't *he* supposed to be some evil person?"

Harrison stumbled, Fred and George stopping him from falling to the ground.

"That was a reaction." George noted.

Harrison shook his head, "He isn't that evil." It was only then that he noticed they had arrived at History and he was still standing, he hadn't felt once.

Well, maybe almost.

George ruffled his hair, "You're welcome, little brother." Before opening the door so they could enter the classroom.

Surprisingly they weren't the first, some of the Hufflepuffs were

already sitting in a little group on the left side of the classroom.

“Harrison!” He heard someone say, “Would you like to join me, be my partner in the most boring class of the year?” He looked at Cedric, the Hufflepuff had his usual friendly smile and Harrison shrugged, “Sure, I’ll join the Puffs.”

“Brave Slytherin.” Cedric noted and Harrison replied, “I try.”

He sat down, quietly listening to Cedric and the other Hufflepuffs conversation as the class slowly filled up, then the door opened and professor Runcorn walked in.

“Hello everyone!” He said, “We are going to talk about the great first wizarding war, as I like to call it Grindelwald versus Dumbledore.”

Damn, this was going to be one *long* year.

~

Two days later he actually felt bad enough to go to Pomfrey, something he hadn’t done before.

At least, he tried to get there. Somewhere around a stair to the first floor he fainted, the next thing he knew he woke up in a hospital bed Pomfrey fussing over him, forcing some potion down his throat.

After that everything went black again, he was once again trapped with his thoughts.

~

“Is he going to be alright?” Daphne asked, she had been accompanying Harrison to the Hospital wing.

Pomfrey sighed, “I am not sure, I gave him a cure for medical exhaustion. With his core, however, I doubt that’s actually the problem.”

“When will he wake?”

“Whenever he’s ready,” The mediwitch answered. “Meanwhile, I’ll run some tests to find the problem, I trust you can find the way back to the dungeons yourself?”

“You’re forcing me to leave?” Daphne asked, she couldn’t believe it, leaving Harrison alone, in this state?

“Somebody has to tell the other Slytherins what happened,” Pomfrey explained, “You can return tomorrow, bring some friends, if you’d like. No more than three, however, we can’t crowd the medical wing.”

Daphne nodded, “Of course, I’m sorry.”

“No need to apologize,” The witch said, “Now get out of my way.”

Daphne glanced at Harrison, the boy seemed peaceful enough here, besides he deserved the rest.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” She said, not sure if she was talking to Pomfrey or Harrison.

~

“You’ve done well so far,” Harrison heard a voice, he looked around, but all he saw around him was black. “I apologize for intruding, I just decided to visit, to talk to you.”

“Mother Magic?” Harrison whispered into the emptiness he was currently in.

“It’s me.”

“What’s happening to me?”

“You’ll have to figure that out yourself.”

“You haven’t been really helpful so far.” Harrison admitted and the voice giggled, “Oh, I’m sorry, sweet boy. Some things I’m not allowed to talk about, the gift for example was something you wouldn’t ever learn to control if I had explained the concept.”

“So you’re helping me?”

“Well, yes.” The voice said, “If I had told you how to use your gift, it would have only had the purpose I told you it could have, now you yourself are slowly accepting it as an extension of your magic, it will make you a lot more powerful.”

“You could have warned me for the process.”

“I honestly did not know what it was going to be like.”

Harrison nodded, “Is there anything I can do here?”

“Well you’ll have to wait till you wake up, but perhaps you could take this chance to figure out what is up with you. And when you wake up I’ll have another surprise for you.”

“And you can’t help me?”

“Not if you want to get better.”

“The surprise?” He asked, not really suspecting a response.

He didn’t get one.

Harrison sighed, “Okay, well, thank you anyways.” A comforting feeling came over him for a second before it totally disappeared and he was once again alone.

~

Blaise was writing his transfiguration essay with Pansy when Daphne returned, “Harrison is in the hospital wing.” Was the first thing she said.

“Is he okay?” Pansy asked, looking just as worried as he currently felt.

“I don’t know, she wasn’t sure what happened. All she told me is that we could go visit him tomorrow. We should invite some of the fifth years and the Slytherin team.”

“I’ll tell them,” Pansy offered.

Daphne nodded in thanks before sitting down besides Blaise. “He fainted,” She said, “When he woke up Pomfrey gave him something to go back to sleep. She told me it would treat magical exhaustion, but she honestly doubted that was the issue.”

“He’ll be fine,” Blaise said, “I’m sure he will be.”

“How?” Daphne asked, “How can you be so sure?”

“Because he’s Harrison, also I know for a fact a certain Dark Lord would destroy this entire planet to search for something to help him.”

Daphne nodded at that, they had all seen it, had all decided to pretend like they didn’t know something was going on between them.

“Besides,” Blaise said, “Perhaps Mother Magic will save him herself, if nothing else does.”

“Hold on,” Daphne looked like she just realised something. “I have never seen Harrison faint besides the times he did because of his power.”

“You think this is related?”

Daphne shrugged, “Who can tell? All I know is that if Harrison is having some big vision that takes multiple hours in our time, something big might’ve happened in this castle the past summer.”

“And you want to investigate?” Blaise guessed, “I don’t know, Daphne, it might not be safe.”

“What would Harrison have done?” Daphne said, “Besides, who knows? It might be a good distraction.”

“You’re the ice princess,” Blaise sighed, “I’ll help you.”

Daphne nodded, “We should make a list on things Harrison was focused on during the past week. It might be related to that.”

~

His mind was a weird place, that had to be one of the biggest realisations Harrison had the past however long he was trapped here.

He was walking through a mindscape that he must’ve accidentally created while trying to get his occlumency in order. Thoughts, memories everything was scattered around in the form of clouds.

And Harrison just followed the pull he had felt the past few days. It was all he could do, follow the pull and hope to end up somewhere useful.

The closer he came to whatever it was, the stronger the pull became. Harrison hoped this would answer his question on what was happening, why he was here. His mind led him through all kinds of memories, suddenly he seemed to be back in Hogwarts in the founders time. His old room, the meeting place. Chamber of Secrets.

Further and further back and Harrison just kept walking, every door he opened led him to another memory further away.

Until suddenly he was there.

It was that night, the night everything had changed.

~

Blaise sat down in the common room where Daphne had decided to gather everyone to talk about what they had found these past three days.

Everyone had heard about Harrison by now and the worst part is; Pomfrey still didn't know what was going on. The mediwitch was trying her best to cure whatever was wrong, but Blaise once heard her tell McGonagall she doubted she could actually heal the boy.

It was worrying. Especially because after the second day visitors were suddenly forbidden.

It didn't only influence the students of Hogwarts, a lot of teachers seemed confused by how something like this could happen, especially the once who had once been so close to Harrison.

It made it easier for the students to ask about the boy without any suspicion.

"Runcorn is one of the main things he was researching," A boy Blaise didn't know said, it must be one of Harrisons new classmates, "According to his family."

Blaise glanced at the back of the room, Fred and George hadn't been the same either. The two boys hadn't tried to prank anyone since their return to school.

Also they didn't seem to agree with Daphne turning this into a chance to dig into all the facts of Harrisons life.

Blaise also didn't like what they were doing, Sirius and Remus had gotten countless of students asking them about their son, who was currently still unconscious in the hospital wing.

It seemed kind of strange.

But at least it distracted everyone from the real tragedy of the situation; the fact that if Harrison didn't actually wake up they would all be blamed by a Dark Lord.

Blaise supposed some of these students didn't even know about the Dark Lord.

"I'll visit Lord Gaunt," Blaise offered then out loud, anything to

include that man into this, perhaps then he'll be safer.

Daphne shot him a surprised look, he deserved that, he hadn't helped at all and now he was offering to talk to him of all people. "Are you sure you want to do that?"

"I know a way to sneak to the Gaunt manor, trust me."

Daphne nodded, although the girl seemed unsure, "Don't get caught, be safe."

Blaise nodded, "You know me."

~

Harrison wasn't sure how to feel when the scene started playing over and over again.

Tom coming in with Peter, looking down at him and Hope, hesitating and then apologising before trying to kill him.

He must have seen it a thousand times now, every time the same thing happened. Yet something seemed to change every single time he looked at it.

Then, suddenly it seemed to click.

The connection was practically glowing, the green curse hitting him everything lights up and seemed to get swallowed by him, before he reflected it and then Hope would get her cut.

The horcrux, Harrison realised, of course, Tom had a full soul again except for the small piece resting in him. Now more than ever would that piece want to go back to the other parts, be whole again.

And Harrison hadn't seen Tom in a week.

It was almost ridiculous how he got actually physically sick from not being in contact with the man for a week, but he didn't feel ashamed about the fact at all, all he was hoping for was that Tom would notice it soon, too.

Harrison sighed and sat down against the wall, this whole thing could take a while.

It was only after watching the scene another 36 times, yes he was counting, that he noticed a door that wasn't there before.

As he approached the door he felt the scene around him fade away, as if entering a whole different part of his mind.

Only once stepping through the door he realised how accurate that was.

He walked straight into a memory, or vision, but not his own, no Tom's.

"Lord Gaunt, you can not seriously propose to keep the dementors away from Hogwarts?" A lady dressed fully in pink said, Harrison recognized her from the conversations he had with Tom, *Umbridge*.

"I am suggesting that that might be safer," Tom replied calmly as always, "I understand that we worry about the prisoners who escaped, however there is no evidence they would go to Hogwarts, meanwhile you are exposing these students to the dementors. You might say it is not that bad, but isn't this exactly the kind of exposure we give the minimum security cells in Azkaban? You are treating the future of this Wizarding World as a bunch of petty criminals."

"For their own safety."

"Believe me when I say, Madam, that not one student will look back at this moment when they are older and thank the government for exposing them to the dangers of dementors."

"They will understand when they are in our position."

"They would not, because they would never make this choice unless they really think it's necessary, which in this case it is not." Tom argued, "Or would you protest that Hogwarts is not the safest place in the Wizarding World?"

Umbridge hesitated looking around at all the furious faces and nodded, "Okay, instead we will put a daily guard of two aurors in the castle who can help the staff to defend the students."

Harrison could feel Tom's satisfaction, just for a moment before he suddenly got kicked out of the memory and everything turned black again.

~

Blaise had never felt quite this nervous, it had been another two days since he told Daphne he would go to the Dark Lord. Now, he was

standing in Harrisons room, in front of the cabinet, wondering if this really was the smartest idea.

He decided to summon the small bit of Gryffindor recklessness in him and stepped into the cabinet, only seconds later he stepped out into an office.

With a very confused and angry looking Dark Lord.

“My Lord,” He said bowing down.

The Dark Lord raised a single eyebrow, “The Zabini boy,” He said, Blaise could tell he was just as surprised as Blaise felt. “You better have a good reason for being here, especially because you came through the cabinet.”

“Of course I do, My Lord.” Blaise said, straightening his back, not sure if that was the right choice. “Harrison, he has been in the Hospital Wing for almost the entirety of the last week. He hasn’t woken up once and Pomfrey doesn’t allow anyone to visit him. We’re worried about him.”

Blaise could feel the magic in the room start to thicken and he tried his best to not show how scared he was.

“Why are you coming to me with this news?”

“I was hoping you could take a look at him,” Blaise admitted, “We all know you have some sort of bond, I don’t know exactly, but I do know that this might be the way.”

The Dark Lord seemed to agree with something he said at least, because the man nodded and then said, “Meet me in the Slytherin Common room, tonight. Don’t bring anyone else.”

Blaise nodded, “Of course, My Lord.”

“Thank you for notifying me, Heir Zabini.” The man said, “This is the loyalty I expect from followers of the dark, you may leave now.”

Blaise nodded again, taking that as a sign to leave, immediately.

Only hours later Blaise was waiting for the Dark Lord in the middle of the Slytherin common room, he had not told anyone about this, he wasn’t even sure if he would actually get into the hospital wing.

It didn’t take long, luckily. The Dark Lord seemed to just suddenly

appear, “Let’s do this, quickly.”

Blaise nodded, leading the way to the hospital wing, well aware that his Lord knew the way, too.

It was when they were standing in front of the door that he hesitated, Voldemort didn’t seem to care too much and walked in. Blaise hurrying behind him.

Blaise could see Harrison on the only occupied bed, still laying there peacefully. It was only once they approached him that Blaise noticed what had changed; Harrison looked *older*.

“Am I imagining this?” He muttered and the Dark Lord shook his head, “He looks older, like he’s actually meant to be a fifth year.”

“Can magic even do that?”

“It can, but only certain kinds of magic, none which are accidental.” The Dark Lord explained, “So either he planned this or someone else did.”

“He didn’t do it, believe me, he was actually distraught they few days before he well-“

“And I was wondering why he stopped replying.” The Dark Lord approached Harrison, sitting down on one of the chairs beside his bed. Blaise both wanted to sit down next to him, to stay here make sure his friend was okay, and leave, give the Dark Lord some privacy.

He opted on the second one, the safer option.

~

Harrison felt drowsy, which was not a feeling he was used to. He felt a hand slowly going through his hair, almost as if petting him.

“I’m not a dog,” He mumbled, not expecting the voice of Tom, so *so* soft to say, “You’re awake.”

That made Harrison wake up a lot quicker, “You’re here.”

Tom nodded, “The Zabini heir bravely took it upon himself to get me here.”

“Blaise, of course he did.” Harrison mumbled, why the fuck did his voice sound like that?

“How are you feeling?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged, “It was the horcrux, all of this. Ever since you are whole again it has this very strong pull towards you. After a week it got too much.”

Tom’s dumb reply was, “Weird way of saying you missed me, but I’ll take it.”

“I’m serious, Tom.” Harrison said, “Don’t make the joke.”

Tom smirked, “I won’t,” then his smirk faded, “I’m sorry for causing all of this.”

“It’s not your fault,” Harrison muttered, still weirded out by his voice. “Magic said she had another surprise for me.”

Tom nodded, “Yeah I guessed that.”

“What?”

“Let’s just say your hormones have been busy speeding up puberty.”

“*What?”* Harrison asked again and Tom summoned a mirror, allowing Harrison to look at fifteen/sixteen year old himself for the first time.

“Why? Why did she do this.” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, “To make you fit in?”

“She wouldn’t bother.” Harrison said and Tom knew that was true, “Perhaps, it’s not just how you look, maybe she literally aged you up.”

“Which would mean I can claim my Wizengamot seats already.” Harrison finished and Tom nodded.

“Thank you, Mother Magic.” Harrison whispered into the air then he turned back to Tom, “Now, how are we going to deal with this situation?”

Tom smiled softly, “I think we can use this as an excuse for you to visit me once a week.”

“No offence, Tommy boy.” Harrison started, “But I do not want to be sick for the rest of my life if I’m not close to you for longer than a week.”

“We’ll figure something out,” Tom said, “We always do, don’t we?”

Harrison nodded, sheepishly smiling, “Sorry for worrying you.”

“Don’t apologize.” Tom said, “You did nothing wrong. If I were you I would let Blaise know you’re awake, though.”

“How?”

Tom sighed, “Do you want me to be a messenger?”

“Could you?” Harrison asked, “And please come back with Blaise your magic is comforting.”

Tom nodded, decided not to comment on what Harrison just said.

It didn’t take long until Tom left him to look for Blaise and Harrison was once again alone, but at least this time he would be awake.

~

It had surprised him to hear what Daphne had done, but it had surprised him even more when Daphne told him that she had actually found evidence of Runcorn’s past filled with dark magics.

All of that was of course after everyone had figured out the Harrison Black had once again woken up and was suddenly two or three full years older.

Sirius had dramatically said that he had missed the entirety of his son’s teenage years ‘and it wasn’t even his fault’. Harrison could see through the whole hurt father façade, though. So he got his whole family together and told them what had happened exactly.

And why, which had been kind of weird.

None of them had liked it, but they all agreed that weekly visits to the Dark Lord were easy enough to deal with, for now.

Then Fred and George said that now that he was their age, they could let him in on all the cool Weasley twin secrets. Harrison was not sure whether he wanted to know what they were talking about.

Harrison had to admit that, while it was funny to be thirteen and be called the most scary literal child of the school, it was also nice to be older now and be taken more serious.

And his connection to Hope and the Potter’s felt more in the past than it had been before.

It had taken about a day of classes- which was after a week of bedrest-

for Dumbledore to summon him to his office once again. Harrison stared at the letter, before telling the people around him what the letter said.

“Again?” Terence asked, “That man is creepily obsessed with you.”

“Well, it’s not a new year at Hogwarts without me visiting the Headmaster, is it?”

Terence laughed at that and he heard some other chuckles too.

“Be safe!” Daphne said and Harrison nodded at the girl, “I’ll try.”

He invited Sirius to come along, just to be safe and because unlike the conversation he invited Severus to, Sirius did not *have* to listen to Dumbledore, because he was always Harrisons dad.

“Harrison, my boy!” Dumbledore said, all happy when he and Sirius walked into Dumbledore’s office.

“Headmaster,” Harrison replied.

“You look different,” Dumbledore said, obviously trying to say something.

“I changed my hair,” Harrison replied, stupidly. He heard Sirius try to muffle a laugh behind him.

Dumbledore sighed, “It’s not funny to meddle with dangerous magics, Harrison.”

“I have not meddled with any magics,” Harrison said, “I was in a *coma.*”

Dumbledore nodded, “Which must be the consequ-“

“You, Dumbledore, think you always know what’s going on.” Harrison said, “But you don’t pay attention to any of your students. You *don’t* know what's going on in my life right now. You don’t know why I was in a coma, so don’t just assume it’s because I did something illegal.”

“Harrison-“ Dumbledore said and Harrison sighed dramatically, “It’s Heir Black to you. Look, *Albus,* whatever you want to say, it doesn’t matter. The fact is that I woke up like this without knowing how or why, so If you want to actually tell me *why* go on, but if you are just going to blame me then stop meddling with my goddamn life.”

“Just lis-“

“And, I am going to say right now, that the first thing I’ll do when I decide to claim my seats is vote for the clause of making parents or the Ministry choose teachers.”

Dumbledore’s stayed silent then and Harrison took that as a sign he and Sirius could leave, “Thank you for the pleasant talk, headmaster.” He said, voice laced with sarcasm.

There were no protests from Dumbledore so Harrison left.

Chapter 46: "At least you're not tiny anymore."

Chapter Summary

> Harrison has to deal with a lot of people after they figure out he aged up and James decides to use the situation to make Harrison look bad.
>
> Also people suddenly start shipping tomarry... Harrison is just confused.

Chapter Notes

> Sorry it took so long! I have been on a small vacation and then had to do a LOT of work to make it to my deadlines so that was both fun and sucked, now my testweek almost starts so I (still) can't promise quick updates. I'm so sorry! Thank you all for your patience!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The problem with waking up from a week long coma just to end up looking two years older is that nobody knows what happened.

The problem of that happening while you're Harrison is that everyone feels like it's in their right to know every single thing that happens to you.

There were a lot of rumours of curses, dark rituals; some students even decided that Harrison probably was *actually* fifteen, but had decide that he wanted to hide this to be seen as a prodigy.

This theory was quickly marked as bullshit, because even as a fifteen year old, he still was a *prodigy*.

No one knew the truth, besides his family, Tom, Blaise and himself. He had told Blaise due to the pure worry of the boy and the noble sacrifice he made by visiting Tom, who might've tortured him during his little visit.

Of course that made people complain even more. So he went to the Room of Requirement, sat down for two full hours, writing a long letter to Rita, telling the woman that she could publish this story only

if she included every part of it.

Only three days later it was on the front page of the Daily Prophet, Harrison once again wondered how nothing more interesting happened in the entirety of the Wizarding World.

“Is this true?” Pansy asked, “Magic gave you *another gift?”*

Harrison nodded, “I suppose.”

“How do you know it doesn’t have any side effects?”

“Besides suddenly being even more hormonal?” Harrison asked, “If she added anything else, she’s a cruel deity and I will no longer worship her.”

Pansy snorted, “At least you’re not tiny anymore.”

Harrison supposed that’s fair, although he still hoped he could get taller than his current 5 feet and 9 inches.

“I suppose the main side effect is Hope glaring at me all day.” Harrison said, it was something that was hard to ignore. The girls eyes had been on him the whole time, she was angrily stabbing food right now, while listening to Hermione read her the newspaper.

Pansy glanced at the girl, “She is kind of pathetic.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “I can’t wait to see if I can join the Wizengamot meetings, and if I can, see Lord Potters face.”

“Oh right! My parents told me he joined, weird how he has been so calm in there. None of the attention is on him.”

“Maybe,” George said as he sat down opposite of Harrison, “It isn’t that he has not been *trying,* but all the attention is always on Harrison’s boytoy.”

“I’m going to tell him you called me that.” Harrison replied, rolling his eyes.

“During one of your weekly visits?” George asked, smirking.

Harrison raised an unimpressed eyebrow and George laughed, “I’ll watch out for an angry Dark Lord then.”

It was at that exact moment a loud pang came from the other side of

the great hall, Harrison glanced at the Gryffindor table and Hope, who was currently covered in pumpkin juice.

“Thanks a lot, *Neville.*” She spat in the boys face, before turning away and running to the exit of the great hall, only to run straight into Professor Snape.

Harrison covered his mouth to hide his laugh, knowing that he specifically would get into trouble for laughing right now.

“In a hurry, Miss Potter?” Snape asked and Hope glanced around the hall before quickly nodding, “Sorry, Snape.”

“*Professor.”*

Hope rolled her eyes, “Can I go now?”

“15 points from Gryffindor from disrespect,” Snape muttered, “Now get out of my sight.”

Hope nodded, she didn’t wait one second before walking around Snape and running away.

“You didn’t have to be so cruel, Severus.” Dumbledore said then, “The girl is obviously having a hard time.”

“I’m just treating her like I would any other student, Headmaster.”

Dumbledore sighed, but didn’t respond, only after that somewhat awkward conversation people started talking about other things again.

“That was-“ Pansy started, Daphne sitting down next to her, “Hilarious?”

The girl nodded.

“I feel bad for Neville.” Daphne said, “He seems so nice.”

Harrison had to agree with Daphne, he had always felt like Neville didn’t quite get the appreciation the boy deserved. He remembered Neville getting bullied even by his own house back in their first year.

“Oh no, I see the let’s adopt someone face.” Pansy muttered, “Are you sure, Harrison?”

“It would go against my mission of uniting all the houses if I didn’t at least invite him to one of our not so secret classes.”

Dumbledore then stood up, “I have just been notified that the ministry has decided it is for the best if we allow dementors on the Hogwarts ground, they will arrive tonight.”

“What?” Harrison said, louder than he intended to, “I thought Lord Gaunt was *actively* fighting against that move.” He explained as all the teachers looked at him.

Dumbledore nodded, “While none of you should bother to change whatever the ministry decides, I will tell you now that that is indeed true, however Fudge decided it is for the best and moved without letting the Lords vote.”

“So we’re stuck with *dementors now?* You do realise that the way that you’re exposing us to their magic is the same as locking all of us in low security cells.”

“It is not my decision, Harrison.” Dumbledore said, “The minister has decided.”

“Well,” Harrison started well aware every student currently in the great hall was looking at him right now. “As soon as I get into the Wizengamot I will fight this decision. Believe me, that *will* be soon.” Harrison, in reality, was not even sure if he had been magically aged up yet, but at this point he felt worse than he ever had. He did not care about his exposure to dementors, hell he had been in worse situations.

But there were eleven year olds in this hall, who would not be able to defend themselves if the dementors decided they wanted a little snack.

Harrison supposed that is what made him do the next thing.

He stood up from where he was still sitting, “Until I can do anything politically, I will make sure every single one of you gets the opportunity to learn the patronus charm. I will be holding weekly classes and,” he glanced at Dumbledore, “*No one* can stop me.”

He glanced at Pansy who rolled her eyes, but nodded, small smirk on her face.

“Anyone who would like to participate should either owl or tell Pansy Parkinson in person.” He announced and Dumbledore seemed speechless once again, so Harrison smiled sweetly at him. “You’re welcome, headmaster, wouldn’t want one of your students to lose their *souls* now, would you?”

Dumbledore nodded, glaring at him and Harrison just smirked before sitting down again.

~

“Was that a stupid thing to do?” Harrison asked almost nervously as Tom left the memory. Tom seemed amused, “Probably.”

Harrison sighed, “It’s just these laws are so-“

“We can’t fight it, even you, once the minister decides it doesn't matter anymore.” Tom said, carefully placing an arm on Harrisons arm, almost immediately Harrison felt the headache he hadn’t really noticed until now fade away.

“Holy fuck,” Harrison muttered, “That was a lot quicker than just sitting here for three hours.”

Tom gave him a confused look before glancing down at his hand and quickly taking it off of Harrisons arm, “Really? Physical contact?”

Harrison shrugged, “Don’t worry, you don’t have to cuddle with me.”

Tom stayed a little bit too quiet after that, so Harrison cleared his throat. “Fred and George have been into calling you my boytoy.”

That made Tom blink, *thrice*. “What?”

Harrison snorted, “It’s the twins, what did you expect?”

“Well I suppose being called your boytoy isn’t the worst thing someone has ever called me.” Tom replied, that made Harrison raise his eyebrows in surprise. “After all, you did call me voldy for a while.”

“*That’s worse?”* Harrison asked, Tom shrugged, smirking.

Arsehole.

“We should go to Gringotts the next time you visit.” Tom said, “See if you could actually make a change besides your classes.”

Harrison nodded, looking at his heir rings, he had them hidden under some strong invisibility charm. No one had ever really seen the rings.

“Until then,” Tom said, “Stay safe with the dementors and all.”

Harrison nodded, “Of course.”

“I mean it, if you don’t feel good you can just come here whenever, it doesn’t necessarily have to be once a week.” Tom said, “Even if you really want to *cuddle.”* He joked.

At least Harrison thought it was a joke, but Tom said it in such a way that made him not sure if he was serious or not. “I can handle some dementors, Tom, you were the one who took me to Azkaban.”

Tom nodded in agreement, “I didn’t say that you can’t handle them, I’m just saying that if anything happened you are always welcome here. Seriously, whenever you want.”

“Thank you,” Harrison said quietly. “We should go to Gringotts the next time I visit, see if I can claim my lordships.”

“Whatever you want,” Tom replied and Harrison smiled at him before standing up, it was about time to get back to Hogwarts. Just as he wanted to say bye, Tom was suddenly in front of him.

Then arms surrounded him and he was getting a hug once again. Perhaps, the idea of cuddling wasn’t even that bad, was his main thought. After all, these hugs comforted him in a way even the founders had not managed. Even with them also hugging Harrison occasionally.

They stood there for a while, neither of them wanting to move, only for Harrison to quickly get through the cabinet once they got one signal of how late it was; dinner almost started and not showing up there will make people visit your room, either to make sure you are okay or just because they wonder why you weren’t there.

He walked into the great hall late, way too late. The main course had already been vanished an now there were desserts everywhere.

Chocolate desserts. Must be Dumbledore’s way of solving the dementor issue, Harrison wondered if the man actually thought this would make up for letting dementors into their safe school.

“Harrison,” Terence said, “You’re late.”

“Gee, thanks, I hadn’t noticed.” Harrison replied and the boy smirked. “How was your visit?”

Harrison glared at him, before sighing, “Well, at least I’ll go to Gringotts soon.” He sat down next to Terence, “I suspect Tom thinks it’s funny to have the press suspicious of whatever is going on

between ‘Lord Gaunt’ and ‘Heir Black’.” Harrison admitted.

“I’m surprised that didn’t have any effect on his popularity yet, you’d think that being suspiciously close to a teenager-“

“We’re not suspiciously close.” Harrison said, “Besides if there’s anyone who can easily talk himself out of trouble it’s Tom. He did murder someone in this school without anyone besides Dumbledore even expecting it was him AND then got a reward for being the ‘saviour’ of this school.”

“And you still never told us the whole story,” Terence said, “All you admitted to was the fact that, yes, the reward we found was indeed from the Dark Lord.”

“Must be hard for you, not knowing the whole story.” Harrison said, voice laced with sarcasm and Terence snorted, “Very.”

“Well,” Harrison decided, “I’ll tell you, but I still want to have fun annoying the others with this so don’t tell anyone. It’s not even that good of a story really.”

Terence seemed surprised before nodding, “I am pretty good at keeping secrets.”

“I’m sure you are.” Harrison said, “Now, tell me did anything happen with the dementors today?”

“Actually,” Terence said, before saying, “Crabbe, could you come here for a second?”

Oh, wow, Harrison had totally forgotten about Crabbe and Goyle. Those two were like invisible.

The boy stood up from his place at the table and walked over, taking a spot between Terence and Flint, who glared at him, but also seemed just as surprised as Harrison.

“You saw a dementor right?” Terence asked, Crabbe nodded, “Yes we were with some Hufflepuffs one of them fainted? I think.”

“Do you know their name?” Harrison asked and Crabbe shrugged, “I don’t really know or care, to be honest.” He said, grabbing a cupcake that was right in front of him, “Either way, everyone left pretty quickly afterwards.”

“Thank you, Crabbe.” Harrison said and the boy left again. “Holy fuck, I haven’t seen him in ages.”

“No one has,” Terence admitted, “They really never show up to class, so Sprout asked me to keep an eye on them. They are always in their room. I think they attended one week worth of classes last year, they are actually doing second year again.”

Harrison glanced at the two boys, “Strange.”

“Are you going fully detective mode?” Flint asked, obviously listening to them now, “Because, I don’t care if you do, but I need your brain fully on quidditch in two weeks, okay? I trust you to help us win this year again.”

“Of course, cap.” Harrison replied, “I’m just a good prefect, wanting to help the students around me.”

“This has nothing to do with finding dirt on Dumbledore?” Terence asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “Of course it is to find dirt on the old coot.”

Terence nodded, “Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

~

“*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good,”* Harrison whispered in parseltongue, he had not actually used the map yet, but he was currently on prefect duty and he was taking it more seriously than he thought.

If students were wandering the hall right now no one could protect them from dementors.

So Harrison sat down against the wall in a random corridor and used the map to make sure no one was secretly sneaking around.

He must’ve lost his focus, because he had not seen anyone approaching his name.

“Black,” He heard someone say, he looked up to come face to face with *James Potter.* “You’re not supposed to be here.”

Harrison quickly got up muttering a quick mischief managed at the map, stupid move it drew all the attention to the map.

James laughed, it sounded bitter, “When I approached Filch for the

map and the man said he did not have it anymore, I should have known Sirius had given it to you."

"It's not the original one," Harrison replied, "And I am actually *supposed* to be here, if you want to argue that with anyone take it up with the headgirl or headboy."

James glanced at his prefect pin now, the man didn't seem happy at all. "I thought Snape was kidding."

Harrison smirked, "Either way, *professor,* aren't you supposed to be in your quarters, I heard there's quite the wizengamot meeting tomorrow."

"You know that you shouldn't be allowed to know all of that," James said and Harrison shrugged, "Very soon you'll know just how allowed I am to know all of that."

It was then that there was another sound further into the darkness of the corridor they were standing in, a perfect reason for Harrison to excuse himself and walk away from the man he once called his father.

Of course, there was nothing when he actually approached the sound, at least that's what he thought, until he looked on his map and noticed the name *Peter Pettigrew* following the name *James Potter*.

"Peter?" Harrison muttered, he hadn't seen anyone pass him. That's when he realised, Peter Pettigrew had the Animagus form of a rat.

At least that would give him something to do the next few days, Harrison thought, as he quietly walked away from both Peter and James.

~

Sirius was the first one Harrison told about his founding, the man immediately told Remus.

"Are you sure there is not another Peter Pettigrew in this school?" Remus asked and Harrison raised an eyebrow, "You're the teacher who teaches every single class, is there another Peter Pettigrew?"

Remus shook his head, "I just- I can't believe it. It's like- Can we even blame him now? Now that we are voluntarily helping the Dark Lord?"

"He's saner now," Harrison said, "Also, Pettigrew betrayed his *friends,*

as in the- I could have basically indirectly killed them way."

"Okay so we don't like Peter?" Sirius asked and Harrison shook his head, "Tom told me the man had not shown up since he vanished. Not even came close to trying to find him and even after all the summons, didn't come to one meeting. He's not just a traitor or spy, he's a fucking pussy. The moment he starts fearing Dumbledore more than he does Tom, he'll help Dumbles."

"So what is our next step?"

"We could capture him?" Harrison said and Remus shook his head, "What if he's the rat of a random student?"

"Then I am creeped out for whoever it is."

"You find him, watch him and try to buy him from whoever brought him here."

"You want me to spend my actual *money? On that rat?"*

Remus nodded, "You are rich enough."

"I suppose paying some galleons is worth watching Tom torture someone." Harrison said, only to look up and see Remus and Sirius looking a little *too* amused. "Oh, come on! You guys too? Aren't you supposed to like parent me?"

Sirius shrugged, "We gave that up the day I officially adopted you."

"Either way, there is no stopping Tom," Remus added.

Harrison groaned, "A guy can't even age up without everyone suddenly thinking he's in a relationship with the Dark Lord." He paused, "Although I suppose I don't mind this as much as Pansy being convinced I'll marry Draco when I grow up."

"Okay, now *that* I would stop." Sirius muttered, "I do not want Cissy and Lucius to be your in-laws."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Such a good reason to stop a wedding."

"I know right!"

~

Harrison knew something was up with the Potters, especially Lily who

suddenly seemed way too interested in talking about him with people he would call acquaintances.

It wasn't until one morning the front page was;

Lord Potter found evidence his once son is a Dark Wizard.

By that same Benjamin Rawthorn, Harrison didn't have to read the article to know it was about him suddenly aging up.

"This can't be true," He heard someone at the other end of the Slytherin table say, "Harrison Black doing this, there is just no way."

Harrison rolled his eyes, deciding to skim through the article anyways.

That's when Harrison read what the other students had to be talking about, just beneath all the crap of him aging up there was a single sentence suggesting that he, on his own, had done the prison break.

"Damn," Harrison said, louder than needed, so that students around him could hear. "I wish I had that kind of skill, that would be *amazing."*

He knew at the end of the day everyone in this school would be talking about 'Harrison Black wishing he could pull off an Azkaban break out.' Instead of 'Holy shit that evil genius actually pulled it off.'

Well, they would never be thinking that last one anyway.

At the end of the day it was already clear that most believed Harrison over James, although some of the younger students seemed to doubt if believing a fifth year student over a teacher was really the smartest idea.

Harrison had to admit, it probably was not, so that was fair enough.

It was when he actually returned to his room and opened his journal curious about what Tom had to say when he finally saw a whole paragraph written by Tom.

Lily and Molly teamed up, they are trying to get dirt on you right now. This could seriously turn into a big lawsuit if they manage to bring it forwards before you defend yourself to everything people are suspicious of right now. I am not telling you to publish any secrets, I am just saying that you should keep that in mind while making your next move, political or in school.

Whatever you decide, I will support your decision, as you have mine.

Harrison smiled at the last sentence, replying *I think it's about time the wizengamot gets to really know Lord Black-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-Emrys.*

It didn't take longer than ten minutes for Tom to reply, *Does that mean you want to visit Gringotts, tonight?*

Yes, but keep it out of the newspaper, I can not deal with the 'sneaking out' accusations.

They would be true though.

Fuck off. Harrison wrote down, *I'll be there in 10.*

Tom was sitting in his office, almost playing with a random pen on his desk when Harrison entered the place.

"You should get a cat," He decided, "At least then you'd have someone to play with your pens for you."

"Perhaps I will," Tom said, smiling. "Cats are good pets."

"Did not expect that," Harrison muttered, "So how has your day been?"

"Probably not as eventful as yours?" Tom answered, unsure. "I had a lot of politics to deal with, trying to make *our* damage as small as possible."

Harrison had to admit the usage of the word our in that sentence felt weird, but he decided to ignore it in favour of asking, "Did it work?"

"Most Lords agree that James is slowly losing his mind," Tom said, "So I'd say it went pretty well."

Harrison did not even try to hide his relief when he heard that, "Thank you."

Tom shrugged, not sure how to respond, "Are you ready to go to Gringotts. I went there and made an appointment so we can floo directly into the building, avoid the press."

"You are amazing," Harrison said.

Tom smirked at that, "I know."

When they finally arrived at Gringotts- after talking about literally

anything for another thirty minutes- they were awaited by Griphook- waiting in the arrival room that Harrison did not even know existed.- who looked at Harrison as if he won the lottery.

“Lord- eh Heir Black!” Griphook said, too excited. “I have heard about your situation, we all have, and it is an honour that you chose me to work you through this.”

Harrison smiled at the Goblin, seemed like he had accidentally given Griphook the job of a lifetime. “I would not even think about asking someone else.”

Griphook led them into his office excitedly. “Please, sit, sit.” He said as opened a drawer in his desk, taking some papers from it before closing it again, then he sat down opposite of them.

“We will re-take the blood test, this one will purely be confirming your age right now, both magical and physical.”

“What about mental?” Tom asked, “Because I just can’t decide if he’s mentally five or eighty-four.”

“Sadly there are no such tests, Lord Slytherin.” The Goblin said, laughing. “You’ll just have to learn to deal with never knowing.”

“Damn,” Tom said as Harrison stuck out his tongue at him.

Griphook put the papers down and handed Harrison a ritual knife, which he used to carefully slice his hand and then carefully put five drops of his blood on the paper. A bunch of scribbles appeared, Harrison could not understand any of them.

Griphook grabbed the paper, “We do not have those in English I’m afraid, we barely use them.”

Harrison nodded, “That’s totally fine, could you read the results?”

Griphook nodded, “It says here that your magical age is currently both sixteen and thirteen.” The Goblin sounded confused, which didn’t give Harrison much hope. Until Griphook kept reading and his eyes widened.

“Mother Magic,” He muttered, “Has aged you up to sixteen both physically and magically, only decided to keep your growth of magic on thirteen, so that you don’t miss out on any magical powers teenagers some times might get during their teenage years.”

“So she made sure my magic will keep growing, while aging it up?”

Griphook nodded, “I have never seen this before. Then again, only once have we dealt with someone aging up like this and that was by a ritual.”

“So I can claim my Lordships?”

“Magically, yes. Legally? You have to let the Ministry register you as your actual age.”

“Fudge is not an option anymore,” Tom sighed, “Umbridge is slowly manipulating that old fool.”

“Can you not just copy his signature?” Harrison asked and Tom rolled his eyes, “We should try Amelia Bones. She’s familiar with you and had the power.”

Harrison nodded, “What about the rings?”

“Oh I can just magically change the ones on your hand.” The Goblin waved his hand, “Okay, that should be good. Could I do anything else to help you?”

Harrison nodded, “As lord of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Emrys, I’d like to open up all my vaults to this man here.” He said, dryly pointing at Tom, who gave him such a look of surprise.

“Why?” He asked and Griphook nodded, “I wasn’t going to question it, but since he asked, why?”

“You opened up your vault to me.” Harrison said and Tom argued, “Yeah, because most of the things in there are yours!”

“Tom, I trust you, besides we’re both going to be here forever, might as well share, right?”

Tom shook his head, “Those vaults are *yours.*”

“Yes and I will totally kick your ass if you steal something of meaning, but I trust you won’t, beside *if* something happens to me, someone has to have access.” Harrison said, “Oh and I can force you to get stuff for me this way.”

Tom sighed, “Fine.”

Griphook nodded, “It will be done.”

Only after Harrison and Tom left the office, they realised that Griphook had not insisted on any of the Goblin formalities.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this is the part where the story actually 'starts' which is crazy since we're 46 chapters in LMAO

Chapter 47: "Wow, Disrespect."

Chapter Summary

> Harrison goes through a trial to prove his innocence. It goes as well as expected. Meanwhile, Tom gets a weird request from minister Fudge.

Chapter Notes

> Did I write this during my twenty minute breaks of learning over the past week? Yep. Do I regret it? Fuck no.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison watched his old professor in front of him, unsure what to really call her, right now. He settled on, “Good to see you again professor.”

The woman managed to somewhat smile, although it didn’t quite look like the one she had during most of their discussions last school year. “Mr. Black, you can call me Amelia.” She said, that answered that question. “I hope you’re not here to cause too much issues for me.” She joked then, Harrison supposed that was fair, he was here *alone* as a teenager in the middle of a school year.

Oh, and he was three years older than he had been the last time they spoke.

“I can come back another time, if your not up for this all now?” Harrison asked, not sure what to make of the woman’s mood.

“No, it’s fine.” Amelia said, “I just had to deal with trouble at Hogwarts all night.”

“Wait, what happened at Hogwarts?”

“Nothing too crazy, Susan she fainted because a dementor took interest in her.” Amelia sighed, “Poor girl.”

“I heard about that,” Harrison said, quickly adding, “I didn’t know it was Susan, though.”

“It’s fine, what did you come here for?”

“Well, I hope this won’t be too much trouble for you,” Harrison replied, “I went to Gringotts yesterday, to get this whole thing tested. The test results,” he handed Amelia a paper that Griphook had personally translated. “As you can see, confirm that I am old enough to claim my titles, magically.”

“You didn’t come here to-“ Amelia said, laughing quietly to herself, “This is going to cause a lot of political trouble.”

“Not for your position, I trust?” Harrison asked, Amelia shook her head, “I am going to sit back and enjoy the show. However,” She hesitated, “Lord Potter has made some serious accusations about you aging up, by claiming your titles immediately, you might be proving his points about you doing this for power.”

“You don’t seriously believe *I* did this?”

Amelia shook her head, “No, no. I mean, some people do. I feel like I got to know you well enough to know you wouldn’t.”

Harrison nodded, trusting the woman enough to believe she was telling the truth. “What do you suggest, I wait till I claim my titles politically?”

“That would be a great loss of power,” Amelia muttered, in her position she probably had to deal with a lot of powerful people thinking they were superior to her.

Yet she had the position with more political power.

“I think especially now I could use these powers,” Harrison said, “They will help me convince people I’m not that bad of a person.”

“Perhaps,” Amelia said, “We should hold a trial, truth serum and all, you will tell them the truth.”

Harrison nodded, “That sounds like a plan.”

He knew that truth serum would not work on him, the rings he was wearing had protection against all kinds of truth serum. And even if the ring didn’t work, his occlumency should be strong enough to stop potion from working fully.

“I shall owl you when I have more information,” Amelia said, “I am happy you have decided to take your rightful place in the Wizengamot.”

“Do I need to sign anything?” Harrison asked and Amelia shook her head, “The Gringotts papers are enough.”

~

Harrison approached Susan a day later, asking the girl about her experience with dementors.

“I had never felt so cold in my life,” The girl said, after talking about when and where exactly it had happened. “Then suddenly I was just gone, all I could hear was my parents, isn’t that crazy? They haven’t been here for ages.”

Harrison nodded sadly, “That’s what these creatures do, feed on trauma.” He said, “The worst part is, they don’t even mean to.”

“You sound like you’ve had some experience with them.”

Harrison shook his head, “Not exactly,” Well, that was a lie. “I have just been researching them to make sure I have a strong case to force the Ministry to take them away from this place. This kind of exposure can already leave permanent damage to people our age.”

“You’re taking action?” Susan asked, “My aunt has tried for a while, but Fudge and Dumbledore teamed up on her. She was not happy about it.”

“Lord Gaunt told me the same thing,” Harrison said, “We can only hope they will listen to an actual student.” Harrison shrugged, “And if they don’t I am still teaching all of you the Patronus charm.”

“Can I- well join the class?” Susan asked and Harrison nodded, “Of course! I was hoping you’d want to.”

~

Tom had told Harrison the date of his hearing, before Amelia could even owl him about it. Sometimes Harrison really wondered if Tom was going to get into trouble by telling him so much about government secrets, then again he didn’t think Tom really gave a shit, the man *was* still a Dark Lord. If he deemed it necessary, he could still take over the Ministry with a full war.

That’s why he was here an hour early, talking to Tom.

“I will stop them if I notice you’re really about to expose *those*

secrets," Tom promised, "You made the right choice by doing this."

Harrison took a deep breath, "Fucking Potters."

Tom looked amused when he said, "I didn't think you'd be this nervous."

"Of course I'm nervous! It's truth serum, with my past!" Harrison whisper shouted and Tom just seemed to get more amused. "Sirius will also be right there if anything happens."

"Right, he did choose to come today." Harrison said, although it must have sounded more like a question because Tom nodded. "Of course he did."

"Ah! Mr Black," He heard a voice behind him, immediately he saw Tom's face twitch in annoyance. He turned around to see *the most pink* clothes he had ever seen in his life.

He put a fake smile on, "Ms Umbridge," He said, smiling, "What a pleasure to meet you before my hearing."

"Ah yes, well I thought, I should allow you of all people the pleasure." The woman giggled, an annoying high pitch sound, "I mean, you are after all the person who has caused us the most trouble for the past few months."

"How nice of you," Harrison said.

The woman nodded sweetly.

Harrison wanted to gag.

"I was wondering, Heir Black," She started, "Why do you go against the ministry's decision of putting Dementors in Hogwarts. It was after all a decision we made in the Wizengamot."

Harrison was glad Tom had more self-control than he had, because if he had been Tom right now his eyes would have flashed *red,* exposing his identity.

Instead he clenched his fists, "You will learn one thing about me and that is that I will *always* fight for what I believe in. Right now, that is that we should not punish Hogwarts students the same way we punish low-security prisoners in Azkaban."

Umbridge seemed surprised by that, "I think I will enjoy spending

some time to *teach* you about politics a bit more."

Harrison could feel Tom's emotions now, screaming in the back of his mind, on top of his own anger.

"Well, I am sorry to inform you that I am quite happy with my mentor right now." Harrison admitted, "I am not really the multiple teachers for one subject kind of person, you see?"

Umbridge nodded tightly, "Of course, I'm sure *Lord Gaunt* will do a fine job of teaching you, hopefully enough to prepare you for really stepping into your future role."

"He'll do *fine."* Harrison said and Umbridge nodded, "Then I wish you luck in your hearing."

The woman turned and Harrison shuddered, "She's a nightmare."

Tom nodded in agreement.

"Tom?" Harrison questioned suddenly.

The man hummed, "Yeah?"

"Will you claim the Slytherin seat when I am part of the Wizengamot, you mentioned it a while ago."

Tom nodded, "I think so," He said, "Everyone seems to expect me to do it soon, everybody knows the Gaunt line is connected to Slytherin."

"We're going to be unstoppable." Harrison muttered and Tom snorted, "You don't need me to be unstoppable."

Just as he was about to respond, the door opened and they were all called inside, the Lords before Harrison, of course.

Harrison got called in not long after, as he walked into the room, there was a person in the middle of the room, waiting for him to sit down.

As soon as he sat down he felt someone inject a needle, *veritaserum.* Since when did they use needles? It didn't matter anymore, not when his blurry vision caused his panic to get pushed to the back of his mind.

"State your full name."

“Harrison Sirius Black-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-Emrys.”

“That was a mouthful,” He heard someone comment, “The potion is working. We are here to question Heir Black about the event that caused him to age up.”

~

Tom sat there calmly as Harrison said his name, wondering if he had meant to say that. Did the potion work? His eyes did seem cloudy.

“Did you age yourself up on purpose, Heir Black?” The auror asked and Harrison replied clearly, “No, I did not.”

“Was it due to an accident during a ritual?”

“No it was not.”

“Could you explain to us how this happened?”

“I was in a coma,” Harrison said, “Mother Magic came to me, she told me she had another gift. I didn’t want to trust her, because the last time she said that she screwed me over by giving some gift no one ever had before and made me faint every time I touched *any* object, but she promised I would like this gift.” He paused, “She was correct this time.”

“So you have personally met Mother Magic?”

“Multiple times, yes.”

Tom glanced at Sirius and saw that the man was also looking at him, they both agreed something was wrong. Not only was Harrison really answering every question, he was also slouching more by the seconds, his eyes seemed to get smaller, he had gotten a lot paler- that might have just been the light.

“Permission to ask a question?” Umbridge asked and the auror looked at Amelia, who motioned for them to continue.

Umbridge stood up, “Heir Black, you are very skilled for your age, are you not?”

When Harrison replied to that with, “Yes,” Instead of his normal silence or sarcastic ‘I suppose’ Tom knew Harrison was not only seriously *effected* by this potion, he also had *zero* control right now.

“Were you really eleven when you started Hogwarts?” The woman asked then and Harrison replied, “I was.”

“Was that all, Dolores?” Amalia asked and Umbridge nodded, “Yes it was.”

“Could you tell us a bit more about your background heir Black?”

“Well,” The boy started, blinking harshly once, for a moment Tom thought Harrison was back, before he opened his eyes and they seemed *white* not the normal grey that veritaserum caused.

“Ms Bones, I don’t think the boy is okay.” One brave Lord said, “He seems to be responding badly to the potion.”

“It’s probably fine,” Umbridge said, “Answer the question Heir Black.”

Harrison blinked another time, his eyes seemed green for just a second and then they turned back white. “I-I- Well, Dumbledor brought me to my muggle family t-that-“

Then he fell on the ground, next to his chair, the auror next to him took a step back, to prevent him from falling on his feet.

He didn’t even try to catch the boy.

Tom stayed there in his seat, not wanting to be the first one to run to Harrison, not when Sirius was still in his seat. He wasn’t sure if people would react well to seeing him panic so much over his supposed *pupil*.

He closed his eyes, focusing steadily on the alive and well link between him and Harrison.

Luckily it only took Sirius about two seconds to stand up and rush over to his son, Tom following him quickly.

As soon as Sirius touched him, Harrison started coughing, literal foam streaming out of his mouth. Tom tried to send a mental signal, tried to get any kind of respond, but he didn’t get any. His only comfort right now was that he still felt the presence of Harrison in the back of his mind.

“Harrison,” Sirius whispered over the boy, “Wake up.”

He looked around, meeting Tom’s eyes last, the man looked about as worried as Tom felt. Tom took a deep breath, gently pulling Sirius back just a bit, before taking his place beside Harrison. The man

seemed angry for a moment, before he realised what Tom was doing.

Tom started casting a bunch of wandless spells, wands weren't allowed in the meeting room. Usually Tom tried to refrain from doing this in public, but right now he didn't give a shit not really. He heard people gasp around him at the effortless show of magic.

But all he focussed on was the result of his diagnostic spells.

"He has a veritaserum overdose." He stated, "The amount of poison in his system currently is-" Tom cut himself off taking a deep breath, "I hope everyone here realises why you should not go *over* the maximum of three drops, *especially* when you're injecting it."

"It was three drops-" The auror said, handing over the syringe he had used, it was tiny. Tom hated to admit it, "Then this wasn't a normal version of the poison. See, there's certain ingredients added to veritaserum that cause the poison to be less well, poisonous. I'm sure Severus Snape could tell you all about it."

"You think someone made an accident while preparing this months dosage of veritaserum?" Amelia asked and Tom shrugged, "Either that or it was done on purpose."

"That's impossible," Umbridge argued, "Or am I incorrectly assuming that brewing this potion takes a lunar cycle."

"That is correct," Tom said, looking back at Harrison, allowing his eyes to flash red, just a second. He was seriously going to lose his mind if he kept repressing his anger. "But, you can still change the potion later, that won't last a full lunar cycle."

Sirius was now on the other side of Harrison, he shot Tom a look, it seemed a mixture of panic and gratitude.

Probably for defending Harrison, Tom mused, although he couldn't quite find the humour in it he normally would. Not when the only person he ever cared about was laying in front of him, unresponsive once again.

"Lord Gaunt, I think it's a bit early to accuse *attempted* murder-" Amelia said, although she did not sound convinced while saying it. Tom could feel her suspicion rising every second.

"Perhaps we should test the rest of the veritaserum currently ready for use then."

Amelia nodded in agreement, looking as though she wanted to give the command to the auror, but then changing her mind. “How about we test it together?” She asked, “Meanwhile Lord Black can get Harrison to St. Mungo’s.”

Tom looked at Harrison, then at Sirius, and then at Amelia. He wanted to say no, he wanted to say *he* would stay to Harrison, but he could use the trust of Amelia Bones.

Glancing at Sirius once more the man nodded, Tom sighed, “Okay, we can go investigate the potion.

He ignored some of Dumbledore’s supporters glaring at him or some of his followers looking at him curiously and got up slowly. He casted a quick cleaning charm over his robes, not quite sure if *anything* got on him, but just wanting to be sure.

As they entered the hallway to the ministry Amelia commented, “I was quite impressed by your wandless magic.” She had a strange look in her eyes, as if she was looking right through him.

He was once again reminded why this woman had *scared* him during the first war, before well everything.

He put on an amused smile, “You should see Harrison.”

That made the woman laugh, “Oh believe me, I have. He practically did every duel in my class last year without wand.”

They somehow spend the rest of the way talking about Harrisons crazy achievements, although it felt more or less like talking about a dead person, sharing fond memories.

It worried Tom more than he’d like to admit, he supposed that was the reason he sighed in relief when they finally entered the ministry’s storage room.

Amelia got her wand out casting a bunch of spells, reorganizing the place until the potions were right in front of them. Then she asked him to help her scan all the potions.

Thirty minutes of potion scanning later they could say that it had indeed not been an accident.

“I just can’t believe someone would poison a teenager on purpose.” Amelia said, “I’ve seen a lot of things, but this is-“

“Do you think it’s the work of a Death Eater?” Tom asked, wanting to get out of this place as quickly as possible.

Amelia seemed hesitant, but eventually said. “This felt more politically motivated than a Death Eater attack, don’t you think?”

Tom nodded in agreement, “Besides Death Eaters can’t get through the Ministry wards with their marks.” That had been the truth for a while, many still thought it was- The ministry had decided that placing these wards around certain part of the Ministry, but still allowing them to get into courtrooms and holding cells- but since than Tom had changed the marks to allow Death Eaters to go to their normal day to day job.

He even went as far as making sure the marks became invisible once through the wards.

“And there’s that,” Amelia agreed, “Although I would not be surprised if they found a way around that.” She was looking at him strangely again, Tom hated this. He just wanted to go to Harrisons, help whatever mediwitch or wizard was helping him as much as possible to get him back on his feet in record time.

He must’ve shown something on his face, because the woman turned away and said, “I will make the auror department deal with this, you may leave Lord Gaunt, thank you for your assistance.”

Tom nodded respectfully at the woman, then turned to leave.

And if he secretly prayed to all the deities who had been looking over Harrison for the past few years to assist the boy during his healing process, nobody had to know.

If he also promised them that he would kill whoever was the one to hurt their favourite little prodigy, well that was a secret between him and the deities, was it not?

~

Sirius had not left Harrisons side since the accident, this was not surprising, especially since it had only happened around three hours ago.

He sat there Harrison hand in his, quietly watching the nice mediwitch do all kinds of scans on his son.

And he kept glancing at the *door,* almost scared while awaiting the arrival of The Dark Lord, Tom. The man had been so calm in the Wizengamot, then again he was a master at masks, Harrison had told him so.

Somehow this only made him more afraid of whatever hidden rage the man could currently have. The only comfort was that he would never actually hurt anyone in his family, because that meant hurting Harrison, which was unacceptable. The man himself would tell you so.

No scratch that, he would totally hurt his family, he was sure Bella had received at least one hundred crucio's from the man.

He just wouldn't hurt him or Remus or Fred and George. That was enough.

But when the man actually walked into the room, he was so calm, he just gave Sirius an unsure look, almost like he was not sure if he was *allowed* to be here.

Sirius just nodded, hoping he didn't have to say something to show the man that he probably meant just as much to Harrison as the rest of them.

He ignored the small voice in his mind saying that the Dark Lord probably meant more to his son.

"How's he doing?" The man asked and Sirius sighed, "He has not gotten any better, the mediwitch just keeps telling me to wait, it will wear off."

"It does not look like something that just wears off." Tom commented and Sirius nodded in agreement.

The following silence was slightly-uncomfortable, which was probably as good as it could get. Sirius slightly despised that he still felt so awkward while talking to this man alone. Even now that he almost treated Sirius like an equal.

"Amelia suspect it was done on purpose," Tom said then, "I agree of course, luckily she does not suspect any death eaters, she thinks it's politically motivated."

Sirius saw the grip the man had on his chair, and wondered if he was still wearing his calm Lord Gaunt mask for his sake.

“Do you think it could have been the pink toad?” Sirius asked and Tom nodded, “That was my first thought. Although, it could have been any one from the light side, any Potter supporter.”

“James would not do this,” Sirius said, even as he said it it felt like a week excuse. James had totally changed, he hadn’t defended James for years, but sometimes he did wonder if it was possible that the man he knew was still somewhere-

Tom raised a single eyebrow.

“He could not pull this off,” Sirius muttered, “The man can be smart, but not this smart. Perhaps with Lily’s help.”

The Dark Lord seemed amused as he said, “Well, either way, I will follow the auror investigation closer and as soon as I feel like I know who it was that person will regret ever hurting a teenager.”

As the man said that Sirius swore he saw his eyes flash red for a second.

~

The absence of not one, but two teachers, who were related to the missing student was a big sign for the student body of Hogwarts.

Especially when third period the twins were also taken out of their class, to go to St Mungo’s. It left all the Slytherin students anxious, which in turn made the rest anxious.

Marcus Flint could be found telling people, “I told him to keep his mind on quidditch,” which was a sad try to make this whole thing seem *funny*.

The worst part is, no one knew what happened. Not when Sirius and Remus were suddenly gone, not when the Twins were also allowed to leave the school. Not when a few days later Amelia Bones was found in the school to interview James.

It was only after a week of getting no news at all that Blaise rushed into the common room, “I received a letter from Lord Gaunt.”

Everyone was suddenly silent, Blaise took that as a sign to open the letter and start reading.

“*Heir Zabini and any other student of Hogwarts,*

You might have been aware of the trial Harrison went through and his absence afterwards. I have just gotten the okay from the Ministry to share this news.

During his trial Harrison was poisoned with the veritaserum he received during the trial. As far as I know the auror who injected the poison got the direct command by the Minister to inject it instead of letting Harrison drink it. The auror department has not found any suspects yet and Harrison is still unconscious.

Me or one of your teachers will keep you updated,

Lord Gaunt." Zabini read out loud, the message was short, but very clear.

"He- he was poisoned? *On purpose?"* Gemma asked, the headgirl- much like Flint- had been joking about Harrison absence to hide how worried she actually was.

"Veritaserum isn't poisonous as long as you don't take more than three drops and add the right ingredients." Draco said, "It must have been on purpose."

"Why do bad things always happen to Harrison?" Tracey wondered out loud, "First the whole coma, now he's *poisoned?"*

"What was his trial even for?" Someone then asked and nobody could even answer that, Harrison had not wanted to share too much, claiming it was one big 'surprise'. The only one he had told was Susan Bones, while talking about dementors with her.

"If this was the surprise he was talking about, he's an even shittier gift giver than I thought he was." Theo muttered and at least that received some laughs.

~

It had been nine days and Tom was getting impatient.

Especially because the different healers that had been rushing in and out to give all kind of treatments had told him that this response *was not normal.* Usually they would wake up in a maximum of thirty hours.

However, every time they said that they told him that waking up so early was usually what caused the witch and wizard to never fully

recover from the trauma their body had. The same witch or wizard would usually return in about a week only to get new, worse symptoms.

Harrisons magic seemed to try to prevent that, putting himself into a magically enhanced coma, *again.*

“His magic is fond of putting him in coma’s lately,” George muttered.

Tom nodded in agreement, because what the hell? Something like that happening once was rare, but *twice? In one year?*

Then again, he supposed he should be thankful, since Harrison had been in some crazy situations that could kill any other person. His magic seemed to prevent that every single time.

“Lord Gaunt,” A wizard walked in, Tom had never seen him before, “The ministry requires your presence.”

“Why?” Tom asked, Sirius looked at the man curiously, too. If it had anything to do with the Wizengamot he, too, should’ve gotten summoned.

“Minister Fudge requested to see you, he has not shared any more information.”

“Fudge?” Tom asked, the Minister had practically tossed him aside when Umbridge slowly start getting more power. Where he and Lucius had helped and given the Minister advice in every case a year ago, Umbridge now had that position all alone.

The man nodded and Tom glanced at Harrison, he had not left his side the past few days, this confused a lot of people. Tom, however, feared the reaction of the Horcrux if he left for too long. If a week was Harrisons normal maximum, what was his maximum in this state?

“Alright,” Tom nodded, “I will give minister Fudge a visit. Thank you, Mr..?”

The man was already gone when he looked back up.

“Wow, disrespect.” He heard one of the twins whisper. Tom couldn’t help but be amused, even though he hated to admit it the *twins* of all people have kept him from totally losing it for the past few days.

They’d make great Death Eaters one day.

The Ministry was unusually busy this day, there were aurors *everywhere* interviewing all kinds of Ministry workers, scanning their wands. Tom even got stopped when he was about to get into one of the many elevators.

“Oh, I apologise, Lord Gaunt.” The auror said as she noticed who she stopped, walking away. That was weird. Perhaps Amelia had told the aurors to leave him alone or something else entirely was going on.

The minister’s assistant was already waiting for him, letting the minister know he arrived immediately.

“Lord Gaunt,” Fudge stepped out of his office, “A pleasure as always.”

“Minister,” Tom said, bowing his head respectfully, “What can I do for you?”

“Oh please, call me Cornelius, we’ve been working together for a while, after all.” The man said, now Tom was getting suspicious of this whole situation, what happened here?

“Then you may call me Marvolo,” Tom answered, charming smile and all.

“Well, we have a lot to discuss,” Fudge opened the door of his office wider, motioning for him to walk in. Tom did so, seeing Umbridge there, this was getting almost scary now.

“Umbridge, pleasure.” Tom nodded, the woman didn’t reply, she just glared at him.

“Dolores has warned me that you might not like this idea at all, yet I see no choice, but to at least try.” Fudge said, “As you are aware we have decided that we need to keep the Wizarding World save from possible Death Eaters, so we decided to use dementors.”

Tom nodded, uncertain where this was going.

“Well, other wizarding schools in Europe disagree, it has totally ruined our relations with the wizarding community of France, Germany, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, even Bulgaria.”

Tom nodded, “And what do I have to do with that?”

“I thought you were an excellent candidate to travel around and fix those relations. I finally understand why some muggle countries insist

on having one elected person who deals with international relations."

Suddenly Umbridge's glare made sense, the woman was *jealous,* she had never gotten a job of this importance before.

Tom nodded, "Of course, Cornelius." He paused, "Do you think I could take Heir Black with me if he's healed on time, it'd be an excellent way to gather some political experience."

Fudge thought for a second, "If he heals within the next month, you may wait. Taking a Hogwarts student would only give a bigger chance at gaining support."

"Minister- surely-" Umbridge said and Fudge silenced her.

"Well, I shall notify you when I leave."

"What about school?" Umbridge asked and Tom said, "I shall speak with the deputy-headmistress of Hogwarts."

"See, Dolores, Lord Gaunt is always prepared to help."

"You know it is my pleasure, always, Cornelius." Tom answered, "May I ask one thing?"

"Of course," Fudge replied.

"What is going on in the Ministry?" He asked, "All the aurors, is it for-"

"Yes, we must make sure something like that could never happen again." Fudge replied, "Amelia is on the case, so we shall not worry."

Tom nodded, "Thank you, minister."

~

Thinking was hard, not ironically. Harrison had been in one big cloud in his own mind, the only few times he could see past it is when questions were asked. Is this how veritaserum worked? Why the hell did they use this in the Ministry.

Harrison please, He heard someone say his name, in the middle of the mist, *just wake up.*

It hit him so suddenly, being able to *understand* something, not just answer automatically. That some of the mist seemed to fade, the fog

seemed less thick now. He could see behind it.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his chest, as the memories from the trial returned to him.

And he knew who was calling out to him, so desperately. He understood why he could hear them. *The horcrux.*

Chapter End Notes

I PROMISE THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER FOR AT LEAST A WHILE WHERE HARRISON IS UNCONSCIOUS FOR THE BIGGEST PART. This was just an important event.

Also the ending is cringe, don't hate me for that. I just didn't know how to end this mess.

OHHH AND the chorus of power over me feels like Tom in this story, but like very lowkey and I'm here for that.

Chapter 48: "I'm just doing my comforting duties."

Chapter Summary

> Harrison wakes up and has some realisations. Meanwhile Hogwarts is ChAOS

Chapter Notes

> I'm back! I feel like I start every chapter like that now, but I have been working on this book for school which I have an ACTUAL deadline for so priorities and all.
>
> anyways I'm going to try to get more frequent posts. (ESPECIALLY BECAUSE WATTPAD WAS COMPLAINING ABOUT MY IRREGULAR POSTS. I don't even mean the people who read on wattpad I mean actual wattpad sending me a DM like 'Yo, you should post more frequently.' LIKE I HAVE A LIFE OKAY?

Once Tom realised he could talk to Harrison through the horcrux and get replies in the form of emotions, the whole situation changed.

Not only for Tom, but also for Harrison himself. The healers were amazed by how much the healing process sped up, they thought that perhaps it was because Harrison finally got the veritaserum out of his system.

Tom suspected that the actual potion had been out of his system for a long time.

Harrison woke up a week before Tom *had* to leave. He had already scheduled his first meeting, he would go to Germany first, because Germany often doubted England the most, after all they were badly hurt during Grindelwald's era.

Tom had been sitting next to the bed as always, quietly talking to Sirius, who had just gotten back from teaching a class at Hogwarts, Remus was still stuck teaching DADA.

It was when they heard a cough from Harrison that they both looked down, noticing him trying to open his eyes, the light in the room seemed to blind him.

“Harry?” Sirius asked, almost unsure. It was then Harrison decided to open his eyes fully and look around. Tom offered him water, which he had admittedly gotten for himself about an hour ago and then totally forgot about.

“Don’t ask me anything, I’m not sure if the potion still works.” He muttered, quietly.

“I’m sure you’re fine.” Tom said, “You’ve been unconscious for a month.”

“Another coma?” Harrison asked, “It didn’t feel like a month. The veritaserum kept working I couldn’t think without anyone asking me something. Until-“

He looked at Tom who looked surprised, “You could hear me?”

“It cleared the fog everything, it was so strange.” Harrison muttered looking at Sirius, “Are the twins okay?”

“They were here with us the whole time, about a week ago Dumbledore forced them to attend classes again.”

“And Remus?”

“Is still teaching DADA, he’s spending all his free time here with us. Minerva took over most of my classes.”

“So you all have been here, together? With Tom?”

“Why do you sound so surprised?” Tom asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, he seemed tired. Somehow Tom couldn’t let go of the fear that, once Harrison went back to sleep his magic would force himself into another magical coma.

“I’m going to get a healer,” Tom announced, “They should look at Harrison, perhaps Sirius can take you home already.”

~

Harrison wasn’t allowed to leave the hospital for another 48 hours, after which Sirius immediately took him home.

The somewhere around hour 38, Tom thought that perhaps discussing the whole international travel thing could be discussed now, with both Sirius and Harrison.

It was surprisingly easy, Harrison was all in, like Tom expected. It wasn't often you were asked to deal with international politics while still sixteen.

Sirius, however, took longer to convince. Although, not as long as Tom expected, the man seemed to see how big of an opportunity this it was and eventually agreed with an, "Tom you better protect him with everything you have."

And that was that, Tom wasn't sure what Sirius meant, but he sure as hell wasn't going to let anything happen to Harrison, so it wasn't hard to agree.

So when Harrison went home with Sirius, Tom decided to visit McGonagall.

"Lord Gaunt," She said, "What a surprise."

Tom nodded, looking around the woman's office. "Yes, well, I had something to discuss."

"Should I be worried?"

Tom shook his head, "Of course not."

The woman nodded, pleased with that answer. "Well, sit down then." She said, motioning to the chair opposite of her.

Tom sat down, "Minister Fudge approached me with a new position in the Ministry."

Minerva looked confused, but nodded slowly.

"He wants me to deal with international relations," Tom explained quickly, "I, of course, would not pass up on such an opportunity."

"You'd be crazy if you did," She answered, "Although I do wonder why you came here."

"I want to include Harrison in this, part of his political training, he'd absolutely love it and he might even learn something."

"And you want me to agree," Minerva muttered, "To avoid asking Dumbledore?"

"Don't all the requests go through you? I had the impression you did most of his work."

“You are right,” She sighed, “If you honestly think that this is a good option for Harrison and his *training* then I see no reason to disagree.” She paused, “The head boy and girl and Flint are going to hate this.”

“I’ll make sure he returns to Hogwarts most of the time.” Tom said, “We do not want him to seem unfit for the prefect duties, because of his rocky start of the schoolyear.”

“I’d like to see someone try to claim he’s not a good prefect.” Minerva said, “Everything he has done the past few years were basically the duties of prefects and more.” Then after a minute, “I’ll agree to it, because Harrison is a special case.”

“That he is,” Tom agreed, “Thank you, deputy headmistress.”

“Oh please,” Minerva said, “You can call me Minerva, we have known each other for decades, after all.”

Tom nodded, “Well, thank you, Minerva.”

She nodded back, “I am happy you are giving Harrison such a chance. You could’ve just kept this experience to yourself. Like you would have done a few years ago.”

“People change.”

“You have changed a lot,” Minerva said, “That’s not necessarily a negative thing.”

Tom smiled at her, just slightly, not sure what to make of that. “I should go, tell Harrison the good news.”

Minerva nodded once again, satisfied. “You do that, say hello for me.”

And then Tom had flooed away and she was once again alone in her office. Dumbledore was going to be pissed off.

~

It was after four days that they actually arrived in Berlin. The wizarding community of Germany was a powerful one, that much had been proved during the first war.

However, they were also cautious, trying to avoid anything that might cause a repeat of Grindelwald. Therefore, when *Voldemort* showed up in England they had cut all ties with the wizarding community of the UK.

It was kind of ironic that the minister had send Tom Riddle to discuss this.

Luckily for them the Slytherin line had multiple properties all over Europe, so they didn't have to deal with hotels all around Europe during their travels.

"You never told me we *own* a fucking castle in Germany." Harrison said, as he walked around the place.

"Well, Slytherins do like their properties." Tom said, watching Harrison inspect old artefacts. "It's a good thing, though. We can easily floo to the Dutch *and* France wizarding community from here without having to deal with the side-effects from long distance flooing."

"So we basically live here for-"

"A week?" Tom asked, "Or two, afterwards you will return to Hogwarts, I will have a lot of boring conversations with Fudge and then we will go to Scandinavia. We will have to spend most of our time in France, since both French and Dutch children, as well as many others go to school in France."

Harrison nodded, "I do still wonder where Durmstrang is located exactly."

"Northern Europe," Tom muttered, "So most likely Scandinavia? Especially since Fudge also wanted me to go to the Scandinavian wizarding community. I presume it must be in Norway or Sweden, since Oslo is like the London of Scandinavia, the minister of magic is right there. Their own version of the Wizengamot is there. Sweden, however, has more wizards overall."

"It's not Denmark, for sure." Harrison agreed, "It doesn't fit the description."

"Perhaps you should try to get into Durmstrang and solve the mystery," Tom joked, as he sat down on one of the large green couches one of their ancestors had put into this room.

"Right, *perhaps* you should ask your followers, isn't the headmaster of Durmstrang a Death Eater?"

"How do you even know that?"

Harrison smirked and shrugged, “So tell me, *Tommy boy,* where is Durmstrang?”

Tom sighed, “I seriously never bothered to learn where it was, never even asked, I wasn’t interested.”

Harrison shot Tom an amused look then asked, “What’s our plans for tomorrow?”

“Well, we have to be at the Ministry at 9.” Tom said, “The minister will meet with us, hopefully that will be enough.”

“Wow, I get off from school and *still* have to get up early.”

“Harrison,” Tom said, sounding serious enough to get Harrisons attention at once. “Are you okay?”

“What?” Harrison asked, looking so confused.

“It’s just, you have been acting different since you woke up. Not too different, but-“

“But of course you would notice.” Harrison muttered, as he let himself fall on the couch next to Tom, he had been pacing the whole time they had been talking.

Tom nodded, “Of course.”

Harrison smiled just slightly, though it didn’t quite reach his eyes like normally. “Before I left the hospital another healer came in to do one last check. He kept talking about how everyone was *sure* I would have died, because I hadn’t woken up earlier.” He sighed, “It was so *scary,* to hear how they had almost given up. He then also told me to let my magic rest for another month or so.” Harrison paused, Tom wasn’t sure if it was his turn to say something now, even if it was, he didn’t know *what* to reply.

“I was almost killed at the Ministry, the entire Ministry is slowly falling apart because someone tried to *murder* me. Yet, I can’t use my magic to protect myself, because that too, might actually kill me. Now I’m in a country I have never been in before with zero protection.” Harrison said, looking at the floor like it was the most interesting thing in this entire room. “I am not ready to die yet, Tom.”

“You won’t,” Tom said, “I’m not going to let that happen.”

“I knew you would say that.” Harrison muttered, “You can’t always protect me, Tom. The veritaserum proved that much.”

“I sure as hell can try.” Tom replied, lifting Harrisons face with his hand, forcing Harrison to look in his eyes. Harrisons eyes were filled with tears, he looked so small, so afraid. Tom knew that look, he used to see it in the mirror back at the orphanage. “You, Harrison Black, will not die as long as I’m still alive.”

“You’re immortal,” Harrison replied, “As long as I’m alive.”

“We’ve had this conversation before Harrison,” Tom replied, “You *literally* can’t die as long as I’m here.”

“Somehow being in a coma for entirety might be scarier.” Harrison said, but this time almost jokingly.

Tom smiled, “I practically pulled you out of a coma once, I can try again.”

Harrison nodded, “I’m sorry-“

“Don’t.” Tom said, “Don’t apologise.” He pulled Harrison into a hug, pressing a single kiss to the top of his head. Harrison didn’t move an inch, he only seemed to hold Tom a little closer.

After a while, however, Harrison did speak up and said, “Well, that was a new record for us.” It sounded awkward and Tom snorted, pulling away. “I’m just doing my comforting duties.”

“You do pretty well.” Harrison admitted and Tom shrugged, not sure how to reply to that. He had to admit that Harrison did look at least a bit better now, so perhaps Harrison was right, He could be pretty good at comforting people. Well, as long as ‘people’ meant Harrison, because this felt more personal than anything else.

Tom smiled, just slightly, as he offered Harrison his had, “Would you care to explore *our* castle with me?”

Harrison laughed, grabbing the hand, “I would love to.”

~

Harrison carefully entered the bedroom he had chosen, right next to Tom’s.

The room was in the castles private wing, Harrison suspected it was

the Heir bedroom, due to the size of the room. It was decorated with all kinds of furniture, mostly forest green with dark brownish tones.

It was quite beautiful, especially with the enchantments on the window.

You could select the time of day you wished, it would then show the outside at that time, at night you could also choose to turn the enchantments off.

Harrison let himself fall on the bed in this room. He couldn't help but wonder *what* had happened today. Of course, he had been aware that he had been acting kind of strange, it made sense.

But Tom had not even hesitated, before *comforting* him. It had turned his whole mood around in a matter of seconds.

The worst part had been when Tom had practically forced Harrison to look at him and Harrison had felt hope for just a second.

Suddenly, it started making sense, all the rumours, awkward conversations with his classmates and even Sirius and Remus.

It made Harrison question everything that had happened the past few years, did *Tom* even notice? Had the Gaunt ring been some sort of signal, Tom had practically already shared his entire family fortune with Harrison.

Was Harrison the oblivious one?

He decided that none of it matters, for now at least, since he and Tom were currently in *Germany* of all places to convince the Ministry of Magic that the UK was not all bad, even if the politicians were well, *bad.*

So Harrison turned to lay on his back and stared at the ceiling of his room, until he finally fell asleep.

~

Minister Hugo Volk, a German muggleborn, who managed to be the first German muggleborn Minister of magic, was who they were meeting this morning.

And Harrison would be lying if he said that he wasn't a bit nervous.

"How can you just wait here like it's something you do *everyday?"* He

asked, while him and Tom were waiting for the Minister to let them into his office.

“I’ve done more nerve-wrecking things.” Tom muttered, “*World domination being one of them.”*

“You failed though.” Harrison replied and Tom glanced at him, “*It’s all part of the process.”*

“Right,” Harrison allowed, “This process of yours has been going for a long time, you should feel lucky you won’t die anytime soon.”

“I am the luckiest person alive,” Tom said, charming smile and all, just as the office door opened.

“Gentlemen,” The German Minister said, with a heavy accent. “Come in please.”

Tom stood up, Harrison following him closely.

“I am glad you made time for us, Minister.” Tom said, as he shook the man’s hand. Volk laughed, “I was surprised by your suggestion, I just wanted to hear this out. Also I could never say no to someone tutoring *the* genius of Hogwarts.”

“Oh no, people here know about that?” Harrison asked and Volk nodded, “We have been following everything happening in your school quite closely, to make sure there are no more attacks.” The man turned back to Tom, “That does make me wonder why your Ministry decided to place creatures such as dementors in a place full of teenagers.”

“That’s actually one of the things I was hoping we could discuss, Minister.”

“You can call me Hugo, I feel like this will be a long conversation.” He said seriously and Tom said, “Well than you may call me Marvolo, and that’s Harrison, of course.”

Volk nodded again, taking a step to let Harrison and Tom into his office. “I have to admit I was surprised that Fudge is interested in the ties with Germany and that he didn’t come here himself.”

“Minister Fudge is very busy,” Tom said, “So he send me instead, I would never pass up on such an opportunity, of course.”

“Perhaps it is for the better.” Volk said, “The man has never been that good in politics.”

Tom nodded in agreement, “He’s trying.”

“That doesn’t promise a lot.” Volk said, “As I’m sure you are aware, I am in no way interested in working together with your Ministry as long as there’s danger in the UK.”

“We have no reason to believe Voldemort is still alive.” Harrison said, “As for the Death Eaters who escaped, I truly believe that they will be caught in a matter of months. I know for a fact that the Minister won’t make the same mistake of just locking them up in Azkaban again.”

“Straight to the point as always,” Tom muttered and Harrison shot him an amused glance. Volk seemed to appreciate his honestly though, “Yet, you still feel the need to protect Hogwarts with dementors?”

“Believe me, none of us *actually* agree with the Minister on that.” Harrison replied, “As soon as I get my seats they will be gone in a matter of seconds.”

Tom seemed to be okay with letting Harrison act like the teenager he was, let him say whatever comes to mind, because he leant further into his chair and smirked, just slightly, Harrison was sure Volk wouldn’t notice.

“And you truly believe Voldemort is gone?”

“One hundred percent, Hugo.” Harrison said, smiling slightly. “After all, I was there on the night he disappeared.”

“If your Minister, Fudge, doesn’t need Germany in times of war,” Volk started, “Then why did he decide to sent you two all the way here. The UK hasn’t cared about other countries for years, always claiming they didn’t need those ties, since they were the strongest.”

“I cannot speak for our Minister,” Harrison replied. “I truly don’t know.”

“We have gotten a more negative than necessary reputation lately,” Tom said, “As I am sure you are well aware. I don’t agree with Fudge or Dumbledore on a lot of things, for example I think we as a Ministry as a state aren’t more powerful than any others in Europe, at least. But I do agree that this negative attention is unnecessary, especially

because we are in the early stages of rebuilding our country, *again."*

It was Harrisons turn to sit back and watch Tom carefully manipulate the Minister of Germany, coming up with excuses for behaviour he hadn't even been aware of. Talking about his own disagreements with the political figures most people hated. Especially the ones that were hated outside of the UK.

And it seemed to work, the Minister was slowly but surely convinced of all the things Tom told him.

When they finally left *five* hours later, it was with a fully convinced Minister Volk and a promise that he would never have to work with Fudge directly.

And Harrison would be lying if he said he hadn't learned a lot from this conversation. Tom was slowly but surely teaching him how to be a perfect politician. It was a whole different part of manipulation he hadn't even thought of during his time with the founders. Yet, it seemed to come so effortlessly with Tom.

When they finally stepped outside the office, Tom turned to Harrison and said, "Let's get lunch in the Ministry before going back to our castle."

Harrison laughed, "Right, *our castle.* Well I'll accept your lunch invite this once."

"It's on me," Tom said and Harrison rolled his eyes, "Out of *our* vault."

"Just because I gave you the key." Tom replied, "Don't let it get to your head."

~

The next day Tom left Harrison alone, because he had to return to the Ministry to finalize everything. He had to speak with a bunch of people.

And Harrison honestly was not too excited about meeting a bunch of angry politicians now.

The next day they went to the Netherlands, which went just as well if not better, they met the French Minister the day afterwards, leaving both Tom and Harrison exhausted.

“You’d think that sitting in an office and talking to a bunch of idiots wouldn’t be this tiring.” Harrison muttered, as he crashed on the couch. Tom snorted, sitting down in one of the chairs opposite of the couch. “I can’t wait to rub my success in Umbridge’s face.”

“Of course that is what you are excited for.” Harrison replied, “Makes total sense.”

“I’m glad you agree.”

“Smartarse.” Harrison said, hearing Tom laugh in reply, “We’re back to insulting each other now?”

“Thought it was about time,” Harrison said as he forced himself to sit up, instead of laying spread all over the couch.

“And here I thought you actually started liking me somewhat.” Tom replied, jokingly, but all Harrison could think about was his realisation of a few days ago.

“I mean you are okay sometimes.”

Tom smirked, “That’s what I thought.”

Harrison stuck out his tongue, for lack of a better reply.

Tom seemed to remember something at that exact moment, because he looked at Harrison, “Oh, I totally forgot to tell you. I managed to get Regulus’ body to the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Really? You transported the body throughout the entirety of Hogwarts, *alone?”*

Tom shook his head, “Turns out the Chamber has a floo system.”

“*What?”*

Tom nodded, “That was also my reaction, I just flooed the body to Hogwarts. I know It was a big risk and all that.” He sighed, “I just thought it was the least I could do for you, you’ve been through so much the past few months.”

“Oh, don’t you pity me, Tom Marvolo Riddle.” Harrison said, glaring at the man.

“I wouldn’t dare, Harrison Sirius Black.” Tom replied, “I would however, dare to help you wherever I can. Just ask.”

~

Hogwarts was chaotic without Harrison there.

Of course, that much had been expected, but the strange thing was that people decided to blame each other for Harrisons absence.

The Potters and their friends especially seemed to be blamed for poisoning their own biological family member. This caused something Harrison had been fighting to destroy.

A huge fight between houses, the unity he had fought so hard for seemed to disappear totally.

Except, this time most of the houses seemed to agree with the Slytherins, the Gryffindors were suddenly seen as the evil ones. Except the ones who were known to be close to Harrison.

“I knew we should not have trusted this whole situation, I mean a trial? He’s a goddamn teenager.” Draco said, “At least he’s safe now.”

“If Harrison could see what you guys were doing, he’d absolutely hate it.” Terence said for the third time, nobody seemed to listen, though. Usually when something happened to someone, people were worried, once they woke up this worry would turn into anger, but with their return it slowly faded back to relief.

Harrison had not come back since he had woken up, instead he had practically ran away from Hogwarts, with the promise he would be back in a month at most.

The worst part was, nobody could blame him, because he had gotten the opportunity of a life time.

Quidditch season would start soon and Harrison had promised to be back by then at least, this brought both comfort and fear, because there had been whispers of plans for more attacks. Although, nobody could tell if these were actually serious.

“They’ll never listen.” Cedric said, when he sat down next to Terence, “Blaise tried talking to them the other day, they are still worried. Some people speculate that he hasn’t returned yet because something is seriously wrong, the whole thing about politics is just a cover up.”

Terence shook his head, “This place is a mess.”

“The anger makes us safer at least.” Cedric muttered, “Dementors can feed from the negative energy in the air instead having to carve it out of us.”

“Imagine that that was why he did all of this.” Terence said, amused.

Cedric laughed, “Harrison, doing the craziest things to keep us safe.”

“He’s probably just enjoying some strange paradise with his prince charming right now,” Terence whispered to Cedric who looked shocked, “You mean him and Lord Gaunt-“

“Not yet, but if it happened I would not be surprised.”

“Isn’t that strange, though, Harrison is his *student* practically.” Cedric said and Terence gave him a look before realising Cedric did not know the whole story, “You should ask him for the story between him and Lord Gaunt once, I think he might tell you.”

Cedric gave him a confused look and Terence just offered him a slight smile, Cedric laughed before standing up once again, “I shall return to the Hufflepuffs once again.” He said dramatically, “I wish you the best of luck on your quest of keeping the Slytherins calm, Heir Higgs.”

“Well,” Terence said, “I can’t say I’m surprised someone else is asking for your attention, Heir Diggory, but I’d be lying if I said that I’m not a bit disappointed.”

“I truly apologise.” Cedric said, smiling.

Terence waved at him as he walked away, but Cedric’s seat didn’t stay empty for long, as Blaise quickly joined Terence.

“Your look almost matched Harrisons while talking about Tom.” Blaise said, “So what happened there?”

Terence rolled his eyes, “Blaise Zabini the romantic as always,” He said, “Cedric and I are *friends* have been since his first year or even before that really.”

“Somehow I don’t believe you.” Blaise muttered and Terence shrugged, “Then don’t, it’s not really my issue either way.”

~

After another four days of Tom flooing back and forth from the three countries they had been in so far, they both decided it was time to

return home. Harrison could finally return to Hogwarts while Tom discussed everything with Fudge, afterwards they could leave again.

And entering Hogwarts felt surreal, everyone seemed curious what exactly had happened, where he had been, meanwhile Dumbledore was glaring more than ever before.

And Hope was well.. A new level of unpopular, to most people at least. A part of the Gryffindor house still did whatever she said, the rest of the school though, it was like the school had split into groups again.

But this time houses didn't matter.

As he was discussing this with some people Oliver Wood brought it to his attention that this was not totally true. "Every house is united, but I have seen some people *bully* Gryffindors, just because they are Gryffindors."

"So basically what they did to us *for decades?* And nobody cared?" Daphne muttered and Harrison rolled his eyes, "Calm down, we can deal with this. Isn't Percy a prefect?"

"He is," Oliver said, "Why?"

"Just tell him to make sure his own house is safe, I am sure we can keep an eye on the rest. Percy and Gemma have the most power, though." Harrison said, "I'll try something soon."

Oliver nodded, although he still seemed unsure.

"I just had to deal with constant politics for over *a week.* Give me a break before throwing me into the mess all of you created together." He said and that seemed to do it because suddenly Tracey started telling him about Snape's classes, which had been more than interesting, because the man seemed even more grumpy now.

Harrison listened to the girl happily, as she was finally giving him what he wanted when he came back to Hogwarts; the feeling of being a normal teenager for just a little bit, after everything that happened to him.

The feeling didn't last long however, because that evening there was some kind of welcome back party- which he had not asked for- in the Room of Requirement.

He spend his first evening back talking to all the worried students, calming them down, explaining that yes he was fully okay now and yes he could use his magic again.

That was something he had asked of Tom, whatever they did, keep him away for long enough so that he could use at least a bit of his magic when he returned to Hogwarts. The man had shot him an understanding look and scheduled *another* meeting with the French Minister.

“Harrison!” He heard someone shout, Susan was standing behind him. “My aunt asked me to give this to you once you returned.” She gave Harrison a letter from the Wizengamot. “I’m glad you are doing okay!”

“Thank you, Susan.” He replied looking at the letter, “Could you distract the people searching for me while I open this outside.” He said, holding the letter up and Susan nodded, “Of course! I expected that much, honestly.”

Sneaking out of the crowded room was easier than he officially thought. Once he was standing in the corridor he read the letter, it was a long explanation and apology. Then the last sentence was;

We all agreed that not accepting you into the Wizengamot would be a huge loss.

He blinked, *twice, thrice.*

“I’m in.” He muttered, he almost couldn’t believe it, because as much as he wanted to believe he had proved enough over the past few years, his trial wasn’t exactly a success.

“Slacking prefect and politician, huh?” He heard someone behind him.

“Gemma,” He said surprised, turning around. “I am *so* sorry.”

“I can’t really blame you for getting poisoned, I heard quite a lot of horror stories.” Gemma admitted, “And well, let’s just say, we need someone in the Wizengamot who will actually do what is best.”

Harrison smiled at the girl, “I promise, I’ll do whatever to prove I’m not a *slacking* prefect.”

“You have proved yourself before, Harrison.” Gemma said, “Just keep going as you always have.”

Harrison nodded, doing what he always did sounded like something he could do.

“Besides,” Gemma said, “I love pissing Dumbledore off and not budging while he insisted me and Snape found a new prefect together has really done the job. It has been my amusement for the past few weeks.”

“He has been glaring at me non stop, I was wondering why.” Harrison said, “But that explains it a bit.”

“It could also be because you are *Harrison* and he despises you.” Gemma said, “Just a possibility.”

“Oh believe me, I know, it just seemed worse now. Maybe he is jealous of me, being able to travel through Europe, talk shit about him to other Ministers, without anyone caring, because I’m just a teenager.”

“Doesn’t sound half bad, to be honest.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, it had really not been that bad.

Chapter 49: "I might've talked to Death."

Chapter Notes

> It's 3.30am I just finished this, I'm also very sleep deprived. Just came back from vacation and going on another vacation tomorrow. Life is chaotic rn.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of their trip through Europe flew by, suddenly Harrison was full time at school again, besides the days he had to go to the Wizengamot.

He spend most of his time at school reading about the issues in the Wizengamot, because he had missed a lot the past few years. Tom was, luckily, always there to help him.

Meanwhile, he also started attending classes again and started realising just why Daphne had decided their new History teacher was hiding something. The man was suspicious and way too obsessed with Dumbledore.

And that was a bad combination.

So today, three weeks after returning, Harrison finally got time to visit the Chamber and deal with Regulus. He had done a shit ton of research and hoped that- if everything he had heard, read and seen was correct- he could just allow Regulus to re-enter his body.

It was risky as fuck and he told literally nobody besides Sirius, Remus and Tom he was doing this.

So naturally, the three men decided they *had* to be there when he actually executed his plan.

Harrison didn't mind the extra support, if anything went wrong he'd have three powerful men who could at least try and help him. However, he did worry about Sirius. He had told Sirius they had retrieved the body, of course, but Sirius had not gotten the chance to actually see this deformed version of his little brother yet.

He led the two men to the entrance of the Chamber, asking for stairs before making the all too familiar trip down. When they entered the main hall, Tom was already there, waiting with Regulus' body.

Sirius stayed scarily quiet and Harrison once again started questioning if this was really the best idea, but then the man just approached the body and muttered, “Soon, soon you’ll be back.”

Meanwhile Remus was standing behind the man comforting him.

And all Harrison could do was hope, *pray* to whatever deity was living to grant him this wish, just so that he wouldn’t have to see the disappointment on Sirius’ face if this all went wrong.

“Okay so what is the plan?” Tom asked, breaking the heavy silence that fell over them.

“I’m going to try to see Regulus and then-“ Harrison started as Tom handed him the stone he had left at Tom’s manor, the resurrection stone. “I’m using this to force him back to the real world.”

“It’s risky,” Tom muttered and Harrison nodded, “But if it works.”

Tom nodded, he had known what Harrison was going to do, or at least understood it from what Harrison had told him. Now standing here, he wondered how big his chance of succession actually was.

Then again, Harrison had proved over and over again that he could and would make the impossible possible.

Harrison sat down on the cold floor next to Regulus’ body, trying to ignore Tom reaching out to help him, he *could* not get distracted right now.

He grabbed the cold hand of the body in front of him before letting his magic go, freeing the ability with it. He ignored everything around him, even if it was hard to ignore the presence of literal people in his magic.

And then he just sat there, trying to connect with Regulus.

Nothing happened.

It was strange how he couldn’t feel anything at all, no presence. He was sure Regulus was helping him, trying to make it work from the other side, yet it didn’t.

Harrison sighed, closing his eyes focussing everything he had on the cold hand in his own, his magic currently scanning every corner of this room and all of that while still ignoring the presence of others.

He felt kind of stupid, sitting here while others were looking at him full expectation, sure that he could bring a person who died *decades* ago back.

It was just as he dared to think that that he felt the familiar feeling of the world fading away around him, falling and then *nothing.*

He opened his eyes when he heard hurried footsteps down the chamber.

He saw a man he had never seen before hurrying to the centre of the chamber and sort through some sort of items, Harrison couldn't see what it were from this distance. He just stood there, watching, for a full eight minutes, before the world finally faded again.

When he woke up again, Regulus was right in front of him.

"That took a while," Harrison muttered and Regulus just kind of stood there. "I tried to get through it, but some memory was blocking it-"

Harrison nodded, "I don't know what I just saw." He replied.

"How are we going to do this?" Regulus asked, "I can't interact with the world around us."

Harrison nodded, he knew Regulus couldn't or else the boy would've shown any kind of sign years ago. He reached into his pocket, where he must've put the stone somewhere in the process and showed it to Regulus.

"A stone?" Regulus asked and Harrison shrugged, "*The* stone."

"Resurrection." Regulus realised then, "Beedle the bard."

Harrison nodded, "Turns out the story was true and this, well stone, can cause any *living* human to see their dead loved ones."

"Okay, but the problem is-" Regulus said and then stopped, "*Oh."*

Harrison was glad he didn't have to explain to Regulus how this might mean that it would also work in reveal, it would cross the barrier between death and living for him too. Perhaps enough to see Sirius, see Remus, hell even see Tom, who could then guide him to his body.

"Take it." Harrison said.

"But then you'll lose it."

“Return it to me when we’re finished and if, somehow it does not return with us, well that might be for the best.”

“You’re willing to sacrifice a *Deathly Hallow* for this?” Regulus asked, amazed and Harrison shrugged, “May I ever need one again, I could just try to get it by pestering Death.”

Regulus rolled his eyes and reached for the stone, “I won’t forget this.”

“If you forgetting is the price to pay for Sirius to get his brother back, I wouldn’t mind.” Harrison replied, “Although, I do hope you are right.”

Regulus turned the stone in his hand, Harrison watched as the world around him faded, his connection to Regulus fading. He expected to return to the normal world immediately again, but instead he stayed there, alone in the Chamber in this other world.

Harrison looked around trying to see something, there was nothing.

Until suddenly there was. He heard the footsteps echo through the big space he was in, even as he saw no one.

“*I doubted her when she asked if she could grant you my gift.”* Was the first sentence the deity said to him, “*And I still doubt if you’ll ever control it truly.”*

Harrison stayed silent, not sure what was happening.

“*But I have to say you have already achieved more than I expected you to, and for that I will assist you. I will let his soul go freely.”*

Harrison gasped as he realised who he was talking to, who seemed to be currently helping him.

“*But you must realise, boy, that usually bringing someone back takes a lot more. It is not something you shall do as you wish.”* The voice stopped, Harrison could feel the power. “*And the next time, you must get my permission before going through with another foolish plan. You might be able to escape me for a few more centuries than others, but that does not mean I cannot take your soul whenever I want. Remember that.”*

Harrison nodded, he had never felt so weak, *so small* before. Mother Magic suddenly seemed so *human* in comparison to *Death.*

Harrison wondered if this was what Tom’s fear came from.

He closed his eyes focusing on his breathing before answering, “I understand.”

“*Good, I shall let you go then.”* The voice said, sounding much softer, “*This will not be the last time we meet, Harrison Black.”*

And then all the power left the room at once, Harrison was once again alone. This time however, he was shaking, never expecting to meet someone even close in power to Death.

He wondered if he should be afraid, or perhaps in awe.

He didn’t have a lot of time, because in a matter of seconds he was back in the real world.

Sirius was currently hanging over Regulus, inspecting him, almost as if he couldn’t believe Regulus was truly there, Remus was with him.

Harrison thought he could take this moment to collect himself, before joining in. He wasn’t big on making people worry about him.

It was when he noticed the fifth person in the room that he realised he was too late. As soon as he had woken up Tom was immediately by his side.

“Are you okay?” He asked, softly so the others couldn’t hear, Harrison was at least glad he did that.

“Did it work?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded, “It did.” He muttered and Harrison wanted to celebrate, talk to Regulus, he wondered now if the boy remembered, if he still had the stone. Instead of doing any of that, he absolutely crashed in Tom’s arms, the man sitting beside him easily wrapped his arms around Harrison when his forehead landed softly on Tom’s shoulder and he showed no intend to move.

“What happened?” Tom asked and Harrison sighed, “I might’ve talked to Death.”

He felt Tom’s arm’s tighten around him, forcing the limited space between them to reduce, by quite a lot.

“What did he want?”

“Help, with Regulus.” Harrison replied, “And then warn me to never pull crap like this again.”

Tom sighed, “We knew this was going to be dangerous.”

“Yes, we did. It’s just- Death is scary, more powerful than I could even start to imagine.” Harrison said, “And that’s saying something because I met *Mother Magic* multiple times.”

“I know he is.” Tom said, “It’s okay to be scared, you know?”

“I know.” Harrison muttered, “You have told me so before. *Shown* me.”

Tom hummed, “You shouldn’t let the fear control you, however.” He continued, “Every single time you see Death, just greet him, show him that you’re listening to his warning.”

Harrison nodded, “He said something else.” He said then, “Something about Mother Magic gifting me his gift. It made me thing, Mother Magic, she was never sure of what she had given me.”

“*Some will say seeing is fate’s gift.”* Tom quoted, “It’s from a book I read as a teenager about seers. Magic had gifted us all her gift, some of us receive fate’s gift of seeing. Time put his gift in items, such as time-turners. It would make sense Death has one, too.”

“It doesn’t make sense, though.” Harrison muttered, “*Necromancy* is deaths gift.” Harrison looked up, into Tom’s eyes for the first time this conversation. “I can *see*, just not the future. I can see the past, I’ve lived in it. I can talk to the Death, yet don’t have the power to control it, not really.”

“Harrison,” Tom said then, so soft, “You can either doubt your gift or embrace it. Mother Magic has given you something amazing. It doesn’t matter where it’s from, because any deity who agreed to this knows you’ll do good with it. We can figure this out later, if you wish to.”

Harrison nodded.

Tom smiled, “I think you should greet Regulus.”

Harrison looked at the boy sitting next to Sirius and Remus, shaking his head. “I’m not going to intrude.”

Tom scoffed, “Right, because they’d care.”

“I just- I’ve *talked* to Regulus, Sirius deserved to catch up with him.” Harrison said, “It’s their moment not mine.”

Tom nodded, not arguing with Harrison any further, instead he just

released Harrison from his arms and waited for Harrison to stop leaning on him.

It took a full two minutes for Harrison to pull back and instead sit down next to Tom.

They watched the two brothers reunite, neither of them saying anything. Only once Sirius turned around, probably to check up on Harrison, Regulus could see past him to notice Harrison.

Sirius, too, noticed him just sitting there. “Harrison! Why don’t you join us?”

Harrison glanced at Tom, who raised a single eyebrow and sighed, before standing up and muttering an awkward, “Good to see you awake.”

“Couldn’t have done it without you,” Regulus said.

“You remember,” Harrison muttered, this actually surprising him, especially after his conversation with death.

Regulus nodded, Harrison saw him hesitate for a second.

“I don’t have the stone anymore.” Regulus said then, “I’m sorry.”

“I didn’t expect you to have it.” Harrison admitted, “It’s probably for the better, either way.”

Regulus nodded in agreement and Harrison looked around, the Chamber wasn’t the best place for a heartfelt reunion. “We should probably get out of this place.” He pointed to Tom, “He can lead you to the floo, I think I should return to the common room.”

Sirius gave him a strange look, but Harrison ignored that in the favour of giving Tom a *look* to lead them all to the floo system in the chamber.

The man rolled his eyes, but motioned for the others to follow him, he had stayed on the side till now, not sure how Regulus would react, he was after all indirectly the cause of Regulus’ death.

Regulus, who luckily still remembered everything, didn’t seem to mind too much, and followed the man after Harrison said goodbye.

~

“It actually worked?” Theo asked, surprised. “You can *revive* people?”

Harrison shrugged, “I mean, sort of. Death would literally kill me if I tried again. Also he said he’d assist me *this* time, honestly it might have not worked if he hadn’t.”

“I don’t know why I’m surprised you talked to death,” Draco said, from where he was, sitting on his own bed. Harrison was currently in Blaise, Theo and Draco’s room, telling them what had happened. Draco, after all, was also close family with Regulus and even if it wasn’t any of the other’s business, Draco deserved to know.

Everybody would find out eventually either way.

“Enough about Regulus,” Harrison said then, he had answered a lot of their questions already. “I feel like even now that I have been back for a while, I missed a lot, so what happened in Hogwarts.”

“Our History teacher is absolutely insane.” Blaise was the one who started, “Like you thought. Besides his scarily creepy obsession with Dumbledore- And he has pictures of the man in his office!- he’s constantly trying to convince us that *purebloods are evil.* Which would be fine, I mean purebloods do the same with Muggleborns, except he uses reasons like Samhain and Yule to convince us, he apparently thinks sacrificing muggles is part of the rituals?”

Harrison hadn’t thought the man was that crazy, until Blaise said the last sentence. “He’s telling this to children?” He had to ask and Blaise nodded, “Yeah, I have heard first years talk about it.”

“I don’t think he truly believes it.” Harrison said, “I think he’s trying to *manipulate us.* Children are easier to manipulate, after all. Especially, because he doesn’t say things like that in my classes, he knows there’s no way fifth years would believe it, so he does not try.”

“Either way,” Theo sighed, “It is working, the amount of hate on any purebloods is slowly spreading.”

Draco was the one to speak up then, “I’ve had literal children walk up to me, screaming how I am evil and how I should be ashamed about what I have done. Then they started talking about how I should be locked up, but since most of the Ministry workers are pureblood there’s no way I would possibly be locked up.”

“Dumbledore has to be desperate,” Harrison muttered, “He has no reason to exclude all of us anymore, since there is no proof of the

Dark Lord ever returning. This must be some new scheme."

"I don't know if kicking out our History teacher is the best plan right now." Blaise muttered, "Hogwarts is one big chaos, there's no way that would make it any better."

"So we don't," Draco replied. "Just stop him from spreading more misinformation, it's easy enough."

"How do you propose we do that?"

"Give him something else to talk about," Draco said, "Any other historical event, showing equality between muggles and purebloods."

"Oh! Perhaps we could ask him about when the law of secrecy fell. They always tell that was the one week every magical being worked together." Theo said and Harrison shrugged, "It would distract him for one class at least."

"That's what I was thinking, but there's more events similar to that." Theo replied, "Enough for making a new plan meanwhile."

"Sounds good, distract him. Make sure that somehow, he also starts teaching the other classes similar material."

"You know we'll try." Blaise said, "Actually doing it is a whole other story."

~

"They have proved again and again that they are monsters!" Umbridge said, sternly. "I will not allow some *Lord* to give literal monsters more power."

Harrison sighed, one of the Death Eaters had decided it was time to speak up for Werewolves, especially now that Umbridge was trying so hard to go up against them.

And Harrison had to admit it was not something he wanted to deal with, especially during his first official meeting.

"When was the last time an accident actually occurred, by a werewolf who takes the wolfsbane?" Harrison asked, once the hall turned quiet and Umbridge looked around, hoping someone else would know such details.

"I don't think that matters, we should not put humans in potential

danger.” The woman said, when no one spoke up.

“The answer is eleven years ago,” James Potter of all people answered, Harrison gave him a surprised look, but the man refused to meet his eyes. “It was a lone wolf cub, threatened by a farmer somewhere in Canada. That’s when they decided to protect there werewolves more in that area.”

Harrison wanted so bad to question the man, why the hell would James of all people help him? But then again, while in many aspects the man was a bad person, Harrison could at least believe he did not agree with discrimination against dark creatures. He had befriended one years ago, after all.

However, it seemed strange to still do this now. James had no particular love for Dark Magics and, if nothing else, Dark Creatures were *dark*. Created by the darkest of magics ages ago.

That’s when it clicked, *Dumbledore must despise Umbridge.* The woman had, after all, taken away a large part of his power.

“While I do not disagree that putting us into unnecessary danger is a stupid idea,” Harrison said, “I do think that now, with all these potions and new research done on werewolves we can safely say that we are able to live together, work together. *Without* putting each other into danger. The risk of coming across a murderer at night is bigger than coming across a wild werewolf who will murder you.”

Umbridge stood there, shocked, not sure how to respond. When Harrison looked around he found similar expressions on other faces, Sirius however looked prouder than Harrison had ever seen him and Tom-

Well *Tom* was smirking. Harrison knew the man had probably thought of joining in any second he needed back up, but he hadn’t need any backup and Tom seemed *satisfied* by the way he proved himself.

Harrison secretly wished the next time Tom had that look on his face he would be able to talk to the man, receive whichever compliment the man had in mind.

Instead he opened the link more and saw Tom give him a questioning look, he just raised an eyebrow and the man rolled his eyes with a slight smile on his face.

Evetually, Umbridge sat down and Harrison allowed himself to

mentally celebrate this small victory. Because just causing Umbridge a little bit annoyance, and obstacle, is enough.

“We shall move on, then.” Fudge said, as he stood up, “Let’s discuss the current problems in the sports department.”

Harrison sighed and sat back as a bunch of old white men started discussing the futures of any young adult who got into the professional quidditch team the upcoming few years.

He would be lying if he said that the Wizengamot meetings were always fun, but at least he could finally take his rightful place, and could finally claim the seats he had so longed for the past few weeks.

~

“This spell could, of course,” Sirius said, looking seriously around the classroom, “Make you rich. By duplicating gold, however many witches and wizards have tried and failed to do so, instead making something that only *seems* like an exact replica.”

“Would be nice,” Cedric muttered, “Being able to duplicate gold.”

“The last person I know who tried, cursed the object into duplicating every time it was touched, eventually drowning themselves in gold.” Harrison said, thinking of the charm Tom had put in Bella’s vault.

Of course, that had not been accidental, but he could always twist a story to warn people. Besides, he was pretty sure something similar to that would actually be the consequence.

“Your task today is to duplicate the flower on your desk, extra points for not killing it.” Sirius said, “Might be handy if any of you are really late with making a valentines present.”

Sirius waved his wand, making flowers appear on every desk. Harrison had a small moment of almost pride for his father, he would’ve never guessed Sirius would do such a good job at teaching, even when he was already teaching, but together with Minerva.

“The incantation is Geminio.” Sirius said, “If the spell goes well it would look like this.”

He let his flower float in the air in front of him, tapping his wand in the air while muttering, “Geminio!”

The flower quickly turned into two of the same flower.

Sirius grabbed the flower out of the air, “Don’t worry if the flower dies, just keep practicing, it’s all about perfecting it. About *wanting it.”*

“What a performance.” Harrison said, clapping and Sirius snorted, “At least proof you can do it before you make fun of me.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but made no active move to grab his own flowers so Sirius motioned for the class to start trying to transform their own flower.

Harrison looked around as people started trying to duplicate their flower and sighed before picking up his own flower.

Geminio, He thought pushing magic into the flower, making the one flower turn into six.

Well, that wasn’t what he expected.

“Who are you going to gift those, that you need six immediately.” Cedric asked and Harrison raised an eyebrow, “The love of my life, of course.”

“Mhm, and who may that be?” Sirius asked, having approached him, Harrison assumed he did that originally to make fun of him.

“Myself, of course.” Harrison said and Sirius rolled his eyes, “Try again, you’re not getting any point until you’ve figured out how much power you need to do it *properly.”*

Harrison rolled his eyes, but picked a random flower from the six flowers.

It took him another two times to do the spell properly, when he did, Sirius did indeed reward him with a total of fifteen points. He also told the class that, had Harrison done it the first try he would’ve gotten them a total of twenty-five.

The next person to actually be able to do the spell was Adrian, followed closely by Fred and then eventually George. All three of them got twenty-five points.

Harrison rolled his eyes at Sirius, especially when the class was over and Sirius told him to stay behind, only to say.

“Ten points to Harrison for helping me in my classes.”

“Couldn’t do that *in* class, huh?” Harrison said, sitting down on one of the many tables.

Sirius nodded, “Well, you did surprise me by your lack of doing things on first try.” He replied, “Anything bothering you?”

“Life?” Harrison replied jokingly, “I don’t know, something happened.”

“Something?” Sirius asked, “You know you can tell me, Harrison, come on.”

Harrison nodded, “Sorry, Pads.” He muttered, “It’s just- you were so *happy* when I bought Regulus back.”

“This has to do with Reggie?” Sirius asked and Harrison could only shrug in reply, “After bringing Regulus back, Death visited me, basically telling me to back off and *never* try to bring anyone back again. He told me that nobody was truly immortal if he didn’t allow it.”

“He *threatened you?”* Sirius asked and Harrison’s only response was shrugging, again. “Perhaps, I don’t know, he did tell me he would assist me with Regulus and to ask for permission next time. It was strange.”

“It was however when he said that it was him who gave me my power that I freaked out, why would Magic gift me the power of death? And how is my power even close to Necromancy, which is seen as the power of death?”

Sirius nodded, sitting back in his chair, looking shocked. “You should listen to Death, though.” He said, “I don’t want anything to happen to you, pup.”

“Of course,” Harrison said, “I wasn’t planning to go up against Death.”

“That was not the only reason I asked you to stay behind, though.” Sirius sighed, “This might not be the best moment, but I got a letter from Amelia this morning about the search in the Ministry. She told me to make the decision to either tell you or not, so I am since I know you’d hate it if I did not. The problem is, they currently have narrowed it down to a group of around ten suspects, both James and Umbridge being part of it, as well as Snape.”

“*Snape?”*

“He makes a part of the Ministry potions.” Sirius said, “Even if he has no direct access to the storage room, he could’ve given a wrong potion. Another suspect, however, is your new History teacher. Last year he had a managing role in the Ministry, giving him access to the storage, this year however he quit to go to Hogwarts. His access was never taken away, because he promised he would return in a year.”

“Professor Runcorn?” Harrison asked, “He is acting suspicious, he absolutely hates Purebloods, if I have to trust my friends. Constantly spreading rumours about them being evil.”

“Reversing the roles,” Sirius said, “Screwing the Lords over in the process, not the smartest idea.”

“It does make more sense why he’d try to kill me, I don’t think a lot of people realise I was a Half-blood at birth.”

“You’re as powerful as any pureblood could possibly dream of being,” Sirius replied, “That gives motive at least.”

“I don’t see James trying to poison me, he’s not smart enough to pull that off.” Harrison said, “So either Umbridge or Runcorn.”

“That’s exactly what I was thinking,” Sirius agreed, “Let’s hope Amelia finds out soon.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, he was excited for the moment his poisoner would be locked up.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your patience and all the nice comments I'm still getting, it's absolutely insane <3 I love you all. Thank you. I will give my everything to complete this story and make sure it will not end up as a unfinished story.

Bear with me through the busy times and I promise I'll keep updating whenever I can <3

Chapter 50: "I think I won, sweetheart."

Chapter Notes

> I wrote this entire chapter during my vacation and I do not regret a single thing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison stumbled through the cabinet, almost falling directly into Tom. He felt a wave of confusion and amusement over him and glared at the man. “I forgot,” He muttered, “About the weekly visits thing.”

“You weren’t at the Wizengamot meeting,” Tom said and Harrison shrugged, “Dumbledore wouldn’t let me go, something about being a slacking prefect.”

“Are you okay?” Tom asked, “Do you need anything?”

Harrison bit on his lip nervously before extending his hand, Tom raised an eyebrow, but took Harrisons hand in his.

It seemed to do the job, Harrison visibly relaxed and then glared at Tom’s smirk. “You know it’s rude, *I* have to deal with the consequences of *you* splitting your soul.”

Yet even now, while he was glaring at Tom he kept the man’s hand in his, not wanting to let go of the quite comforting feeling. The start of a headache he had been feeling the past few days faded slowly, but surely.

Tom just squeezed in his hand before returning to whatever he had been doing before Harrison had barged in. Harrison could not believe the man was not making fun of him right now, but on the other hand he did feel something close to *guilt* over the link. Perhaps the man really was blaming himself for putting Harrison in this situation.

Harrison twisted his wrist, making the chair that was usually on the opposite side of Tom’s desk move to where he was standing, the side of Tom’s desk, and sat down. He sat there for a while, watching Tom read over a pile of files, skimming through them mostly, before moving onto the next.

“What are you working on?” Harrison asked and Tom glanced at him, “It’s just-“ he sighed, “The Ministry trusts Fudge too much, god knows

why, but it seems like at least seventy percent of the Wizengamot thinks he's doing pretty well."

"He's easy to manipulate. Lords can use that." Harrison said and Tom nodded, "I can't just suggest we have a revote for a new Minister."

"So you want people to not trust Fudge anymore." Harrison stated more than asked and Tom nodded, "Yet, his history is entirely boring, perfect scores at Hogwarts, nothing wrong during his time at the Ministry. The man has *no* bad past."

"So make the people think they can't count on him anymore?" Harrison asked, "You're Lord Voldemort, come up with something."

"Fudge-" Tom muttered, "Fudge loves playing safe, hates chaos."

Harrison gave him a confused look and Tom continued, "You're right I am Lord Voldemort."

"Will all my work of the past three years be undone, because I just said 'you're lord Voldemort'?"

"No- no." Tom said, "It's just what causes more chaos than Lord Voldemort returning? We've talked so long about using the return to make sure people trust Marvolo Gaunt, but what if we also use it to make them doubt Fudge's ability?"

"You want Voldemort to *return?"* Harrison asked, "Like soon?"

"Perhaps-" Tom smiled and Harrison watched him slowly form a plan in his mind, his smirk slowly widening, "The Triwizard tournament, they want to bring it back. Sounds like something Lord Gaunt and Heir Black would agree with, right?"

"Not really."

"I mean of course, *we* do not, but our political figures, we stand for unity." Tom said, "So we'll vote in, the Triwizard tournament will happen, *you* will enter and make sure nothing happens to the other, because god knows what they'll make you do and then-"

Harrison felt the glee practically coming off the man, he was sure he'd feel it even without the link.

"Then you'll win the cup, but not only that, as soon as you touch the cup, you'll get apparated till some other place." He said, "Marvolo

Gaunt, worried as he is for *your* health will be confused, screaming for an explanation, together with Sirius, of course and once you return you'll say Voldemort returned."

"Meaning that Marvolo Gaunt could not possibly be Voldemort," Harrison said, "That's actually kind of genius."

"Turning the cup into a portkey feels like something I'd have done if I was still insane, it's fun to act insane." Tom shrugged, "That does mean you'll have to enter a deadly tournament."

"That would make my sixth year less boring," Harrison smirked and Tom nodded, "All we have to do is hope Fudge screws up then."

"And you can finally let the Death Eaters go loose, at least a bit." Harrison said, "I feel like they have been waiting for that one."

Tom nodded, smiling slightly. "I don't think I'll ever regret allowing you to bring me back fully." He leant down placing a careful kiss on Harrisons hand, which he had not let go throughout their entire conversation. Then he casually turned back to the files on his desk, setting them on fire.

All Harrison could do was stare while the man while Tom stared at the fire he just created.

~

"The fire agreed with me," Pucey muttered, "I don't know what that is supposed to mean, but if we literally translated this entire script-"

Harrison laughed, "I don't think the point of the story is that Cali is an arsonist." Then he looked at the text, "Here another 'O'."

"Ovrast." Adrian said, "So Elements?"

Harrison nodded, then tried to find the verb in the sentence. "I will admit, Ancient Runes is probably the toughest subject we have." He sighed as he skimmed through the sentence, pointing out a word.

"Seemed," Adrian replied and Harrison nodded, writing the verb down, just as Adrian said, "Yes, but these words can contain magic we can not even dream of having. The entire power of Hogwarts is written in Runes."

"Yet we have to translate silly little stories," Harrison said, "Believe

me when I say that using Runes is easier than translating Ancient Runes to English."

"I'm just surprised that people actually wrote like this in the past, I mean that one-" He pointed at one of the many runes in their book, "Is a full drawing, yet its only the letter 'y'."

"It's a bunch of stripes," Harrison muttered, "We're just not used to it. I do have to admit, that Runes are interesting. The way people can now use this script to hold magic, while once it was just used for writing letters to one another."

"A smart way to make sure the language won't die." Adrian said, "That's for sure."

This was something Adrian and Harrison started doing a while ago, making Harrison a lot closer to the mystery that was Adrian Pucey, a slytherin he felt like he knew well due to all the time they spent practicing together with quidditch. Yet, before they started doing this he had never truly talked to the boy.

Now they did this every Thursday, after their Ancient Runes class they would meet in the library and make the homework they got for the subject, doing right after class made sure they were 'warmed up' and made them do the homework twice as fast than if they had done it another day.

Although, on days like these this backfired. Often enough, their concentration seemed gone totally and instead they would translated maybe five sentences in the two hours they'd spent in the library before dinner.

Harrison would be lying if he said he minded. These scheduled hours were hours no one bothered him, people knew what he was doing, with who and would only get him if it was really necessary.

And that's why it surprised him when Remus rushed in, telling him Dumbledore had figured out about Regulus, because he showed up at the Grimmaulds place unannounced, and now he claimed that the Black family once again returned to their past of Dark Magics, among which Necromancy.

Adrian sat there just as shocked as Harrison, but even then he was the one to talk first. "Regulus Black is alive? Like back from being-" He made a vague gesture and Remus nodded looking at Harrison, who waved his hand, dismissing what Adrian just said, "I'll explain later."

He apologised, Adrian shrugged, but nodded and Harrison turned back to Remus, “How bad is the situation?”

Remus seemed to hesitate for a moment and then said, “I hope you’re prepared to share your experience with Death with the rest of the Wizengamot.”

Harrison cursed and Adrian just seemed even more confused about what was happening.

~

“Why is it,” He heard a sickening sweet voice behind him, “That whenever something strange, *illegal,* even happens, you are always somewhat connected?”

“Madame Umbridge,” Harrison turned, “A pleasure as always.” He smiled, “I am not sure, perhaps chaos just loved me. I have spoken to some deities lately.”

“Was Death one of those?” Umbridge said and Harrison nodded, “For a matter of fact, he was. Not quite as pleasant as meeting Lady Magic, but he sure was not mean, either.”

That’s when he felt Tom’s magic fill up the air around him and Harrison turned once again, “Lord Gaunt,” He muttered.

“Oh, Harrison.” Tom said, as if actually surprised, “I was wondering when you were going to show up in this beautiful hall again. And please, call me Marvolo, I’ve told you that plenty of time.”

He heard a little ‘ah-hum’ behind him and Tom bowed his head just a bit, “Madame Umbridge.”

“Lord Gaunt, I do wonder why you decided to teach this boy here.” Umbridge said, “Pardon me, for my directness, but he seems to be meddling with the wrong kinds of magic, if you understand what I mean.”

“Actually,” Tom replied, “I don’t know what you mean at all. Heir Black has been proven innocent of usage of Dark Magics, or have you forgotten about the few truths he spoke before someone *poisoned* him?”

“Ah, no, of course not.” Umbridge muttered quickly, “I do wonder how the investigation is going.”

“We all are.” Harrison replied, “I sure hope the person who tried to kill me gets to spent the rest of their lifetime together with the other murderers in Azkaban.”

“Aren’t you afraid they might get out, with the Death Eaters break out and all?” Umbridge asked, this time she genuinely sounded interested and Harrison did a bad job at hiding his surprise when he answered, “Of course not. The Death Eaters, I believe were all locked in one part, it was too easy for them to get out, after all they could discuss their plans the whole time they were locked in. They should have spread them around the prison a bit more, perhaps then only one or two would have gotten out.”

Umbridge made a little ‘Hm’ sound, before she spotted some other Lord she wished to annoy with her presence and quickly moved away from Harrison and Tom.

“They will not give you veritaserum, if you decide to speak up for Regulus and Sirius.” Tom muttered, “Due to the recent-“

Harrison nodded in understanding, “So a memory could work?”

“Be careful,” Was Tom’s answer, there are people hired to spot made up memories.

Harrison laughed at that, “I was not going to make up memories, just leave certain parts out, taking them out of context. I will just give them my conversation when Death told me he would let Regulus go freely, due to his respect for me.”

“And nothing else?”

“In a court of law,” Harrison muttered, “This should be enough to prove that deities did meddle and we can not be blamed for the necromancy that were indeed part of the ritual.”

“I’ll tell them Sirius had a wish to put his brother to rest and he finally found more context about Regulus’ last mission in an old diary.” Harrison said, “It should be believable enough, because Regulus did indeed, have a diary.”

“And did he ever write down about my secrets?” Tom asked and Harrison raised a single eyebrow, unimpressed. “Seriously? No he did not.”

Tom hummed.

When the doors opened they saw Regulus already in magic repelling handcuffs, making sure the man could not escape. He nodded to Tom and Harrison when he noticed them passing before continuing to talk to an older wizard by his side.

“Are we really treating *him* as a criminal?” Harrison asked, “You all are insane.”

“He was a Death Eater,” Fudge replied, from his seat and Harrison rolled his eyes, “A spy for the good side. You all are unbelievable, this man literally died for every single one of you.”

“Wait until the session starts, then you can defend him all you want.” Fudge grumbled, before standing up and allowing Amelia Bones to take his seat, Harrison was at least glad that she could be the one to deal with this case, since it at least gave them someone who would decide fairly, instead of only stare at the tattoo on his bare left forearm.

“*The tattoo’s were truly stupid,”* Harrison hissed under his breath, “*It’s so easy to recognise.”*

Tom glanced at him from the corned of his eyes, Harrison saw him twitch his wrist before he replied, “*It was the easiest way to force them to take the unbreakable vow, without directly agreeing to it or being able to find loopholes. Also I can control every single person bearing the mark.”* Then he grimaced, “*Truly, perhaps that’s a bit too much power for a man to have. And I do admit that I could have made them less obvious, perhaps personalised.”*

“*I do have one question.”* Harrison muttered then. “*The marks react to your magic, how do they not show you’re alive and in the same room.”*

“I blocked all the direct relations to the mark, all that’s left is the ability for me to feel where they are and sent them small signals. Whenever there’s a meeting or anything else, I open all the links.” Tom said, then amused. “*Not unlike our mindlink, however, that one is more personal and from both sides. With the tattoo’s the Death Eaters can’t even feel me. Only react to my magic when I need them to.”*

“*So I am special?”* Harrison asked, smirking and Tom rolled his eyes, “*Of course you are, my dear.”*

“Silence!” Amelia said and the whole hall quieted down immediately, you could practically feel the respect for Amelia come from every single individual in the hall. “I will now open the court session, trial of

Regulus Black, who has been arrested for the usage of Necromancy to come back to our plane of existence."

Harrison sighed as people started murmuring, he honestly wondered how people thought a *dead* person used Necromany. It was the stupidest thing he heard in this hall so far and that was, even though he had joined the Wizengamot just a few weeks ago, impressive.

Luckily, he was not the only one to see just how ridiculous this was, as some Lord of the Light faction stood up and said the exact words Harrison had been thinking. Regulus had a well hid smirk on his face.

"Yet he came back to life after being dead for more than a decade." Umbridge said, "How would you explain that?"

"Either someone else did it," The Lord said, "Or he annoyed Death so much he got kicked back to earth." He joked, showing just how much of a joke this case was to everyone.

"So Death is real now?" Umbridge asked, "A deity?"

"Actually he is," Harrison said, out loud, he did not really mean to, yet when he saw the shock on the faces around him he could not help, but smirk. "He visited me."

"Now it is getting interesting."

"Indeed it is," Harrison said, "Because I will tell you exactly how Regulus Black is well and alive right now. If you, your honour, do not believe me after I finished my story I can and will provide you with the memories, which you can run through all the processes to make sure they are, indeed, real memories."

Amelia nodded and motioned for him to continue.

"This summer I was in some old Slytherin property, because I had been going through all the founders properties, which believe me, is an annoying process." Harrison said, "When I stumbled across the body of Regulus Black, a letter in hand about how he sacrificed himself to stop Voldemort and, by doing so, hopefully the world would be a step closer to killing the man." He explained to the room, watching Regulus' expressions while he told his story. "I took the body back home with me, because I thought, if nothing else, my father deserved the truth and an opportunity to bury his brother.

This, of course, did not go how we planned. As we did a ceremony in

the Chamber of Secrets- which mind you, is legally my property, not Dumbledore's or Hogwarts even. – I suddenly fainted, I saw Regulus then, talking about coming back to life, something about Death, the stone from beedle and the bard. Quite honestly, it confused me. Then Death himself appeared, Regulus was gone and suddenly I was talking to a deity who believed I had received his gift and had learned to control it better than he thought I would. He showed his respect for doing so, letting Regulus' soul go was merely a gift from Death to me.

Call me a necromancer if you wish, but if you were to look for *the* sign of Necromancy on me, I would not have it. Regulus was merely cast back to earth because Death wished for him to be. There was no evil ritual going on. No secret Death Eater gathering. Nothing.

This whole situation actually scared me quite a bit and I refused to talk to anyone afterwards. I quite literally left Sirius, Remus and Regulus right there in the chamber to lock myself up in my room and just *think* about what the hell happened."

Amelia did not hide the surprise on her face, but nodded, "If you would give us the memories."

Harrison did so, a beautiful mix of vague memories he actually had, showing just enough to make his story believable.

After watching the entire sequence of memories, it was quickly obvious that Regulus was, indeed, innocent and he was freed as Amelia ordered the guards to check the legitimacy of the memories.

"Wow," Regulus muttered as Harrison and the others joined him, "You quite literally solved a court case that would take days in a few minutes."

"It was easy to do so." Harrison said, "Nobody can argue with deities. I'd have asked Death to come here and make a statement if he did not make it clear he would have no more of my bullshit."

"What did Death look like anyways?" Sirius asked and Harrison started graphically explaining the large hooded skeleton man when he heard a voice interrupting him, "Reg?"

Regulus turned around and scowled, "James."

James seemed taken aback by the pure hatred on Regulus' face and managed to look somewhat apologetic, "How are you do-"

“Don’t bother,” Regulus said, “You should go back home to your *wife* and the one kid you care so much about that you managed to kick Harrison here out.”

James did not seem to know how to respond and suddenly Harrison wondered about the background between the two of them.

“That was something,” He muttered, before looking around and deciding to pretend nothing happened. “So anyways, his hands were like the size of my head-“

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“You handled the court case quite well,” Tom said as they were back in his office, “I really thought you were going to say too much when you started talking about Death.”

“I was about to say way too much,” Harrison admitted, “Then I remembered that Death would kill me if I say too much about our meeting to literally the entire Wizengamot and that’s only if you didn’t kill me first.”

Tom smirked, as he sat back down in his chair, “I don’t think I physically could do something to hurt you.”

“Do you want to test it?” Harrison muttered and Tom raised an eyebrow.

“I do believe we still have to duel, we promised like two years ago?” Harrison answered the unasked question and Tom gave him another *look,* “Really, now?”

“If you’re up for it.” Harrison shrugged, “After all you are going to lose, obviously.”

“Hm,” Tom hummed, “If you’re so sure about that.” Then the man stood up quickly grabbed Harrisons arm and apparated them to another room in the house. This one was obviously made for spell practicing, but it had one big raised platform for duels.

“Without wands?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded, “If you are okay with that.”

Tom smirked, “I prefer it.”

“All spells are okay, but no murdering?” Harrison asked and Tom

nodded in agreement. “No heavy torture either.” He then said, “I really do not want to give you burns everywhere on your body if you’re being an annoying little brat.”

Harrison shot him a cheeky smile before walking onto the platform. Together, they started casting protective spells around the platform before they started duelling.

“Ready to lose, Tommy boy?” Harrison asked when they stood in the middle, opposite of each other, Tom smirked, “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Then they turned around.

1… 2… 3… 4… 5… 6… 7… 9… 10…

Harrison turned around and immediately send a *Bombarda* towards Tom’s face. The man stepped out of the way before throwing a yellow spell Harrison did not know back. He was not keen on figuring out what it did so he quickly moved away from the spell, making sure he did not get hit with Tom’s next spell by throwing up a shield and quickly casting a confringo, which almost hit Tom’s head.

“My head almost exploded,” He said dryly and Harrison snorted, quickly moving out of the way for Tom’s next spell.

He made some arrows appear in the air, which made Tom cast a spell which made an actual shield appear. Harrison saw his chance and casted *Oppugno* on the shield, making it bang against Tom’s body. The man laughed throwing an spell at Harrisons feet.

Harrison took a step back, but suddenly the spell seemed to spread in mist form around him, he fell to the ground, but on his way down, managed to hit Tom with a jelly-legs jinx.

He quickly reversed the spell cast on himself while making sure Tom would not cast a similar spell again.

The next fifteen minutes or so were spent making all kinds of items appear, using those for combat. It must look stupid, but it was the most fun Harrison had in a while.

He quickly dashed away from another thrown blade from Tom, the man smirking as Harrison dodged all the knifes he threw- Harrison knew damn well that if the knife touched him it would only stimulate the pain of a stabbing, not actually make him bleed.- until one came dangerously close to his arm and he changed into his animagus form

to make sure it did not hit.

He ran towards Tom, slipping through his legs in his wolf form before changing back and casting a confringo at his back, blasting the man away, but also throwing himself to the back of the podium.

Tom turned around and sent five spells, cast directly after one another towards him, one of them, *Rictusempra* hit and Harrison was suddenly laying on his back laughing. Tom took his sweet time to approach Harrison, giving Harrison enough time to cast a trip jinx on Tom, the man falling over besides Harrison.

Out of pity, the man then cancelled the Rictusempra, making Harrison have enough time to jump up and cast another jinx at Toms feet, Tom- thinking the same thing- cast a tripping jinx on Harrison, making him fall over again. This time with his face on Tom's shoulder.

"We must look pathetic." Tom muttered as Harrison tried to cast another spell, but could not because Tom was keeping his hands together, forcing Harrison's magic down, somehow. "I think I won, *sweetheart."*

Harrison smiled at the man, all sweet, before kicking Tom's leg, making the man let go of his hands in shock. Quickly the magic duel turned into some weird wrestle match. Constantly pushing each other back before trying to take the upper hand.

This, however, was unfair, because Tom was- admittedly- a lot stronger than Harrison even with all his quidditch training. Adding the extra height and weight made it impossible for Harrison to kick Tom off, as the man was hovering above him, knees on either side of his torso, keeping his hands above his head.

Harrison spend about a minute of trying to kick the man off before giving up. The man smirking down at him the whole time.

It was only once Harrison was laying there completely still, that he noticed just exactly what their position was, how it would look if anyone walked in now and how fucking hot Tom looked.

Harrison looked the man in his eyes, the blue eyes had a glint of red in them, as the man panted, obviously tired of their pretty long duel and the wrestling afterwards. His hair was messy, hanging in front of his eyes, yet Harrison could see them clearly through the hair.

The man was sweating.

Harrison had never had this big of an urge to just lean forward and-

“I still won,” Tom murmured and Harrison nodded, “That you did.” He sighed, allowing his head to fall back on the ground, looking at his hands, still being held together by Tom, above his head,

“You were a good match though,” Tom said, “In the magic part, really, you’d think with all the quidditch you’r-“

“I’m a *seeker,”* Harrison answered, “Not a beater. Also you are heavy.”

“Wow, harsh.” Tom replied, “Where’s all the nice compliments, the ‘hey you look lovely today’?”

Harrison smirked, “You look absolutely amazing,” He said truthfully and Tom seemed surprised, scanning Harrison’s face, before letting go of his hands. “Thank you?”

“Oh I get no compliment in return?” Harrison asked and Tom rolled his eyes, “You always look good, *darling.*”

Even now that Tom let his hands go, the man made no active move to get off Harrison. Instead he almost acted as if they were sitting opposite of one another, casually having a conversation.

Nothing about this situation was casual.

“I want a rematch,” Harrison said, “Not now, just soon.”

“I think we can make that happen,” Tom replied, finally moving off of Harrison. “We should not do the wrestling part, though.”

“You didn’t enjoy getting all physical with me, Tom?” Harrison asked, expecting some grumble as reply, the man however, looked at him again and answered, “If I want to get physical with you, this is not the way I imagined.”

Then he left the room, leaving Harrison alone in the training room, completely baffled. Harrison quickly got up, rushing after the man. When Harrison finally did catch up he wondered why Tom had not just apparated back to his office, but he decided to not ask questions, instead he started walking next to Tom.

When he glanced at the man, he saw a satisfied smirk on his face and Harrison decided that the man should not get this much enjoyment out of saying things like that, so he shoved Tom into a wall.

Tom let out a surprised noise, making Harrison burst out in laughter. Then a wave of magic hit him, making him crash into the opposite wall.

“I was not aware we were still duelling,” Tom said, smirk still on his face and Harrison shrugged, “I was more hoping you’d crash into the wall and forget about the satisfaction of saying something like *that* to my face.”

“Oh, but *darling,”* Tom said, all sweet and Harrison rolled his eyes as the man continued talking. “I could never forget about the satisfaction of saying *that* to your face.” He got up from where he was sitting, “After all, your reaction was just beautiful.”

“You did not even look at my reaction.” Harrison said and Tom crouched down in front of him, “You completely forgot about our link.” Tom said, then finally his face turned more serious. “Whenever we both have it open completely, I feel like I can almost read your thoughts, ever since the whole last other horcrux thing. And no, not in the way we did before where we’d both just focus on actually sending each other thoughts-“

“*You can read my thoughts?”* Harrison asked, surprised.

Tom chewed on his lips, almost nervously. “I noticed mid duel, when you hit me with a spell, your magic just sort of surrounded me, I wanted to test how far this whole thing went.”

“Which is why you said that and walked away immediately.” Harrison muttered, Tom smirked, “That was also just funny to be honest.”

Harrison hit his shoulder and Tom rolled his eyes.

“Did you learn anything?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded, “I could feel every emotion vividly up close, it was almost like I was watching you anyways. The further away the less I felt, until it was just the normal connection we have.”

“I did not have the link fully open,” Harrison muttered, ignoring the disappointment he felt when he learned this was all a test for Tom. “

“I know,” Tom replied, “After all we did say to never fully open them to keep a sense of privacy.”

“Unless we both agreed to open them completely.”

“Like during our journal conversation.” Tom nodded, “Do you trust me?”

Harrison looked into Tom’s eyes, they were fully blue now, staring back at him intensely. He knew that any answer other than ‘yes’ would be a lie. So he nodded and Tom gave him a look, “Do you trust me?” He asked again and Harrison suddenly understood what the man wanted, “Yes, I do.”

The man looked away, “This might be stupid.” He started, “But I think that we could learn a lot if we both agreed to keep our links fully open, all the time.”

Harrison was still staring at the man, when Tom’s eyes met his again. Tom Marvolo Riddle, the person who possibly has the most secrets, the hardest time trusting anyone, and treasured his time like no one else Harrison knew, just suggested that they share *everything*.

“Are you sure?” Harrison asked and Tom raised an eyebrow, “Do you have something to hide?”

Harrison quickly shook his head and Tom nodded, “Then, yes, I am sure.”

Harrison closed his eyes, let his head fall back against the wall, when he felt Tom’s hand carefully reach out to him, grabbing his arm. Harrison opened his eyes and nodded, the man nodded back.

“3..” Tom whispered into the air between them and Harrison reached out to the carefully placed shield around the link, closing his eyes for the process. “2..”

“1..”

And Harrison felt *sparks*. Tom’s magic seemed to entwine with his, even though their magic was technically still carefully hidden behind many layers.

“I don’t think we’ve ever-“ Harrison whispered as he opened his eyes and Tom nodded in agreement, “The yule party was the closest.”

It was then that he first noticed the constant hum in the back of his mind, every single emotion Tom felt, the surprise, happiness, trust. *Everything*. There was something else, too, and Harrison tried his best to sent Tom a random memory- three seconds of him dancing with Rowena.

He saw Tom's mouth open in surprise and smiled, "I think this might be the coolest thing I have ever experienced."

"You are never going to be able to get rid of me." Tom muttered and he moved the hand from Harrison's arm to his face, Harrison leant into the touch immediately, feeling little tingles. Then Tom finally sat fully down in front of Harrison and Harrison moved forward, Tom pulled his hand back in surprise when Harrison leant his forehead against Tom's.

"No secrets, right?" Harrison said, almost uncertainly and Tom smiled, meeting Harrison's eyes at an awkward angle, yet not showing a sign that he wanted to move away.

"None." Tom murmured and Harrison hated him for sounding so assured, everything here was fine. He felt hope spark and he did not even know if it was from him or Tom.

And as he felt all his emotions, mix with Tom's, slowly till the point where Harrison started to doubt *everything.* What was his and what was Tom's? He decided that, if this experience was the same for Tom, he would have already felt what was about to happen next.

That was the only reason Harrison gathered the courage to close the distance between them totally, letting his lips collapse with Tom. Waiting, before Tom started to move and all the anxiety replaced it self with adoration.

He was secretly glad that this, his first time, was not some awkward teenage kiss in the Slytherin common room with one of his many friends, who would immediately think that Harrison was head over heels for them.

Instead, he could follow Tom's lead, enjoy whatever the man had in mind.

And after god knows how long, Tom moved back, Harrison opened his eyes to find Tom already looking at him, his now red eyes slowly fading back to blue. "You really took that no secrets thing seriously." He said, breaking the silence between them.

"Don't you even dare to act like you have not been waiting for this moment since-" Harrison started and Tom placed a hand on his mouth, stopping him from finishing his sentence, "I was not going to. However, it is adorable to see you try to defend yourself for your silly crush on me." He said.

Harrison rolled his eyes, pulled Tom's hand away from his face and said, "I think I should get back to Hogwarts, my friends are waiting for me, arsehole."

Tom raised an eyebrow, but moved back allowing Harrison to stand up more easier. He watched Harrison walk away, feeling the slight embarrassment in his mind still.

He smirked, feeling more satisfied with his current situation than he'd like to admit. That was until Harrison sent him a mental image of him shoving Tom into a wall.

His satisfaction slowly turned into amusement and he knew that Harrison was going to use this new ability to annoy the fuck out of Tom.

And Tom could not wait.

Chapter End Notes

> Admittedly, I did not plan for them to get together already, but it is the 50th chapter and the chapter that made me hit 250k also they just seemed ready? You know what I mean? So yes, the slowburn finally led to them kissing WOO!

Chapter 51: "We're working on it."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The issue with this whole situation, Harrison decided, was that *nobody* seemed to want him to have any free time. At fucking all.

It had been three days since he stupidly kissed Tom and left pretty much immediately after. Which wouldn't have been bad, only Tom had kissed him *back* and then let him *leave* without discussing the situation.

And now Harrison did not know what to expect the next time he visited the man and absolutely no one seemed to want him to find out, because people made sure he had no time to visit the man.

He was always helping people or reading through different essays, making sure people got perfect grades. The few times he did have free times, his friends were there and he did not want to explain why he so desperately needed to see the man after having been there just three days ago, it would make the pestering only worse.

Also the man was so fucking happy and Harrison could feel anything the man felt, making his frustration worse, because how dare Tom not be freaked out by this situation?

"Stop sulking," Tracey said, "What the hell happened to you?"

Harrison thought about what to say and shook his head, "It's nothing, I just need to-"

Tracey's eyes widened and then the girl squealed, "Wait it happened?"

"What happened, I didn't say anything?" Harrison asked and Tracey giggled, "The look in your eyes was enough." She quieted down and whispered, "How was it? Am I the first one who figured it out?"

"What are you on about?"

"It happened right?" Tracey asked, "You and Tom?"

Harrison stayed quiet a bit too long, before nodding and Tracey hugged him, "So I am the first?"

Once again, a nod.

“And,” Tracey said, “Let me guess, you want to visit your Loverboy? Need someone to cover?”

Harrison eyes narrowed suspiciously, “Are you reading my thoughts- because I swear I have a pretty good occlumency.”

Tracey shook her head, “You would not sulk about anything other, but the dark lord. Your silence speaks a thousand words, my dear.”

“So you’ll cover?” Harrison asked.

Tracey nodded, “I’ll hang out in your room, tell people you helped me with Charms or something.” Then she said, “An hour max.”

“You’re the best, Tracey.” Harrison said and Tracey rolled her eyes, “I know, although isn’t me being in your room-“

Harrison shrugged and Tracey grinned, “Whatever, I’m curious.” So she followed him up to his room and Harrison said, “Don’t touch anything suspicious looking, might be some cursed items around here.”

“Have fun,” Tracey said and Harrison gave her a *look*. “I’ll be careful, I promise.”

“Fuck, I really do not want to have to talk to him about it.” Harrison said, stepping through the cabinet, ending up in Tom’s office. The man was not there, which barely happened. Harrison tried to find him through their link, without hinting to Tom what he was doing. This was harder said than done with their link still totally opened. Tom proved this by sneaking up behind him, arms crossing around his waist , Tom hugging him from behind.

Harrison sighed, letting his head fall back against the hard chest. “I missed you.”

“Clingy,” Tom replied, letting him go. “You here to talk?” The man murmured then and Harrison nodded, Tom sighed, motioning for him to follow.

They went back to Tom’s office, as soon as Harrison set foot into the office he said, “I don’t know what happened- why it happened.”

“Harry,” Tom said, the man obviously had expected Harrison to react

like this. Harrison once again realised that Tom could basically read his mind now. “Calm down.” The man said, he gave Harrison an almost amused look, “I understand why you wanted to talk so badly now. Stop blaming yourself.”

“I kissed you!” Harrison said and Tom nodded, “I do have some memories of that.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Why are you not freaking out?” He asked, softly, almost a whisper and Tom’s look softened immediately, “I’ve been waiting. All of this, it was bound to happen eventually, you are not dumb, Harrison, you know it too. I just- I needed you to make the first move, I needed you to be ready.”

“How long?” Harrison asked and Tom smiled, “Ages, everyone knew.”

“I know,” Harrison replied, “Damnit. I know, I just can’t imagine- *You?”*

“For someone who is awfully sure about themselves usually, your self-consciousness is really showing.” Tom said, tilting Harrisons face up with one finger, Harrison looked up at him from where he was sitting.

Tom leant in, softly pressing their lips together again and Harrison sighed, right. This was how it was supposed to be. Then Tom pulled away, “That enough proof for you?”

Harrison replied by pulling Tom close to him once again, locking their lips together into a longer kiss. Tom did not object, instead quite the opposite. Harrison could feel the hum of Tom’s magic, could feel the happiness of the man in the back of his mind.

This time, they pulled away fully, Tom straightening and Harrison looked up at him sheepishly, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry, it was to be expected.” Tom replied, “I’m surprised you freaked out, not me.”

“Well, I practically threw myself at you yesterday.”

“That’s not how I remember it,” Tom said, “However, if you ever want to throw yourself at me, do so gladly.” The man said with a smirk and Harrison slapped his leg, glad they were somewhat back to normal. It was strange, hearing Tom say those things, but also knowing he could as well mean it now.

And Harrison found that he did not hate it.

“So beside the obvious freaking out, how have your days been?” Tom said, as he sat down opposite of Harrison.

“I have been kept busy, for sure. Always doing something.” Harrison admitted, “Tracey is covering for me as we speak, people are *always* looking for me these days.”

“Oh, popularity.” Tom said, “The horror.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “I know. You don’t know half of it, I’ve heard you were quite the loser in your time.”

“Right,” Tom muttered. “People never paid attention to me. That’s why I could disappear without anyone noticing after school.”

“Wait-“ Harrison said, a lot more serious. “No, seriously, *how* did you do that?”

“Borgin and Burkes.” Tom answered, “They lost interest as soon as they realised I was not going to run for Minister immediately. Then I travelled the world, keeping in touch with no one. They probably think Tom Riddle died somewhere in Asia, or something.”

“I almost feel sorry for you.” Harrison said, “I would, if you were not, well, *you.”*

“Of course,” Tom said sarcastically and Harrison laughed, Tom just smiled back.

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“Harrison!” Cedric shouted after him as he walked towards the great hall. “Can we talk?”

Harrison frowned at him, but nodded, “Yeah, of course.”

Cedric looked around and said, “Not here.” He grabbed Harrisons arm, pulling him to a side corridor, Harrison felt a flare of panic, before quickly pushing it down. Overly aware of the link, he did not want Tom rushing over here.

“What?” Harrison asked and Cedric, looked down at the floor. “When you were poisoned, the Slytherins had some weird meeting, Terence invited me and we started talking about well *you.* At some point Terence made a suggestive comment about you and Lord Gaunt.”

Harrison groaned when he heard that and Cedric looked amused as he continued, “So I asked if that was not a weird thing to say, right? Like you are his student, practically. Terence said that it is not quite as I thought, but he would not reveal your secrets. I’d have to ask you directly, something about Lord Gaunt.”

“Fuck, really?” Harrison asked, thinking about what would be the easiest way to kill Terence without truly killing him. Then he shook the thought off, perhaps Terence was right and he should tell Cedric. The Hufflepuff had proven nothing but loyalty and had genuinely became of his best friends in this place.

Harrison bit his lip, “How against the dark are you exactly?”

“That gives me a lot of hope for this situation.” Cedric said, “I’m willing to hear everyone out, I never had to pick a side, since once I was old enough to really pick it seemed over.”

“I’m going to tell you this, but only if you promise to never, and I mean *never* talk to anyone about it.” Harrison said, “As in you tell someone and I’ll-“

“I promise,” Cedric said, “On my magic- god on my life even.”

Harrison’s eyes widened, “Right, well.” He sighed, “Marvolo Gaunt’s real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, Lord of the Gaunt and Slytherin house as you know.”

“Tom Marvolo Riddle sounds famili-“

“He has a trophy in the trophy room for saving the school.” Harrison said, “But, he’s also Voldemort.”

“What?” Cedric asked, “There’s no way- I have seen Voldemort before, pictures at least-“

“Quirrel, two years ago was possessed by Voldemort. I noticed and brought the man back to life, knowing about his true goals. I restored his sanity, at least most of it and convinced him to take the political route, because even if he’s a bad person, his goals are better than the one from the light side.”

“Killing the muggles?”

“No separating them, making sure they don’t kill us.” Harrison said, “Dumbledore twisted most of his goals, Tom just wants what is best

for all of us, magic is slowly dying and we need the Muggles to keep it alive, however we can not risk them getting to know about us. They are too dangerous."

"What are his other goals?" Cedric asked, Harrison could see the boy trying to process whatever Harrison told him.

So Harrison kept talking, about the rituals, keeping Mother Magic alive, dark creatures. Everything important, until eventually there was nothing left to tell and all he could do was wait for Cedric to reply.

"Is he-" Cedric asked, before shaking his head. "Are you-"

Harrison thought for a second and then shrugged, "I don't know, not really." He admitted, "We're working on it."

"He's not grooming you?" Cedric asked and Harrison shook his head, "I have him twisted around my finger, that man could never."

"Harrison- I swear-"

"Cedric," Harrison said, "I'm serious, I am okay, so is he. I wanted you to know, truly, but don't go all overprotective on me. I- well, it was inevitable. Mother Magic she practically bound us together. Faith must have helped her. Tom and I have this link, which is constantly trying to get us together, kind of annoying really."

"Okay," Cedric said, slightly confused, "I trust you know what you're doing. Thank you for telling me."

"Are you on our side?" Harrison muttered, quietly asking. "This will get real ugly soon, I need to know."

The boy smiled, "From the day you decided to sit with me in your first class this year, helped me through the class, I knew that I would side with you, just like all the others I suppose. Of course, I am on your side Harrison."

"That means you are also on his."

"So be it," Cedric replied, "If you trust him and I suppose the rest of Slytherin does, so do I. After all, Marvolo Gaunt has been the best political figure in the Wizengamot for a while now."

"That's not hard, though." Harrison admitted, "Those people are mostly a bunch of idiots."

“Understatement of the year.” Cedric snorted, “Let’s go, people are probably looking for you, Mr Popular.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, secretly feeling glad Cedric had reacted the way he had done. After all, the Diggory’s had been a strict light family line till now, Harrison had not known what to expect from the boy.

~

It was not everyday Harrison got a letter from Gringotts.

However, he doubted anyone had ever gotten a letter like this. He actually chocked in his pumpkin juice while reading through the letter Griphook had sent him.

After giving them permission to search the walls of the Ravenclaw vault, Harrison had not expected anything to really happen. Now, as he read about the body that had indeed been found in the walls of the vault, he wondered how it could possibly have happened, after all Helena was already dead by the time her mother died. Salazar confirmed that.

“What?” Daphne asked, as the girl slapped him on the back, Harrison passed her the note, watching her eyes widen as she got further into the contents of the letter.

“*Rowena Ravenclaw?”* She asked and Harrison nodded, “It was a rumour that Helena killed her, however the daughter died before Rowena, it would not have been possible.”

“Who else had access to the vault?” Pansy asked, reading over Daphne’s shoulder and Harrison shrugged, “Could have been anyone, really.” He muttered, “The Goblins had a contract with the founders that they had total privacy about the data of their vaults. Including who visited and when.”

“There’s no way to retrace it?”

“No way that I know of,” Harrison admitted, “I just want to put her body to rest.”

“Harrison Black, letting go of a mystery?” Blaise asked, “Unheard of.”

Harrison smiled at him, “Well, I might try to talk to Helena, the ghost.”

“There’s our boy!”

Harrison winked at him and Blaise smirked back, just as Harrison mentally sent a picture of the note to Tom, hoping it worked from this distance, too.

It proved to work by the curiosity he felt just seconds later, he quickly grabbed the journal to find an already written message.

I thought Helena died before her?

Yup, don’t know who did this. Harrison wrote down quickly, “*I think I might bury her properly at the Ravenclaw manor soon. Want to come?*

You did still promise me to show the manors. You don’t want to figure out how she ended up there?

I do, but it might be hard, since the whole secrecy thing. I thought I could start with the ghost of Helena in the Ravenclaw tower.

Perhaps try talking to Rowena about it.

Right, Harrison replied, *I had not thought about that.*

What would you do without me?

Probably get into a depression. Harrison glanced at his friends around him, *I think I should get back to talking to the people around me, see you later, Tommy boy.*
Also, I told Cedric about your identity.

What?
Harrison.
Don’t ignore me.

Then after a while, *Alright, I see how it is. See you later, sweetheart.* Harrison smiled at the last message, not having closed the journal yet.

“Harrison,” Terence said, suddenly sitting in the place between him and Daphne, “I should apologise about Ced-“

Harrison raised an eyebrow, shaking his head. “He deserved to know.”

“Right, I forgot you have this inability to truly get mad at people you call your friends.” Terence muttered, “So how has your day been going?”

Harrison ignored the comment, passing Terence the letter, “That’s what has happened today so far, curious where the day will take me.”

Terence skimmed over the letter, passing it back, “Do you ever have a boring day?” He asked and Harrison shook his head, “So far, not really.”

“So I am curious about something Cedric mentioned-“

“Not here,” Harrison replied, “Later? Please.”

Terence smirked at him, but nodded and Harrison shot him a grateful smile.

~

“Harrikins!” George said, “Do you remember that one article written by a Rawthorn that basically wrote about you and your boytoy-“

“Yes,” Harrison interrupted him, “You remembered why the name sounded familiar?”

“Well, kind of. I’m surprised you did not figure it out.” George replied, “When you turned twelve, we went to play quidditch with-“

“The beater!” Harrison said and George nodded enthusiastically, “Yes, so I did research and Benjamin Rawthorn is Alec Rawthorn’s dad.”

“So he just wrote trash on me?” Harrison said, “For no reason?”

“The Rawthorn family has long connections with Dumbledore, he actually helped Alec get into the team.”

“But Alec was quite nice,” Harrison frowned and the redhead nodded in agreement, “I doubt he knows that Dumbledore is paying his dad off.”

“Is Dumbledore really, though?”

“I don’t know, we could try to reach out to Alec, ask him.” George said, “Might be risky, but if you want to figure out who wrote it.”

“It was a one time thing.” Harrison muttered and George shook his head, pulling out a bunch of newspaper, “Him being on the front cover was a one time thing, he wrote dozen of articles about you, most of which would not be seen as positive to the general audience.”

“How did I never notice?” Harrison asked, looking at the newspapers.

“Some were posted in the Quibbler.” George said, “However, that stopped after last years Christmas break, supposedly because you befriended Luna Lovegood.”

That was right, Harrison supposed, although he had not seen the Lovegood girl around a lot, he had given her a bunch of friends. He often saw Millicent of all people hang out with the girl.

“So he’s been writing about me for how long?”

“That’s where it gets strange,” George said, “Fred was researching with me and found the first one, just one month after you arrived at Hogwarts, you had not been back in this time for even three months.”

“So he wrote about me before I build a name for myself?”

“Yes,” George agreed, “A weird move for a small reporter, since your name had not been popular since that one night. Writing about you would give him nothing, no fame, no money.”

“So he must’ve earned his money another way.”

“Exactly what we thought,” George said, “Fred came up with the idea to research Dumbledore, after all the man is rich enough to pay off one reporter for a couple of years. We are still looking, but have not found any evidence yet.”

“You guys are the best.” Harrison said, “Thank you, for everything so far.”

“That’s what brothers are for,” George said happily.

“I was wondering,” Harrison muttered suddenly, “Would you like to see the Ravenclaw property? The manor? Invite Fred, too.”

“Wait you want us to come with you?” George asked, “Rowena’s burial?”

“You’re family,” Harrison shrugged, “I would *at least* expect my true brothers to be there.”

George grinned, “Would not miss the chance to see the Ravenclaw estate, after all *the library* is more legendary then the Black library.”

“Because you care so much about our library.” Harrison rolled his eyes

and George nodded, “I mean it’s fun to brag about.”

Harrison had to admit George was right, bragging about having seen all the founders manors was also something he was looking forward to. He would have to visit the other two soon enough, too.

~

Rowena’s body was kept safe in her own vault, Harrison didn’t know how to react when he saw his mother figure lay in front of him, body well decayed already. There had to have been some preservation charm cast on the body, otherwise only the skeleton would have been left.

Tom grabbed his hand, giving it a slight squeeze before letting go. Harrison let the comforting wave from the back of his mind come over him, before turning back to Griphook.

“Thank you, Griphook.” Harrison said, “Can you get us a portkey to the Ravenclaw manor?”

The goblin nodded, scurrying away, leaving Tom and Harrison alone.

“The rest is already at the manor?” Tom asked, Harrison had gotten another portkey before already, “Yeah, they were not exactly excited to-“ He made a vague hand gesture, Tom nodded.

“At least you get the chance to do this.” Tom muttered, “I think she’d be thankful, being buried next to her daughter.”

Rowena had supposedly buried Helena on the side of the Ravenclaw property, to keep the girl close to her as she continued living her life in the manor.

Harrison smiled at the man next to him and sent him a memory of one of his Ancient Runes classes with Rowena, the woman had been so excited that day, Harrison had helped her figure out the runes needed for a new ritual.

He could still find the runes back in the walls of Hogwarts.

Griphook hurried back into the room, a small box in his hand, the portkey. “I wish you luck, Heir Black.”

“Call me Harrison,” Harrison said, “We’re friends after all, are we not?”

Griphook quickly nodded, “Good luck, Harrison.” He said and Harrison nodded at the goblin.

He handed Tom the portkey, as the goblin told the activate code, Harrison held out his own hand for Tom to grab, putting the other one on the body of Rowena. Trying to ignore the cold, almost moisty feeling of her skin.

“Strong preservation charms.” Harrison muttered, as he nodded to Tom. The man muttered the code Griphook had given him seconds ago and Harrison felt the unpleasant feeling of the portkey taking him to another place.

Tom steadied him when they arrived, right in front the rest of Harrison’s family.

Only Sirius, Remus, Fred, George and somehow Terence- who had convinced Harrison he’d want to be there- were here.

“You okay?” Fred asked as he looked at Rowena, Harrison nodded, offering all of them a small smile. “I’m doing okay. I mean, I already knew she died-“

“Does not mean you can not be sad.” Terence said and Harrison nodded, “I know that, of course I do.” He looked the boy straight in the eyes and said again, “*I am fine,* though.”

Terence nodded and Sirius muttered, “Let’s do this, pup.”

Harrison nodded, twisting his wrist, lifting Rowena’s body.

Sirius and Remus had gotten a simple coffin, later decorated it with small midnight blue details. It felt weird to be the one to put her in a coffin, knowing she died centuries ago.

“Let’s get this over with.” Harrison muttered. “I love you, mum.” He muttered at the grave. Before the closed it up, it was quickly done with some magic. Nobody asked him questions, nobody forced him to talk.

For a while the just stood there in silence, before Tom sent him a mental image of hugging Harrison. It felt so real, as if the man’s arm were truly a comforting presence around him right now. Harrison looked at him, nodding slightly, well aware he was being watched by the rest of the group.

After a while he looked up to the rest of the group, “Should we explore the manor?” He asked, “I mean, that is one of the reasons we’re here after all.”

“Only if you’re up for it, cub.” Remus said and Harrison nodded, “I’ll be alright.”

The manor was pretty similar to Slytherin’s manor, Harrison wondered if Rowena and Sal had built their manors together. The two had always had a special kind of friendship. They split up at some point, Remus and Sirius walked through the long halls of the manor together, quietly talking. Meanwhile, Terence, Fred and George started truly exploring, opening doors wherever they could.

That just left him and Tom.

“You know, no one would blame you for being sad.” Tom said and Harrison nodded, “I know, I have had time to accept they’re gone, though.”

“Harrison,” Tom murmured, “I can feel that you’re not truly okay. Stop lying for the sake of others.”

Harrison cursed at the stupid link, smiling tiredly up at the man. “I’m just exhausted, I never expected to actually have to deal with their death this way.” Harrison admitted, no point in lying to the man who could practically read his thoughts. “Just having to deal with the thought of their deaths was hard, now I actually have to face Rowena. In that-“

Tom opened his arms, a silent way of asking for a hug and Harrison took the chance, almost letting himself fall into the arms of the man, the only thing stopping him was the distance still between them. “It’s okay to feel sad,” He said, tightening his arms around Harrisons waist, “They were your parental figures.”

“You did not-“

“Don’t.” Tom murmured, “Don’t try to compare our situations. Not about this.”

Harrison nodded against Tom’s chest. He did not know how long they stood there, but at some point he pulled back, “Should we investigate, I have not been here before.”

Tom nodded, grabbing Harrison’s hand in his own, not letting go of it

as he started walking.

Harrison did his best to supress the wave of happiness that he got from the gesture, yet he felt Tom's part of the link practically hum with content.

The ground floor of the house was made off a large kitchen, different sitting areas- including a big dining room- a ball room and the first floor of the Library, which led all the way up till the third floor.

When they arrived in the Library, they found the others there, looking at books, but also fooling around in the big space. Remus had a book on charms in his hand, doing his best to ignore Sirius, who was trying to annoy him. Fred and George were chasing Terence, who was dodging the spells being thrown at him to the best of his abilities.

"Do I even want to know?" Harrison asked, loud enough for Terence to come to a full stop, causing Fred and George to stumble as, they too, had to stop suddenly.

He was fully aware of Tom standing just a little too close to him, the hands that had been holding each other just seconds ago now brushing past each other as Harrison took a step forward.

"I don't know," Terence muttered, "They said something about wanting to test my stamina for our next quidditch match, then started chasing me like madmen.

Harrison snorted, "Right, makes sense." He said, "Be careful, though, there could be cursed books you don't want to touch on accident in this place."

"Could've said that before I almost stumbled into a bookshelf," Fred replied and Harrison rolled his eyes, "I mean it, if you get a curse because you're acting like idiots, I'll not help you. You'll have to beg Moony and Padfoot to help you instead, but they'd probably laugh their arses off before they can even start to think about a solution."

Sirius chuckled, nodding in agreement, while Harrison turned to Tom, "We should find the duelling room."

Tom nodded in agreement, as Terence shouted, "I'll come with you!"

Harrison laughed at the boy as Fred and George continued to follow him, even now. He put his hand up, shielding Terence from the spells the twins were throwing his ways.

“I knew there was a reason you’re my favourite.” Terence muttered as Harrison heard Fred and George shout something at them, the twins then caught up with them and started walking besides them normally.

“I bet Moony and Padfoot are fucking right now,” George said out of the blue, “The way Sirius was eyeing Remus when he reached a book on the top sh-“

“Sush, dear brother of mine.” Fred said, “I don’t think Harrison- or *anyone*- here wants to hear stories about them fucking.”

“I was just making conversation!” George said and Fred nodded, disbelief clear in his eyes. Harrison laughed, as they made their way to the first floor.

“This place is huge,” Terence muttered as they looked down the seemingly never-ending hallway. Harrison nodded, “Rowena started to play with enlargement charms sometime around the time I was seven. She found the thought of making the inside of something big, like this hallway, while the outside looked small absolutely fascinating. Started making her own spells for it too.

“There’s a reason why she’s known as one of the smartest witches to have ever existed.” Tom muttered and Harrison nodded in agreement, “She was just so fascinated with anything related to magic, she never wanted to stop learning. She truly loved teaching, too, more so than the others even, I think.”

Terence nodded, Harrison knew he had never openly talked about his time with the founders around the boy, even after he had told him the truth. He was so used of not talking about this with anyone that sometimes it was hard to realise that around some people he could truly speak up about it.

Eventually, after wandering the first floor, they did find the right room, much like Sal’s duelling room, the room consisted of a raised platform. However, Rowena added a lot more enchanted dummies to the room.

“I think it’s time for you two to duel,” Harrison smirked, as Fred and George gave him a look, “Us?”

“Yeah, don’t you wonder who truly is the better twin?”

Fred rolled his eyes, “We already know the answer to that.” Yet he still started walking towards the platform, George following him.

It became clear that both of them were truly good duellers, George winning only because he got a lucky hit to his leg.

“What about you and your boytoy?” George asked, Harrison having to stop himself from laughing when he actually said it in front of Tom, who did not react truly, the only way Harrison noticed the man heard it was because the corner of his mouth raised just a bit, barely enough to see.

“He won last time,” Harrison said, “Up for a rematch Tommy boy?”

The man shrugged, “If you’re ready to lose again.”

“If it happens like it did last time sure,” He winked at the man, before getting up the raised platform himself, feeling Terence’s eyes on him.

Right, he had not answered Terence’s question yet.

Tom followed him shortly after, the duel starting up slow. And then it got faster and faster, till the point where Harrison actually wondered if it was humanly possible to cast spells faster.

And then they started going faster, Harrison lost track of how many spells he had cast, which ones he casted, all he noticed was how his body dodged almost every spell the man cast. He transformed into his wolf form multiple times, only to turn back a few seconds later, taking Tom by surprise.

They did not once slow down.

By the time they stopped Harrison had no idea how long they had been duelling. The only reason they had stopped was because, at some point, they had both ended up on the floor, panting as they tried to catch their breath.

It didn’t matter a lot anymore.

“Quite the match,” Tom said eventually.

Harrison couldn’t hold it any longer and started laughing, the feeling of finishing a duel like this was unlike any other feeling in the world. Tom laughed softly with him.

“Two full hours?” He heard Sirius mutter eventually, “They went like that for two full hours?” Harrison had not even noticed the man coming in.

“There’s no way.” Harrison said, still giggling.

“Yep, one-hundred-twenty-six minutes total.” Fred said, “Anyone else would have gotten themselves into the hospital with that speed.”

“No wonder I feel so fucking exhausted.” Harrison said, Tom made an agreeing noise. Slowly, his body started to relax and Harrison felt like he could not possibly get up in the next twenty years.

“That had to have been the most impressive duel I have ever seen.” Remus said, “Even if it was impossible to see what was truly happening.”

“I think I have a cut on my leg.” Harrison muttered, Tom raising his head to look Harrison over, “I don’t remember what I cast.”

The man got himself into a sitting position, before getting up totally, inspecting Harrison’s legs closer for any wounds.

He had, indeed, cut Harrisons leg somewhere during the duel, blood slowly started to stain Harrison’s pants. “I’m sorry,” The man muttered, “This is going to sting.”

He started chanting, his hand trembling slightly as he tried to the best of his ability to heal Harrison’s leg even with his magical exhaustion.

“Don’t tire yourself out,” Harrison muttered, “I’m oka-“ A sharp pain shot through his leg, “Fuck.”

Tom snorted, “Yes, you truly seem okay.” He said, “Stay still.”

The man continued muttering phrases in Latin, resting his hand on Harrison’s leg. Harrison was content with just closing his eyes and feeling the rumble of Tom’s voice through his whole body, ignoring the sting when the wound on his leg started to close itself.

“There, all healed up.” Tom said, “We’ll get ourself checked by Narcissa, if there’s anything else.”

“No more using magic!” Remus shouted, “For the next twenty-four hours.”

Harrison gave the man a thumbs up, he really was not against the idea of letting his magic rest for a bit. Or resting his body for a bit, in fact. He focused on Tom’s thumb slowly drawing circles in the skin of his leg and stayed there.

He had not even noticed he had fallen asleep until he woke up again, Tom still by his side.

“The rest left,” Tom muttered, “Trusted me enough to get you back to Hogwarts safely by tomorrow- or as Fred, George and Terence said ‘You get him till the end of the weekend! Afterwards we want him back.’”

Harrison laughed, sitting up to look at the man.

“You okay?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded, “I’m fine. What about you, you did the full healing after obviously being very magically exhausted already.”

“Had to make sure you were safe,” The man hummed, “After all, I think making you bleed out with your father in the room would’ve actually killed me.”

“And I thought you truly cared for a second-“ Harrison got stopped in the middle of his sentence by Tom smashing their lips together again. He wondered if he’d ever get used to this, if he would ever stop doubting if it was all real.

Yet Tom’s lips slowly moving against his really made him stop worrying about all of it; if this was not real, he was going to make sure he enjoyed it enough now, right here, in his fantasy before returning to the real world.

“I do care,” Tom muttered against his lips eventually. Harrison could not help but laugh as the man tried to make sure that Harrison knew he meant something to Tom. He pulled Tom closer, almost as if he wanted them to merge together. The non-existent space between them seemed too much.

And Tom did not seem to mind, he just kept on kissing, Harrison did his best to match Tom’s movements, but it was hard to do when Tom seemed so determined to surprise him with every move.

Eventually Harrison pulled back, opening his eyes to look at the man. “What does this mean?” He asked, softly, almost scared that Tom would truly hear his question and be disgusted by it.

No such thing happened, though. Tom smiled at him softly, “This means that you’re mine and I’ll literally kill anyone who tries to touch you.”

And Harrison thought it was the sweetest thing anyone had ever said to him.

(Later, while laying in his own room in the Slytherin manor, he would wonder how fucked up he was. The thought of Tom killing someone out of possessiveness should not be labelled as ‘sweet’, yet he could not help himself.)

Chapter End Notes

> They're so shy in their relationship and then Tom was just like 'hell no, I'm not patient enough for this.'
>
> Also if you did not notice Terence is my favourite side character. Absolute legend that man. (That was a lie I literally could not pick between him, Blaise and Meghan for the life of me.)

Chapter 52: "I can hunt you down."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harrison woke up the next day in his own room in the Slytherin manor. His magic had at least recharged a bit, making it swirl around the room, his shields must have been broken somewhere during the fight.

He sighed, closing his eyes, focussing on his magic, getting it back under control slowly. Once he had done that he allowed himself to think about what happened yesterday. He had buried Rowena, allowed her to rest. He should probably talk to the woman sometime soon.

He had also made Terence, Fred and George skip a part of their Friday classes to come bury her with him. They should be back to the castle by now, probably enjoying Hogsmeade or detention.

And he was still here.

There was a soft knock on his door, Tom walking in after he shouted 'Come in."

"I thought you woke up," Tom said, amused. "Your magic was a mess."

"That's fully on you," Harrison replied, "I have never been that magically exhausted before." He watched Tom approach the bed. "Me neither," The man muttered.

"So what brought you here?" Harrison asked, as the man sat down on the side of the bed, "It's three pm, thought I'd see if you accidentally killed yourself with your magic."

"Really taking the job to get me back to Hogwarts safely serious, huh?" Harrison asked, as he sat up, instead of staying there, laying in his bed.

Tom snorted, "Sure, you can call it that." He said, "You still hurting anywhere? I can still call Narcissa."

"I'm fine, Tommy boy." Harrison said, "Did I wound you?" He was

honestly curious, he remembered Tom using his magic to the best of his abilities after totally exhausting himself to heal Harrison, there was no way he could have healed himself afterwards.

“You broke my finger,” Tom said and Harrison shot him a look, “Did I actually?”

Tom nodded, “I actually didn’t notice it until this morning, so I wanted to heal it as soon as I figured out, but then I realised that I probably shouldn’t do so myself.” He said, “Then I wanted to go to Narcissa, but honestly I do not want to have to deal with Lucius and all the questions.”

“So?”

“It’s still broken.” Tom said, raising an eyebrow, “What did you expect me to say? That I went to Bella to get it healed-“

“Give me your hand,” Harrison said, “Perhaps you should have gone to Bellatrix, she or the brothers could have done this.”

“Me not using my magic due to-“

“Shut up,” Harrison said, snatching Tom’s hand, the man had already been holding it out, sort of. He inspected it, looking at the index finger, “That looks like it hurts like hell.”

“I’ve had worse.” Tom said, “Way worse.”

“I know,” Harrison replied, placing his fingers carefully over Tom’s. He laughed, “Or did you want me to heal it with a kiss?” He asked and Tom rolled his eyes, “You shouldn’t do magic at all.”

“I’m fine,” Harrison said, “Sirius was being dramatic with the twenty-four hour thing. Even if I wasn’t I would have healed your finger, it’s the least I could do.”

“I can do it myself.”

“You could,” Harrison agreed, “But you didn’t do it earlier, so accept my help.”

Tom rolled his eyes, but he had that soft smile that he reserved only for Harrison on his face, Harrison couldn’t help himself. He lifted his fingers from Tom’s hand, instead grabbing the entire hand carefully, bringing it to his face.

He tried his best to push the magic into the finger, while connecting his lips with Tom's hand, watching the man's reaction through his eyelashes.

Miraculously, it worked, the finger seemingly healing itself in a matter of seconds.

"You're welcome," Harrison said, letting go of Tom's hand, however Tom grabbed his wrist then, pulling him close. "Stay here," He muttered, "One more day."

Harrison smiled, "People will ge-"

"I don't care," Tom said, "Fred and George will cover for you. They did say I had you till the end of the weekend."

"Is that so?" Harrison asked, "Who knew the Dark Lord would get *clingy* after kissing him thrice-"

Tom rolled his eyes, "Or go back to Hogwarts, I don't care."

"Right," Harrison said, "I think I'll stay here, don't worry."

Tom smirked, "Good, because I need to show you something." He said, "After breakfast- is it still even breakfast now?"

Harrison shrugged and Tom nodded, "I'll get the elves to make you something."

~

Turns out the thing Tom needed to show him was a lot more important than he made it sound like. As soon as Harrison entered Tom's office, the man handed him a piece of paper from the ministry, saying that Runcorn was arrested.

"What?" Harrison asked, "He was the one who-"

"Supposedly," Tom replied, "Although, when I made a quick Ministry visit this morning, Umbridge was way too happy about it."

"You think she and Runcorn worked together?"

"Or she framed him," Tom said, "Either way, it's never bad to rid the world of a Dumbledore supporter. He has a trial on Wednesday, Dumbledore will probably want you to skip it, come anyway."

“Of course, this entire case is about me being poisoned.” Harrison said and Tom nodded in agreement, “We need to make sure Runcorn gets locked up, either because we need Umbridge to think she won or just because he truly did it.”

“And so he stops influencing the younger children with his awful History classes, I truly think he’s trying to create some kind of army for Dumbledore to use later.”

“I think,” Tom said, “It’s time we bring up the parents choosing Hogwarts teachers again in one of the next meetings. I know we agreed Dumbledore was a better choice than the ministry, but I am seriously doubting that right now.”

“When would Hogwarts need a new History teacher?”

“They will probably aim for after Christmas,” Tom said, “Winter is approaching quickly.”

Harrison nodded, “I keep forgetting that school started a while ago already,” He said, “With me being in a coma for most of it and all.” He looked at the letter he was still holding, “Why did you even get the letter?”

“Hm?” Tom hummed, “Oh, Amelia promised to keep me updated. I don’t think I was supposed to tell you, really, but then again I can not care enough about the rules the Ministry made.”

“That much is clear,” Harrison muttered, “You would lose your title as Dark Lord if you started caring so much.”

“Wouldn’t want that, would we?” Tom asked.

“Wait- hold on.” Harrison said, “You went to the Ministry this morning?”

“What?” Tom asked, confused, “Yes?”

“*You* went to the Ministry with a broken finger and nobody asked you why you didn’t heal it yet?”

Tom rolled his eyes, “Shut up.”

“That’s the funniest thing I’ve heard.”

“Surprising absolutely no one.” Tom muttered, while watching Harrison laugh. “I just can not believe you went to the Ministry

without healing your finger."

"It's really not that funny."

Harrison raised an eyebrow, still giggling and Tom couldn't help but smile.

After calming down a bit, Harrison said, "Maybe they'll put Remus back on the History classes."

"What about Defence?" Tom asked and Harrison shrugged, "We'll just have to see."

Tom nodded, Harrison could practically feel him thinking or maybe he really could, you never know with the link between them.

Harrison decided to let the man do whatever he felt the need to do, while he tried to get his own thoughts in order, a lot had happened the past few days.

"Tom?" Harrison asked after a while and Tom hummed, looking up to show he's paying attention. "You know how I told Ced about your identity- I just, I'm sorry, I guess. I never asked if it's okay to do such a thing."

"Don't apologise," Tom said, "Tell whoever you want, you're usually pretty good at judging someone's character. Besides, I would not have to whole political persona without you."

"I doubt you'd still be here without me," Harrison said, almost challengingly and Tom smirked, "Oh?"

"I mean I don't think anyone would have figured out how to properly bring you back." Harrison explained, "Voldemort might've been alive, but Tom Riddle would be gone."

Tom nodded, "And I'll never forget what you've done for me, bringing me back fully."

"Selfish of me, really." Harrison said, "I had hope that I would not have to fix this fucked up world on my own."

Tom smiled, "And you don't have to."

~

The conversation with Tom made him realise that he had been in

coma's for such a long time, that slowly November was already fading into December. It was noticeable by a lot of things, one being the absolutely freezing temperatures.

However, what made Harrison notice how long he had been in coma's for real is that when he returned to Hogwarts after a weekend at Tom's there were rumours of a third coma everywhere.

Until he just casually walked into the great hall Sunday evening, waving awkwardly at Sirius and Remus- who were watching everything with amusement, before sitting down with his friends.

"What did I miss?" He asked as he sat down next to Tracey, who smiled at him. "Runcorn got arrested, nobody knows why."

"Oh, yeah, little secret?" He asked, "He was arrested because he supposedly is the one who poisoned me. At least, that's what Amelia told Tommy boy."

He shot Terence a warning look, the boy laughing and putting his hands up.

"At least he listened to us, Ter." Fred said.

"Got him back at Hogwarts before the end of the weekend."

Terence smirked at Fred and George, giving them both high-fives.

"Terence, you're dealing with the devils." Harrison groaned, "You were always the only sane one, who can I rely on now?"

"Hey!" Terence said, "Just because I'm slowly becoming part of your family does not mean I'm insane." He laughed, "And you're still my favourite, don't be jealous."

"That's unfair," Fred argued, "Harrikins is everyone's favourite."

"It's like competing with a golden retriever puppy over whose cuter." George said in agreement, "There's no way of winning."

"*Have you seen kittens?"* Terence asked, "Seriously, they'd beat the golden retriever pup any day."

"Don't let Sirius hear you say that." Harrison snorted, "You'll be permanently banned from our house."

"Does not mean I'm no-"

“Harrison!” Gemma shouted, from somewhere, cutting into the conversation. “You’re doing rounds tonight.”

“Can I join him?” Terence shouted back and Gemma shrugged, “Do what you want, Higgs. I’ll tell the Hufflepuff prefect she gets off tonight.”

Only then he noticed the brand new prefect badge on Terence’s robes, “Wait- hold up, when I asked what I missed, this is the kind of things I mean. When, how, why?”

“Saturday, Lucian was deemed unfit for the role of prefect after he beat up a third year Gryffindor who was shit talking Slytherins.” Terence said, “I was picked from the remaining Slytherin sixth years.”

“You are so going to be head boy next year.” Harrison said and Terence rolled his eyes, “I’ll enjoy bossing you around for once.”

Harrison laughed, “I’m sure you will.”

“You are telling me everything tonight.” Terence said, “I’m not missing sleep for some shitty lie.”

“I will,” Harrison agreed.

Satisfied, Terence turned back to his dinner and Harrison did the same, still talking to the people around him.

Until eventually he heard Fred and George say something about quidditch training, the first competition was on Wednesday and while the team had been preparing itself for the competition, Harrison had been dealing with politics and the whole thing with Tom.

“I’ll be there tomorrow,” Harrison said, “And Wednesday, of course.”

“Good, because Flint has been seriously thinking about finding a new seeker.” Terence said, “Almost wanted me to go back.” The boy shuddered and Harrison snickered, “Oh what a nightmare. Don’t worry, I’m not turning my back on quidditch, school? Maybe, or at least the classes. But quidditch? No fucking way.”

“You’ll comfort Flint with that at least.” George said and Fred nodded in agreement.

~

“This is one of the many reasons I did not want to be prefect,”

Harrison said as he and Terence walked through the long halls of Hogwarts. “I feel like we’re going to run into a bunch of dementors.”

“They have not once gotten into the actual building yet,” Terence said.

“There’s a first for everything,” Harrison replied as they turned a corner, walking in the direction of the charms classroom. Usually, they gave people a certain area of Hogwarts, but Gemma had learned that Harrison had a way of just knowing if there was something wandering around and made him do rounds almost on his own.

The reason Harrison just *knew* was of course, the map. Harrison took it out, Terence raising an eyebrow and Harrison smirked. “*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.”* He hissed, the ink immediately started spreading on the map.

Terence looked surprised, “What is this thing?”

“Parseltongue version of the Marauders map, a map Remus, Sirius, James and Peter Pettigrew made when they were students. You can see everyone, where they are at the map.” Harrison said, “I just added a parseltongue password and the whole map turned Parsel.”

“So this is the reason you always know where everyone is?” Terence asked.

“I’ve only gotten this recently, before that it was pure instinct.”

“So what are you looking for?”

“Students wandering the hall,” Harrison said and Terence snorted, “Right, what are you really looking for?”

“Peter Pettigrew,” Harrison said, “He betrayed James and Lily, ruined my life in the process and then supposedly died. The other day I saw his name on the map.”

“And then, you’re killing him?”

“Nah,” Harrison shook his head, “I’m handing him over to Tom, Pettigrew is his follower, after all. If Tom kills him, well that’s not my problem. If I tell Tom to kill and the man listens, then it’s kind of my fault.”

“We both know the Dark Lord would kill anyone you asked him to,”

Terence said.

“You know,” Harrison said, “I never asked him to kill anyone for me, I am tempted to try it out, though.”

“So what’s going on-“

“Really, now?”

Terence shrugged, smirking.

“Well, I have no fucking clue to be honest.” Harrison said, “A few days- a week now or so, ago Tom and I were duelling and afterwards he wanted to like test the link, something about opening it up fully?”

“The Link?”

“It’s what me and Tom call this thing between us, like a mental connection, I feel all his emotions constantly, he feels mine. We almost had it half-open or almost fully open, but we never just pulled away all our occlumency. The feeling was insane, like a pull, I could feel anything, sent memories to Tom. Sometimes, even read his thoughts.”

“Sounds weird.” Terence muttered, “To just share something like that with someone.”

Harrison shrugged, “I don’t necessarily mind, neither does Tom surprisingly. Afterwards, well, we had this whole no secrets thing going on and then we just kissed, which was an absolutely insane thing to do.” Harrison sighed, “The smug bastard was smirking at me the full time afterwards and I just went back to Hogwarts, freaked out, talked to Tom after a few days where he managed to kiss me again. Then the whole thing at Ravenclaw manor- I don’t know, whatever this is-“

“Sounds like you’ve gotten yourself a boyfriend on accident.”

“I have, haven’t I?” Harrison asked, “Tom’s a possessive bastard, too, kind of cute really. Either way, don’t tell anyone I’ll literally skin you if Fred and George figure out, they’ll not be able to stop annoying me.”

“You have my word,” Terence said, “Your secret is safe with me.”

“There’s students there,” Terence muttered, pointing to a weird

scribble on the map. “Who is it?”

“Neville,” Harrison muttered, “With Luna.”

“What are they up to?” Terence asked, watching the map closely, even if he could not understand anything on the thing.

“I have no clue, want to figure it out?”

Terence shrugged, as Harrison began leading the way towards the Ravenclaw tower, where Luna and Neville’s names were.

He was not surprised when Luna seemed to know he was there before he said anything.

“Harrison,” The girl said, sitting on one of the many windowsills, Neville sitting opposite of her. Both of them were looking to something happening outside.

“Hey, Moon.” Harrison said, “What are you doing?”

“The Thestrals,” Luna said, “They’re stressed out, have been for days. You can see them from here.”

Harrison looked over the girls shoulder and did, indeed, see almost shadow like bony figures walking around, as though searching for something.

“It’s the dementors,” Harrison muttered, “They’re the embodiment of death, there’s no way dementors won’t use them to give us negative emotions.”

“Parasites?” Terence muttered and Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know if they’re forced to, but just seeing Thestrals makes people think of their dead family members.”

“We have to chase those dementors away.” Neville muttered, “They have to go. They absolutely ruined the plants outside the greenhouse, too.”

“And we’re getting dementor exposure,” Terence said, “Some of these kids will have issues with magic due to the long slight exposure.”

“How?” Harrison asked, “I can try the Wizengamot, but I don’t know how many parents would agree, because they believe there’s Death Eaters on the loose and they also believe the government truly has ties with the dementors, so they won’t hurt their children.”

“So prove them differently,” Terence said, “Prove that they’ll come close to the children, before bringing it up with Tom’s help.”

“And what? Risk a bunch of kids lives?”

“You reek of Dark Magic,” Luna said. “Or, well the Dark Lord’s horcrux is dark magic.”

“Oh, well thank you.” Harrison said sarcastically, before his eyes widened, “They’ll go after me?”

“Have you tried going outside here at all?”

Harrison could honestly not say he had, he has been all over the place, forgetting all about what is just outside Hogwarts.

“So you’ll just have to risk your own life,” Terence said, “Easy, right?”

Harrison nodded, “I can do that.” He said, “I just need it to be with other people.”

“Quidditch match,” Terence said, “There’s enough people then, invite Tom and Rita, make it fun.”

“And don’t defend myself,” Harrison muttered, “Injured kids show weakness.”

“Do not seriously let it get your soul though,” Terence grimaced, “I fear the things Tom will do if you actually let it get your soul. I honestly don’t want to figure out.”

“And still win the match,” Harrison said, “Flint will literally kill me if I don’t.”

“That, too.” Terence cracked a smile, “Maybe use that Patronus of you last moment, all you need to do is make sure people see the dementor would attack you.”

“Let your magic loose.” Luna said, “They’ll show up no matter the commands they’ve gotten.”

Harrison nodded, “Risking my life for politics sound stupid.”

“It’s the way to parents hearts, just Tom’s followers won’t be enough to convince Fudge when he has someone like Umbridge whispering in his ears.” Neville spoke up, at the surprised looks he said, “What? I’ve been in training for my future.”

“Okay, fuck it, I’m going to let a dementor have a taste of my soul next quidditch match. And still win the match, of course.” Harrison said, “You two should get back to your common rooms, if Snape wanders past you, you will have detention to the end of the school year.” He knew Snape was not that bad, of course, but it usually scared students enough to listen.

Luna shot him an amused look, but nodded, giving him a quick hug before running up the stairs to her common room.

“We’ll walk you to the Gryffindor common room, ought to keep you out of detention.” Terence said.

Neville nodded, looking relieved.

When Neville had arrived at the Gryffindor common room, they just missed the rat slipping into the portrait after the boy and Harrison had not bothered checking the map afterwards again, instead spending his night walking through the halls while talking quietly to Terence.

~

“You’re coming to my next quidditch match,” Harrison announced as he walked into Tom’s office, placing a quick kiss on the man’s mouth before moving away, Tom pulled him closer, smirking as he kissed Harrison again before letting him go.

Tom raised an eyebrow then, answering, “I’d rather not.”

“I’m doing something stupid next quidditch match and I’m going to need you to be there.” Harrison said as he sat down opposite of Tom.

“At least you’re self-aware about the fact that you are going to be doing something stupid.” Tom muttered, “What is this genius plan of yours?”

“I want the dementors out of Hogwarts.” Harrison said and Tom nodded, “Obviously, why is that related to quidditch.”

“Just the dark fraction won’t be enough, even with more than half the votes. Fudge will just call his Minister card to say we’re doing it because we don’t want the criminals to be found.” Harrison said, “Umbridge is still controlling him.”

“Because she was not arrested with Runcorn.” Tom said, “If she pulls something again I’ll kill her after Voldemort returns.”

Harrison laughed, “Stop being protective,” He said, “Does not suit-“

“It suits *me* perfectly,” Tom argued, “Now quidditch?”

“Yeah, so we need light families to agree? How do you do that? Convince them the dementors are a danger to their kids. The horcrux is fuelled with Dark Magic which the Dark Marks were also fuelled with. The dementors will think I’m a Death Eater if I let my magic loose just a bit, I’ll let them hurt me, just a bit, you and Sirius will run the whole anti-dementor thing together.”

“And of course all your seats will at least agree with this cause?”

“Of course,” Harrison said, “I was attacked after all.”

“Don’t let them kill you,” Tom said.

“Already promised Terence I would not, for his sake.” Harrison replied.

“Oh?”

“Something about you destroying the entirety of the Magical community to find a way to bring me back?”

“Wouldn’t want to lose my Horcrux.” Tom said, amused.

“Wait- hold up-“ Harrison said, “If a dementor swallows my soul, including the horcrux, does that make the dementor be your horcrux or is that piece of your soul just gone?”

“I think that is another question that will never be answered,” Tom said, “I don’t exactly want to find out.”

“I’m just saying, a dementor as a horcrux is really fucking cool.” Harrison said, “Until you want to die, I don’t think those things really get destroyed.”

Tom snorted, “I’d be afraid to just forget which dementor it was, those things all look alike.” The man said, “What if he only wants complete souls and just hunts me for the rest of eternity and I’m basically on the run for my own soul?”

“I can hunt you down, if you want to know what it feels like to be on the run for your own horcrux.” Harrison offered and Tom shook his head, laughing. “I think I’m fine not finding out.”

“So will you be there?”

Tom nodded, “Would not miss it.”

“So how are the escaped prisoners doing?” Harrison asked then, changing the subject.

“Most of them were fine already, of course.” Tom said, “But Bellatrix has been improving recently, I got her a new therapist, he seems to work a lot better.”

“So she’s not trying to jump you every time you’re with her?”

Tom grimaced and Harrison’s eyes widened, “You’re kidding me.”

“She’s getting better at magic, not saner!” Tom said, “You jealous?”

“Ask that question when I’m seventeen and Bellatrix actually made a move,” Harrison muttered, “I trust you can keep her away.”

“I can sure as hell try my best,” Tom said, “I don’t exactly support rape.”

“That’s something, at least.”

~

“You’re going to tell him your plan.” Terence said when Harrison stumbled onto the quidditch field just five minutes late, being the only one who waited with starting the practice

“He’ll kill me.”

“Not if you win for us, whatever you do just make catching the snitch part of your plan.”

“Just get on your broom, I’ll talk to him later.” Harrison said and Terence smirked at him, as he mounted his broom, Harrison following him quickly. He had noticed how much he missed flying until now, as Flint started explaining some new game strategy Harrison ignored, because his job was still to *catch the snitch.*

“Black, we’re going to throw a bunch of bludgers at you while you try to capture the snitch,” Flint said, “Will be a good training after not doing anything for so long.”

“You’re going to let Fred and George throw bludgers at me?” Harrison

asked, eyeing his brothers warily.

“Yeah, meanwhile the chasers can try to score with Montague as keeper.”

“Glad to see you did not change the team at all,” Harrison said, “And I’m truly sorry for my coma’s, I will be on top of my game on Wednesday.”

“You better be,” Flint said, although anyone could tell the captain was not actually mad. Flint was one of Harrison’s friends and understood that Harrison could not always give quidditch his 100%, but that did not mean he was not still a good player.

Harrison spend a big part of training chasing the golden snitch while avoiding bludgers aimed at his head, still breaking records with how quickly he caught the snitch.

Flint seemed satisfied by the end of the training session.

And Harrison did not know if that was a positive thing as he approached Flint and started telling him about the plan. Terence was watching them, laughing as Harrison almost awkwardly explained the plan.

And Flint had been surprisingly positive about it. The man said that they could truly use someone scaring those *things* away, as he was already fearing them interfering in a quidditch match and that if he truly wished to risk this, he should.

As long as he tried to catch the snitch, that was.

“And you better make sure those things are gone soon, Harrison.” Flint said, “They’re not doing any good here, I would rather have them as extra security in Azkaban.”

“That’s what I’m trying to do.” Harrison replied, “Just make sure that me almost dying does not distract anyone from playing.” He joked then and Flint smirked, “I’ll tell them to ignore your screams for help.”

“Thanks, captain.” Harrison smiled and Flint nodded, “I’m glad you’re back, Black. I hated the thought of finding a new seeker.”

“Could’ve always asked Draco.”

“Yeah, he wouldn’t make us win, not like you do.” Flint said, “I

thought about just placing Higgs back as seeker, putting someone else as chaser."

"Terence would hate that."

"All the more fun for me," Flint said, laughing as Terence scowled at them.

"We love you!" Harrison shouted and Terence answered with a middle finger.

Chapter End Notes

> The support on this story the past two weeks has been insane, thank you all so much. Even now that I'm posting so much less. <3

Chapter 53: "I might never leave."

Chapter Summary

> Harrison deals with some buried childhood trauma. His family supports him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The entirety of Hogwarts was watching the match between Hufflepuff and Slytherin. He heard Lee's voice carry over the field, introducing everyone of them as they walked onto the field. One line of yellow players, one of green.

Harrison met Cedric's eyes, *I'll beat you.* He mouthed and Cedric smirked. He had told the boy of his plan, not to let the boy go easy on him, but because he truly hoped that Cedric wouldn't stop playing from shock of either his magic or the dementors.

He was certain that Cedric told his team members his plan, too. The rest of the Slytherin team knew, of course, meaning that this entire match would be like a play, to show parents, teachers, Lords, everyone see the dangers of dementors in Hogwarts.

Flint walked up to Cedric to shake hands, while the rest mounted their brooms already. And then suddenly they were in the air, the chasers racing over the field, while Harrison floated above them all, trying to catch the golden snitch.

"So we don't catch it until you have done your thing at least?" Cedric asked and Harrison nodded, his eyes drifting to the side of the quidditch fields, there were dozens of dementors just outside the crowd.

"That's the plan." Harrison said, "I don't really care who wins this match."

He heard Lee make a comment about the seekers not paying attention to the snitch that flew about thirty meters from them, so Harrison shot after it, Cedric laughing while following him, neither of them actually planning to catch it.

The snitch shot upwards, Harrison followed it up, the thing led him to

a place with a safe enough distance that he could free his magic without bothering anyone. He sighed, letting the snitch get away before releasing his magic.

He saw some players look up, before they continued playing as if nothing was happening.

And then the cold feeling came. He pretended as if he was looking for the snitch he lost, Cedric doing the same a few feet below him. The dementors were on him in a matter of minutes, it was a wave of memories of when he was a little kid.

He had been sitting in a room the founders had given him, crying softly, scared anyone would hear him.

It was the moment he felt the most unwanted in his lifetime. He had been four, that day he had gone through his day like any other, but something changed when someone had said something, Harrison could not remember what.

But it reminded him of his parents, James and Lily, who had left him with no second thought. No true goodbye even. Four year old Harrison had questioned if he could ever be wanted, even if his parents didn't.

Rowena had come into his room, hours later, she comforted him.

She must've used a weak memory charm on him, never the biggest fan of making him forget totally, but just pushing the memory to the back of his mind until now.

The dementor had dug the memory up trying to find Harrison's most depressing moments.

And in that moment, he felt just like four year old Harrison. Unsure of the world, of his own capabilities.

He felt himself go weak as the dementor grasped into him further, trying to find *more* pain, more things he could feed on.

Harrison didn't even notice he was tumbling into the ground until he was falling, hearing screams from everywhere.

It all happened in a matter of seconds; He cast his Patronus, three of them jumping out immediately due to his panic, all chasing away the dementors, then his magic did it's best to slow Harrison down. Then

he hit the ground, the fall had been softened by a lot, and his eyes sought out Tom in the crowd.

Of course the man had assured he would be safe.

Sirius was next to the man, also with his wand in his hand.

Then the game was paused and everyone rushed towards him to see if he was okay. Harrison nodded, the memories still in the front of his mind.

“The patroni should keep the dementors out.” He muttered, to a concerned Hooch.

“That’s not what I asked, Harrison.” Madam Hooch said and Harrison shrugged, “We go until the snitch is caught, right?”

“Harrison,” Cedric said, “We can do this later.”

Harrison shook his head, “We should finish this now, right?”

He was silently begging Cedric, any kind of distraction from the feeling of longing, loneliness, whatever he had been feeling at four years old.

Cedric nodded, telling his team to get back to their positions. Flint did the same, having watched the entire conversation.

“Are you okay?” Terence asked him, silently, no one else hearing him. Fred and George were right there with him, as Harrison looked at them he knew none of them would believe him if he said he was okay.

“I am physically okay.” He decided as an answer.

George was the first one to pull him into a hug, a familiar feeling reminding him that he had a family now, people who genuinely wanted him in their life.

Fred joined their group hug, Terence did too after a while.

And everyone let it happen, nobody complained about time, even Dumbledore wisely kept his mouth shut.

“Come on, little brother, let’s destroy the ‘puffs.” Fred said as he pulled out of the hug

“I wouldn’t cheer too soon, Cedric’s a solid seeker.” Harrison mumbled

in reply.

“Nobody can go up against you.” Fred said.

“And we chasers are doing pretty well,” Terence said, “We have a 70 points lead.”

“So just keep Cedric away from the snitch long enough for you to score another 9 times?” Harrison joked and Terence nodded, “Exactly, you get it.” He ruffled Harrisons hair.

In a matter of minutes they were all in the air again and ready to start again. Lee made a silly joke about the break being over now that the dementors confirmed Harrison was, indeed, not a murderer, but just a normal teenage boy.

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that!” Cedric shouted, cracking a smile as Lee started counting down to start again.

It wasn’t long before they were racing behind the snitch, both trying to grab it, laughing and shouting as they chased one another.

Eventually Harrison caught the snitch by making a dangerous roll with his broom, the cheers of the audience were louder then ever and when Harrison held it in the air, his team was cheering.

And Harrison felt alone.

It was a strange feeling, something he hadn’t felt in years and even when he felt ‘alone’ he never minded, but right now the feeling seemed to choke him. He stayed back as his team celebrated the win. He met Cedric’s eyes over the field and mouthed an ‘*I told you so.’* To the Hufflepuff, who frowned, concerned, before he got pulled somewhere by one of his teammates.

Are you okay? He almost jumped as he heard Tom’s voice in his mind, Tom had to know he wasn’t. The man could feel his loneliness, everything he had felt in the past.

No more lies, they had said.

No, I am not. Harrison replied, trying to sent it like he sent the memories to Tom.

Sirius and Remus are worried about you.

I’m sorry.

Don't be, Tom replied, *Come meet us, after you're done with your team?*

'Course.

Harrison sighed and did join his team afterwards. It did not take long before they all rushed to the locker room, showering and changing. Harrison opted for cleaning charms and changing this time, trying to get away from whatever it was he was trying to run from. Somewhere deep inside he wondered if distancing himself from his quidditch team, some of his bestfriends, his *family*, would help the feeling of loneliness.

He knew it wouldn't, but right now he could really fucking use some hugs from Sirius and Remus, reminding him that he wasn't a child nobody wanted as a part of their lives.

Tom being there would just be a big plus.

They were waiting for him outside and Harrison just kind of stood there awkwardly, not knowing if Tom would feel hurt if he ran up to Sirius and Remus and hugged them. Tom looked concerned, motioning for him to go ahead and Harrison did. Sirius seemed surprised, not having expected a hug from his son so quickly.

"Remus get in here." Harrison muttered opening the hug to include Remus, it helped a bit. He supposed he needed some time to process the feeling Rowena had helped him push back. The woman probably hadn't know he would ever be in the situation where it would be pulled to the front of his mind.

"I'm surprised my Patronus worked," Harrison said when he pulled away after a while. "I did not have any happy memory in my mind at that point."

"Your magic did a good job at saving you then," Remus said, "It also slowed your fall, a lot, enough for us to interfere."

"The dementors," Harrison said, knowing every single one of them was waiting for an explanation, he shook his head. "Come on let's go to the forest." He muttered, as he watched people constantly walk past them and give him looks.

He led them to the place that the thestrals preferred, the field on the edge of the forest was now filled with dead plants and none of the thestrals were there.

“Dementors have been controlling thestrals, or using them.” Harrison said, as he looked around. “It’s why this is so important it does not just affect the children.”

“Harrison,” Sirius said, “Pup, what did you see?’

Harrison hesitated, “I was four years old, in my room in Hogwarts. It must have been night because I was never in that room, really, not when I did not have to be. It was a boring place in a magical place such as Hogwarts. That day someone had said something about their parents and it made me think of back at home.” He shook his head, “I never felt more unwanted than in that exact moment, I thought nobody in the world could ever truly want someone like me in their life. How could someone if even my own parents didn’t look at me twice?”

“Harrison-“

“I know it’s not true now,” Harrison said, “Obviously I do, but this memory, well Rowena suppressed it for me, some charm that pushed it to the back of my mind, the dementors freed it. I guess I’m just processing the feeling it brought with it. Dementors have funny way of making you feel the worst you have ever felt.” He laughed, although anyone could hear it was not a true laugh. “Makes me feel like that four year old child again.”

Tom sent him a mental hug, making Harrison chuckle, Sirius and Remus watching every interaction between them closely.

“The Potters never deserved you, pup.” Sirius said, sadly. “You shouldn’t have ever felt like that. We should have just taken you with us that night.”

“We were scared to get thrown into Azkaban.” Remus said quickly, almost as if he had to explain himself.

“I don’t blame you guys,” Harrison said, “I mean the founders were awesome and I would not be the person I am right now without them teaching me everything they have. And I’m not even angry at Rowena for suppressing a memory that obviously hurt me so much in the past. I do, however, hope that this was enough to prove to the Ministry that those dementors are not meant in this place.”

“It should get you enough votes of supporting parents.” Tom said, “Stop risking your mental health for politics, though.”

“Doesn’t every politician do that?”

Tom shrugged, “Not in this way.”

Harrison nodded, not knowing what to reply to that. For a while after that they just sat there talking, then Sirius and Remus decided to leave them alone. Something about teaching duties, Harrison honestly thought it was a weak excuse.

As soon as they left Harrison allowed himself to crash in Tom’s arm, no pretending anymore. He was absolutely exhausted and the man knew it. He didn’t even notice he was crying before Tom lifted Harrison’s face to carefully wipe the tears away.

He did not want to pretend for Sirius and Remus of course, didn’t most of the time, however he did not want them to worry about him more than necessary. Tom, however, could understand what he was feeling immediately. Even though the man tended to be worried way too quickly, he also knew when Harrison was absolutely mentally drained and accepted that.

No secrets.

“You know,” Tom said as he moved Harrison’s hair out of his face with the hand he wasn’t using to hold Harrison up, the same one he had used to wipe the tears away. “If you want me to kill James and Lily all you have to do is ask.” That statement was followed by a kiss placed to the top of his head.

Harrison let out a chuckle at that, “I know that.”

“I hope so,” Tom said, “As I want that to be clear. You give the command, I’ll do the killing.”

“Do you want me to tell you to kill someone?”

“You have someone in mind?” Tom asked, all sweet, placing another kiss to his forehead.

“Peter Pettigrew is in Hogwarts right now.” Harrison muttered, not sure if he should feel bad about crying on Tom’s expensive ‘Lord Gaunt’ robes, and Tom nodded, “The old dear follower of mine?”

“The one and only, ruined my life in the process.”

“And you don’t blame me for that?” Tom asked and Harrison moved

his head to look up at Tom, “It’s hard to blame when you only made it better since the moment I truly met you.”

“Okay, so we’ll torture and kill him nicely, done.”

“Have to capture him first.”

Tom moved his hands, cupping Harrison’s face, “I’m sure you’re great at catching rats when you truly try.”

“We could always release Nagini and Ebony in Hogwarts.”

Tom laughed, “My evil genius.” He moved his face closer to Harrison’s. “You’re the boss, do it however you want.”

Harrison nodded, Tom leant down catching his lips in a soft, salty kiss.

Harrison did not know how long they stood there, quietly talking, kissing and hugging. But he had to admit, what Terence had said, made a lot more sense now.

I think you’ve accidentally gotten yourself a boyfriend.

And Harrison found that he actually enjoyed this a lot.

It was only when he returned to the Slytherin common room, feeling somewhat normal again, that he had realised what Tom had been doing the whole time, joking around, being way too soft compared to normally.

He had been distracting Harrison from what had happened, trying to bring his mind back to the presence instead of the past.

Harrison had to admit, it had kind of worked, the feeling of loneliness now merely in the back of his mind instead of being the only thing he could think of.

The Slytherin party was still going on when Harrison entered, everyone being even more enthusiastic than they would usually be.

Harrison suspected none of them thought he would actually capture the snitch.

Harrison himself hadn’t thought he’d capture the snitch.

“Our champion is here, Flint!” Someone shouted, catching the attention of the captain. Flint turned around, big smile on his face,

“Harrison Black, couldn’t have done it without ya!”

“How much have you guys had to drink?” Harrison asked, Fred and George usually stocked up on Firewhiskey for these type of occasions.

“Too much,” Terence said, “They have had way too much. Especially Fred and George, I’m pretty sure they’re laying around somewhere right now.” He looked around, trying to spot the redheads. Harrison took his time to scan the common room, “You did make sure the firsties didn’t have any, right?”

“Yeah, first-fourth years are strictly forbidden.” Terence said, then he laughed quietly. “Had a bunch of angry third years because of that rule.”

Harrison laughed at that, indeed spotting his friends all sitting together in a corner, sipping from butterbeer filled glasses.

“Are you doing better?” Terence asked, “After spending time with your parents and you-“

“Shut it,” Harrison said, “Yeah, I’m doing better.” Was added quickly after. “Tom’s a good boyfriend when I need him to be.” Was said quietly afterwards, Terence eyes lit up at the admittance. “Don’t tell him I called him that.”

Terence laughed, “Secret’s safe with me.”

“So why aren’t you drunk?”

“My father was a bad drunk for a while,” Terence admitted as he looked around the room, “S’pose I’m scared what it’ll do to me.” Terence shrugged, “Besides, someone’s gotta stay sober to look out for the younger students.”

“I never noticed that you were always the sober one.” Harrison admitted, thinking back at the many Slytherin parties he had in his time here. He decided to not speak up about how Terence could have just used the ‘looking out for younger years’ excuse to not tell Harrison about his experiences. Harrison truly felt thankful for the honesty.

Terence shrugged, “It doesn’t really matter, does it?”

Harrison shook his head, it doesn’t.

“So what about you?” Terence asked, “What traumatising thing did you discover today?” He asked lightly, Harrison knew Terence wouldn’t truly press on, if Harrison didn’t want to talk. He could get away with making a dumb joke about Remus and Sirius being together.

“I-“ Harrison sighed, “Fucking hell, it’s such bullshit honestly.”

“Didn’t seem like it,” Terence said and Harrison nodded, “I just- you know about my whole past right? The Potters abandoning me, the founders.” He waved his hand, a privacy shield settling around them.

“Yeah.”

And Harrison told him the story, much like he had told Sirius, Remus and Tom a while ago. Terence listened, Harrison wondered if he could even really hear him over the noise from the rest of the room, but he seemed to be hearing him just fine.

Afterwards they sat down with Harrison’s old year-mates, who expressed their concern about the situation, too.

He’d tell them later, he promised. Talking about it all again and again, was just pushing the thought further to the front again, reliving it again and again.

Tom’s work being undone slowly.

“You’d think that Cedric would’ve beat you after you almost died.” Tracey said eventually, jokingly changing the subject.

“He almost did,” Harrison said, “The only reason I won is my lack of self-preservation.”

“Godric sure taught you that right,” Salazar said, suddenly in his portrait, his voice carrying over the room.

Harrison nodded in agreement, “He tried, kind of hard to do from a portrait, though.”

“He succeeded.” Salazar said, “Even from a portrait, that’s talent.”

~

A wizengamot meeting the next morning and the feeling of loneliness were the only excuses Harrison had for stepping into the cabinet just a day later. He had spent the entire afternoon with Sirius and Remus,

who were both glad and kind of suspicious about the fact that Harrison spent his time with them instead of spending it with his friends like usually.

That is, of course, after his weekly meeting with Adrian in the library to work on their Ancient Runes.

Tom was there in his office, having a conversation with Bellatrix and the Lestrange brothers.

“We truly think it would do well to continue trainings,” The brother on the left of Bellatrix said, “We know you want to choose the passive route, but we need to be prepared, the Death Eaters are not in the shape they used to be.”

“Don’t you think it would awaken unnecessary aggression?” Tom asked, smoothly, glancing at Harrison.

“Or prevent it,” The other twin said, “We’d be able to blow some steam off, sure as hell would do us some good.”

“What about you, Bella?” Tom asked, “Do you think you’re ready for duelling?”

“I was born ready, My Lord.” The woman answered smoothly.

“That was not what I asked.”

“My therapist said my magic has been doing a lot better,” The woman said, nodding a bit crazily. “As well as my state of mind.”

“I’d say it would do everyone well,” Harrison spoke up, announcing he was in the room to the Death Eaters who were sitting with their backs to Harrison. “Didn’t duelling do a lot of good to us?”

Tom hummed, “Can’t say it didn’t.” He admitted, “And Rabastan, you and Barty are prepared to take over training again?”

Rabastan, Harrison presumed, nodded. “Of course, my Lord.”

“I suggest using the Malfoy Manor, Lucius has opened it up for all of us in the past.” Tom said, “The Slytherin Manor should only be used for the most important business.”

“Of course, my Lord.” Rabastan said once again.

“You may leave.” Tom said then, turning his full attention to Harrison.

"*Hey, darling.*" Was hissed before the Death Eaters had time to even get up.

"*Hey honey.*" Harrison replied, ignoring the urge to kiss Tom in front of his Death Eaters. He did smirk, sending Tom a mental image of him doing just that. The man rolled his eyes fondly, "*You think you'd get bored of me eventually.*"

"I'm a teenager," Harrison shrugged, "*Can't help my wants and needs.*"

Tom raised an eyebrow, waiting for the door to close behind his followers as they finally left fully. He got up then, "Oh?" He said, "Is that why you came here?"

"I didn't want to feel lonely," Harrison admitted, as Tom stopped in front of him.

"I'm not going to let you ever even get to feel lonely like that again," Tom promised, "In the rest of eternity, never fully alone. Even if you so desperately wished for that loneliness to come back instead of me being there." He said, kissing the top of Harrison's nose.

"I do not doubt you for a second," Harrison muttered, "What was that about training?"

"Death Eaters used to have these," Tom hesitated for a moment, "Big duels, with weeks of training before it, almost a championship. I used to pick the best ones and they'd get something really silly. Like literally a stripe on their Death Eater mask or something, they'd go totally crazy over it." He explained, "It's the reason the Death Eaters are still feared so much, they trained a lot. Every single one is good in duelling in their own way."

"Can I participate? Get a stripe on my Death Eater's mask?" Harrison asked and Tom raised his hand, cupping Harrison's cheek, "I'm not going to make you wear a mask, Harry."

"I know," Harrison said, "You couldn't 'make' me if you tried. Another price then?"

"You're an idiot, you know?" Tom said, placing another kiss on his face, this time on the corner of his mouth.

Harrison shrugged, "I've never heard that before." He said, softly. "Most call me a 'genius.'" He pulled Tom down this time, kissing the man on the mouth, he was totally convinced he'd never get enough of

this feeling.

Tom let him, laughing softly as their lips connected. Harrison could feel the contentment flowing both ways over the link, as Tom moved against Harrison. It was with every move Tom's mouth made against his, that Harrison felt them slowly approaching the line of uncharted territory.

Harrison did not know what that meant or why he was so certain that it would change anything. He skipped any normal 'teenage' experiences by casually aging three years in the matter of a few hours.

It was as Tom, so careful, yet unlike anything else he had done, bit down on his lower lip that Harrison knew he did not mind; not truly. He gasped, Tom smirking against his mouth, the bastard was way too satisfied by this whole situation.

He used the opened mouth, too. An opportunity of sorts, to explore Harrison's mouth. Harrison felt as if he was pushed into a cloud of comfort, nothing from the outside seemed to matter as much when he was right here, with Tom.

Comfort never last forever, though, neither did the kiss. Tom pulled away eventually, seeming just as shocked at having done this as Harrison felt. Harrison didn't have the time to say a lot though, as Tom kissed his jawline, down to just next to his ear. The hand was still placed carefully on his right cheek.

It did end for real, eventually, Tom smirking as he looked down at Harrison. "Will that satisfy your teenager fantasies for a while?"

Harrison nodded, it would, fuck yes it would.

"Still haven't gotten an answer to my question, though." Harrison said eventually, when he started feeling weirdly shy under Tom's gaze, still not having moved an inch. "Can I participate?"

"Of course," Tom said, "Wouldn't expect less from you, I look forward to seeing you beat all of them in duels."

Harrison laughed, resting his head against Tom's chest, the height difference, while less than before, was still a good five inch or so. Harrison secretly hoped he would grow at least another two inch.

"Are you nervous?" Tom asked, after a comfortable silence, his arms now wrapped around Harrison.

“For?”

“The Wizengamot meeting.” Tom said, “Tomorrow, you know the thing you used as an excuse to come here.”

Harrison moved backwards, narrowing his eyes at Tom, “How do you know that?”

Tom raised an eyebrow, not saying anything.

“It’s the link isn’t it?” Harrison asked.

“Sometimes your thoughts are quite clear, darling.” Tom said, “They flow right over.”

Harrison nodded, he could believe that. Especially if it’s something he had been focussing on. Such as, the Wizengamot meeting. “I would leave Hogwarts to live here.” Harrison admitted, “Then again, I got the chance and didn’t so I suppose-“

“I know,” Tom nodded, still not letting go of Harrison. Not that Harrison would complain, he quite enjoyed the closeness.

That however, did not prepare him for the quiet question, “Sleep in the master bedroom with me tonight?”

Harrison actually took a step back, Tom who seemed to expect this let him go easily, looking at him intensely.

He did not know the relationship code on these kind of things, didn’t know what was ‘normal’ or not. Was this all too fast to be normal?

Then again had he and Tom ever been normal?

Besides, it was just sleeping.

And no, he and Tom weren’t exactly the type of people who you’d label as ‘normal’.

So he nodded, “You sure you’re ready to share your room?” Harrison asked, “Because once invited in, I might never leave.”

Tom just shrugged, smirking, “Would not want you to get lonely, now, would we?”

~

“Sirius would literally kill you if he’d figure out.” Harrison muttered as Tom wrapped an arm around his waist, bodies pressed against each other, Harrison rested his head on Tom’s chest.

He thought it would feel less natural, but some part deep inside him was a constant stream, a constant reminder that this was home.

Suddenly, for the first time in months he thought about the word *soulmates.* Two people destined for one another, in a weird way him and Tom were literally soulmates sharing Tom’s soul. However, they both knew that when the word soulmates was mentioned about their magic, nobody truly meant that literal way.

Twin flames, was perhaps an even better way to describe it.

“We’ll just have to make sure he doesn’t figure out then,” Tom said, jokingly. Both of them knowing Sirius would probably not try such a stupid thing. His family still had a reasonable amount of fear for Tom. “What are you thinking about?” He asked then.

“Soulmates,” Harrison admitted.

“Oh?” Tom asked, “Cheesy.”

Harrison snorted, “Whatever.”

“Why were you thinking of soulmates?” Tom asked, as he moved his hand to play with Harrisons hair.

“I mean, the twin wands thing.” Harrison said, “I don’t think all that is just because I have maybe almost a percent of your soul.”

“We’ve had this conversation before,” Tom said amused, “I don’t think so either, faith obviously bound us in some way. Does that worry you?”

“No, I’m just curious what this bond is.” Harrison admitted, “Soulmates are rare, nobody knows what it truly means to have a soulmate.”

“Sounds like you’ve accidentally put something new on your mental list of things to figure out.” Tom said, “We can figure it out together, have some fun while we’re at it.”

“You don’t think soulmates are stupid?” Harrison asked, he knew Tom did not truly, they had talked about this before. But the man never

showed any interest in the subject either.

Tom shook his head, Harrison could feel it rather than really see it in the darkness of the room. “I used to be fascinated by them, someone who’d be by your side, your other half forever. Teenage me was desperate, however they were rare. I just didn’t care enough anymore when I realised the chance of having a soulmate were close to zero.” He sighed, “But here we are.”

“Here we are,” Harrison agreed.

The idea of someone who’d always be by your side comforted the lingering fear of being unwanted.

And he truly believed he could face the Wizengamot tomorrow and get the dementors out of Hogwarts.

After all, through the whole process Tom and Sirius would be right there, supporting his every word.

Chapter End Notes

They're quite cute.

Chapter 54: "Quite the celebrity, you are."

Chapter Notes

I'm so busy so I once again apologise for the slow updates.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So Heir Black,” Umbridge said, “You want the dementors out of Hogwarts just because you yourself attracted them?” She asked as Harrison presented his case to the Wizengamot.

“Any person who has paid attention knows I- like many others- have always said they are seriously dangerous.” Harrison said, “Have you researched what long term exposure does to people, Madame? Or do you just throw people into Azkaban without knowing the long term effects?”

“The dementors never came close to any student.”

“Susan Bones would beg to differ.” Harrison said, “As well as many other students who the dementors mistook for Death Eaters just because they’re so hungry, you are starving them out there.” Harrison looked the witch right in the eyes, “You know how they get their food know?”

Umbridge shook her head.

“They use Thestrals, control them in some way, get them close to kids, these kids will be reminded of the deaths they saw and dementors feed on the sad energy they put out.” Harrison said, “Is that the ‘right learning environment for the future of the Wizarding world’? That you so desperately wanted to use dementors for to create?”

It had been in the newspaper a few weeks before, Umbridge sprouting how the dementors truly helped Hogwarts and would keep students safe, preserving the right learning environment for the future of the Wizarding World. It was quite ironic.

“They need to be fed?” Some light wizard asked and Harrison scoffed, “They’re not some machines, *they’re living, breathing* creatures. Yes they need food! Just not the type we eat, why do you think they snack on whatever soul we give them? They’re hungry enough to not fucking care what type of soul you feed them.”

“I think Lord Black’s case is quite clear,” Fudge interrupted, Harrison didn’t know what the man was thinking. After he and Tom had come back from their trip to Europe, Fudge had thanked them, telling them how some of the Ministers already sought out contact.

He had however asked them to convince the Ministers that the dementors were good for Hogwarts.

Harrison nodded, sitting back down as Fudge began reading through a bunch of arguments made in the discussion he had been in for the past hour or so. He drifted off, until Tom nudged him on his shoulder; the voting was about to start.

The Issue with big decisions like these were that not only did it need the most votes total; it also needed the most votes from both the light and the dark fraction. The lords who did not align themselves with either the light or dark fraction, would only be counted in the big vote.

Harrison sat nervously on the edge of his chair as they all voted, a lot of Wizards agreed. People like James and Lily, however did not agree, convincing the people around them to follow their example.

Then Fudge had announced that the dementors would be banished from Hogwarts grounds, Harrison could not believe what he’d heard, until he noticed Lady Longbottom, talking to the people around her, thanking them.

Neville had helped him in his very own way.

When Lady Longbottom noticed him looking she smiled and nodded at him, before turning back to the other Lords and Ladies.

“You’d think she’d be more subtle.” Sirius said, “She has been in the politics game for a while.”

Harrison shrugged, “I don’t think this was something you need to be subtle about.” He turned to look at his father and, well, *soulmate,* he mused. “We did it.” He whispered in awe and Tom nodded, not quite showing how happy he actually was.

Marvolo Gaunt was a damned good politician, if nothing else.

Harrison could see the happiness shine through, though. He could literally feel how glad the man was to be rid of this threat.

“Almost killing yourself paid off in the end.” Tom said and Harrison nodded in agreement, “that it sure as hell did, Marv.”

Through all the business everyone seemed to have forgotten about the fact that they had more to discuss this Wizengamot meeting, as everyone slowly walked out of the room, it was of no surprise that each of them were told to be back tomorrow to finish the actual gathering.

Umbridge whispered angrily into Fudge’s ear, the man left the meeting room, too.

“I’ll see you at Hogwarts, pup?” Sirius asked, “I got to grade some papers, they’re stacking up lately.”

Harrison nodded, knowing Sirius was trying to get most of it done around Christmas break at least, not wanting to have to work throughout the break.

“Your plan worked,” Tom said, as he too stood up from its place, “Despite Umbridge’s best efforts.”

Harrison hummed in agreement, “Would’ve really angered me if this didn’t work. I thought I was going to let myself fall into another coma.”

“Are you feeling better about the whole thing?” Tom asked as he led Harrison to one of the many floo systems of the ministry.

“I am honestly glad that the dementor pulled this memory back to the front,” Harrison shrugged, “Rather now than later. Especially with a cause like this.”

He stepped through the floo system, waiting for Tom on the other side. The man followed not much later, “Did you take a look at the memories I gave you for your birthday?”

Harrison shook his head truthfully, he hadn’t even really thought about them yet, he had been busy constantly and whenever he was not he made himself busy.

Tom smiled at him, “Come, I want to show you something then.”

Waving his hand, Tom summoned a vile, the wall in his office opening at the magic to reveal the pensieve. “I was thinking about this after yesterday, it’s one of the memories I also chose for your present,

however our conversation yesterday changed my entire view on it."

Tom let the fluid memory drip into the pensieve before motioning for Harrison to go ahead. His world faded and then reappeared, Harrison was now standing in Ollivander's.

Little Tom was waving wands, until finally the familiar wand was the one he truly chose. The wand the man had till this day, the wand with a feather of the same phoenix as his loyal wand.

"A twin wand, bright future you shall have." Ollivander said as goodbye, Tom ignoring it like most kids did when Ollivander made a comment about their wands. Then the world faded around him again, until he was in the restricted section of the Hogwarts library. Tom reading a book on twin wands closely. The theory of soulmates open, his eyes skimmed the page before he scoffed.

Turning the page over, he started reading the effects of using curses on your soulmates, your own magic would protect your soulmate, as well as there. Then the night where it all happened, the night Tom had been out to kill baby Harrison, his magic sensing Harrison's strength, even as a child.

And then trying to kill Harrison.

Harrison couldn't see what exactly happened; but he could actually see Tom's soul connecting to his as soon as he got the chance.

Harrison pulled back, Tom's office once again appearing before him.

"You found theory on twin wands way before I did?" Harrison asked, "And you never wondered about it?"

"I always wondered about it." Tom admitted, "But then my plans turned into this whole immortality thing and I just forgot."

"Yet you still decided to give the memory to me?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged, "I thought you would enjoy me researching the exact same things as you did around that time. Besides, the whole horcrux thing is quite fascinating."

"You sure it's not because you wanted me to realise we were soulmates, so I would realise I quite *liked* you sooner?" Harrison smirked.

"I was hoping you wouldn't notice until you turned at least sixteen,"

Tom admitted, “You were very obvious, however we don’t have that issue now anymore, do we?”

Harrison reached out, taking one of Tom’s hands into his own, “I suppose we do not.” He smiled at the older man.

“So, *soulmate,* are you returning to Hogwarts tonight?” Tom asked, “Or are you willing to spend another night here?”

“Mh,” Harrison hummed, “I suppose it’s hard to reject such an offer, isn’t it?”

Tom leant down, kissing him softly and said, “I am very convincing.”

And Harrison couldn’t disagree with that statement, because he of all people knew how convincing Tom could be if he wanted to. So instead he nodded in agreement, “That you are.” He said, “Only if you want to be, though.”

~

The next morning, when he woke up, Tom handed him over a newspaper the moment he walked into the dining room.

It was on the frontpage, of course it was, dementors were out of Hogwarts. Rita, who wrote the article, made it sound like he was a much bigger hero than he truly was.

“Quite the celebrity, you are.” Tom said, as Harrison read through the article.

Harrison laughed, “*Heir Black, trained by the well-known Marvolo Gaunt made his first big political impact on the Wizarding World.”* Harrison read out-loud. “You’re quite famous yourself, *Well-known Marvolo Gaunt.”*

Tom smirked at that, “Well, my training is the reason you are where you are.” He said, jokingly. “Are you going to the meeting today?”

“I think,” Harrison shook his head, “It’s time for me to follow some of my classes.”

“It’s Saturday, you just want to see the chaos in Hogwarts currently,” Tom said, “And hope you’re getting some big welcome back party where your friends get drunk while you’re laughing at them.”

“You know me so well,” Harrison said, “I’ll see you tomorrow, alright?” It was probably better to be in Hogwarts for breakfast, so his

friends would know he was there.

Tom smiled, “Have fun at Hogwarts, darling.” He said, as he kissed Harrison.

Harrison smiled at Tom before leaving, going back to Hogwarts, it felt as if it’s been ages, but he had only been here for a bit longer than a day.

And as suspected, Hogwarts was chaotic, but the good kind. Everyone was celebrating, Dumbledore was gone, probably doing trying to repair some of the damage done to his reputation.

Luna was in front of him before he could really even try to look for his friends in the hall, “You did it.” The girl said, hugging him, “The thestrals are very thankful.”

“It’s better for everyone this way, moon.” Harrison said as he hugged her back. “It was the only right thing to do.”

“Yet it wouldn’t have worked if it were anyone else,” Luna sing-songed, letting go of Harrison before skipping ahead to a big group of people, mixed houses.

“When did this happen?” Harrison asked, as he noticed everyone happily talking, most of his close friends there.

“Somewhere in your absence,” Terence said, next to Cedric, “Couldn’t talk to you so I had to talk to the others.”

“And turns out, your quite good at picking out the right people,” Blaise said, “I would’ve never talked to someone like *Captain Oliver Wood,* or any of the Gryffindors really, without you.”

A lot of agreement were heard from all sides of the, admittedly way too large, group.

House unity, Harrison thought, I did it. Just like last time, until he had fallen into a coma and everyone decided to go against Gryffindor because of Hope.

He couldn’t help the voice inside his head that told him to enjoy it while it lasted. “I was gone for a day,” He said, “How did this happen in a day.”

“A bit longer than a day,” Terence argued, “We were all wondering

how it went, so we just started talking, it was an accident, really. Dumbledore did try to fight it yesterday by telling us to go back to our own tables."

"So can I join or is this a no-Harrison zone?" Harrison asked, someone pulled him to an empty spot on the bench, ending up between Pansy and Susan Bones.

Interesting, he had never truly befriended Susan, not yet at least.

"Quite the article," Pansy said, motioning to the Daily Prophet, the picture of him in the Wizengamot meeting made him look almost bored as he listened to Umbridge list of why dementors were the best opportunity of keeping Hogwarts safe. "Harrison Black once again a proper hero."

"Or a dark wizard who almost killed himself just to make sure no dementor would catch him." Harrison added, dramatically. "I mean his magic *did* attract those things!"

Pansy and Susan both laughed, then Harrison had to ask. "Why the Ravenclaw table?"

"Oh, we pick a different one every time." Blaise said, "Luna was the first one here today so we sat down with her."

"I'm still saying we do Gryffindor next, I want to see Hope's face when we sit down." Daphne said and Harrison had to agree that that would be funny to see. Yet, being the responsible one and all that, "We shouldn't provoke her on purpose. She's been doing good lately with not bothering us, right?"

"Yeah, because her parents are probably still planning your downfall, with Molly Weasley of all people." Daphne said, "Fred and George will go down with you at this point."

"We took her Prewett title," Fred said, "That angered her for sure."

"Probably the reason she's helping Lily and James in the first place." George added.

"You guys are seriously worried about my down fall?" Harrison asked, "For the moment the world sees me in some bad light? Sees all of us in some bad light?"

"You think they will take all of us down?" Daphne asked, "Because

we're your friends?"

"I don't think it'll get that far and once it does, Marvolo and I will be able to repair whatever damage done." Cedric looked at him once he said that, the boy hadn't spoken about the Dark Lord once since Harrison told him. Yet, the boy was sitting here, in his friend group, admittedly he had taken two of his Hufflepuff friends with him. Harrison took it as an obvious sign.

"What if it's Marvolo's down fall too?" The Hufflepuff asked and Harrison knew what he meant, *What if they figure out, what if Tom gets killed.*

"It won't be," Harrison said, "We have a bunch of things protecting us."

Cedric nodded, not asking more questions. Harrison knew he should give the boy more information soon. Everyone who knew that Marvolo Gaunt was the Dark Lord also knew what it meant that he was the Dark Lord. The layers of protections, the immortality.

Cedric hadn't grown up in a family where these idea's were something your parents told you about when you were about six, warning you for your future role in the Wizarding world.

"Either way," Harrison said, wanting to change the subject. "Who wants to come to Hogsmeade with me? I don't think I have ever truly been there with one of these weekends."

"You don't want to do the usual study group thing?"

Harrison shrugged, "Could do that later, I just want to experience the whole weekend thing. I'm in my fifth year already."

"You never went?" Adrian asked and Harrison shook his head, "Not legally anyways, I was always busy doing something, so whose down?"

After some discussing they all decided to go, except Luna and Neville. Luna, being a second year was not allowed to, Harrison suggested *just asking* McGonagall, since he had become somewhat a favourite, even after she figured out he was fighting with the dark. Luna however decided to stay in, Neville stayed with her.

Terence started walking next to him, Cedric on his other side.

“So how was your day at your accidental boyfriend’s?” Terence asked and Harrison rolled his eyes, “Quite great,” He replied, “He helped me not fall into some downwards spiral of depressing repressed thoughts from my childhood.”

“Sounds like a good boyfriend to me,” Terence said, Cedric grinned and nodded in agreement. Terence and Cedric’s were the only ones he had really told yet, of course they were going to tease him about it.

“Keep that up and I’ll never tell you about how Tom got the trophy.” Harrison smirked and Terence shook his head, “No, no little brother, promise is a promise.”

“Okay fine, maybe I’m not *that* rude,” Harrison said, “What’s going on with you two anyways?” He asked, looking suspiciously between Cedric and Terence, they had never talked before, well he made them meet, as far as Harrison knew.

“We’ve known each other since before Hogwarts,” Cedric said, “You just made the houses unite enough so that our friends could somewhat act normal around each other.”

Harrison nodded, “And that’s all?” He asked with a smirk.

“You are an annoying little kid, you know that?” Terence asked and Harrison’s smirk widened into a grin, “Really?”

Cedric put his hand in front of Harrison’s mouth, “Shush.”

Harrison put his hands up, surrendering, Cedric removed his hand. “I won’t tell if you don’t.” He said, “However,” Harrison continued, “I do want to remind you that *I am just as old as you are.”*

“Lady Magic just had to swoop in and age you up, huh?” Terence said, ruffling Harrisons hair, “You’re still my little brother.”

Harrison rolled his eyes again and Terence asked, “So why do you really want to go to Hogsmeade today?”

“See if the dementors are really gone, if they’re not just camping on the edge of Hogwarts and the areas around it.”

“And enjoy your moment of fame while you’re at it?” Cedric asked, Hogsmeade was visible from where they were walking now and Harrison could tell there were celebrations there, too. That promised at least something positive.

“We’ll suffer through the moment of fame, as you called it.”

Terence nodded, “It looks like the dementors are truly gone.”

“So where to first, Harrison?” Pansy shouted from somewhere in front of him, “Anything you need specifically?”

“I thought we could all just split up and meet up at the Three Broomsticks?”

Some people nodded in agreement, wandering into stores with such a big group sounded quite stupid, splitting up would solve that issue at least.

Harrison went to a bunch of stores, talking to all types of people. People who lived here or were on a Hogsmeade trip themselves. Most seemed thankful, others sneered at him for making this place less safe.

He did not see or feel the presence of a single dementor the whole time while walking around in the place.

When everyone gathered in the Three Broomsticks, Draco was the one to ask how it was going with the trial. Harrison had totally forgotten about Runcorn’s case until the boy asked this and truthfully answered, “I don’t think a trial has been done yet.”

“So he’s been waiting in a holding cell the entire time?” Draco asked, “That’s a long time, even for our ministry.”

“You’d think there would at least be word of a trial out here, right?” Adrian asked, “I can’t imagine-“

“Fudge Is known for throwing people into Azkaban without trials to make it easier, leave no trace of the conflict.”

“What?”

“My aunt has told me multiple cases where she had to drag someone out of Azkaban herself to get them a proper trial, Fudge doesn’t care as long as it looks good for him.”

“You think they just threw Runcorn in Azkaban?” Harrison asked and Susan shrugged, “Would not be the first time. Especially if someone else did it and they’re trying to hide their own evidence.”

“What do you know?”

“My aunt thinks Umbridge was part of this, has thought so for a while.” Susan said, “When Runcorn got arrested I started investigating, turns out Runcorn and Umbridge went to school together. Not only were they in the same year, but they were also both Slytherins.”

“But that goes against his whole loving Dumbledore hating all purebloods act-“ Harrison muttered, Runcorn was somehow proving to be his first real mystery.

“His fascination with Dumbledore is real,” Susan said, “Although purely because he idolized Grindelwald.”

Harrison nodded, “Okay and the hating Purebloods?”

Susan shrugged, “Jealousy perhaps.”

“How the hell did you figure all that out?” Someone asked and Harrison laughed as Susan said, “I’ve got sources.”

“So Umbridge locked Runcorn away to keep him from having a trial where he would expose they worked together?” Harrison asked, “That’s the theory right now?”

Susan nodded and Harrison said, “Ask your aunt to not do anything about Umbridge right now, please?”

“What?”

“To- Marvolo and I discussed this a while ago, with our own suspicion, we need Umbridge to think she won. Gather enough dirt on her to truly get her into a maximum security cell.”

Susan nodded, “I’ll ask, but my aunt is stubborn.”

“Oh, I know.” Harrison laughed, “Just tell her I asked.”

“Alright,” Susan said.

Harrison nodded in thanks, as one of Cedric’s Hufflepuff friends spoke up. Harrison had never seen the boy before, so he understood why the boy would ask, “How do you get away with skipping so many classes, doesn’t Dumbledore hate you?”

Harrison laughed at that, “Good question, I have no idea is the true answer. I have some responsibilities at the Ministry now and I think Dumbledore, too, knows that he would have the entire ministry after

his arse would he tell me I couldn't go."

"This is Harrisons way of saying he is still awaiting is annual meeting with Dumbledore," Terence snickered and Harrison said, "Actually! Had that one already, remember when I aged up?"

"That was this year?"

Harrison scoffed, "I know right?" He said, "And now it's almost Christmas break."

"You can have two meetings in one year, right?"

"I think he had two meetings at least for the past two years," Blaise said, "I have never met anyone who talked with Dumbledore this much about their own school life."

"That man is just a creep," Harrison said, "Everyone knows it."

"Yet Hope and Granger still look up to him," Fred muttered.

"And our dear little brother, Ronald."

"Ex-brother," Fred corrected George.

"What about Ginny?" Harrison asked and Fred and George gave each other a look, then shrugged.

"All I know is that she was once convinced she could convince you to fight for Dumbledore's side." Fred said, "Don't blame the poor girl, Molly has been putting all sorts of idea's in her head since she was little."

"She never even tried to talk to me," Harrison snorted, "Doing a great job at convincing then."

"Well," George said awkwardly, "She tried to convince the hat she was Slytherin."

"The hat thought that was quite brave of her," Fred answered sarcastically.

"But Ginny thought she could-"

"It's bigger than that," Fred sighed, "When we were young and Lily just gotten pregnant, she said sarcastically that they would have to get a contract to marry their children once they grew up.

“Our mother just shrugged it off, y’know?” George said, “You were born and she was convinced it wouldn’t matter, if she let Ron marry Hope, she wouldn’t have access to any fortune. All Molly wants is her old name back, her riches. So when she got pregnant with a girl, well it was a wish come true, she could let you marry her.”

“She talked those idea’s into Ginny’s head, making the little girl lovesick with an ideal Potter boy.”

“I was a disappointment to her?” Harrison asked and George shrugged, “You weren’t as obedient as you were supposed to be.”

“Ginny,” Fred breathed, “She’s nice, though. I hope she’ll realise that Molly is keeping her in her clutches and frees herself as we did. Because, out of all our siblings, she’s truly most like us.”

“So why not help her?” Cedric asked, “You escaped Molly, she might not know it’s a possibility. If she’s not dumb, she might’ve just not acted on manipulating Harrison, because she realises it’s wrong.”

“Quite fairly, we could use more annoying red-heads.” Harrison agreed with a grin and Fred flipped him off, but then asked, “You truly think this is a good idea?”

“Sirius and Remus could use another kid,” Harrison said, smirking. “We’re too easy on them.”

George looked at Fred, who shrugged, then nodded.

They were going to try.

~

“Hey Moony! Our hero is here.” Sirius shouted as Harrison walked into their personal quarters, always careful to not walk in on something he would rather not see.”

“Hey padfoot,” Harrison greeted the man, who was sitting at a small table, bend over some essays.

“Finally made some time to visit your poor old man?” Sirius asked, “I could die while you are at Tom’s and you wouldn’t find out until three weeks later.”

“Death would come tell me.”

“You really think he would?”

Harrison shrugged, “Talking about Death, how is Regulus?”

“Enjoying the renewed version of Grimmauld’s place,” Remus answered from the doorway to the small kitchen in the quarters. “I think he’s slowly realising he really is, truly, alive again.”

“I’m thinking about letting him become Lord Black,” Sirius said, “He was always more of a politician than I was.” The man explained, “However I wanted to ask you first, because you are the current Heir.”

“If Regulus wants the title he should have it,” Harrison said, “He’s more of a Black than I am.”

“Pup-“

“That was not something negative, Siri.” Harrison sighed, “But he’s been in this family for decades, dead or alive. Besides if you give me more seats in the Wizengamot I might actually get a god complex.”

“Think we’re too late to prevent you from getting a god complex, cub.” Remus said.

Harrison grinned at the man, silently thanking him for helping turning this conversation around.

“Alright,” Sirius nodded, “You want to come with us the next time we go home?” He asked, “Regulus has been wanting to talk to you.”

“Yeah,” Harrison nodded, “I am curious about how he’s doing. You should invite Fred and George, too, make a proper family day out of it.”

“That’s not a bad idea, actually.” Sirius admitted, Remus nodded in agreement.

“Alright,” Remus said, as he sat down next to Sirius, “Come on, Cub, tell us about your time at Tom’s. You’ve barely been at Hogwarts at all.” The man had a knowing glint in his eye and suddenly Harrison wondered if Remus could *smell* that something was different.

He probably could.

He sat down and told Sirius and Remus about Runcorn, the duels, the Death Eaters and any other subject he could safely talk about. By the end of it, Remus shook his head in amusement as Harrison told him that *yes, that was really everything that happened, don’t worry.*

Sirius however, seemed enraged by Umbridge.

Harrison couldn't blame him, as he was just as mad. Yet, he promised the man that soon they would do something about it, once it was the right timing.

Sirius accepted that answer and then asked about his hunt for Pettigrew.

And all Harrison could think about was Tom calming him down, promising him he'd torture Pettigrew real slowly if he wanted him to.

And Remus seemed way too amused, Harrison wondered how much the man truly knew.

Then Sirius looked between them, confused and Remus smirked openly. Harrison knew it was a lost case.

"I can smell him on you." Remus said and Sirius eyes widened dramatically.

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Don't make Sirius think things that didn't happen happened!"

Remus laughed at that, "Pray tell us, cub, how did you end up convincing the Dark Lord to enter some relationship with you."

Sirius seemed more curious than angry or confused now so Harrison sighed and started telling, "It was more or less an accident, we opened up our mental links totally, we have this connection because of the horcrux. Either way we kissed and then well- it just kept happening? And suddenly we were together?"

"You sound unsure," Sirius said and Harrison shrugged, "I am unsure, it happened totally on accident also I'm like 99% sure we're soulmates and not because of the horcrux thing, so is it really any different than before, or did we just realise?" Harrison said, "Also is the connection between us because of the horcrux, or is it something else?"

"Faith really likes toying with you," Remus said, he looked at Sirius, then back at Harrison. "Just do whatever feels good and don't think too much about it, alright?"

"You sound like you know what you're talking about." Harrison muttered and Remus smiled at him, "I once met an old lady, well a ghost."

“Remus-“

“No Sirius, maybe-“ Remus sighed, “This lady died because she killed herself, pure loneliness was all she had felt ever since she was seventeen. When I asked her why or how, she told my about a boy she once knew, her soulmate she told me.” Remus laughed bitterly, “I didn’t believe in soulmates back then, never did really. So I always thought she was just a lovesick fool when she told me that she had sent him away and the feeling of pure loneliness was Faith’s way of punishing her. Faith only entwines two souls that much when they’re truly meant to be.” He smiled, “I never believed in soulmates, yet Sirius and I talked and we always suspected that if there was ever a thing such as soulmates it had to look like you and Tom. It sounds sappy as hell probably.”

“Remus don’t scare him,” Sirius said, “Don’t see this as Faith forcing you to always be with Tom, Harry. Faith is forgiving and you might not have the same consequences.”

Remus shook his head, “I didn’t want to scare you, I just wanted you to know we support you. We will never know what it’s like to have someone who understands you that deeply, it’s rare for a reason. So no matter fucking what, cub, just do what makes you feel good about this situation, as no one will understand how it feels to have such a connection. You made me believe in that lady’s story and you made me realise that if she left a relationship like that she must’ve had a reason, too, and it probably was not because she wanted to.”

“You think people forced her to split up?” Harrison asked and Remus nodded, “Which is why we would never do that to you.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I want to explore the soulmate thing more as I am so interested in the different kind of soulmates people believe there could be, idk it's really interesting to me.

also I have been loving Ginny as a character lately so slay.

Chapter 55: That isn't living, Harrison. That's just surviving.

Chapter Notes

> Hi! I've returned after a month or so. I have been so busy, unable to write, so I'm sorry for not posting.
> I wrote this every free moment over the past few weeks, thus the reason that it might feel a bit more messy.
> Thank you for all your patience and support on this story though. Seriously, it means a lot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Christmas rapidly approached, Sirius and Remus were suddenly nowhere to found outside of their classes. It wasn't that Harrison needed them, necessarily, but not seeing his parents at dinner was already quite worrying as it was.

And that would have been fine if they had been at breakfast, but they were nowhere to be found.

Harrison shrugged it off, though, he noticed Fred and George doing the same thing. The only reason he wasn't actively worried about them, was because in all of their classes, they seemed even happier than usually.

Suspicious, but admittedly none of his business, especially because he himself was almost always at Tom's, when not in class.

"You'd think that they would give us *less* homework before Christmas, do they truly wish for us to suffer this much?" Pansy groaned as she fell on the couch in the four house common room, Harrison laughed, "Need help?"

"Fucking Snape gave us three assignments!" Pansy said, "Like, yeah I know it's our last class before break, but does that mean you *torture us?"*

"It's Snape," Oliver joked, he had been working on one of his assignments in the common room, sitting with Harrison as he spotted the Slytherin. "Who knows?"

"You'll be fine, Pansy." Harrison said, "If you need anything, I'm

here."

"Don't you have anything to work on?" Pansy asked as she watched Oliver finish his essay.

Harrison shrugged, "World domination? I don't know,"

"Maybe something like transfiguration, charms?" Pansy asked and Harrison nodded, "Yeah, Sirius did give me homework, but he never grades mine anyways."

Pansy snorted, "Right, good dad you have."

Harrison nodded in agreement, well aware she meant for it to sound sarcastic, yet he couldn't help but agree.

Pansy sighed and sat up, started her first assignment until suddenly she looked up and narrowed her eyes, looking straight at Harrison. "You aged up, right?"

Harrison raised an eyebrow, nodding slowly, "I did?"

"So is your birthday the day Magic aged you up or your normal birthday?" Pansy asked, "Both perhaps?"

Harrison blinked, "I-"

"That's the best question I've heard in a while," Oliver said, looking at Harrison, the distraction from his essay a welcome one- even if he wanted to finish it quickly so he could warm up for quidditch training.

"I'd reckon it be your normal birthday you know?" Pansy said, "I mean technically that's your *birth*day."

"I suppose so-" Harrison muttered.

"Then again, I don't think it really counts with your whol-" Her eyes widened, as she slapped a hand against her mouth, looking at Oliver. "I'm-"

Harrison snorted, "It took two and a half years for someone to almost expose me."

"I didn't mean to-" Pansy muttered, she seemed genuinely sorry and embarrassed, Harrison shook his head, "It's okay, you didn't actually say something."

Oliver looked between them and Harrison sighed, “How about I walk with you to the quidditch pitch, Wood?”

Oliver nodded, as he gathered his things. Harrison just stood up and smiled at Pansy, *it’s okay.*

Then he told Oliver all about his childhood, Oliver reacting surprisingly well. He didn’t call bullshit just accepted it.

He also realised he never told Cedric this, even if he did tell the boy about Tom.

“I’m glad that at least there’s a reason Slytherin is always beating us then,” Oliver said.

Harrison shrugged, “I never played quidditch back then, maybe I am just that good.”

Oliver laughed at that, “Sure you are, kiddo.”

“Watch it I’ll beat you again next time.”

“I don’t doubt that,” Oliver said, “Fucking wish Godric Gryffindor influenced you just a bit more. You would’ve been with us then.”

“Perhaps,” Harrison answered truthfully, “However, there are factors that would have made me end up in Slytherin either way.”

Perhaps, he hadn’t told Cedric this yet. He would do that soon, he doubted the day he would tell Oliver about Tom was close. Gryffindors tended to be a bit more close-minded. Even the ones like Oliver Wood.

“They should have just put you in Ravenclaw, keep you away from the whole house bullshit.”

“Uniting the houses would have been harder.” Harrison said, “I’ve come far.”

“I’m not saying that’s not true,” Oliver said, “However the moment something happens to you, everyone starts blaming each other.”

“They blame *Hope,* not the Gryffindors.”

Oliver hummed, “Yet Hope somehow represents a big part of the Gryffindors.”

“Not everyone can end up being happy with the result.” Harrison said, “At least your group of Gryffindors and most of the Slytherins are okay now.” He looked at Oliver, “That’s more than any of us could have wished for two years ago.”

Oliver nodded quietly, in agreement, his eyes fixated on the quidditch field in front of them. Harrison laughed, “Go practice, I’ll go back and calm Pansy down, poor girl thinks she betrayed me.”

The Gryffindor captain laughed, “Thanks for being honest, Black.”

“Wouldn’t have been honest if you did not deserve to know the truth.” Harrison answered, small smile on his face, “Make sure you train them well, I want a challenge next time.”

“I’ll do my best!” Oliver replied.

~

“Forgot about me?” Harrison heard as the door to Tom’s office opened, Tom had left him there somewhere about thirty minutes ago to deal with some Death Eaters. As Harrison looked up, he saw Megan, her norma white dresses exchanged for a black one, however with the same flowy design that Megan seemed to prefer.

“You’re here?”

“He marked me,” Megan said, eyes twinkling with delight, “I did tell you I joined him right?”

“Yes- of course.” Harrison muttered, “You have a mark?”

“Not the usual one,” Megan said, “We’re not that stupid, the whole left forearm thing is obvious.”

She pulled her hair back to reveal a small tattoo of a snake and a wolf pup.

“I thought the design was adorable.” Megan said, “Didn’t think he’d have it in him.”

Harrison glanced at the tattoo, “Can I?” He said, reaching out hesitantly.

Megan nodded, “Of course.”

He felt little sparks of magic connect with his own as he touched the

tattoo and muttered, “He used my Animagus as inspiration.”

“The snake?”

“No, the wolf.” Harrison said as the tattoo tickled his finger with little magical sparks, just then the door opened.

“So you’ve seen the mark.” Tom said, “And?”

“It’s creative.” Harrison said, “Cute.” He turned around. “Will all your new followers get this mark?”

“More or less,” Tom said, “I’ll change them up, switch spots, make sure that it won’t be a new way to immediately see if someone’s on our side or not.”

Harrison nodded, “Smart,” He smirked, “Finally learned from your mistakes, did you?” He teased as he approached Tom, the man rolled his eyes. “How were the Death Eaters?”

“Good,” Tom said, “All ready to start duelling. Actually, Megan offered to overlook duels as I decided to not yet trust the Azkaban escapees yet.” He said, “The magic might have some unexpected effects on their mental health.”

“I’m honoured to do so,” Megan said, though the woman hadn’t bowed when Tom entered the office. Harrison was secretly glad being a Death Eater did not change Megan’s whole personality.

As it would have done by many others.

However, Harrison suspected that might also have something to do with Tom being nicer to her than to any others, simply because he did not want to anger Harrison.

“So where have you been?” Harrison asked as the room once again turned silence, Tom’s eyes followed him every move he made, the fondness in them made Harrison want to melt in Tom’s arms, but instead he faced Megan again.

“I went to Asia, trying to look into my gift with some local tribes, Tom suggested it.” She smiled, “The power to see magic is a rare one and a powerful one especially if you know how to work with it. I think the tribes honestly helped me figure a lot of it out.” Megan explained, “No matter me, I heard and I can see that you yourself went through some change.”

“The gift?”

“And your age.” She nodded, “You’ve had contact with deities.”

“You can feel that?”

“See it,” She said, “Their magic is unlike anything else. It lingers in your own for a while, perhaps forever.” Megan explained, “What was Death like?”

“Terrifying,” Harrison said as Tom walked past him, sitting down behind his desk. Megan who was still leaning against the desk, quickly also sat down, Harrison quickly following their example. “He threatened me, so it was a weird experience for sure, that was after he helped me bring someone back to life.”

“Yet he allowed you to carry his gift.” Megan said, Tom extended his hand over the desk, Harrison just took it ignoring Megan’s gaze. The small wave of comfort was all he needed to nod.

“I truly don’t understand why.” She smiled softly at Harrison, as Tom raised an eyebrow daring her to say something about it.

She didn’t.

“I suspect you’ll find out when the deities want you to find out.” She said, as she stood, “I’ll leave you two alone.” She winked at Harrison, who rolled his eyes, yet nodded at her in thanks.

When she closed the door, Tom sighed and leant back in his chair, pulling Harrison closer to the desk on accident.

“What’s wrong?” Harrison asked, letting go of Tom’s hand, the man looked at him, surprised. That was until Harrison rolled his eyes and moved around the desk to plant himself on Tom’s lap.

Tom smiled now, slightly amused as he wrapped his arms around Harrison’s waist. “I’m okay.” He muttered, “Just Death Eaters.”

Harrison placed a shy kiss on Tom’s forehead, “What did they do now?”

“They’re not happy about having to wait another year before coming into action,” He said, “Lot of complains, *lot of Crucio.* I think I hit Yaxley five times with the spell, I can’t *bear* that man.”

Harrison smiled softly, “Won’t the duels help?”

“It might, but I feel like it might also make them more excited to go back out there.” Tom said, “I picked these people for a very specific reason, *shaped* them to be aggressive.”

“And now you’re not that man anymore.” Harrison nodded, “They’ll just have to deal with it, as for Yaxley, kill that man for all I care.”

“Oh, believe me the moment he so much as says hello to you, he’ll be dead.” Tom muttered, “How was your talk with Megan?”

“Strange,” Harrison replied, “Haven’t seen her in forever and now she’s marked?”

“I’m sorry I did not tell you,” Tom said, “It happened just a few days ago.” Tom pulled Harrison closer, Harrison let it happen, his head falling on Tom’s shoulder.

“It’s okay.” Harrison muttered, as his entire body buzzed in the presence of Tom’s magic. Harrison understood Remus and Sirius now. The story they told, the loneliness of losing a soulmate. Tom lifted his head, kissing him softly on his lips.

Harrison wondered if Tom had somehow read his mind.

“You’re not losing me,” He said, as if he didn’t just admit to basically reading Harrison’s mind. Then he leant in again and Harrison knew that Tom was telling the truth, they wouldn’t lose each other anytime soon.

Harrison hummed into the kiss, “You really have to stop reading my thoughts, some would say it’s creepy.”

“Well,” Tom shrugged, “Kind of comes with the deal of our link. Besides, you keep sending me small memory fragments at the worst moments.”

“You’re welcome, dear.” Harrison smiled cheekily at the man, glad to actually *feel* the lift of Tom’s mood, simply caused by his presence.

Tom lifted his hand, traced his jaw with his index finger, staring at him with a smirk, “You’re a minx.”

“*Your* minx.” Harrison said, shamelessly.

Tom nodded, satisfaction flowing over the link. “Damn right, you are.” He said, as he pulled Harrison impossibly closer with the hand still

wrapped around his waist. “So your parents accepted the whole soulmate thing?”

Harrison rolled his eyes as Tom changed the subject, “They did, I think they realised they do not truly have a choice whether they accept it or not.” He said, “Yet, they could’ve decided to be annoying about it so I’m thankful.”

“Well,” Tom said, “At least that’s one less thing to worry about.”

Harrison nodded and then Tom kissed him again and from then, well there were a lot of slow, sweet kisses and not so much talking.

~

“Dumbledore has sent four different students trying to find you for a meeting,” Terence said as he returned to the Slytherin common room. “Second one of the year, huh?”

“Fucking hell, Dumbles, really?” Harrison groaned, “And here I thought I was getting a break.”

“You should go quickly, luckily he only started sending students this morning, so you can just say you were in your room.” Terence said, “No need anyone to vouch for your absence.”

“Thanks, Terence.” Harrison hesitated, “Should I get Sirius, go alone?”

Terence shrugged, “Just be safe.”

Harrison nodded, deciding against it, because Dumbledore was probably impatiently waiting for him. He ran into Remus in the halls, and took the werewolf with him instead.

Remus agreed immediately, as Harrison suspected, they walked towards Dumbledore’s office together. Remus questioning why exactly Dumbledore would wish to talk to him. Harrison just told the man he did not know, Dumbledore worked in weird ways usually and there was no way of telling what he had done to get the man want to meet him now.

He walked into Dumbledore’s office to the sight of James, Lily and Dumbledore. He sighed, loudly, making sure everyone could hear him. “It’s going to be one of those meetings, is it not?”

“Harry, my boy.” Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled, the slight push in his

mind was barely noticeable, but enough for Harrison to put his shields up just a bit higher, he sent a quick memory to Tom, hoping the man would find some way to help him from a distance. “Please, sit down, we have a lot to talk about.”

“Do we now?” Harrison raised an eyebrow.

Dumbledore nodded seriously, “Lord and Lady Potter approached me with some uncertainties about you and your safety.”

“Okay?” Harrison asked.

“Let’s start when you fainted in front of them, as well as all the guests at one of your parties.”

“Fucking hell, that was ages ago, they were trespassing and I *was* dealing with an too big amount of magic for my reservoir after I talked to Lady Magic.”

“Harrison, you do not truly believe you have seen these deities, do you?”

“Its none of your business, Dumbledore.” Harrison said, “Look, I’m going through some shit on the magical part, I’d admit that. Does that mean I need *you* to worry? No. As long as I’m doing okay in classes and not breaking any school rules, it is quite honestly none of your business.”

“Good you mentioned that,” James nodded. “I’ve heard some students talking about your absence? Where do you spent those days you’re not at Hogwarts.”

“With my political teacher, Lord Gaunt.” Harrison replied, no hesitation. “Which I am allowed to do due to my status of Lord.”

“You are spending an awful big amount of time at Lord Gaunt’s.” James said, “Does this have anything to do with the Gringotts visit in the summer.”

“*Lord Gaunt* is one of my *Magical* ancestors. We decided to sort through the Slytherin vaults together.” Harrison replied, “As for the amount of time I spent at his manor, he lives in the Slytherin manors, we have weekly meetings discussing politics, in which I often stay there for a night in the Heir room- *My room.* To truly discuss the subjects well, you have to spent a lot of time together. Not that a slacking politician such as yourself would know about that.” Remus

snorted softly behind him, Lily's eyes snapping up to glare at the werewolf still standing behind Harrison.

"No need to attack Lord Potter personally," Dumbledore sighed, disappointed. "I thought perhaps you had gotten more mature when you supposedly got older due to Lady Magic aging you up, however I may have overestimated you."

"I do not think you are in the right position to call me immature, as you are analysing my entire private life to find something that would damage my public figure enough to make people hate me." Harrison said, "Or even better, make the Wizengamot throw me in jail." Harrison smirked, "Do you truly think that will get the spotlight back on poor Hope, all forgotten?"

"Hope is hiding from the public on purpose."

"Sure she is." Harrison said, "How's the tutoring going?"

"Harrison," Dumbledore said, "We are worried about your safety." He admitted.

"Oh?" Harrison asked, truly intrigued for the first time.

"We believe Marvolo Gaunt may have some ties to Voldemort." Dumbledore said, obviously holding back the *We believe he is Tom Riddle.* "It is true that due to your status you are allowed to go to these weekly discussions, or visit him as often as you'd like. He *is* your political coach. However, I am truly afraid he might turn on you one day, trap you. We may not have seen eye to eye, but I would not wish that for you."

"Marvolo Gaunt has ties to Voldemort now?" Harrison asked, sceptically raising an eyebrow. "And why this suspicion, because he's from the same bloodline?"

"Harrison, please." Lily said softly, "Don't let him get into your head."

Harrison laughed bitterly, "So what? So you guys can get into my head instead? Do you think I'm some kind of weapon you can use? *Whoever manipulates Harrison Black faster wins!"*

"Harrison- my boy," Dumbledore said, "It is true we hope you'll fight for us, as it would be extremely help-"

"You don't want me to *fight* for you, Dumbledore." Harrison spat, "You

want me to *die* for you. That's what needs to happen in the end is it not?"

Dumbledore's eyes widened just slightly, as everyone looked at the man, questioning what Harrison meant. Remus knew, of course he did.

"Everyone but Harrison leave the room."

"Remus stays." Harrison says, "I'm not talking with you while he's here."

Dumbledore sighed, but allowed Remus to stay as Lily and James walked out of the room.

"You know." Dumbledore said as soon as the door closed, "Why bring it up now?"

"You, Dumbledore," Harrison said, "Are the most disgusting man I have ever met, every single time you invite me to one of these meetings, I think about you lying to my parents to give me to my aunt and uncle. What for? You knew they would *raise* me to be a sacrificial lamb."

"It was for the-"

"Greater good?" Harrison asked, "Please, it never is with you. You stole that phrase from him, right? Grindelwald?"

Dumbledore paling might be Harrison's favourite sight. "Just think about the consequences of you not joining us, Harry. He'll be able to do anything- if he finds you he'll lock you up like the rest of them."

"At least he'll want to keep me alive." Harrison said, "Unlike you."

"That isn't living, Harrison. That's surviving." Dumbledore said, "In the worst way possible."

"Let me get this straight Dumbledore, we both know I have a piece of his soul," Harrison muttered, "So I'll say this once more, hoping to whatever deities listening you'll open your ears for once to actually *hear me.* Voldemort died, he's not back, I can feel it, it's gone. He might come back, if he does I'll make my choice then, but I will never and I mean *never* sacrifice myself for some old man like you."

"Harrison-"

“You can’t even say I’m a bad person for not wanting to sacrifice myself.” Harrison said, trying to push his irritation to the back of his mind. The steady, comforting pulse of Tom taking over his mind. “I mean you had to sacrifice yourself to kill Grindelwald? But you couldn’t do it for everyone on this goddamn planet, so instead you made Newt lock him up.”

“Grindelwald was diff-“

“Was he?” Harrison asked, “Or is that something you tell yourself for your own sanity?”

Dumbledore stayed stubbornly silent and Harrison sighed, “I believe we’re done here.” He said, “Approach me again when the man is actually *back,* and I might be up to have a real discussion about this subject. Until then, don’t analyse every suspect of my private life again.”

Dumbledore nodded and Harrison stood up smiling slightly at Remus, as they walked out of the office together.

~

What did the old coot want? Tom had written in the journal, Harrison still had it with him at all times, even though it wasn’t their preferred way of communication.

He invited James and Lily to tell how worried they were. Harrison wrote quickly, *Then he bought up Marvolo Gaunt and his suspicion of ties to Voldemort. He basically admitted he wanted me to die for them, thus let me grow up with the Dursley’s to raise a sacrificial goat. I just admitted I knew I was a horcrux.*

He must’ve not liked that.

Well, he was surprised for sure. Harrison agreed, *I told him to approach me when Voldemort is actually back so perhaps we can negotiate then. And I talked to him about Grindelwald, fucking hypocrite.*

Well, luckily for you, I don’t think Voldemort will let you sacrifice yourself. Was the reply he got to that. Harrison snorted when he read it.

Perhaps if he loses his mind again.

Nah, lock you up? Maybe. Heard that man could be possessive as hell.

Heard some weird shit about him and his sn-

Stop writing.

What do you mean?

Harrison, I swear to god.

Didn't know you were religious.

I'm leaving.

Harrison laughed as he felt a wave of affection come over him from Tom's side. *Hm? So there might be some truth to the rumours after all?*

He didn't get a response.

~

The last week before Christmas break was a weird one, Dumbledore was watching him, as always. For once, however, Harrison was watching Dumbledore back.

The reason for this, is because Umbridge had been pushing for some weird creature laws once again and Harrison had once promised Tom to keep Dumbledore somewhat on the right track.

He was going to keep that promise.

Dumbledore had never really cared about werewolves, being neutral about them meant he would help them as headmaster, offer them a chance, yet he would not go out of his way to make sure they were safe and would keep the same rights as others.

That is what Harrison had figured out so far, by studying Dumbledore's votes over the last three decades.

However, the same thing didn't count for vampires, Dumbledore seemed to disagree with the bloodsucking undead, like one should expect the 'Light Lord' to disagree with all dark creatures.

And that specifically caused Harrison to watch the man closer trying to figure out if Dumbledore would agree with Umbridge's weird law to lock everyone up who helped vampires in their task of getting blood, even if it meant offering your own blood to satiate their hunger.

The law also included a part that said *being* a vampire is a crime on its

own, even if there's no actual evidence to prove you've ever hurt someone or drank a human's blood.

Tom had been especially passionate about this new law, Harrison understood, because Tom, after talking to Iris, had once again given his all to manipulate the ancient Hogwarts Magic to allow more vampires on blood replacement pills into Hogwarts.

Dumbledore did not know about this.

So it was only logical that Harrison could and would totally blame his next move on Tom. It wasn't often, well actually this was the first time, that Harrison went up to the Headmaster's office without invitation.

He knocked, waiting for the door to slowly open as the Headmaster waved his wand. "Harrison-"

"Hi," Harrison said awkwardly, not sure how this went now that it was the other way around. "I'm sorry to bother you, sir-"

"No, it's okay come in." The man said, "What can I help you with?"

"I'm here as Lord of a couple of houses actually," Harrison cleared his throat. "Have you read over Umbridge's new law proposition?"

Dumbledore nodded, "Vampire restrictions, quite heavily so."

"I was hoping you would agree with me that this going through would be bad for all of us." Harrison said, "I know, we've never agreed on anything so far. However, I think this passes the line and Umbridge is a powerful enemy for both of us. I'm not ashamed to admit that we might have to work together to make sure this law doesn't pass."

"You have the entire Dark fraction disagreeing with her law already, and all your own seats." Dumbledore said, "Surely that is enough?"

"Until it is not." Harrison said, "You have always been a sort of idol of inclusivity for creatures such as werewolves, why not add vampires to that list?"

"Werewolves are evil once a month," Dumbledore said, "Vampires always pose a risk, they're hungry for blood, will drink anything that lives to satiate their hunger."

"Until they don't." Harrison argued, "There's an uprise of vampires

that use blood replacement supplements. They live as any other person." Harrison sighed, "Me and Marvolo agreed we might need your support for this. If you ever wish to work together, this is your chance to do so."

"By going against what I stand for?"

"By realising that Umbridge's law will punish a bunch of people who aren't actually guilty," Harrison said, "If you don't think it will, that just says a lot about you as a person."

"Harrison, you have never seen what a vampire can do when it's hungry." Dumbledore said, "You're still so young, if Marvolo's experiences were different than mine, that's on him, but you can't speak without seeing it first."

"You *think* I have never met a hungry vampire." Harrison said, "I might not have lived long, but my list of achievements is almost as long as yours, Dumbledore. I beat a Dark Lord when I was a year old, is it truly that weird to think I've seen a hungry vampire?"

"Harrison, is this truly what your poli-" Dumbledore started, but Harrison cut him off.

"Just think about it, Headmaster." Harrison said, "I'll know what your decision was when it's time to vote."

Then Harrison, for the second time in a week, left Dumbledore's office before the man would admit the conversation was over.

This time, he went straight over to Tom's. Even if Dumbledore might look for him later, this move made sense on his end. It would be logical to discuss the conversation he had with his 'political tutor'.

"Talked to him?" Tom asked, as Harrison stumbled into his office, while standing up to make sure Harrison didn't fall.

"Yeah," Harrison nodded, "I hope I convinced him."

"We'll be able to stop Umbridge either way." Tom said, "However, if she totally loses this-"

"She will be embarrassed if not even the Light agrees with her, she will be less likely to try something similar soon." Harrison said, nodding. "I know."

“You’ve been paying attention to my tutoring, I see.” Tom smirked.

Harrison nodded, all innocently. “You are a very good teacher.”

“You’re going to be impossible next year if I try to be a DADA teacher, are you not?” Tom asked and Harrison just shrugged, stepping closer to Tom, blinking up at him.

“I don’t know what you mean sir,” He said, “I will however be legally 17.”

Tom raised an eyebrow, “Right,” He said, “That changes a lot.”

Harrison took a step back, smiled sweetly, “But seriously, I think I convinced him enough. I told him *‘If you ever wish to work together, this is your chance to do so.’”*

“Dumbledore must be overanalysing that right now.” Tom snorted, “You are a manipulative brat.”

“Learned from the best,” Harrison said, “Rowena and Salazar were great.”

“Taught you a lot of manipulation?”

“Came with the pureblood studies.” Harrison said seriously, “Interesting class to fit into the higher class in this time.”

“I had to teach myself, took a big part of the first four years at Hogwarts.” Tom said. “Think that must’ve been when I started losing my mind.”

“I don’t doubt it. I think every little tradition purebloods have, secretly make everyone lose their minds.”

“Except for people like Lucius,” Tom scrunched his nose up in disgust, “That man enjoys it way too much.” He sat back down on his chair, ignoring the way Harrison casually sat down *on* his desk, as if there weren’t two other chairs right next to him.

And a loveseat.

“Oh, yeah, he totally gets off on shit like that.” Harrison said casually, “I think it must be a family thing, Draco is slowly turning into a pureblood monster.”

“Perhaps it’s all the inbreeding?” Tom asked and Harrison shook his

head. “I don’t know, Sirius is pretty normal I’d say.”

“*Normal?”* Tom asked.

“As in not crazy about the whole pureblood things.”

Tom nodded at that, “My family is fully inbred, too.” He said.

“And yet you managed to end up being a half-blood.”

“If you were anyone else I’d crucio you right now,” Tom said, Harrison knew the man didn’t truly mind, as they had this exact conversation before multiple times.

So Harrison did the most logical thing, “That’s such a boring way of torture, at least be a little creative, dear.”

“I could a beautiful mixture of Nagini’s poison to inject straight into your veins, leave you on the edge of dying a horrendous death,” Tom said, leaning in to whisper it in his ear as some fucked up kind of dirty talk. “Only to give you the antidote and start all over again.” He put a hand on Harrison’s arm, the contact making Harrison flinch slightly, “I’d love seeing you squirming around, darling.”

“Fucking hell,” Harrison breathed, “Those are your fantasies, huh?” He asked, not sure what else to reply. Tom pulled back, smirking at Harrison.

“Not necessarily,” He answered, “Though it is a damn good way to torture someone.”

Harrison let out a breathy chuckle, as he forced his body to not respond to any thought or visual crossing his mind right now. Tom looked at him as if the asshole knew exactly what Harrison was thinking about.

“There’s a lot more ways I could make you squirm and beg for mercy, you know.” Tom said, so soft that Harrison wasn’t sure if this was his fantasies talking or real Tom. “Not all of them involve torture.”

Chapter End Notes

SEE YOU ALL SOON! I'll try to keep posting more regular. Thank you for the patience once again. <3

Chapter 56: Someone who I could love with my entire being.

Chapter Summary

Fluff, shit ton of fluff

Chapter Notes

I'm back, my little christmas present <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took Christmas break for Sirius and Remus to finally explain their absence half of the time at Hogwarts.

“We’ve taken your advice,” Sirius said, “We’re getting married, magically, not legally, because well it’s illegal.”

Harrison smiled, “You are?” He asked excitedly, as Fred and George both cheered, they had just gotten home, none of them having expected this news truly.

“We want to keep it small,” Remus nodded, “A small celebration on the 28th, between Christmas and New year.”

“Who’s invited?” George asked, “Just us?”

“Regulus, you guys, The Malfoy’s, too, as well as the Lestrange’s if they behave.” Sirius said, “They’re family, Tom can come, too.”

“And Megan, perhaps Snape even.” Remus said, “But that’s it.”

Harrison laughed, “Please invite Snape, I have to see him in awkward social situations.”

It was quiet for a moment, before they all started laughing, just imagining Snape at a wedding was too much. Sirius nodded in agreement, “Snape’s on the invitation list for sure.”

“Perhaps you should think about inviting McGonagall, too, then.” Harrison muttered, “She practically raised you. She should walk you down the aisle.”

“That’s-“ Sirius nodded quickly, “-Actually a very good idea.”

“Regulus has been helping us,” Remus said, “It’s why we were gone so often, the man has been trying to find a ritual that could work for us, we feel comfortable with, as well as something that wouldn’t hurt my wolf.”

“Tom has been helping him, actually.” Sirius spoke up and Harrison gaped at Sirius.

“He what?”

“Your boyfriends a good one, I asked him to not tell you.” Sirius said, “Wouldn’t your link thingy not allow-“

“I don’t know, maybe he somehow shut it out.” Harrison said, ignoring the way Fred and George gaped at the word ‘boyfriend’. He knew he would get bothered non-stop about it now.

“Either way Tom offered to help us out with some ancient magic connected to the Slytherin house.” Remus said, “Regulus was really excited about it.”

“Wait, we’re just ignoring that you called Tom Harrison’s boyfriend and he did not deny it?” Fred asked.

“Yes.” Harrison replied, glaring at Sirius’ amused look. Especially when Sirius mouthed, ‘I’ll tell you two later.’

Remus chuckled, “Pads, be nice.”

Sirius rolled his eyes, but winked at Fred and George.

Harrison had never wanted to leave as much as he did in this moment. However, telling them he’d go to Tom’s sounds like a way to make the teasing worse so he just turned to Sirius and asked, “What about colour schemes?”

Sirius groaned, this time Remus fully laughed.

~

“You’re an arsehole.” Harrison said as he walked into the room where Regulus and Tom were talking about some ancient type of magic, he narrowed his eyes, “Both of you.”

“What?” Regulus asked, totally confused, Harrison kind of felt bad for him.

“How could you not tell me?” Harrison asked, “Even after I told them they should get married, I’m one of the last ones to know?”

“Don’t be dramatic,” Regulus laughed as Tom smirked. “Stop complaining, come help us.”

“Yeah, come help us.” Tom said, “We might need your help either way.”

Raising an eyebrow, Harrison stubbornly kept standing. He felt amusement through his and Tom’s link, while Regulus just seemed confused. Both he and Tom knew Harrison would eventually help them, even if it was just for Sirius and Remus.

“I can’t believe my own uncle and boyfriend-slash-soulmate teamed up on me.” Harrison groaned as Tom smirked and Regulus didn’t even seem surprised at Harrison calling Tom his boyfriend.

“Stop complaining, sit down.” Tom said, “*Not on the desk this time, please.”* He hissed and Harrison rolled his eyes, but sat down on the chair next to Regulus’ chair.

“*How many people have you told we’re together due to just calling me your soulmate or boyfriend?”* Tom hissed, as he gathered some drawings in front of him, runes drawn on them.

“*Fred and George and Regulus now,”* Harrison admitted, “*Might do it more often, the reactions I get are quite fun.”*

“*Tell whoever you want,”* Tom said, “*But be careful with Dumbledore, he will try to sue me for well-“*

“I’m not just going to tell the world before you’re president, don’t worry about it, Tommy boy.”

Harrison saw Tom’s face soften at that and as he shot Tom a confused look the man just muttered, “*It’s been a while since you called me that.”*

“I feel like I’m interrupting something,” Regulus said and Tom cleared his throat.

“Right,” He put the papers in front of Harrison, Harrison immediately noticed the parselscript entwined with the normal lines of the bonding rune.

“You’re trying to make this work out for both of them,” Harrison

muttered, “Remus’ werewolf will be a lot calmer with Sirius around.”

“And Sirius is always around.” Regulus nodded, “Even if he isn’t, Remus did take your version of the wolfsbane so his wolf should be controllable, but this here, if I have to believe Tom, will make it almost like he’s in an Animagus form rather than a werewolf?”

“If it works,” Harrison nodded, “It should work.”

Tom spoke up, “We made a second one, these two being activated at the same time, will secure their bond, as well as making it safe for Remus. Some of the other bonding rituals will force the wolf outside the body, causing eventual death. This one should be good.”

“*Should?”* Harrison asked and Tom shook his head.

“This one is good, just check it over, you can read it all, right?”

Harrison nodded, reading parselscript was easy enough.

Writing it, however was a whole different challenge.

And if they were to make these runes, “You can actually write parsel, right?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded

“Lots of practice, but yeah.” He smirked, “Can’t you?”

Harrison huffed, but shook his head, no he couldn’t.

“You wrote me a letter in parsel once, it was readable.” Tom said and Harrison shrugged.

“Readable might not be enough for this.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Tom said, “Will you help us? We need two people who have access to parselmagic.”

“Of course,” Harrison said, smiling at Tom.

“You two are disgusting,” Regulus muttered, “I’ll go, tell Sirius we have a proper ritual for them.”

Harrison nodded, “Thanks, Reggie.”

“Yeah, don’t mention it.” The man said, waving his hand in dismission.

As soon as the door fell close behind Regulus, Tom sat up, “Are you staying here this christmas break?” He asked.

“If you want me to,” Harrison answered, “I was kind of hoping to stay here.”

Tom smirked, “I could use the extra help with the yule ball.”

“Fucking hell, *again?”* Harrison asked, but he was smiling. Yule balls were somehow the moments he and Tom got closer and this year was going to be just as exhausting, but nice as all the years before.

Tom shrugged, the smile on his face suggesting he knew what Harrison was thinking. “We could always ask Nar-“

“No, no, I’ll help.” Harrison said, “Because you asked so nicely.”

“Of course,” Tom said, looking entirely too satisfied. Harrison decided to ignore it, let the man be satisfied about this.

“How are the Death Eater duels going?” Harrison asked then, changing the subject. They both knew they would’ve prepared for the ball together either way, even before discussing so.

“They’re doing surprisingly well,” Tom said, “Megan has been doing a great job at assisting them, as she can tell people exactly where they went wrong.”

“That ability of hers does have good sides.” Harrison agreed, “And the ex-prisoners, their magic okay?”

“Rabastan and Rodolphus are as powerful as ever.” Tom answered, “Augustus is doing fine, Antonov needs some work.”

“Bellatrix?”

“She was right when she said she was ‘*born ready.’”* Tom said, “Her magical therapist is there with her every match, but she’s been dominating so far.” He looked at his desk, “The only one to beat her so far is Barty Crouch Jr.” Only then Harrison noted that Tom was keeping their scores.

“Any reason for that?” He asked and Tom looked up at him again.

“It’s important to know the limits of everyone, if one can beat Bellatrix, but can’t beat Rookwood is says a lot about that person.”

“Direct aggression versus more thought out strategies?”

Tom nodded, “I’m curious how you will do.”

Harrison smiled, “You didn’t forget.”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about it,” Tom admitted, slight smirk on his face. “You beating every single one of my Death Eaters, no matter how hard I make it for you. Perhaps while your bound and battling three Death Eaters?”

“Sometimes,” Harrison muttered, “I feel like you either only like me for my power or get off on seeing someone get hurt.”

“Can’t it be bo-“ Amusement flowing through their link now tells Harrison Tom hadn’t been speaking the truth at all.

“Seriously, though.” Tom said, “I have been curious as to what your results will be. I bet you’ll land right on top.”

“You should make the prize getting to duel you and we’ll show them how to truly duel.” Harrison said.

“You’ll have to win first.” Tom said and Harrison shrugged.

“Are you doubting me, Tommy boy?”

“Never, darling.” Tom answered and Harrison knew that was the truth, there hadn’t been a moment so far that Tom or Harrison doubted each others abilities.

~

There are a lot of positives for not having to sleep at Grimmaulds place.

Not having to deal with prank wars was in the top three for sure.

Harrison almost felt bad for leaving Regulus alone with two of the marauders and the devil twins.

He would have felt bad, had he not seen the glint in Regulus’ eyes when Remus told him about one of their pranks; Regulus would be just as bad as the rest. And that really shouldn’t surprise Harrison, Regulus was and would always be Sirius’ brother.

His favourite thing about staying at Tom’s specifically, however, had

to be waking up.

Next to Tom.

He doubted the feeling of entangled legs and an arm slung over his chest would ever get old.

Or some days, he woke up to the sound of a heart, steadily beating under his right ear, an arm securely around his waist, keeping him from moving away as they both slowly woke up.

And Tom, Tom refused to let Harrison set any type of alarms on days where neither of them had any specific things in the morning.

(Weekend days, usually, however Christmas break worked, too.)

So they both woke up from the slowly rising sun.

Or well, Tom did, Harrison woke up from soft fingertips playing with his hair, or tracing small figures in his skin.

He *never* woke up before Tom.

And not once had he gotten complaints.

Not once had he woken up alone. (Besides the times Tom did set an alarm for some meeting and Harrison slept through Tom's alarm, the man refused to wake him up to early. Another reason why Tom was literally one of the best people Harrison met.)

And Harrison expected today to be different. Because, even though neither of them had gone through the effort of putting an alarm. They did make plans with Harrison's family; a small yule gift exchange before the actual ball tomorrow.

(Sirius had laughed at him as he said, *yes, we're doing it then, yes you should bring your boyfriend, no you don't have to stress him out about buying presents.*)

Of course, Tom still got everyone presents, being the Dark Lord and all, he just send some of his minions away with a shopping list.

Tom placed a soft kiss on his forehead, "I can feel that you're awake." He muttered, "Don't even try to hide it."

Harrison groaned and tried to bury his face in Tom's chest, making the man chuckle and tighten his arm around Harrison.

“We’re going to have to get up eventually, no matter your sleep schedule.” Tom said, as he rested his chin on the top of Harrison’s head.

“How long have you been awake?” Harrison asked against Tom’s chest.

“Long enough to feel you wake up and then feel you starting to think.” Tom said, “You’re adorable.”

“Reading my mind again?” Harrison asked, backing up a bit, now being able to look at Tom.

“Wouldn’t dare, however the fondness flew straight over the link.” The man answered, “I hope you were thinking of me or one of your friends, do I have to worry about you cheating on me?”

“I doubt I could.” Harrison replied, closing his eyes again, focussing on Tom’s fingers still tracing shapes onto the skin of his back. “You’d murder them within days.”

“You know me so well.” Tom said, satisfied. The fingers stilled, moved from his back to his jaw. A kiss was placed on his nose.

Harrison scrunched up his nose, “At least kiss me properly then.”

“Not with that breath,” Tom answered, in between kisses he seemed to enjoy scattering all over Harrison’s face. Harrison never thought feeling lips pressed softly to his closed eyelids would feel *nice.*

But then this was Tom.

Harrison waved his hand, feeling the magic freshen both their breaths, not having to deal with morning breath was one of the many positives of being a wizard.

Tom smirked, “Brat.”

“Kiss me.”

And Tom did, never one to refuse Harrison’s requests. A quick, soft peck, making Harrison chase Tom’s lips for more.

“Get out of bed first, we’re going to be late.”

“I hate you.” Harrison said.

“You love me.” Tom said, so confidently.

And perhaps the thought of, *yeah I really do,* should’ve scared him more than it did. But then again, he was busy trying to shove Tom away from him, preferably making him fall off the bed.

~

They ended up being late, of course they did.

But the smiles of Sirius and Remus when they walked in told them enough. Nobody was mad about it.

Harrison did get teased *a lot* by Fred and George the moment Tom and him were apart for a minute. He was almost certain Fred and George were holding back because they still kind of feared Tom, a tiny bit.

Harrison, however, knew that if Tom were sitting next to him when Fred asked him for the tenth time if Tom wasn’t afraid Harrison would *indulge in his teenage needs,* that Tom would sit right next to them and help them tease Harrison.

He would keep that information for himself, though.

For now, he was sure eventually they would figure it out themselves and all his peace would be gone. He could at least enjoy it while it lasted.

Tom sat down on the loveseat next to him, “Is it worrying that Sirius is already drinking?”

“It’s yule-slash-christmas, who cares?” Harrison shrugged, glad for the distraction. “Why aren’t you drinking?”

Tom raised an eyebrow, amused look on his face. “Was I interrupting something?”

“Fred and George were teasing me, they wouldn’t dare do that in front of you, though, right?” Harrison asked the twins. *Nice way to dig your own grave, Black.*

“Oh, really?” Tom asked, “But I so do enjoy teasing you.”

Fred covered his ears, “I did not need to hear that.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, elbowed Tom, “Stop suggesting shit, arsehole.”

Tom smiled at him sweetly, “Why was I invited then? I thought that was my purpose here.”

“Fred, I think you’re okay.” George muttered, Fred pulled his hands away from his ears, but still eyed Harrison and Tom suspiciously.

Harrison rolled his eyes, *again.*

Luckily, Sirius, Regulus and Remus walked into the room, putting a stop to the awkward conversation they were having.

“Stop bullying Harrison,” Remus said, “It’s Christmas.”

“Favouritism.” Fred muttered.

Remus shrugged, smirking, “At least you’re aware.”

Sirius rolled his eyes at Remus, before smiling sweetly, “Time for gifts, it’s the only reason we do this annually.”

George cheered, “We’ll go first.” He said, “Harrison, I- *We* have an amazing gift for you.”

Harrison narrowed his eyes at George, “Do know that I can kill or torture you without even touching my wand, before you gift me something inappropriate.”

George smiled, “I’m aware, which is why we would never gift you something inappropriate.” He grabbed a beautifully wrapped present from a pile next to his feet, “Seriously, though I genuinely think you’ll like this.”

He unwrapped the present to reveal a empty journal and George shrugged, “I just wanted to hand you something, we after a long time of searching contact, gotten you a deal with a civilization of ancient magic practisers in Asia. You can go whenever, just give us a heads up 24hrs before so we can notify them.”

“They’re willing to help you with your gift, as they are more used to dealing with magic closer to elemental magics.” Fred said, “We don’t know if your magic counts as magic related to these types, but it’s worth a try, they even said so.”

“That’s actually really thoughtful,” Harrison said, honestly surprised as he chucked the empty journal in Tom’s lap. The man rolled his eyes.

“We can be nice, you know.”

“I doubted that for a while.” Harrison said and Fred managed to actually look offended for a second.

“Alright, now the Dark Lord.” George said, handing over a bag. Harrison knew what was inside it; some of their more brutal products, things they didn’t really sell. Tom would love it. “You should try those out on your goons.”

Tom looked inside the bag, nodding. The man was way too pleased with his gift from the looks of it. Harrison feared for the Death Eaters.

“Also, Harrison can take one person with him.” Fred said, “And I think he’d pick you, so somehow that would also end up being a gift for you.”

“Alright,” George clapped his hands together, handing Sirius a small bag. Inside it was a bracelet, ‘padfoot’ written on it.

“It changes into a collar if you turn into your animagus form.” Fred said, smirking and Sirius laughed, Remus also looking amused as Sirius put the bracelet on, immediately changing to his animagus form.

“That’s amazing,” Remus said.

“Did you come up with the spell yourself?” Regulus asked, inspecting the collar padfoot was wearing.

“We asked McGonagall for help,” George said. “After she figured out why we needed to know, she immediately agreed.”

“No doubt,” Harrison snorted, “That woman wouldn’t miss a chance like this, we should take a pic-“

Sirius changed back, scowling at Harrison, who was looking around for a magical camera.

Both of them knew Harrison could’ve just conjured up one.

And as Fred and George continued giving out gifts, Harrison leant back into Tom’s side. They had done well, creating this family.

~

The day before Yule also meant one last Wizengamot meeting, which

meant Umbridge was probably going to try and push her vampire law today.

And Harrison for the first time in a while felt excited to see the results, he was almost positive the law wouldn't pass either way, but he wanted to see if Dumbledore listened to him and decided to support their cause.

Harrison, Tom and Regulus, who was now officially Lord Black after one long meeting at Gringotts, arrived together.

"Ready to stand up for Remus' rights?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded.

"Always," He said, "And I'm excited how Regulus does in his first official Wizengamot meeting." Harrison said, "Quite an important one, too, I would say."

Regulus nodded, "I never do anything half ways."

"Harry, my boy!" Dumbledore shouted, as he approached their group.

"Headmaster," Harrison nodded and Dumbledore laughed.

"Call me Albus for today, I do believe we are allies in this case, are we not?"

"You've made up your mind?" Harrison asked, "If so, it pains me to say that you are correct. We shall be allies for just one day, Albus."

Albus smiled, eyes twinkling. "Could be the start of something."

"Let's see how today goes first." Harrison said, "Oh, I do believe you've never really formally met my mentor, Marvolo Gaunt." Harrison introduced, not sure to which extend Dumbledore and Tom- Marvolo- had talked already. "And of course, the new Lord Black, Regulus."

"Took it over from Sirius?" Dumbledore asked, "He was never a big politician really."

Regulus shrugged, "He has other qualities."

"And Marvolo, a pleasure to finally speak to you outside of politics."

"Does this not count, then, Albus?" Tom asked, chuckling. Harrison hated him so much for being able to act so casual against his literal

biggest enemy. Pretending as if all is good.

It was kind of hot.

“I mean we were just discussing the fact that we are allies for today, weren’t we?” Tom asked, “All fighting for the same thing for once?”

“Harrison made quite some convincing statements.” Dumbledore agreed, “You must be a good tutor.”

“He’s a natural.” Tom said, smiling at Harrison.

“Well then,” Dumbledore said, “I believe I shall talk to the Lord and Ladies of the light side. Let’s make this meeting a quick one and then go on and celebrate our victory with a happy Christmas.”

“We can only hope.”

Dumbledore afterwards actually did vote with them, as well as James and some other people from the light side. With more than three quarter of the votes against Umbridge’s law, it was shut down immediately and Umbridge ‘Hmph!’ would haunt most of them until new years.

Yet the one thing Harrison was the proudest of, was the fact that he managed to manipulate Dumbledore to vote for the rights of dark creatures.

Make the old coot say he wanted vampires to exist legally, as any human could. Even if they’re undead.

And so everything went smoothly, until after the Wizengamot meeting when James Potter actually approached them and said, “You took over Sirius seat?”

Regulus’ entire body stiffened, Harrison saw it from the corner of his eye, more proof that something did once happen between these two.

“I did.” Regulus said, “What is that to you?”

James opened his mouth before snapping it close again, glancing at Harrison and Tom before awkwardly smiling. “Nothing, Reggie. I’m happy for you, you were always set out to be a great politician.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“What?” James asked and Harrison hated that the man seemed

genuinely confused.

Tom cleared his throat, “It was a pleasure to talk to you Lord Potter, but we have to get going.”

“Oh-“ James said, “Uh, yeah of course. Have a good Christmas.”

“Yule.” Harrison corrected, “You too.” Then he walked away without saying another word. The meeting still felt like a victory, but now whenever he looked at Regulus, he wondered what had happened between him and James.

Tom also must’ve noticed it, but with one look from Harrison, didn’t comment on it. They both knew they would talk about it later, it wasn’t worth it to try and get an answer out of the man now.

~

“You’d think that we would’ve gotten better at not preparing these last moment, you’ve had this task for two years now.” Harrison muttered and Tom shrugged.

“Two years is not that much.” He replied, “Besides, it would be less challenging if we actually started planning on time. Now help me with this decoration.”

Harrison sighed, but started following Tom’s example of casting all types of decorative spells around the rooms. Both of them preferred magical work over actually putting decorations up themselves. And to be quite honest, the floating glitters looked a lot nicer than any type of muggle decoration.

“We should add floating candles.” Tom said, “Blue light.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, as Tom lined up some muggle candles, putting all types of spells on them, before Harrison made them float.

“I think,” Harrison said, “We did quite well.”

Tom looked around and hummed, “We sure did.”

“Just proves how different you are now.” Harrison said.

“What?”

Harrison sat down on one of the many chairs, “Two years ago, the only reason you tolerated me was because I was the only person who

could properly bring you back."

Tom grimaced, never liking to talk about that time of his life. "Well, you managed to make me more human again." He said, "I am so glad I don't look like a snake anymore." He looked disgusted at the thought.

"I'm proud of you, you know?" Harrison muttered, making Tom look at him again. Harrison smiled, not sure where he was going with this. "I mean I always thought I'd try to make you more sane to a certain extend so you could help me fight this fucking madness in the Wizarding World right now." Harrison explained, "I never thought to see you truly as a human, I mean you are a bit psycho, but so are most of us. But turning into someone who I could truly love with my entire being, that's all you wanting to change. Accepting me to help you and I just think that that is worth being proud over, isn't it?" Harrison looked at Tom as the man froze, he himself totally unaware what he had just done, what he had said to Tom.

"Fucking hell, Harry." Tom whispered, still looking shocked.

"Tom?"

Tom shook his head, "No- I, fuck."

"Did I say something wrong?" Harrison asked, suddenly self-conscious. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

"Harrison," Tom shook his head, "You didn't do anything." He slowly approached Harrison, sitting down opposite of him, no desk separating them now. "It's just-"

"What?"

"You said you love me." Tom admitted, "And that fucking sucks for you, doesn't it?" He asked, for the first time in a while he didn't know if he should feel miserable or happy.

"I do love you." Harrison muttered quietly, "Fucking hell, I think I might've for a while, but why does it matter?"

"I might never love you back, not truly." Tom said, yet he felt no sadness or regret coming from Harrison. "I mean I care about you more than I have ever cared for anyone, but Harrison I'm screwed up and maybe you deserve to be with some-"

"Don't do that." Harrison said, now Tom did feel sadness pouring over

the link. He was pretty damn certain Harrison might start to cry.

And he would have made Harrison cry.

“It’s just unfair to you.”

“And you think I didn’t know that before I decided to make my entire happiness depend on a Dark Lord? Tom, you know I could never be happy with someone who isn’t you.” Tom grabbed Harrisons hand holding it tightly and smiled, sadly. Harrison was crying now.

“Harrison,” Tom said softly, “I would never force you to stop this. I’m yours, as long as you want.”

“Be careful with what you promise.” Harrison said, “You’re stuck to me forever.” He added, smiling through his tears, Tom moved the hand that wasn’t holding Harrisons to wipe the tears from his cheek.

“And for the rest of entirety I will try to prove faith wrong,” Tom promised, “Prove to everyone that people who were conceived under influence of love potions don’t lose their ability to love.”

Chapter End Notes

> Faith: "Wdym prove me wrong? I literally made you guys soulmates, fall in love you idiot."

Chapter 57: Alright, let's dance then, Tommy boy

Chapter Summary

YULE BALL CHAPTER!!

Chapter Notes

IT'S ONCE AGAIN JANUARY 3RD WHICH MEANS...
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison truly expected this Christmas to be like the last two, where he had greeted guests for a while, purely because people wanted to talk to the genius of Hogwarts. Afterwards he'd get left alone by almost everyone except his friends.

The first part was mostly still true, the second part was not.

"Heir Black," A man said, he turned around to see one of the more grey aligned politicians. Much like most of his own seats were for a while, now however, the light was screwing up too much. All his seats were seen as dark-aligned. "Or how do we-"

"You don't have to say my whole title," Harrison laughed, "It's quite confusing, I understand. Everyone saying Heir Black, while I'm Lord of multiple other houses."

"A situation that is not seen a lot." The man said, agreeing. "I'm Lord Macmillan."

"Ernie Macmillan's father?" Harrison asked, now that he knew who the man was he could see how much Ernie looked like his father.

"Indeed," The man sounded amused, "You pay attention."

"He used to be in my year." Harrison said, "Never really spoke to him, I'd have to admit."

"That's quite fine," The man said, "Different social circles. He does say you managed to get people to see Hufflepuffs as different things than their stereotypes."

“Well, my friend Cedric Diggory, he’s nothing like the stereotypes.” Harrison admitted, “Kind and loyal and all those things sure, that’s what he was picked for, but he could’ve easily been a Gryffindor or Slytherin too.” He shrugged, “Besides Helga Hufflepuff herself was quite the woman, you should talk to a portrait sometime.”

“I’ll try to find one,” The man said, “I have to admit I’m surprised by your dominance in the Wizengamot meetings, I’d never expect anyone to get Dumbledore to vote with them.”

“You’re trying to learn my tricks?”

The man had an easy smile on his face, shrugging and Harrison sighed. “We would’ve won the vote anyways. With all my seats, as well as the rest of the dark-aligned families and most of the more neutral families, I just wanted to get my point across to Umbridge and asked Dumbledore to help.”

“What are those points?”

“That she shouldn’t try to discriminate against dark creatures that have integrated into our current society. It will only stimulate segregation, which will make them end up killing more witches and wizards. Magical blood is rare, we should save it where we can.”

“Yet they’ll still attack muggles.”

“Not true,” Harrison said, “You should know, Lord Macmillan, while admittedly I personally have never had anything to do with muggles, I wouldn’t vote for something that endangered them. Most vampires use blood replacement pills, even the vampires who refuse to go vegan as we call it, now visit blood banks found in places such as Knockturn Alley, where people willingly donate blood for vampires.”

That was a recent discovery Harrison had found, some witches and wizards went to bars specialised for darker creatures, everyone was welcome but it only served things safe for any type of dark creature. Most of these bars took blood from people who wanted to donate blood and served the blood to vampires.

Harrison himself wanted to visit one of these places soon, donating blood sounded like a good next step to help dark creatures.

Perhaps he would take Remus, let the man taste some of the drinks made specifically for werewolves, it could be fun.

“Not all vampires will listen to these rules.”

Harrison’s eyes snapped to Lord Macmillan’s face, he was slowly started to get irritated. His eyes scanned the room, searching for an easy out. “Well, we’ll treat those vampires as criminals, because they are. Just like humans who don’t listen to these rules. It’s quite easy?”

“It will make a lot of people feel safer if-“

“Harrison, I have barely seen you all night.” Tom approached him, Harrison thanked whatever deity was listening for the link he and Tom had gotten. “I mean the fact that it’s busy doesn’t mean you should just ignore me all night, an easy out.” Tom smirked.

“Ah well, I would’ve come to look for you after Lord Macmillan here was done with quizzing me about my ideas for the future of dark creatures in our world.”

“Oh, do tell?” Tom asked.

“He thinks vampires should be totally banned, it’d be a lot safer. I was just telling him how most vampires don’t actually take involuntarily blood anymore.”

“Paid attention in your vampire classes, I see.” Tom joked, turning to the man. “Do you mind if I steal Heir Black from you?”

The man looked between them, shaking his head.

Tom led him away from the Lord and muttered, “He truly is an arsehole, so is his son, by the way. Always accusing people of the worst.”

“He seemed alright at the start.”

“Of course he did, you’d never blame someone you don’t know yet. Judge them on their covers and all that. Otherwise we wouldn’t be here.” Tom said, grabbing his hand. “Dance with me?”

Harrison looked around, “Already? You sure you don’t have to talk to others?”

“I can get away with a dance,” Tom said, “Besides, you could always join my conversations, it would make them a lot less annoying.”

Tom pulled Harrison with him before Harrison could even answer yes and as he watched the man, while dancing with him, he chuckled.

“What?” Tom asked and Harrison shook his head.

“It’s nothing.”

“You’re way too amused, be serious we’re dancing.”

Harrison laughed, sending Tom what he’d been thinking of. You see, Tom was a great dancer, but for some reason after Tom saying ‘you don’t judge a book by it’s cover’ Harrison immediately thought about Tom’s snake look.

Then, he thought about Tom as a snakey-human dancing and that thought was too much.

Tom closed his eyes, sighing before chuckling almost, openly even in this room. Harrison watched him, laughing with him as the fake-memory Tom- in the vision Harrison had send Tom- started dramatically dancing, twirling to an empty ballroom.

Tom was laughing too, now, it should be embarrassing for them. They usually had their masks placed so carefully before all these politicians, but for some reason as they kept spinning through the room, dancing perfectly on beat with the music still, they could not stop laughing.

“That’s what you think of when you dance with me?” He asked, still chuckling.

Harrison shrugged, having calmed down a bit, he could at least reply. “It’s your fault?” It was phrased like a question, making Tom laugh again.

“Right.”

Harrison let his forehead rest on Tom’s shoulder, chuckling into the fabric of Tom’s robes. “People are staring.” He said, “They’re not used to you showing emotion.”

“Well,” Tom said, finally stopped chuckling as well, “They should see that mental image you send me and try not to laugh.”

Harrison bit his lip, smiling, still not looking up. “I have that effect on emotionless people.”

“Oh? You met a lot of emotionless people who you do this with?”

Harrison looked up at Tom, “Perhaps.”

"*You're adorable."* Tom hissed in parseltongue, Harrison smiled. "*I doubt I would have made it this far without you."*

Harrison stayed quiet, not sure how to react to Tom saying things like these while they're in a room with other people. The man was carefully bearing his heart while dancing, even if he had to look like a proper Lord on the outside.

"*As I walk through this room full of important people for this country, all I think about is how I, before you intervened, would have taken this chance to kill everyone here. Without doubt. The Death Eaters would be safe, of course, I'd be sad that Dumbledore wasn't here, but I'd destroy the entirety of Slytherin castle."* Tom said, "*And now, if someone were to try the same, I'd hunt them down. Kill them, not because they could've sabotaged our chance of getting people on our side. Not for all the getting connections. But only because you could've been hurt in the process of them trying to kill everyone here."*

Harrison kept his face neutral, biting his lip hard, he was sure it would bleed if he kept doing this for a while longer. "*And you say you're incapable of love."* He muttered, he wasn't sure if Tom heard it, if he did, he did a very good job of hiding it.

The song ended then, it must've been the fourth or fifth song they had been dancing to or one hell of a song for it to take this long, yet for once Harrison didn't feel the necessity to sit down.

"Come talk to politicians with me, *darling?"* The last part was hissed in their language. Parseltongue was truly slowly becoming something just for them, apart from the rest of the world.

"Of course," Harrison said, glancing at his friends, who seemed fine without him. They spent a lot of time without him lately, Harrison would feel bad if it weren't for the fact that they didn't seem to mind too much.

The next hour was filled with discussing certain matters that were currently of importance in the Wizengamot, the guest list of Tom's annual yule ball now seemed to consist of more politicians, especially ones that weren't specifically dark-aligned.

This meant, that the ball was a perfect opportunity to discuss these matters as certain groups that normally never mixed now were together in one place.

"And you two convinced these ministers to strengthen their bonds

with our government again?" A certain Lord asked, Harrison stopped keeping track of who exactly was talking about twenty minutes ago.

"Yes," Tom answered, "Fudge asked me personally to try and convince them. I thought it would be a great learning experience for Heir Black, after all I am currently still tutoring him in politics. In the end, this decision caused the meetings to go so well, as not only has Heir Black build up quite the name for himself, he is also a Hogwarts student who has more direct experiences with everything that has been going wrong and right in the school right now. Hogwarts is and will always remain the most important place for the British Wizarding World."

"So did these meetings have anything to do with you pushing so clearly against the dementors in Hogwarts?" The Lord asked Harrison directly.

"It was a factor in it, sure." Harrison admitted, "Exposing children to dementors isn't a good look for our Wizarding Community. This also being the main reason I was so against this. It was concerning to see students faint whenever a dementor came a bit too close. No matter the dangers of escaped prisoners, they shouldn't put us through mental torture."

"I would have to agree with you on that," The man said, "My son didn't react well with the dementors around, studies went very badly for those few months. Whenever I tried to convince people that they were a bad thing, they said it was for the student safety. Only after your incident did they agree."

"I am honestly glad the incident took place, even if at the time it scarred me." Harrison admitted, just as Tom nodded to some other Lord or Lady across the room. That was their signal to move on, after bidding a quick goodbye and have fun to the Lord they were currently talking to.

"That man," Tom said, "Would vote for anything you voted for at this point. He was sucking up to you."

"Jealous?" Harrison asked and Tom had an amused smile on his face.

"No, it's good. You should use your influence over people." Tom muttered, "Might help us in the future."

It was only once Tom opened the door to exit the ballroom that Harrison noticed the man hadn't been leading him to some other Lord or Lady. He was about to ask, but tom just looked at him and smirked.

That told him enough, the man knew exactly what he was thinking.

Tom led them further away, into the gardens of the castle, not hesitating a second. He knew exactly where he was going. Only stopping once they were standing in front of some fountain Harrison had never registered before.

If it had even been there before.

“Dance with me?” Tom asked and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“I thought we stopped dancing to fulfil our political duties?”

“Political duties are way more boring.” Tom muttered, “Besides we have more than enough time.”

Harrison smiled, Tom was such a sap at times, but he loved it he truly did. It was only once he noticed that in this spot, they could still hear the music slightly in the distance and a slow song came on that Tom had probably planned this.

“Alright, let’s dance then, Tommy boy.” Tom pulled him closer with the hand he was still holding, placing his other hand on Harrison’s waist.

It wasn’t often that they danced with no one around.

No actually, this might have been the first time.

It was noticeable in a lot of things Harrison stood just a little closed to Tom, Tom’s face was less emotionless. He had that soft smile on his face only reserved for Harrison.

And nobody was there to watch them in shock as, somewhere in the middle of the song Harrison moved his hands from Tom’s shoulders to Tom’s face and pulled him close. Kissing him, making Tom still entirely.

It was an entirely different type of dance then, their lips moving instead of their feet. Their eyes closed instead of staring at one another.

And Harrison would have been lying if he said he didn’t enjoy this a little bit more than normal dancing, which he had admittedly gotten better at.

Well, maybe that was just when Tom was the one he was dancing

with.

As Harrison moved back he bit his lip to stop himself from smiling like an idiot, “Is that what you had in mind when you took me here to ‘dance’, Tommy boy?”

“Perhaps it is.” Tom said, “I would rather do anything with you here than spend another minute seeing politicians trying to suck up to you.”

“Not jealous, huh?”

Tom shook his head, “You are the one who decided to start a relationship with the Dark Lord, darling.” He said, “Possessiveness is part of the package.”

“It was inevitable, really.” Harrison said, “It’s not like I actively decided I would fall in love with you.” He shrugged, “Either way, your possessiveness is one of the many reasons why I like you.”

“Some would call it toxic.”

“Yes, well some would say you’re a monster.” Harrison said, “People don’t know what they’re talking about.”

Tom smiled, before kissing him again, not knowing what else to respond to such a statement. Either way, it didn’t matter this response was quite appreciated from both sides.

“We should get back soon,” Harrison said after a while, “There is a point where people will actually start realising we’re not present at our own ball.”

“Your such a kill-joy.” Tom said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“You’ve gathered a room full of influential people,” Harrison said, “Take your chance to get them to hate Umbridge or anything like that.”

“And you?”

“I think I have to spend some time with my friends, otherwise they might kill me.” Harrison said, “They seemed okay for now, but I don’t know if they’ll be happy if I stick by your side all night.”

“You mean you won’t even offer me mental support while I talk to some of the least interesting politicians in the Wizengamot?” Tom

said, scoffing. “Good boyfriend, you are.”

Harrison smiled at that, not really expecting to hear Tom say the word ‘boyfriend’ ever. “You have my support.” Harrison said, “Just from a distance. Whenever you have a really boring situation I’ll just sent you disturbing thoughts to make the conversation a bit more amusing.”

“As long as you don’t send me another fake memory of me in my snakey-form dancing again, I’m okay with it.” Tom said and Harrison laughed, doing exactly that.

Tom groaned as they watched the fake memory together. At the end of it, the man had rolled his eyes an impossible amount of times and had almost shoved Harrison into the fountain. *Twice.*

Meanwhile, Harrison had just been giggling the whole time, especially when fake-memory Tom made an dramatic sweep, his black cloak following his movement smoothly.

That was when he tried a third time and succeeded, Harrison still laughing as he fell into the cold water, the memory ended quickly.

“Arsehole!” Harrison said as he shivered, Tom was the one laughing now and Harrison thought it was only fair to pull the man into the water with him.

Even as he pulled he knew that Tom could easily resist him, so when the man truly did end up in the water, his robes getting fully wet, he knew it was just because Tom let him for some reason.

“December is not the best time for an outside swim,” Tom shivered, as the cold water made his robes clung to his body. He waved his hands, warming both of them and the water with his magic, before smirking and splashing water in Harrison’s face.

Harrison openly gaped at him before doing the same to him, splashing until Tom stopped him by grabbing both arms.

With a quick kiss on the forehead, which really should’ve been warning enough, Tom pushed him again, making Harrison fall over into the water entirely, as Tom quickly got out of the fountain.

“Rude,” Harrison said.

“I don’t want us to freeze with this weather,” Tom said, seriously this time, “Come out of the fountain.”

Harrison did so, Tom quickly drying both of them before running his hands through his hair a couple of times, trying to fix it till the best of his ability.

Harrison watched him, until the man decided he looked decent enough and turned to Harrison. He shook his head, a smile on his face, before also fixing Harrison's hair.

Harrison just watched his face closely, only remotely registering how much he looked like a lovesick fool to any outsider.

Tom didn't seem to mind though, his face softening slightly as he met Harrison's eyes, another kiss on his forehead, before leading them back inside.

Harrison should've expected his friends to notice his absence, as when he approached them, he was met with a few confused look and very smug Twins, oh and Terence, who looked just as smug as the twins looked somehow.

"Having fun?" George asked and Harrison sat down on a chair, joining them in their corner.

"I've had to talk to a dozen of politicians about some choices I made, some of which apparently hate all dark creatures and other which think I'm some kind of prophet." Harrison said, "I don't know which ones I prefer the ones who try to prove everything I say is wrong or the ones who would listen to every word coming out of my mouth."

"You know that's not what George is talking about, Harrikins." Fred said, "Where have you been the past thirty minutes."

"Well me and Tom went outside, apparently we have a fountain in our yard? So we went to that spot and the man, nice as always, pushed me in. So I pulled him with me, as one does. We had a full blown water fight, before returning here."

"He pushed you in?" Terence asked, looking around to see even more confused faces.

"I showed him a memory of snake-Tom dancing." Harrison said, "I thought it was hilarious, Tom should've appreciated it more than he did."

"So you angered him and he pushed you in water?" Tracey asked, "Instead of Crucio? Could've been worse."

“He wasn’t angry.” Harrison said, “He was amused.”

“Right,” George said, drawing out the ‘I’. “Sounds normal, Harrikins.”

“Believe me when I say, Gred, Forge, Terence, that water is cold this time of the year.” Harrison said, “It wasn’t fun, until Tom heated the water with his magic, than it was kind of fun, admittedly.” He muttered, “Still cold as hell once you get out though.”

“Okay, so you had a water fight with Voldie.” Blaise said, amused, “What I want to know about is the Wizengamot meeting yesterday. The entire world is confused about why Dumbledore and in extension people such as the Potters would vote for the rights of Vampires, instead of against.”

Harrison smirked, “I manipulated Dumbles.” He answered, “Told the old coot that if he truly wanted a chance at working together sometime, this was the time to prove it. All he had to do is vote with us. I’ll have to give it to him, he kept his word.”

“So you’ll work with him?”

“No, not exactly.” Harrison decided, “I’ll always be with Tom, if it were to happen that our goals align however, I will assist the old coot wherever I can. This specific Wizengamot meeting however, was purely to proof that Umbridge truly has barely any power at all.” He said, “And of course, the vampires truly shouldn’t be repressed more than they already are. Especially now with so many covens trying to go vegan, the blood supplement pill is much more popular now than it was even months ago. That has to mean something, especially when you look at it politically.”

“So you told Dumbledore you would work with him?” Draco asked, “And you won’t? He didn’t let you take an oath?”

“I never *told* him anything, I said that if he couldn’t proof that he’d be a good person to work with by voting with us on that matter, he might as well forget ever having the chance that I would work with him. Even if our priorities align with his.”

“Harrison,” Daphne said, as she came back, handing Pansy a drink before sitting down herself. “Decided to join us after all, huh?”

Harrison nodded, smiling at the girl. “I mean I could never leave you all alone for a whole night.”

“That’s good,” Daphne said, “Because I was just about to go looking for you.” She looked around, her eyes stopping on a certain Lady. “Lady Marchbanks took a plus one with her. I think you’d be interested to know that Rawthorn is currently in this very room.”

“The reporter?”

“Fuck,” Harrison said, “Where is he?”

Daphne nodded her head towards a man. Harrison could see the resemblance between him and Alec Rawthorn, the quidditch player he got to meet just over a year ago.

“Alright, wish me luck.” Harrison said, standing up and approaching the man before anyone could stop him. He hoped to god the man hadn’t taken a stroll about the time he and Tom had. If that got out they’d have to deal with accusations he wasn’t sure they’d be able to handle.

“Benjamin Rawthorn, didn’t think I’d meet someone like you here.” He said as he nodded at the man pleasantly.

“Well, I could barely pass up on a chance to get into an event like this one.” Rawthorn replied, before he realised who he was talking to, Harrison supposed, because once the man’s eyes met his, he paled. “But, I suppose you of all people know very well how special it is to get into this place.”

“Yes,” Harrison agreed, “Why don’t we go outside for a.. talk?”

The man looked around, there was no easy way to reject such an offer. Not with a dozen of Lord and Ladies around, who each wanted to talk to Harrison as well. Hoping to get a chance to convince the person with the most seats in the entirety of the Wizengamot of their idea’s for the Wizarding World.

So the man nodded, following him out. “Last summer break I had this big party for my birthday, fun and all.” Harrison said, “Until one of my friends approached me and showed me what you had written about Lord Gaunt and I. The start of many articles on my personal life.”

Harrison stopped walking, “And now you’re here,” He sighed, “And all I can do is warn you to not make the same mistake again. If I wake up in the next few weeks with another article about Marvolo and I, or anything else, well, I can easily tell you that wandless magic has a

way of being very hard to trace."

"I work for someone who requests me to research about you and write about whatever suspicious activity I find."

"So you think that, because someone else tells you to, it's okay to continually stalk a teenager? I was what twelve or thirteen at the time?"

"That's how it works when your famous. If you can't deal it, then you shouldn't so clearly take the spotlight in every aspect of your life right now." The man said, glancing to the room behind him, they never actually got outside. Instead they were standing in one of the big halls of the castle.

Harrison chuckled, "Can you tell me what you would write about?"

"Well, of course there was you and-"

Harrison twitched his wrist the man's sudden silence alarming no one. He smirked, tilting his head to the side. It only took a silent, whispered 'Crucio' under his breath to let the man fall to the ground, the silencing spell doing an excellent job at muting the screams. He glanced at the people, who were slowly walking back into the ballroom, unaware of what was happening right behind them.

"You will not publish anything of tonight." Harrison said, "You won't remember anything you saw tonight. Except me here, telling you right now that if you were smart, you'd back off. Tell Dumbledore or whoever hired you that you will no longer be researching my life for them." He cancelled the Crucio, "Understood?"

One obliviate later, he tried to summon Tom by sending him a memory of what was currently in front of him. It seemed to work, because the man came out of the hall not a lot later.

"Is there anyway you can get one of your minions to drop him off somewhere, far away from this place?"

Tom glanced from Harrison to the unconscious man of the ground, before nodding slowly. "What happened?"

"Oh," Harrison said, "Of course, forgot to introduce you, Tom this here is one Benjamin Rawthorn."

"The reporter?"

“The one and only,” Harrison nodded, “I warned him to stop publishing bullshit about my life- our life, he refused to listen so I just obliviated him.”

“Was this before or after you tortured him?”

“After.”

Tom nodded, calling one of his minions, to Harrison’s amusement Tom called Yaxley, forcing the man to take a trip with the unconscious body.

“I’m sorry,” Harrison said, “I just didn’t want him to ruin it for us, you know? He could’ve seen us out there and that means you would have to deal with the allegations once you try to run for president and I don’t want that to ruin our future, all our plans.”

“Don’t apologise,” Tom said, “I’m honestly sad I couldn’t see you when you snapped, I would have loved to see you lose it, torture the man, even if it only took a bit.”

Harrison laughed, “Of course that’s what you regret.”

“Did someone see you?”

Harrison shook his head, “I used a silencing spell, couldn’t hear him scream. The only people who were present were back inside the ballroom as soon as I casted crucio.”

Tom nodded opening his arms, a secret invite for a hug, one Harrison took gladly. “Thank you, for protecting our future.”

Harrison nodded, “That is the most important priority right now. Afterwards we’ll get Rita to publish some sappy article about us.”

Tom took a step back, “You would want that? Announce whatever this was to everyone?”

“Of course,” Harrison said, “No point in hiding it forever when we’ll live forever. Besides, Faith would probably actually kill us if we did.” Harrison smiled, “And I want to explore this soulmate bond openly at some point, experiment with it, Faith paired us up and that means there is a reason.”

Tom nodded, smiling also now. “Tell me once you meet her, what the purpose is.”

“You think I’ll meet her?”

“You met Lady Magic, multiple times. You’ve talked to Death, it isn’t that unrealistic to think Faith will be the next.” Tom shrugged, “Especially with how much she focusses on you, you’re like her favourite chew toy.”

Harrison was unsure if that was a positive thing or not, but so far it hadn’t been too bad. So Harrison just laughed and said, “Come on, Tommy boy, I gotta calm my friends down, show them I didn’t die when I decided to talk to the mean reporter guy.”

“I think he is the one that should’ve been scared of dying not you. By the state we just sent his body away.”

Harrison laughed, rolling his eyes. “Nice touch, by the way, sending Yaxley away with him. I was really done seeing that arsehole every time I tried to talk to some influential Lord.”

Tom nodded in agreement, “I can still kill him, for you.”

“There will come a day when I’ll take you up on that offer.” Harrison said, “Today however, I will survive knowing he’s still alive and breathing, doing whatever you tell him to do.”

Chapter End Notes

See you all soon again <3

Chapter 58: My bonded is a pranking genius

Chapter Notes

I'm honestly proud af, like only 15 days between updates?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With Yule being over, normally a few days of rest would pass. This year, however, Harrison suspected that yule should have counted as his rest. The moment the holiday past the entire Black Manor filled with people running around trying to get everything in order for Sirius and Remus' wedding.

Which was suspicious, because they said it would be a small celebration.

Harrison was somewhat glad to see Sirius and Remus just as confused as he was, knowing that at least they didn't invite a hundred people without telling him.

"What is even happening?" Harrison asked as he stopped next to Remus and Sirius.

"I think it might've been a mistake inviting Narcissa."

"This Narcissa's doing?" Harrison asked and Sirius nodded.

"She loves planning and Tom and you took her annual yule ball away, so when she got the chance she jumped onto the opportunity to make this perfect for us."

"By not listening to your wishes to keep it a small celebration?"

Sirius shrugged, looking around a bit helplessly and Harrison chuckled. "Well, at least you'll show the world how much you love each other."

"Yeah, tease us now, cub." Remus muttered, "If you ever decide to get married the whole wizarding world might just want to watch. Especially if you get married to a cer-"

"Moony, stop it!" Sirius said, "I don't want to think about my son getting married." Then he turned to Harrison very seriously, "We better be on some VIP guestlist, cause I'm not sitting in a crowd of

thousands on your special day."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Don't worry pads, if I ever get married, you'll be right there front row." He smirked, "Just like I will be tomorrow. I wonder how many extra people Narcissa invited."

Sirius groaned dramatically, "I will kill Narcissa."

Harrison laughed, ducking quickly as Sirius shot a tickling charm towards his head. He probably deserved that one, though. "If it helps, you don't have to do anything the usual way. It's an ancient bonding ritual, it will be intense for you and Remus, but there's no real show there."

"You try to calm Sirius by telling him there's no show?" Remus asked, "Do you know him, at all?"

"All I'm saying is, when Narcissa demands to know which one of you walks down the aisle, tell her neither. There's no best man, no big speeches. Just this bonding between you two. If you want a show, tell Tom and I, we'll make sure it's a show with magic and all."

"Thanks, cub." Remus said, as Sirius nodded.

"It might be fun, you know?" Harrison said, "Tom and I will arrive early tomorrow morning, get the runes ready. I need that man to draw the parselscript. Which will eventually calm your wolf a lot more during full moons, as long as Sirius is around."

"Which I usually am." Sirius said, "When I'm not around, it will be like it is now? With the Wolfsbane?"

Harrison nodded, "It won't get worse, for sure."

"Good," Sirius said, "I don't want you to take unnecessary risks."

"I wouldn't take the only bit of security Remus has away like that." Harrison said, "Tell Narcissa to put someone on food and drinks, too, make sure the twins don't spike everything."

"Unless-" Fred said, coming up behind Harrison. "You want it to be a marauder worthy bonding."

"We'll make sure it is," George exclaimed.

Remus chuckled, "If Narcissa wants to invite a bunch of people, I got no issue with going full marauder." He looked at Harrison,

“Although,” And then back at the twins. “Don’t put anything on Tom, Harrison or Regulus. We need them for the ritual.”

“We’re not like actually stupid.” Fred said, “Even if I didn’t care about the ritual, I don’t want to face Tom’s wrath, or Regulus’, or perhaps even worse Harrisons.”

“I go above Tom in your list of ‘who not to anger’?” Harrison asked.

“Well,” George muttered, “Tom angers quickly, right? Short temper is kind of the one thing you need to be to become a Dark Lord. Regulus has that whole dark complex. You however, never get angry, facing your anger is not something anyone is prepared for.”

“I can just imagine the raw power that gets released into a room.” Fred agreed, “All your magic letting loose due to anger, might actually force all the oxygen out of a room.”

“You two are so dramatic.”

“I don’t know, pup.” Sirius said, “I think they might be right about this one.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, glad for the distraction when Narcissa shouted for help. He helped the woman put up some decorations, expanding the dining room into one of a castle- Harrison would know, he owned multiple of those.

He couldn’t help but ask the woman, though. “Who did you invite? Why put all this effort into the bonding?”

Narcissa looked up with a little smile, “Humanise werewolves.” She said, “A bunch of politicians, once they see Remus, they’ll realise why we, most of us, fight for equal rights for dark creatures.”

“I hope you didn’t invite any light Lords? It is an illegal bonding here.” Harrison muttered, knowing that was exactly the point Narcissa wanted to make.

Narcissa nodded, “Just some dark and grey aligned ones.” She said, “And Minerva McGonagall. Because I truly think Sirius will enjoy seeing her a lot and she would never betray Remus or Sirius.”

“She also talked to Tom, they were once classmates.” Harrison said, “She’s not fully with the light anymore. Or I would almost say she totally isn’t with the light anymore.”

“That’s surprising,” Narcissa said, “The woman always had this heart to fight for the right side, the side most people still call the ‘Light side.’”

“She’s not stupid, though.” Harrison said, “She sees Dumbledore is corrupted. You don’t want him to rule over Britain, Tom however is doing better than ever.”

“We only have one person to thank for that.” She agreed, “Fourteen years ago even I was almost ready to admit Dumbledore was a better choice, now I wondered how I could have ever thought such a thing.”

“Tom’s biggest enemy is himself,” Harrison shrugged, “Now he realised that, the time of self-destruction is over.”

~

“She made a point, you know.” Tom said, “It might help us, a lot.”

“Yes, but this isn’t *supposed* to be for us. It’s for Remus and Sirius.” Harrison said, “I don’t want them to turn into some political spectacle.”

“So We’ll make sure they have a great wedding, while also working towards our own goals.”

“Tom?” Harrison said, “You didn’t put Narcissa up to this, right?”

Tom’s eyes shot up from the paper he was working on, “What?”

“It’s just, you didn’t right?” Harrison asked, “Influence this day to work to our goals?”

“You’re genuinely afraid I would do such a thing?” Tom asked, not sure how to feel about that, especially when Harrison shrugged weakly.

“You are a lot of things Tom. A great politician is one of them, it’s because your passionate about your goals-“

“Harrison, *sweetheart, look at me.”* Tom hissed the last part, not sure why the language of snakes tended to bring them both comfort. Tom wanted nothing more than to send a wave of comfort, reassurance towards Harrison. But, Harrison now looking at the ground still, embarrassment as well as hurt flowing over the link, well it might not be the smartest move. So instead Tom was the one to move around the

desk this time, stopping in front of Harrison.

He did look up at Tom now.

“You are right, I am passionate about my goals, everything we fight for together.” Tom said, “However, you matter so much more than any of those goals. I would never hurt you on purpose. To achieve my goals or not. I would never ever hurt you, emotionally, physically or whatever way. You matter to me so much, Harrison. And in some way, you made me care a bit about the little shits you call family. I would never tell Narcissa to invite a bunch of people to their bonding.” He reached out, his hand on Harrison’s cheek. He was glad to notice the hurt leaving the flow of the link between them, embarrassment only growing bigger, though.

“I know that,” Harrison muttered, “It’s just weird sometimes-“

“Shh,” Tom shushed him, “It was a valid question. Not long ago I would have done exactly that without thinking twice.”

“Well you changed. I should have known.”

“No more talking privileges for you, if you keep bringing yourself down.” Tom said, grabbing Harrisons hand, pulling him up, pulling him behind him until they arrived at the closest sitting room.

He let himself fall on the couch, quite ungraceful, but who cares, it’s not like they had a public.

“Time for cuddles.” He smirked as he pulled Harrison down, too.

“You’re such a cuddler.” Harrison sighed as he settled, his head laying comfortably on Tom’s chest, tucked underneath his chin. “What would the Death Eaters think.”

“They wouldn’t dare speak.” Tom said, “If anyone interrupts cuddle time, it’s immediate murder, they know that, I know that, you should have expected that.”

“Of course,” Harrison said, seriously. “Cuddle time *can not* be interrupted.”

Tom hummed contently, glad to feel all of the lingering embarrassment slowly fade too. Turning into a mixture of genuine happiness and love.

“Yet, I can still use it as blackmail.” Harrison muttered, a while later. Tom actually needed a moment to realise what he was talking about, once he did realised he just laughed again.

“I doubt you’ll ever need it.”

“I don’t know, Tommy boy. In just a couple of years you’ll regret saying that.” Harrison said, softly, almost as if he wasn’t telling Tom about how in a couple of years he would blackmail him.

Life really is strange sometimes. If you told seventeen year old Tom that he would be lying here, listening to someone talk about blackmailing him without the urge to kill/torture them, instead just feeling a fondness unlike any he had felt before, well, he would’ve probably locked himself up, to make sure he wouldn’t get any interaction with any human ever again.

“I’m sure you will show me why I will regret it in a couple of years.” Tom said, “Is that going to be your big betrayal? Leave this side, tell the world I’m a cuddler instead of a scary Dark Lord, break my followers confidence in me, just like that?”

“Don’t give me ideas.” Harrison warned him playfully and Tom rolled his eyes, fully trusting Harrison to never betray him anyway.

“I doubt you’d be able to stand the other side of this war for a long time,” Tom said, “And besides, I hope that ‘in a couple years time’ we rule over this place instead of Dumbledore and Fudge.”

Harrison laughed, “Oh yes!” He said, “Betrayal after victory works so much better when they write epic stories about me later.”

Tom snorted softly, “Betrayal or no betrayal, those stories will be written either way.”

Harrison just hummed in response to that, seeming content to not move. Tom was totally fine with that, laying like this was proving to be quite nice.

It was only hours later, as he woke up with a still sleeping Harrison laying draped over him, that he wondered why he had chosen this couch over his own, comfortable bed.

Well, he supposed this whole relationship thing was a learning experience for him, too.

~

Harrison and Tom arrived at Grimmaulds place before Remus and Sirius even woke up. Fred and George were nowhere to be seen, either.

Harrison led Tom to the place where Narcissa had decorated for the bonding ceremony to be.

Regulus was already there, drawing the first few runes.

“Ancient Runes was an interest of yours?” Harrison asked, startling Regulus, who turned to glare at them.

“At some point, I mean, there was this Dark Lord who insisted that, as one of the people who knew about his horcruxes, I should also know protective runes.”

“Wonder who that was,” Tom said and Harrison rolled his eyes, before asking Regulus what they could do. Regulus quickly explained where the runes exactly had to be placed for the ritual to work. After that Tom started drawing the parsel runes, while Harrison helped Regulus with the normal ones. He was not going to risk the ritual with his half-okay parselscript.

He had to admit, looking at Tom writing scribbles which slowly turned into actual letters and then words for him was, well, quite insane.

It took a while but eventually they did actually finish the runes, by then Remus had gotten downstairs and inspected the runes, looking impressed as he realised what kind of ritual they had created for them.

“Based on the old ways?” He asked and Harrison nodded.

“It will be perfect,” Harrison said, “When I was you know, in the past, there was this old couple who were getting bonded. They had this wish to do it at Hogwarts and since they were respected people, Rowena accepted their request. In the summer break they came to Hogwarts and had a big bonding ceremony in the great hall, no students were allowed, but I watched the bonding.” He explained, “The magic was insane, all the founders working together. It was unlike anything I’ve seen before.”

“You never told us that,” Regulus said and Harrison shrugged.

“I guess I never really thought about it until now,” Harrison admitted. “It’s one of those situations where I watched, but I wasn’t there the entire time, I had to go after a bit, since the bonding wasn’t meant for-“ Harrison cut himself off, as the door opened, the twins walking in looking way too tired.

“Goodmorning to you two, too.” Harrison said, Fred immediately flipping him off.

Tom was still concentrating on drawing the last few runes, Harrison almost felt guilty for not helping the man, if he wasn’t busy admiring Tom’s work (And the way Tom looked when he was concentrated, because you can say a lot of things but that man-)

“Earth to Harrison.” George snapped his fingers in front of Harrisons eyes. Leaning closer, whispering. “Stop undressing your boyfriend with your eyes in front of us. It’s not a situation I want to see my little brother in.”

Harrison scowled, sending a stinging hex at George, trying to ignore the way his face flushed at being- *well caught,* he supposed.

Tom finally got up, smirking at Harrison, so slightly Harrison was sure only he’d notice. Before turning to the entire group, “That should do it.”

“Impressive work,” Regulus said, suddenly with a rune book in his hands. Harrison truly had missed a lot while admiring Tom(‘s work), hadn’t he?

“What do you think, Harrison?” Tom said, still smirking, the arsehole. “Is it readable?”

Harrison nodded, “Very much so, I’m impressed.”

“I didn’t doubt that for a second.”

“I’m so glad you managed to finish everything before Narcissa came here,” Remus said, “That woman is a tyrant when it comes to planning things like this.”

“Well, you guys need more time to prepare for the wedding, so it was better either way.” Harrison shrugged, “And we need time to prepare for the ritual. Go through it a few more times.”

Regulus nodded in agreement, before Remus decided that before any

of them went to work on that afternoon even more, they needed breakfast. Harrison agreed, as he wasn't sure just how tiring the ritual would actually be, once they had to do it for real.

He hoped it wouldn't leave a too big strain on any of their magic, that sucked to deal with.

~

It was only a few hours later that the halls of Grimmaulds place started filling with guests. Sirius and Remus were getting ready in their room, not after a big discussion of: '*No, Remus you can't see me before the wedding, it will give us bad luck!'*

To which Remus had answered with a short, '*It's a bonding, padfoot. And that is usually said about a bride's wedding dress, were you planning on wearing a wedding dress?'*

Sirius scowled, but agreed that, sure, they could get ready together.

Harrison suspected it was also so that Narcissa wouldn't force him to let her help him, as she surely would've done that, would Sirius have decided to change in a different room than Remus.

Harrison glanced at the entrance of the room, where Fred and George were tasked with storing wands away, it was a strict no wands allowed event, even with all the protective charms placed on the room, since none of them were actually sure how people would react to a werewolf and human bonding.

Harrison had left his wand somewhere in Slytherin castle and was pretty damn sure Tom hadn't taken his wand with him either. Regulus, however was currently using his wand activate some of the more protective runes early.

And Fred and George kept theirs with them, since Remus and Sirius had given them the okay to go 'full marauder', Harrison didn't know what they meant with this exactly, but he was sure the twins would keep it safe enough to not put Sirius and Remus in danger.

"How tired do you think we'll be after this from *we can stay till the afterparty* to *I want to collapse in bed immediately?"* Harrison asked Tom who smiled.

"Somewhere around, *I'll be at the afterparty for Sirius and Remus, but won't go on the dancefloor for fear of falling."*

Harrison chuckled, “We’ll have to see, I suppose.” He looked over all the guests that had already arrived when he spotted, “McGonagall, Snape!”

He waved awkwardly at his teachers, Tom waited for them to walk over till he greeted them.

“I didn’t expect you to accept the invitation, Sevvie.” Harrison said, he hadn’t talked to Snape in a while, but the man was just as easy to half annoy. (He still had a certain fondness for his own students, Harrison supposed.)

“Couldn’t say no to an opportunity like this. An illegal bonding ceremony?” Severus said, looking around the room. “Quite impressive.”

“I do have to admit we were surprised when we got the invitations,” McGonagall said, “Due to our bonds to Dumbledore.”

“We believe you both have your reasons to stay silent,” Tom said, just a slight undertone of threat. Ah, the protectiveness of a Dark Lord.

Severus cowered more than McGonagall did, not that Harrison expected any different. “I would never do anything to betray Remus or Sirius on purpose,” The woman said.

Harrison nodded, he knew that of course he did.

“Those runes look quite impressive,” She said, breaking the silence once again and Harrison nodded, glad for the subject change.

“You have Tom to thank for those, that man has such a way with parselscript, every time I try the squiggles just look like well-squiggles. Let’s just say we all should be glad Tom was here to write the parselscript.”

“Harrison should give himself some more credit.” Tom said, “He once wrote me an entire letter in parselscript and even though I hate to admit it, it was readable.”

“Just cause all the charm-“ Tom put his hand over Harrisons mouth.

Severus raised an eyebrow, “I’ve got no doubts the ritual will go perfectly then.” He drawled, “We’ll leave you be.”

Harrison nodded, noticing that they picked the perfect moment, since

as soon as they sat down, music started echoing through the room. Everyone hurried to their seats, then the big doors opened Sirius and Remus walking in together. Their robes were in contrasting colours, but the exact same fit.

"*You'd think that Sirius would wear a dress."* Tom hissed, quietly. Harrison stopped himself from audibly laughing or reacting in an inappropriate manner.

He moved away from Tom quietly, walking to the other side of the room, their magic should spread through the room during the ritual.

McGonagall had decided to 'wed' Sirius and Remus, a small joke of the three of them from the past, apparently. Harrison didn't really know what it was about, but it was kind of cute to see Remus and Sirius exchange rings, both of them were muggle made, not a trace of magic just to make sure it was safe.

Harrison tuned the wedding out, only slightly hearing Sirius give a dumb speech about Remus and his epic love story in their 4th year of Hogwarts.

"*Ever since then you've been my moon."* Sirius said jokingly, "*And as a star, I only shine as bright as I do in your presence."* It didn't make sense, exactly, but it was cute as hell. Remus practically melted in front of the crowd, smile bigger than Harrison had ever seen it before.

That's what true love looks like. He thought, watching them with a fond smile.

He glanced at the guests, seeing them all with soft smiles, most of them did not seem to give two fucks about the fact that Remus was a werewolf.

Good.

"You can now take each others arms." McGonagall said. Regulus came forward, "Sirius Orion Black, do you wish to be bonded to Remus John Lupin for the rest of your life?"

"I , Sirius Orion Black, wish for Remus John Lupin to be my bonded." Sirius said, the magic flowing of them easily now, soft waves of happiness spreading through the room.

"Remus John Lupin, do you accept Sirius Orion Black as your bonded?"

“I, Remus John Lupin, accept Sirius Orion Black as my bonded.” He said.

Regulus started muttering Latin under his breath, the ritual they had practiced for days. They made sure would be perfect. It didn’t take long before he and Tom joined him. Magic, glowing ropes binding their arms together much like an oath would.

It was sort of an oath, though, however this one meant a lot more than just a promise.

In between the chanting Harrison tried his best to make sparks appear, make it a show, he was glad when he saw Fred and George were taking over. You could say a lot about the twins, but they were quite talented wizards and they showed so as they made little hearts appear in the air above Sirius and Remus, laughing quietly.

Quickly Harrisons Latin turned into the parseltongue part, chanting in the language of snakes. He made sure to do so quietly, not sure how most of these witches and wizards thought about the language of snakes.

The magic was flowing of Sirius and Remus in colourful waves, most of the guests looked in awe at the beauty of a ritual such as this one.

And then they came to the difficult part, specifically directed at Remus, even as Harrison noticed his Remus’ nails grow a bit bigger, he stayed calm, just hissing the chant.

It didn’t go much further than just the claws, luckily. The waves didn’t stop and the audience didn’t seem to mind or even notice.

Not too bad, then.

He finished the ritual, the glowing threads wrapped around Sirius and Remus’ arms disappearing, leaving only slight marks on their skin; official bonding marks.

Then they kissed and Fred and George whistled while the other people clapped and all was good. They had done it, managed to do a bonding ritual.

Harrison met Sirius’ eyes for just a second and just the happiness shining in his father’s eyes made it worth every risk of getting caught by the ministry.

“I would say that’s a job well done,” Daphne said from behind him, he turned around.

“You’re here.” Harrison said, “I suppose Narcissa invited the Greengrass family?”

“As well as everyone else,” Daphne said, smiling. “This was really nice.”

Harrison nodded, “It was,” He agreed.

“Now I heard there’s a party?” Daphne asked, “Are you coming?”

“For a bit, I lost quite a bit of magic there.”

“You could say so, yes.” Daphne said, “Quite well evened out, though, not overwhelming us all too much.”

Harrison nodded, glad for that reassurance at least.

Daphne laughed, “We’ll see you later then.” She said, “I’m sure you want to spent some time with the newly-bonded before joining us mere peasants.”

Harrison laughed, “Bold of you to assume I would join you ‘mere peasants’ at all.”

She covered her heart with a hand, “Oof, harsh, and totally unnecessary.”

“Sorry, Ice princess.” He said, “I’ll see you in a bit.”

Daphne raised an unimpressed eyebrow and Harrison smirked, “The Slytherins need their leader, go on.”

“I could never replace you, and you know it.”

“No replacing is done,” Harrison said, “I’m like the absent father.”

Daphne snorted, “Quite a good reference, Black.”

“Thank you, Greengrass.” Harrison answered. “Now get out of my sight.”

Daphne bowed, “Of course, Lord.”

Harrison laughed as she walked away.

“PUP!” Sirius shouted, “You did it! We did it.”

Harrison laughed, as Sirius literally ran up to him, hugging him. “I have never been more thankful that I adopted the most powerful kid on earth, that ritual felt so *powerful.”* Sirius said, “It was insane.”

“Any fool could see that you and Moony should’ve bonded ages ago.” Harrison said, “I’m just glad you waited until I was actually old enough to be part of it.”

Sirius chuckled, “It was always a fear of ours to do something like this.” Sirius said, “We knew we wanted to, gosh, we talked about it for the first time when we were in our sixth year or so, but the thought of doing something like this. It isn’t accepted in our time you know? We thought about getting married the muggle way for a while, too, but we wanted it to mean something.”

Harrison nodded, “Well, you’re bonded forever now, no letting that man go.”

“I don’t have a problem with that at all.” Sirius said.

“I didn’t doubt you would have any issues with it, Siri.” Harrison said, “Poor Remus, however, having to deal with you for the rest of his life.”

Sirius punched him jokingly on the arm, “Be nice to your poor, old father.”

Harrison laughed, “You’re not that poor.”

“Oh you won’t deny that I’m old?”

Harrison shrugged, “I will not confirm or deny that statement.” He said carefully. “Now, I think you should go to *your* party.”

“You’re not coming?”

“I’ll be there in a sec, I need to recharge for a bit,” Harrison said, glad that all the others in the room were slowly leaving. That would at least give him the opportunity to really recharge. “That ritual wasn’t nothing. We practically mixed three rituals into one. With less people then intended, too.”

“Well,” Sirius nodded, “Just take it slow then, don’t come if you’re to tired, alright?”

“Have fun at the party Sirius,” Harrison said, “Prank a lot of these Lords and Ladies with Fred and George, I kind of missed the going ‘full’ marauder so far.”

Sirius ruffled his hair, “Don’t worry, pup. You see, my bonded is a pranking genius.”

Harrison hummed, “That he is, now go have fun.”

“I’ll see you in a bit, pup.”

Harrison nodded, before sitting down on one of the many chairs, he could feel the magic tingling underneath the surface of his skin.

The rituals were really more physically draining than magically.

Or maybe he just didn’t really feel the difference right now.

He looked to the side and saw Tom talking with Regulus, the last few of the guests now leaving the room set out for the ritual leaving just the three of them.

“I didn’t expect him to transform, I really thought we were going to have to stop somewhere halfway.” Regulus said and Tom nodded.

“At least we know it truly did influence the wolf within Remus.” Tom said, “This ritual could be used in different ways to further help the werewolves, I suppose.”

“You think it would help better than the wolfsbane?”

“If you take the lifelong wolfsbane and we alter this ritual to fit specific needs, it could do a lot for all of us.” Tom explained, “Werewolves might be able to transform freely if we do this right.” He shook his head, “Not that that would change the Ministy’s opinion on werewolves and on rituals such as these.”

“One day you’ll take over, my Lord.” Regulus said and Tom hummed in agreement.

“I shall get some Death Eaters on the job, perhaps altering the Runes could be useful already.”

Regulus nodded, “Starting research early will help it become realism faster once you’ve taken over. I’ll volunteer to help, would you need it.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thank you, Regulus.”

“Of course, my Lord.” Regulus bowed and it looked like second nature. Harrison was once again reminded that Regulus had once been one of Tom’s most trusted followers and could gain this role once more, if he kept this up.

However, they should *not* be discussing things like these on Sirius and Remus’ bonding day. At least that is the excuse Harrison used to convince himself that he didn’t just say “How are you guys not totally *exhausted?”* to get Tom’s attention.

“I didn’t do a lot,” Regulus said, “Most of the power came from you two-“

“From Harrison.” Tom said, “Are you okay?” He asked and Harrison nodded.

“My magic feels off, empty, but its all good.” He replied.

Tom smiled, sitting down next to him. “Only you would say ‘it feels empty,’ after doing a ritual meant to be done with at least five almost on your own.”

“What do you mean?”

“You should’ve seen it,” Regulus said, “Your magic was *everywhere.* Actively strengthening the bond between Sirius and Remus with every word you spoke. I swear at some point you looked at me and your eyes were glowing.”

“But why- how?”

“Probably familiar bonds,” Tom said, “Something about them being more used to your magic than ours.”

Harrison saw Regulus look slightly guilty, right.

“Well, at least it helped the ritual.” Harrison said, “And I will be okay once I get some sleep.”

“No more magic for you today then.” Tom said.

Harrison groaned, but nodded in agreement, honestly his magic was quickly regenerating, that’s probably where those tingles came from. But he wouldn’t risk anything too crazy today.

“If only he used a wand,” Regulus said, “We could’ve taken it away.”

“Put it with all the other wands?” Harrison asked, “No thank you.”

“At least we’ll feel safer at the party,” Regulus said, “Which I should probably get to, Narcissa is going to scream at me for interrupting McGonagall.”

“I thought she knew we were going to do the ritual?”

“Yeah, well, not fully how we were going to do it.” Regulus said, “Get some rest, yeah?”

Harrison nodded.

As soon as Regulus also left Harrison said, “Still a good follower of yours, huh?”

“As long as I can trust him more than I could when I was insane.” Tom said, “He’ll be moving up the ranks quickly.”

Harrison closed his eyes, laying his head down on Tom’s shoulder as the man leant back a bit in his seat. “What rank am I then, my Lord?”

“Mh, have you done anything to move up the ranks, yet?” Tom said, “Because I don’t remember even marking you, which usually is the easiest way to get into the ranks at all.”

“Would you mark me?” Harrison asked, “If I asked you to?”

Tom hummed, deep in thought, his hand found Harrisons arm, tracing shapes into his forearm. “I don’t know.” He said slowly, “I wouldn’t like the idea of putting you in the same group as the Death Eaters.” He explained, “However the thought of leaving my mark is tempting.”

“Of course that would be tempting to you.”

“Would you ever ask me for a mark?” Tom asked then, “Do you think about that?”

“Not in a literal sense,” Harrison said. “I suppose if there was a way for me to always carry a bit of your magic, make this bond of ours stronger, I would do so without hesitating.” He explained, “And as much as you would enjoy marking me, I don’t think I would mind carrying a mark of yours with me.”

Tom’s hand, the one that had continued drawing shapes on his arm

the entire time, stopped. He gripped Harrison's arm instead. Tom seemed unsure of what to say, as Harrison opened his eyes and looked Tom in the eyes.

Tom's eyes which were currently that red colour that Harrison had missed a lot over the past few weeks.

Harrison just smiled at him, allowing him an easy way to close the conversation by saying. "I think we should go to the party, too, shouldn't we?"

"Unfortunately so." Tom answered, gaze heavy on Harrison.

"Come on then, Tommy boy. I promised a bunch of needy friends to hang out with them for a bit. And you Lord Gaunt have some politicking to do." Harrison said, cheerfully.

Tom snorted, eyes fading back to blue. "Right, politics."

Chapter End Notes

Poor Tom having to deal with tease Harrison, who doesn't even know he's one big tease.

ALSO I know I say this a lot but thank you all so much for the support on this fic. Lately I've gotten a lot of sweet messages of people who read my fic and it's just the best feeling to know my writing is genuinely bringing others joy <3

Chapter 59: You sound absolutely insane again, you know that right?

Chapter Notes

> Quite a plot-heavy chapter, but it was needed after all the pure fluffiness!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Death Eaters had indeed not kept quiet, that much was clear when Harrison and Tom woke up to an elf who had apparently been receiving gifts from hundreds of people all night.

Tom's birthday this year was going to be a spectacle and Harrison wasn't sure what the man thought of it. He didn't really mind, judging by the blank look on his face as another pile of gifts were moved into their wing. The sound of the elf was enough to guess how large the pile is.

"Happy birthday," Harrison giggled as he placed his head on Tom's bare chest. Tom huffed.

"I hope you enjoy unwrapping presents." He said and Harrison laughed, placing a kiss on Tom's collarbone.

"Why don't you call a meeting, make them unwrap the gifts themselves."

"I don't want anyone stealing any important heirlooms." Tom sighed as he smiled at Harrison. "And I wouldn't care if you stole anything, because you're you."

"So insightful." Harrison said, placing another kiss, this time closer to Tom's neck. Tom hummed in agreement, but stayed silent besides that. Harrison just moved so that he was more directly draped over Tom, inhaling Tom's scent as he placed his head in the crook of his neck.

Tom's arms wrapped around him as if it was second nature, "Don't fall asleep again." The man said and Harrison shook his head.

"I won't," He replied, "You're just comfortable and you smell nice."

"Actual compliments?" Tom asked, as if Harrison had never once said

something nice to him.

Harrison placed another kiss on Tom's neck, "Get used to it, I have to be nice with it being your birthday and all."

Tom moved one of his arm, playing with Harrison's hair while the other was still wrapped around him tightly. "Just today?"

"I don't know," Harrison said, "Convince me to be nice at other times as well."

Harrison felt a spark of *something* coming from Tom for a minute, before it was quickly pushed away and Tom moved his arm away from Harrison's back, the other still playing with his hair. "How would one do that?"

"You're doing a pretty damn good job of convincing right now." Harrison admitted and Tom nodded, Harrison felt it more than saw it with the way he was lying. "We should probably get out of bed shouldn't we?" He asked, when Tom didn't say anything back.

"We should've gotten out about an hour ago." Tom said, as he- somehow, *gracefully*- threw Harrison off him, making Harrison fall onto his, mostly unused, side of the bed.

Tom quickly made up for it by leaning over Harrison and kissing him properly, their mouths moving together slowly, softly. Once Tom pulled back, he smirked down at Harrison, "Good morning, darling." He said and Harrison just pulled him down again, into another kiss.

It was then he realised they probably wouldn't get out of this bed anytime soon, but he didn't mind at all. Not when Tom kept kissing him in such a soft, loving way that made Harrison forget about any and all problems.

His existence was purely focused on Tom today and quite fairly, he didn't mind at all. If Tom wanted to stay here for the rest of the day, he would sent a letter to Sirius saying he couldn't be at the annual Black New Years Party, because Tom had something special planned for his birthday.

And even the thought of the teasing that would get him didn't convince him differently.

Harrison didn't know if he should be glad or sad that Tom seemed to have different plans, because not that much later the man groaned

and said, “I have a Death Eater meeting in a bit.”

“Today?” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

“Work doesn’t wait when you’re a Dark Lord.” Tom said, “Come with me, to the meeting? I am expecting a big part of it to be reports on the duel trainings.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but nodded. “Of course I’ll be there.”

Tom placed a single kiss on his nose before letting himself fall on the bed next to Harrison, “Well, let’s go look at some presents, then?”

Harrison nodded, shivering when Tom kicked the blankets off them. The man got up immediately, Harrison following him with his eyes as Tom picked some fancy robes to wear today. He smirked at Harrison when he turned around and Harrison just smiled back, not bothered at being caught staring at Tom walking around half naked.

It was back then, that feeling coming from Tom, a distant familiar hum. Harrison had felt it himself before, but he couldn’t place it before Tom turned around and the feeling was buried under one of fondness again.

Harrison sighed and followed Tom’s example, getting out of bed and changed into proper clothing, he felt weirdly excited about seeing what kind of absurd things *Death Eaters* would get their Lord as presents.

He also wondered how many of those presents were cursed in a weak attempt to kill Tom, then again, the elves had probably already separated those from the big pile that should be right outside the room they were in right now.

So he got changed quickly, before exiting the bedroom. Harrison laughed as Tom’s expression changed into a mortified one when he saw the pile of presents, which looked like *every single Death Eater* had given him at least one.

“That’s going to take ages.” Harrison laughed, Tom nodding in agreement, before glancing at Harrison. “Yes, I’ll help.” He said, before the man could even ask.

“Maybe we should just gift a part of them to charity?” Tom said, “It’s probably really expensive things in there.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “We’re unwrapping first, donating second, Tommy boy.”

“Should’ve just obliviated them.” Tom muttered. “Come, breakfast first.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, but followed Tom, smiling at the elf that was trying to make the pile of gifts not fall at any given moment.

~

It was not even two hours later that Harrison was sitting in one of the many rooms of the Slytherin castle, pulling the- *How many gifts had he unwrapped already?*- gift into his lap, looking around at the magical artifacts Tom had gotten so far.

“I like the Nott sword,” Harrison said, “It feels like a mixture of a muggle sword and the weapons Rowena would enchant.” He explained, as he quickly pulled the wrapping paper of his current gift, he tried doing it carefully at first, but honestly It wasn’t wort the effort.

Tom glanced at him, “Do you want it?” He asked, “Learn how to use it properly?”

Harrison laughed, “I promised Siri I’d learn how to use the Black daggers sometime, I still haven’t gotten to that.”

“We could learn how to swordfight together,” Tom said, “Sparring might be fun.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, just as Tom decided to have enough of it and started unwrapping presents with his magic. He laughed, “You’d be interested in *sparring?”*

“It’s always good to know how to use certain weapons, if anything were to happen and we can’t use our magic.”

“Okay,” Harrison agreed, “Let’s do it.”

“We’ll do it on Wednesdays, after duel practices from the Death Eaters.” Tom said, smiling at Harrison as he said, “Unless you have something el-“

“You know I don’t.” Harrison muttered, quidditch practices were now on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which worked for him. Especially

Thursdays, where he and Adrian would finish all their Ancient Runes homework, then go to the great hall for dinner and then go to practice immediately after.

Tom then proceeded to call and elf to sort through the gifts, after he unwrapped every single one with his magic, making Harrison wonder why neither of them had done that before.

Then again, unwrapping presents was bonding time.

Harrison also knew that Tom wouldn't have done this if not for the fact that they had a Death Eater meeting in about 30 minutes.

The big hall Tom used for Death Eater meetings was already half full when Tom and he arrived twenty minutes later.

Tom entered the stage, earlier than he usually would, because he was 'feeling like it', yes Harrison laughed at him for that. He still was laughing when he walked behind Tom, not going all the way to the front.

"Dear followers of mine," Tom said, his voice easily carrying over the room, "1993 was a year of peace and quiet, letting the injured come back to us. As the people who just escaped Azkaban needed the time to properly heal." He said, "Besides that, I have risen through the ranks of the government, now in a comfortable position that people see me as a possible Minister candidate."

Harrison snorted quietly at the cheers that came from something so easily said, Tom could say anything and the Death Eaters would go crazy. Harrison wondered if they realised how much Tom had actually done to rise through the ranks, without even turning to most of them to help.

"1994, however, will be a different one. As many of you noticed I have restarted the Death Eater duels and the trainings that accompany these duels. I ask you all to take this as seriously as all of you did 13 years ago, because we need to be able to become the feared group of people we once were again." Tom's eyes settled on Barty, "Crouch, how are the trainings going so far?"

"Very well, my Lord." Barty bowed, "We have taken notes of everyone's starting level so we can work towards their full potential. We have also asked Meghan for assistance by taking a look at everyone's cores, see if they have any obvious preferences in magic, that we should look at for personalised training."

“Good, Barty.” Tom said satisfied, “How is the ministry doing, Rookwood?”

“The MoM is losing faith with how Fudge is ignoring the signs of your return.” Rookwood said, “They are trying to gain the independence they had a few decades ago back.”

“That’s very positive news.” Harrison muttered, as Tom nodded slightly in agreement.

“Thank you, Rookwood.” He said, “Now, with this years there is some important parts. As most of you might know, the Triwizard tournament is returning to Hogwarts this year and with that, Harrison and I have decided that it was time for Voldemort to also return, this means we’ll plan small attacks.” Tom continued, only slightly surprising Harrison with the way he so casually mentioned Harrison had helped him with the planning. “Meanwhile, we’ll use the chaos to get further on a political level. The most important part of this is making a believable return for Voldemort, so Harrison has kindly said he'll try to get into the Triwizard tournament, to witness Voldemort’s rebirth after he wins.”

“That’s one way of saying it.” Harrison muttered and Tom rolled his eyes at him, his head turned slightly, so the Death Eaters couldn’t see. Harrison smirked.

Tom turned back to the Death Eaters and said, “That means all of you have to be in a good duelling shape by the time the Triwizard tournament start.” He said, “The first duels are at the end of January, I expect everyone who showed up for any training session to be there. Understood? Okay, dismissed.”

And then they all left without saying another word, not daring to not listen to Tom, unlike Harrison who was still standing behind Tom, leaning against a wall.

Usually the inner circle would stay longer, but nobody seemed to really want to stay longer on old years day, Tom and Harrison were also expected at the Black Manor later that day, Harrison knew that they would see many of the Death Eaters there again, would there be any need to discuss something else.

“I thought you’d crucio some people for the whole birthday thing.” Harrison said, “I’m kind of disappointed.”

Tom smiled, “Oh, darling.” He said, “They’ll pay soon, but using

crucio in front of a group such as this, means explaining why, which would mean that everyone who somehow didn't find out yet, would find out for sure."

"Invite me when you do," Harrison sighed, "I haven't ever seen you really try to hurt someone, well not for a while anyways."

"You'd like to see me hurt people?" Tom smirked, "Something you think about a lot?"

And Harrison would be lying if he said no, Tom hurting people sounded like a dark fantasy, something he could never truly admit to how much he liked the thought. He would feel bad about it, but Tom, Tom had this all-powerful presence that made Harrison want to see him portray his powers. Even if that meant seeing the man torture someone.

"Let's just say I've heard a lot of things about you, Lord Voldemort." Harrison said, "Yet this horrible unhuman creature is not one I've ever met."

"Luckily for you, Lord Voldemort's return will come soon and you'll be there for the show."

Harrison smiled, stepping closer to Tom before pulling him down for a kiss, "I can't wait." He muttered against Tom's lip. Kissing Tom was truly addictive and Harrison would be lying if he said he never thought about going further (He was a teenager after all). Then again, he wasn't going to rush a beautiful thing as it was.

~

Harrison wasn't exactly surprised that the party this year was even bigger than last years, the dark side was growing rapidly and some of the 'lighter' families were happily chatting with the dark aligned families now.

Anything to not have to work *with* Dumbledore.

Which meant that somewhere tonight a Death Eater had caught Tom's attention by saying something and Harrison honestly wasn't feeling like the whole politics thing, so he decided to look for his friends.

"Harrison!" Someone shouted, Daphne. "Come, we're over here." She said, grabbing his arm pulling him with her. Harrison let it happen, not even slightly surprised that his friends had somehow managed to

claim a whole room for themselves.

Harrison sat down between Blaise and Terence, just listening to them talk about some spell, before Luna turned to him. “How are you and your boyfriend doing, Harrison?”

And Harrison hadn’t exactly told everyone yet, *not that they should be surprised,* but still, having Luna so straight up asking him about it was weird.

“We’re doing fine.” Harrison said, “I spend the entire day unwrapping gifts from Death Eaters and then went to a Death Eater meeting so I’m kind of glad to be here right now and not talking to those people.”

“Oh that’s right!” Draco said, “It’s our Lord’s birthday today.”

Harrison nodded slowly, then to change the subject said, “So what have all of you been doing with your Christmas break?”

And luckily that worked, because everyone started telling him about how they’ve either gone on some vacation or spend time together, as if Harrison hadn’t seen them at Siri’s wedding a few days ago.

Harrison did truly miss his friends at times like these, he didn’t appreciate them enough, truly.

~

“Okay add another unicorn!” Tracey said as they watched some big colourful landscape made out of almost cloud like magic shape in front of them. Harrison laughed before trying his best to imagine the white of a unicorn, watching it take shape in front of his eyes, magic truly was amazing.

“The lake should be bigger,” Millicent said. Harrison listening to her request as well and slowly, but surely they created an awesome landscape together. Harrison tried his best to keep it going, keep focus to make everything perfect, but then the door to the room they were sitting in opened and the clouds turned into a glittery dust, falling to the ground before disappearing.

“Harrison,” Barty Crouch Jr. walked in, Harrison didn’t even know the man was here.

“Yes?”

“My Lord is asking for you,” The Death Eater said and Harrison nodded, wondering why Tom hadn’t just tried to get his attention through the link, but then again the man probably had his reasons.

“Okay, you can go, Crouch.” Harrison said, before turning to his friends. “I guess duty calls.” He joked.

Terence raised an eyebrow, “Do it safely,” He said, “I don’t trust that man with my little brother.”

Blaise scrunched up his nose, elbowing Terence now that Harrison wasn’t sitting in between them anymore.

Harrison rolled his eyes, before walking out of the room, trying to find Tom with his link. He didn’t know whether to be surprised or not when he found Tom in *his* bedroom. The man was pacing and as soon as he heard Harrison enter he stopped.

“I was wondering,” Tom said, almost nervously. “How’s that whole getting sick and fainting thing going?”

“You thought about that now?” Harrison asked, confused and Tom shrugged.

“It’s going as well as it could go, I mean I don’t think I ever leave your side long enough to have the horcrux-“ Harrison made an awkward hand motion not sure how to explain, Tom just nodding in agreement.

“What about the other thing?”

“The fainting and seeing thing?” Harrison asked, “I have it under control-“

“I know, it’s-“ Tom sighed, “Harrison, you saw a man watching you in the library right? That whole thing happened at the start?”

Harrison nodded, unsure where this was going.

“What if it was a relative trying to reach out?” Tom asked, “You saw him multiple times then you saw the blood ritual in Egypt, what if that has something to do with one another?”

“Tom what the hell are you on about?” Harrison asked, he himself had thought about the ritual, but more in a ‘Oh, I wonder if Bill figured out what happened there yet.’ Not in a ‘My dead relative was watching me in the library way.’

“I’ve been researching certain types of magic, our lines, parseltongue,-“ Tom shook his head, “It doesn’t matter, my point is, our family trees end at some point, but our magic extends to past that. A time where human rituals were entirely normal.”

“So?”

“So I think that whatever you saw wasn’t some random thing and might have been something about the origin of everything here.” Tom said, Harrison blinked.

“You’ve thought about this a lot.”

“I have,” Tom admitted, “Your ability baffled me to no end, especially why you would need it, talking to the death is cool, okay, so why not Necromancy or whatever? This magic it’s necromancy mixed with an elemental type of magic that isn’t even known to any of us, it seems. Elementals always have a purpose.”

“So you researched it without saying anything to me?” Harrison asked, not quite angry, but more annoyed and confused. Tom didn’t really do secrets anymore, the man told him about *everything*.

Tom breathed in deeply, “Harrison, I have not once in my life cared for someone like I do for you.” He admitted, Harrison knew that much, but yet Tom actually saying it in a situation like this is different. “When you told me about the ritual all I could think about was the purpose of you being in that magically charged room and seeing a ritual that happened decades ago. Because, quite fairly there should be a reason. So back then I already asked Rookwood at the ministry, once I got my suspicions.”

“Okay? And why tell me now?” Harrison asked, sitting down on his bed, “Can I assume he found something.”

“Harrison, Magic is like a balance, the rituals make sure of that.” Tom explained, “You know this. However, the past few years Dumbledore has been-“

“Ruining the balance? I know one of the reasons we dislike Dumbledore.”

“I think your relatives were trying to help you.” Tom said, “Especially after Rookwood said that ancient Egypt was one of the first Wizarding places to openly accept Mother Magic as their deity. That temple wasn’t charged with magic for no reason. They’re preserving her in

some way."

"Why wouldn't Mother Magic have told me?" Harrison asked, Tom sat down next to him.

"I don't know, sweetheart." He said, "But what I do know is that whatever Dumbledore is doing might be worse than we thought." Tom smiled softly, "And we need to find a way for you to connect with your elemental magic."

"You sound absolutely insane again, you know that right?" Harrison asked and Tom laughed.

"Can you try something for me?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded, his inability to say no to Tom showing once more. Tom handed him over a ritual knife. "Mother Magic gave you a gift. This knife has been cherished by generations of Wizards, none of them knowing exactly what it was used for. Yet, everyone knows it was something special."

"You want me to try and see it?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

"If you want to."

Harrison breathed in, "You're so lucky I love you." He muttered, Tom smiling a genuine smile only saved for Harrison. Different than his small fond smiles, a real smile.

And Harrison decided to try, not expecting the knifes magic to pull him in the moment he let his magic go.

It was flashes of cuts in hands, binding words and a prophecy that he could only faintly hear in the background, before his world turned black.

"*I knew you and him would be perfect!"* The voice said, "*Together you might even save us."*

"Fate?" Harrison guessed, "It's not just Death and Mother Magic who have to do with all of this?"

The voice laughed, a bitter laugh, "*You would be a fool to believe the imbalance of the world wouldn't be a problem to all of us."* The voice said, "*You're anything but a fool, though, which is why she chose you to give a gift to. I wondered why she tried to convince Death."*

"Yet you must've made us soulmates ages ago."

"*It would've been dumb to not take my chance."* The voice said, "*It was a pleasure to finally get to meet you. Now let my knife go."*

Harrison dropped the knife without even noticing he did.

Tom was looking down at him with worry, "Are you okay?" He asked, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-"

Harrison kissed him, quite an effective way to shut Tom up, he would argue. "Don't, stop it, The knife- It's Fate's knife."

"Fate's knife?" Tom asked, "I read about that somewhere, that's something she uses to-"

"Cut people?" Harrison joked, "I don't think this is literally the instrument she uses to cut into someone's fate, change it. I suppose it's like the Deathly Hallows, fate's version."

"Every deity has something," Tom agreed, "Time turners, the hallows, the knife now."

"Wands are Lady Magic's then?"

Tom shrugged, not sure what Magic had and hadn't put on this place for them. "Perhaps, Magic is Lady Magic's item. Allowing us to use her ability and everything we create with it."

"Tom," Harrison said, "Fate did say something about the imbalance effecting all of them." He admitted, needing the man to know that much at least. "Are you sure you're ready to go into that deep end, mix with the deities, fight Dumbledore for the balance of *everything?*"

"We were always working on that already," Tom said, "Without knowing, maybe, but it is what we have been doing. Are you ready?" He asked in turn.

"I don't think I get a choice in this." Harrison admitted, "But you, *you* have an out."

"Do you truly think that, if Fate bonded us together?" Tom said, then he managed to look unsure, "She did do that right, we weren't just making shit up?"

Harrison laughed then at least, "Of course she did, we're proper soulmates and all."

"Well then, soulmate," Tom said, "I wouldn't dare to not stand by

your side as you safe the balance in our world. Make sure everyone gets a chance of life, no matter with what type of magic you were born and maybe, most importantly, make sure witches and wizards don't work themselves to extinction, which they seem keen on doing."

"We're starting with England and then, we'll save the world." Harrison said, "Thank you for telling me about all of this, allowing me to see."

"I really should get that knife back to Rookwood." Tom said, as he kissed Harrison quickly, before getting up. "He stole it from the ministry for this."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Oh, Tom?" He said as the man was already half way out the door, "Don't research something like this without telling me again, please."

Tom nodded seriously, "I wouldn't dare."

"I love you." Harrison said and Tom hesitated, before closing the door. Leaving Harrison all alone in his room, it wouldn't be long till Harrison got up to find his friends so they could hang out until it was almost New Years, then he would try and find Tom for the whole count down thing.

It was only when Tom and him somehow ended up sleeping at the Black Manor instead of Slytherin castle, while he rested his head on Tom's chest, as he did almost every night, that it caught up to him just what he had been told today.

Fate had only spoken to him for maybe a minute, max, yet she managed to change his view on everything. The Magic imbalance meant a lot more than just Lady Magic getting weaker. It made sense, the Death counts from wizards had risen by a lot while muggles tended to stay alive just as long, even longer than before. Death was busy with witches and wizards unable to take care of the muggles himself.

He wasn't even certain how Death did all of that.

Fate herself was directly connected to Lady Magic, they worked together usually. Prophecies from the magical world were important and if Lady Magic was slowly dying, Fate must be in shambles, too.

And Time, well he was literally being played with by Dumbledore. Time turners were somehow easy to get for the man, it must anger him to no end.

And that was only indirectly related to-

“Harrison,” Tom muttered, “Stop thinking.”

“Sorry,” He said, “Today was just a lot.”

Tom nodded in agreement, “You know we will succeed, though, right?” He asked, “It’s what we’ve been working on since the beginning, now we at least know exactly what we’re doing all of this for, instead of just for the people who follow our cause.”

“It’s scary, though, isn’t it? How people destroy magic without even realising they’re doing so and not only that in the process they ruin the entire balance of every deity.”

“We have a lot of time to make everything go back to the way it was.” Tom said, “The deities will help us, I’m certain.” He said, “And if anyone on this planet could do it, it’s you. Now, stop thinking about it, go to sleep, or I’ll have to send you some mental images to think of, instead.”

Harrison asked, “Oh?” But he got no answer, so decided to listen to Tom and actually try to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

End is rushed but hey I posted!

Chapter 60: This place is truly weird

Chapter Notes

300k words! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It all came so sudden, Sirius and Remus decided to take a *honeymoon* after all, now that Hogwarts still wouldn't start up for a little under a week. So Harrison and Tom decided to take up on Fred and George's gift to visit elementals in Asia.

Fred and George were hyped when Harrison told them, telling them they'd sent an notification to the group immediately, then George flooed to the ministry, to get the portkey ready.

Fred however sat Harrison down, "We're thinking of meeting with Ginny in the next couple of days, see how she's doing."

"Okay?" Harrison said, "You should go for it."

"What if she's truly brainwashed, she's smart, but could never resist Molly's attention for her."

Harrison sighed, "We can try to get her out of it at school, away from everything." Harrison said, "You should just talk to her, maybe she's truly not that badly influenced. Your brothers seem okay."

"Except Ron." Fred muttered.

Harrison nodded in agreement to that. "Honestly, I think that if she agrees to meet you two, she can't have been influenced by Molly that badly." He said, "Just invite her to the three broomsticks, if she shows up, you'll probably be fine."

Fred nodded in agreement, "That is true."

"And if she does end up not being okay with her home situation," Harrison said, "Just ask if we can help her in anyway. We can always use the little trick we did for you guys, move her to another Hogwarts house next year."

"I think she enjoys Gryffindor." Fred laughed, "She will be the best chaser of the Gryffindor quidditch team soon, you should look out,

winning might be harder."

"As long as they can't truly get someone else to be seeker for them, we will be fine."

Fred nodded in agreement, Oliver was screwed, Hope wasn't going to get a lot better soon.

"Am I glad I moved to Slytherin on time," He said and Harrison laughed.

"You should thank me."

Fred rolled his eyes, "I am so glad you're going to be gone for a bit. Finally some rest!"

"And I still don't understand why Sirius and Remus are *allowing* you and George to stay here all on your own, they should get a babysitter."

"Like they really parent us that much."

"I got everything in order!" George said as he walked in, "You and Tom can leave tomorrow."

Harrison smiled, looking from Fred to George. "You don't have to sound so happy about me leaving, George."

"Right-o, but you see dear brother of ours, we can't miss you if you're constantly here annoying us." George said, "Sometimes it's good to miss someone, so you notice how much they actually do for you."

"That sounds a lot more positive than what Fred just told me." Harrison said, "*Finally some rest."* He mocked, winking at Fred, who rolled his eyes.

"I can't have any rest as long as Fred's still here, Harrikins, you know that!" George said, "That guy is absolutely constantly annoying me."

"I'm right here!" Fred said and Harrison snorted. "Why are you two teaming up on me? George is supposed to at least be on my side."

"Well, sometimes we got to change things up a bit, don't we, Harrikins?" George said.

"I do agree with Fred, this is getting scary." Harrison said and George rolled his eyes.

“Dramatic.”

“Says you.” Fred muttered.

“Okay,” Harrison stood up, “I’m going to go to Tommy boy, say everything’s in order. If you two kill each other while I’m gone, I’m afraid Tom and I will get a Death Eater to babysit you while we’re gone, so *behave.”*

“Aye, aye.” Fred said, George adding a, “Captain.”

Harrison heard George whisper something as he closed the door to the room behind him, secretly fearing what the twins would do if they were left alone for over two days.

Then again, they seemed serious about helping Ginny, so they wouldn’t be bored out of their minds and alone, that especially would be dangerous.

Harrison stumbled into Tom’s office not much later, glad to find the man sitting there alone, a pile of paperwork in front of him.

“Am I interrupting?” Harrison smiled as Tom looked up at him, a small smile immediately on his face when he saw Harrison.

“Always,” The man answered, jokingly “But I don’t mind.”

And that was all Harrison needed to allow himself to sit in one of the chairs opposite of Tom, not that he truly *needed* permission.

“So is our trip tomorrow-“

“It’s all in order.” Harrison said, hooking his ankle around Tom’s under the table. “Can I help with this in anyway?”

Tom shook his head, “It’s dumb statements from August, what’s been going on with the unspeakables.”

“Is Rookwood still an unspeakable?” Harrison asked, remembering that the man had connections at the ministry, yet he didn’t know when exactly the man got his job back.

“Kind of, he gets access to everything by his connections, sometimes he sneaks in, because the unspeakables believe him more than they do Fudge.” Tom explained, “It’s laughable, really, no one has trust in that man anymore. They believe a *Death Eater* over him.” He looked up, “Oh god, I did tell you that Rookwood had connections right?”

Harrison nodded, “You did.”

“I’m sorry,” Tom said, shaking his head, as his eyes skimmed over another paper before he put it to the side, meeting Harrison’s eyes again. “I’m trying to tell you everything, but so much is going on, I have hundreds of followers who report to me daily and it’s almost impossible to keep up with myself, let alone report it all back to you. So I’m truly sorry if you figure something out again, that you thought I should have told you.”

Harrison was half shocked by the admittance of the man in front of him, Tom had never been open about the pressure of leading the Dark Fraction, the more hated fraction. If Harrison hadn’t seen it actively weigh on Tom sometimes, he would’ve thought the man barely did anything.

Yet openly admitting was not something Tom did.

He could see the man was truly trying to include him in *everything* which was a lot. Open himself up to a person totally, more so than Harrison had ever thought was possible from the man so he nodded, “It’s okay.” He said, “It’s understandable you’ve been doing this alone for decades, it’s new for you, too.”

Tom nodded, once again looking at the big pile of papers on his desk, then back at Harrison, seeming to make a decision he got up and smirked at Harrison, trying to change the sombre, too honest air. “Luckily, I have something who takes care of everything when I’m gone, so I can leave this for him, that person is people by the way, Barty and Lucius do it together.” He got up, offering his hand to Harrison, “Come with me?”

Harrison looked at the hand suspiciously and Tom chuckled when Harrison did take his hand. “Where are we going?”

Tom just led him to the *gardens* of Slytherin castle of all places, while telling him about what had been going on with the Death Eaters, Harrison listened, glad to hear that the trainings had finally really started and surprised to hear that Megan had been sent on the expedition to the highlands once again, to seek out the giants who lived there.

“We were going to leave them alone, but Dumbledore supposedly is planning on stealing one of them. We want to protect them, at least.” Tom said, “When I told a group of Death Eaters this plan, Megan jumped on the possibility to work together with giants. Something

about their magic being fascinating?"

Harrison laughed, "That does sound like something she'd say."

"What about you?" Tom asked, "Are you ready to go through the process of learning about elementals? Perhaps learn more about your own magic?"

"I'm excited," Harrison said, "I hope they can give us some clearance on this whole faith business and the Death thing."

"If there's anyone who could get answers it's those elementals," Tom said, "Are you totally ready to get back to Hogwarts afterwards?"

"That will be weird," Harrison said, "I hope the Elementals won't exhaust my magic too much."

"With your core?" Tom smiled, "I think you'll be fine."

Tom stilled suddenly, they were on the edge of the garden of the castle now, he stopped Harrison with his arm, "Okay," He said quietly pointing to the forest at the edge of the property. "Watch," He said.

Harrison stood there for a while, glancing at Tom every now and then, wondering what they were looking for when suddenly he saw it, a white form, shining slightly.

"*Unicorns?"* Harrison whispered and Tom looked at him, nodding. A weird glint of excitement in his eyes. "They choose where they live very carefully-"

"They moved here a couple of days ago, suddenly they were just here." Tom said, "Actually it was after you had your little talk with Fate."

"That's-"

Tom nodded, understanding just how *unbelievable* it was before Harrison even found a way to put it into words.

"I just had to show you." Tom said, "None of this is for nothing, we're saving Magic, truly, even the unicorns seem to know."

Harrison turned to look at the forest again, the unicorn now curiously watching them back. He smiled slightly, it truly wasn't for nothing. "Who would've thought unicorns would ever live on *your* property?"

Tom rolled his eyes, smiling as he looked at Harrison, who was still watching the unicorn. “Well I had some help to get them here.” He said, “It’s weird to think years ago I tried to look for unicorns- their blood, immortality.”

“Are you serious?” Harrison said, “You would’ve done that? That’s the worst cri-“

“- Any wizard could commit?” Tom finished the sentence for him, he shrugged. “Well I didn’t exactly care about my crimes at that point.”

“I’m so glad I saved you before you got the chance to do that.” Harrison said, “Because I think Lady Magic might not have helped me in the process had you committed such a crime.”

“*I* wouldn’t have helped me if I had done such a thing.” Tom said, “Horcruxes are scary things, they take away everything from you and yet make you feel grateful for creating them in the process.” Harrison glanced back at Tom. “None of the books talk just about how much influence they have on you, I don’t think sixteen year old me would have risked everything had he known.”

“I don’t think anyone ever escaped the fate of an horcrux.” Harrison said, “If you destroy them, it won’t give you your soul back.”

“Maybe I should write an updated version on Horcruxes then,” Tom said, “All the warnings, the reality of having them, the addiction.”

“Don’t trash them too much,” Harrison said, sarcastically. “I might think you start hating me, being a horcrux and all.”

“You know that’s the only reason I’m keeping you.” Tom said, “I would never hate you for such a reason. For your personality, maybe.”

Harrison smirked, “Arsehole.”

Tom just laughed, before kissing Harrison. “Well, contrary to what you would think, I lowkey like you.”

“Just lowkey?” Harrison pouted, “Because I highkey like you and that would be awkward.”

Tom just kissed him enough and that said everything. Not that Harrison ever truly doubted Tom.

~

Harrison and Tom cautiously followed a man through the high trees that could only be part of the jungle that the elementals lived in.

“So Earth and Water live together here?” Tom asked the man who only spoke a little English.

“Yes,” The man nodded, “Together, it work.”

It was then they entered a field that seemed like it lead up to an cliff, but once you were close enough to look down, it exposed an entire civilisation. The houses were built from a bunch of different materials, little kids were running around, it seemed peaceful.

“We made this.” The man said, “Back when-“

“Back when you were banished?” Tom finished the sentence for me, the man nodded sadly. “You have built quite an impressive place for yourselves.”

The man nodded, seeming somewhat proud. As they stood on the cliff, the man put his hand to the ground, making the cliff slowly sink, so that they were at the same level as the rest.

“It is for safety.” The man muttered, “People and animals they hunt us.”

“You’re an earth elemental?” Harrison asked the man nodded, rolling up his right sleeve to show a mark just like the one in Tom’s memory, this one was a brownish green, with a tree in it.

“Spirits came to me.” The man said, as if that explained it.

It was then a younger woman approached them, “Do excuse my father.” She laughed as the man said something in another, ancient sounding language to her. “We try to teach the young ones English, but well the older ones refuse to truly learn.”

“It is quite fine,” Tom answered, “He lead us here safely.”

“He knows the forest like no one else.” She said, “He’s had long enough to explore it.” Then she said something to her father in the same old language, the man nodded at her, then bowed his head at them and left.

“I’m Maya, welcome to our small little paradise.” She introduced herself.

“Nice to meet you, Maya.” Harrison replied, “I’m Harrison, this is Tom.”

“We have one or two people who travel a lot and sent us messages from what’s going on in the world and I have to say your name has been coming up a lot.” Maya said, “We are all very excited to guide you in your process of finding your element.” She looked behind her, to a little boy waving nervously at them, laughed and said, “Let’s get you two settled and then maybe we can do a proper introduction.”

She lead them to a small cabin made from wood, one big bed in the middle. She seemed to breathe out, relieved, when they didn’t comment on it. They dropped off their stuff in the cabin, before she lead them to a community house, it felt like a big dinner room, an outside part and an inside part.

They met some people there, earth and water elementals.

“So is there just the four elements now?” Harrison asked at some point, “Air, earth, fire and water?”

Maya, who they had learned would also assist them in their search to see if Harrison was an elemental, hesitated. “No one is sure, elementals they are either hidden or disguised as normal witches and wizards. Some people believe Necromancers are just elementals, they have their own marks. Others say it’s dumb to believe that the only logical explanation for having special magic is being an elemental. It depends on how you look at it.”

“Because elementals are gifted by Mother Magic herself, right?” Tom asked.

“Some of us are,” Maya nodded. “Mostly the people who are an elemental from birth. Other’s have been gifted by fate and the rare ones have elemental spirits possess them and with the possession granted them their power.”

“Like your father?” Harrison asked.

Maya nodded, “The spirits help us all, the possession isn’t evil or anything.”

“And you?”

Maya laughed, “Magic marked me at birth.” She admitted, “My father and mother had a bet going on if I would be an Earth elemental, like

my father or a water elemental like my mother. I guess dad never really accepted that I took after my mother until she died a couple of years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Harrison said and Maya shrugged.

"It is what it is." She muttered, "What about you, did Magic mark you as well?"

"I don't have a mark yet, or not at all." Harrison said, "She gave me this gift after she came to me when I fainted once."

Maya blinked, "That's a new one, I think we might want to discuss this without everyone else listening. "Kai, come with us!" She shouted to some man, he looked up and nodded.

"Kai is sensitive to magic, so he'll be able to help us."

"Can he see them?" Tom asked and Maya shook her head.

"More like taste, it's weird." She laughed.

Kai followed them to a little hut, Maya sat them down on a bench. "I have to ask this Harrison, do you want Tom to be here, this can get personal?"

Harrison smiled, "He can stay."

Maya nodded, "Okay, how about you two tell me the entire story."

"Well," Harrison said, "Like I said Magic gifted me this, it made me see visions of the past, Death people, messages from before. I kept fainting and seeing or feeling the history of objects or people. It was quite scary when I couldn't control it yet." He shook his head, "I feel like there's more to it, but I don't know, I keep it locked away behind some mental walls now to not faint at any given moment."

"That's smart, keeping it in control." Maya said, "Elementals usually feel like the elements around them control them, instead of them controlling the elements. It's a very specific branch of magic." She said, "You should attend the Water magic class tomorrow, I think some of it might be able to do without genuinely being a water elemental and it tells a lot about what it's like to be an elemental." She glanced at Kai who nodded then turned back to them, "As for the magic, it feels suspiciously close to Necromancy. Would you be comfortable with releasing it for us, so Kai can get a read on it?"

Harrison did as asked, slowly letting his magic go loose, Tom had a comforting hand on his shoulder. His magic tingled in the air as it explored the new kind of magic all around the place.

Maya looked at Kai, who was sitting crossed legged on a bench of his own, focussing. That was the last thing Harrison saw before his world went black around him once again.

“They’re destroying what is rightfully ours!” A voice shouted, carrying over the emptiness, the ground shaking as every person looked at the woman screaming. “They’re setting fire to our woods, we don’t accept their kind here.”

“Evel-“ A man said.

“Stop it!” The woman said, “Stop with all the, we have the same backstory bullshit, the Wizarding World was right to sent them away.” She scowled, “As well as the killers.”

“Are you serious?” A man in black robes asked, “I got you out.”

“I don’t want to hear it.” The woman said, “Leave, don’t ever cross our-“

“Harrison wake up, *please.”* Harrison woke up Tom rubbing circles in his back, talking to him softly.

“Was that what it normally looks like?” Maya asked, “What did you see?”

“What happened to the fire elementals?” Harrison asked and Maya seemed confused, saying something to Kai in the language they had earlier. He nodded, not saying anything.

“They set fire to our woods, so our ancestors sent them away.” Maya said truthfully.

“Together with the necromancers, who helped all of you escape, too.” Harrison stated, more than asked.

Maya nodded and Harrison looked up.

“What will you do to me if I turn out to be a Necromancer?”

“We changed our ways,” Kai said, the first time he truly spoke up. “It was a hectic time, we thought it was needed to split up with them, not sure if all of us could survive. Necromancers they are dangerous they

can suck the life out of you and make themselves live longer in the process and you couldn't stop it if you tried. Everyone acts out of fear when they're sent away from the place they called home for decades."

"So you truly just want to help us?" Tom's eyes were scanning around the room, probably looking for any sign of danger.

Maya nodded, "As far as we can. Elementals are dying, we need someone like Harrison to carry on the legacy of all of us." She said, "Fire elementals most likely live in South-America now, I've heard that they help Phoenixes, who fire spirits also seem to possess often."

"Fawkes," Harrison muttered. "*Let's give them the benefit of doubt."*

"What if it goes wrong?" Tom asked and Harrison smiled, slightly.

"*Then we'll finally know if we can also fight as a team, instead of just duelling each other."* He hissed back and Tom nodded.

"Parseltongue," Kai muttered, "I feel like there's a lot to do in three days to figure your magic out.

"Well let's start then, shouldn't we?" Harrison said and Tom nodded again, Maya looking a bit lost.

Kai went back to his earlier state, focusing purely on the magic still in the air from Harrison. Meanwhile, Maya frowned, "So you really just saw our history?"

"It wasn't pretty." Harrison muttered, "Don't be too proud of it."

Maya nodded, silencing quickly and Tom smirked, just slightly.

Kai spoke up then, "I can feel the tint of different magic, it's darker. Definitely has something similar to other elementals, however it seems like a mix." Kai said, "It's like mixing a salad, picking out different flavours, whatever it is, it's *a lot."*

"Is there anything we can do to make it show faster?"

"The mark you mean?" Kai asked, "These are just signals, if you truly did get this from Mother Magic herself, while she talked to you, you might never get one." He explained, "However, there's stories of elementals who went on quests and would only reach there full potential afterwards."

"Like a prophecy?" Harrison asked.

“Sometimes,” Kai shrugged. “It would be worth looking into old prophecies.”

“Or ask Fate.” Tom said and Harrison nodded.

“I would suggest truly visiting the classes tomorrow, get a feel of it.” Kai said, “I’ll be teaching some teenagers, so you are free to join us. As well as just enjoy your time here. It is a break after all.”

“Thank you,” Harrison said.

“It is truly time all of us get a bit more open minded, no?” Kai laughed, “If I heard correctly you are doing exactly that in Britain, so the least we can do is show you the same support here.”

After that Kai left and Maya looked at them almost unsure, “The woman you probably saw,” Maya said, “It was my mother.”

Harrison hadn’t expected that, “So it happened recently?”

“She was pregnant at the time, she was just trying to protect me, protect her family.”

“We all are,” Harrison said, “Trying to protect our families, I mean. That doesn’t mean you have to betray the people who helped you get away.”

“I’m sorry you had to see that.” Maya said, “No one was supposed to know, most of the people who live here don’t even know.”

“That doesn’t make the situation better, Maya.” Tom said, “Some would argue that you not wanting anyone to know, makes it worse. That embarrassment you are feeling over your past is something you should use to try and better the mistakes, not just ignore it.”

“You two don’t know anything.” Maya said, “Stop assuming things.”

Harrison grabbed Tom’s arm, hoping the man wouldn’t say anything else that would make this apparently important for the community girl even more annoyed.

Tom glanced at him, then back at Maya and said, “All I know is that Mother Magic doesn’t just giveaway marks and gifts, she also takes them away.” His voice had a slight protective edge to it Harrison hadn’t heard before.

Maya looked shocked and Harrison decided that that was the right

moment to pull Tom with him to go back to their cabin.

~

“I did not expect that.” Harrison said and Tom nodded in agreement. “None of it made sense, they all got out together, why split up then?”

Tom shrugged, laying back on the bed, “C’mere.” He opened his arms. And Harrisons took the chance to cuddle up to Tom, resting in his arm somehow calming him after everything that just happened.

“At least that Kai guy seems okay,” Tom said, “He just seemed fascinated by magic, appreciating all of it.”

“Maya did not seem rude perse,” Harrison said, “Just raised very wrongly, I think we can’t really judge.”

Tom laughed, Harrison feeling it more than hearing it with the way he was pressed against Tom.

“I think we should try to get contact with one of the deities, ask them about the prophecies and the next step.” Tom said, “This place seems to be the healthiest place on earth for Mother Magic, perhaps it’s easier to truly talk to them here.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “What if it is necromancy, though?” Harrison said, “I know we’ve always said it probably is, but the whole world hates necromancers.”

“They are scared of how powerful necromancers are,” Tom said, “I think you have that issue whether you bear the necromancy mark or not.”

“Such a good way to calm me,” Harrison said, “Telling me that it won’t change me, because I already have the issue anyways.”

Tom smiled holding Harrison a little tighter, “Can I ask you something?” He asked as he moved one of the hands that was resting on Harrison’s back to the back of his head, playing with the hairs there.

“Mhm, ‘Course.” Harrison mumbled.

“Why did you say Fawkes? After they mentioned the Phoenixes, I mean?”

Harrison pulled back slightly, “Fawkes is totally gone, for months

now, I always wondered where he went and now I think he might just be with the elementals, it would be nice for the bird, right?"

Tom hummed, "This place is truly weird."

Harrison nodded in agreement and then shrugged, "If I haven't learnt anything after tomorrow and they just keep going in circles we can leave early? Spent some time in Scandinavia or whatever instead? It's not like this trip was going to be long anyways."

Tom smiled, "We will stay here as long as you want to." He kissed Harrison's temple. "After all, I think some people here truly could teach you a lot."

Harrison kissed Tom properly then, slow, lazily. It was all perfect, Tom's emotions echoing the fondness, happiness that he felt even after a day like this.

Tom moved them so that he was leaning above Harrison's smaller form, the kisses heating up slowly then and Harrison hummed into the kiss. He was glad to feel his own *want* also echoing in the back of his mind. The unknown feeling finally got a name in his mind now.

Tom kissed him one more time, before moving away from his mouth, placing kisses on his jawline then, his neck followed. Harrison could feel Tom's teeth just barely scrape the surface of his skin sometimes, almost like he *wanted to bite down.*

Harrison wouldn't have minded if he did, even though he would not admit that now. Dammit, he had dreamt of this situation so many times. (He was still a teenager, don't blame him.)

He found the hem of Tom's shirt with his hands, sliding them under, feeling Tom's bare skin on his hands. "Tom," He breathed out.

"Fucking hell-" Tom muttered, between kisses. "Harrison, *sweetheart,* maybe we shouldn't-" He moved back then.

Tom looked at his throat, Harrison could almost feel the man's want to just continue this, mark him, which made it all the more frustrating that he stopped.

"Tom?" Harrison asked, unsure and Tom's eyes snapped up to his eyes, almost embarrassed he looked away again.

"We should talk about this before, Harrison." Tom said, "Not hurry

this, us."

"Tom-" Harrison started.

Tom shook his head, "I know, *honey*. I've fucking felt your dreams. Every time I wanted nothing more than let you indulge in them. God, I'd be lying if I said I didn't have- It doesn't matter." He cut himself off, Tom rolled off Him and Harrison sighed.

Tom had been right, they really should talk about this, this wasn't exactly a normal relationship.

"Don't you ever wish you could've experimented a bit before us?" Tom asked, "Get a normal teenage relationship?" He asked, he sounded almost sad and it scared Harrison, because he knew if he answered yes, that Tom would let him. Tell him he'd wait for Harrison whenever he was ready to continue whatever this was.

"No," Harrison answered truthfully, "I don't want experimentations with some classmates who will hate me for breaking up with them after it gets boring in a few months. Tom, no one is like you for me." He smiled slightly, "I get that it's weird, you've been on this earth for god knows how long and I understand if you want us to wait for whatever this is until I am older, but don't ever think I would've led you on, only to want some normal teenage experience."

Tom nodded, "Okay," He said, not sure what else was a proper respond.

Harrison started laughing, it was such a strange situation for a moment and it didn't take long for Tom to join in. "Come here, big teddy bear, I want cuddles." Harrison said and Tom rolled his eyes, but easily wrapped his arms around Harrison again.

"I'm sorry for being complicated," Tom said, amusement clear in his voice.

Harrison smiled into Tom's shirt, "I would not have you any other way, Tommy boy."

Chapter End Notes

Plottwisted myself multiple times in this chapter.. that's fun.

Also yes, smut will come soon, yes there will be a warning at the top of the chapter.

Chapter 61: Yet we must follow some laws.

Chapter Notes

> I'm sorry this took so long, I just had a very hard time writing this for some reason and then exams came and my thoughts were just ALL over the place, but hey! I'm here. Not the best chapter ever but yeah :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison was somewhat glad to see Kai ready for his class, without Maya anywhere in sight. Tom had decided that it would be 'better' for him to get this first impression of elemental magic alone and went off to help people around the town with daily tasks.

Tom could be nice when he wanted to.

"Harrison I am so glad to see you've decided to join here." Kai said and Harrison nodded.

"I was curious to see what exactly elemental magic is."

Kai smiled at that, looking around at the kids, some of which seemed to only be around six or seven years old. "Anyone wants to answer that question?"

A little girl spoke up, "Everything contains magic, we pull the magic from it and use it to fuel our own magic."

"Right, so we have a source of water here." Kai said, "You need to feel the magic in it and use it. Necromancers use souls, memories of death almost like thestrals."

"What about you?" Harrison asked, "Are you?"

Kai shook his head, "Not exactly, my sensitivity helps me with teaching and allows me to feel the magic, but use it as they do- it's like they *talk* to the water."

Harrison's eyes found a little boy, sitting by the body of water his hand resting on the surface, the water seemed to shake slightly just from the presence of the hand.

"Do you think this will help me, I have never felt any magical

connection to bodies of water."

"You need to allow yourself to feel it," Kai said, "Let your core accept it and you'll be fine. The reason we start so early is because if you start too late in life you might never find the true gift of it."

Then he started talking about some spell allowing you to turn seaweed into small fish using vibrations of the water and Harrison sat at the edge of the water watching little kids shake up the water a little too aggressive, he hoped no fish would be released in the body as Harrison doubted that would be good for them.

"Why don't you give it a try?" Kai asked, as he sat down next to Harrison, "Let your magic go."

Harrison smiled at him, "I don't know-"

"They're used to feeling quite a bit of magic, just do it." Kai said, laughing slightly. "They might use your magic, though. Some of them have gotten a little too well at grabbing magic from nature."

"How does it work with the fire elementals? They pull magic from fire?" Harrison asked and Kai hesitated.

"It's the heat more than the fire. The magic gets released from things burning, but they could use other things as well." Kai said, "It's a bit more aggressive than water or earth."

"Water elementals tend to get into healing magics don't they?"

Kai nodded, "The best doctors are usually people who feel connected to the waves." He said, "They allow themselves to change up, deal with stressful situations the best. It's more of a personification than a box of magic you must at all time be part of."

Harrison nodded, allowing his magic to reach out to the water, trying to truly feel the magic stream through it, it was a tingling feeling as his magic tried to pull energy from the water. It took a lot of effort to try and really get anything, but he *felt* it as Kai slowly guided him through the steps of connecting to an element.

"Definitely not water," Kai said eventually, "But the fact that you feel it is positive."

Harrison nodded, "Maybe, perhaps I'll learn."

“Usually once you connect with whatever Mother Magic wants you to connect with you can also connect to other elements.” Kai said, “Earth and water benders easily pull magic from the other element.”

“It sounds absolutely crazy,” Harrison said, “I always thought of Magic like cores, that’s what you get no more, it can recharge, but you can’t change it.”

“The world has a core of its own.” Kai agreed, “I should get back to the little ones, perhaps we can try visiting the graveyard later?”

“Graveyard?” Harrison asked and Kai smirked, before turning away. Leaving Harrison on his own to look for Tom.

Harrison found the man in some local kitchen helping an older lady cooking, carefully using his magic to stir certain pots as he cut up vegetables in the muggle way. Harrison stood in the doorway for a while just watching them work, talk about what it’s like to live so secluded from the rest of the world.

“Stalker,” Tom muttered at some point, before turning around with a soft smile on his face. “How was the water?”

Harrison laughed, as Tom gave him a quick kiss before continuing his work. “Water is definitely not my element. Kai thought taking me to the graveyard might work, but it was interesting to see.”

“Graveyard, huh?” Tom said, “Don’t go on any dates without me.”

“That would sound like an ideal date for you, wouldn’t it?” Harrison asked, “*Walking over the bodies of everyone you murdered?”* He hissed.

Tom hummed, “Sure, it is. Perhaps we should do that sometime when we return home.”

Harrison gasped dramatically, “Are you asking me on a date, Mr. Riddle?”

“I do believe I am,” Tom said, “Would you go with me, Mr Black?”

“Of course I would.” Harrison said and the lady who was with them laughed a little.

“You two remind me of my wife and I.” She said, “Couldn’t get enough of each other.”

Harrison smiled, “That’s sweet.”

The woman nodded, “I’d do anything to be that age again, do everything together without a care in the world.” She said, “You two enjoy it while it lasts.”

Tom’s eyes met Harrisons, a small smile on his face; this would only end once they wanted to grow older. Physically, that means. It could last forever.

“We will, Thank you.” Harrison said and the lady smiled.

“I can take it from here, you go with your boyfriend,” She said to Tom, rushing him out of the kitchen, Harrison laughed as he and Tom walked out together, the people here weren’t that bad after all.

~

The magic felt almost electric to him as Kai gently guided him to let it go, feel the magic floating through the air. Harrison wondered whose grave they were standing on and if it was ethical to steal magic that only existed because somebody died.

“Now focus on one person lying beneath us.” Kai said, “Try to manipulate their magic.”

Harrison tried to follow the magical sparks to one spot, but it was chaotic a mess of magic beneath their feet, he honestly doubted Necromancy was it for him, because he didn’t feel connected or comfortable to the thought of using souls magic for his own purpose.

And then everything went black again.

“*Believe in yourself or you will never master the skill of bending souls.”* Mother Magic, “*Among other things. My mark you shall only receive once you’ve done everything you need to.”*

Harrison frowned at the unclear message, “What do I need to do?” He asked, well aware that magic wouldn’t answer a question such as that one.

Magic giggled, “It'll all be clear, I'm not allowed to say more.” She said, “What you saw about Fate, with the knife, it's true. Yet, we also must follow some laws.”

“This power you gave me,” Harrison said then, “Is it as easy as simply being elemental? Does it mean that once I learn of the element, I can fully control everything? Is it just the visions?”

“When I gave you the extra power, I gave you the abilities that would help your core get stronger. That means it is more like a package, you might have certain parts of a gift that would amplify your core.” She explained, “There's a lot to it, yet not only would it not help you if I told you exactly what it did, it would also make your magic messy. The exploration is important for this part.” Harrison sighed and the voice sounded amused, “Don't worry you're going into the right direction.”

“Am I? Will I ever truly find out what it is?”

“It has endless possibilities,” Mother Magic answered, “You will keep finding new parts to this gift. Yet, that is not necessarily negative. And for the elements, I can truly give you a mark somewhere in the future.”

Harrison nodded, “Thank you,” He said, “For at least clearing some things up.”

“I'll always try to tell you what I can, it is sad to say that that mostly isn't a lot.”

Then everything turned dark again, apparently Magic was done with talking to him, Harrison slowly became conscious of his surroundings again.

“You're not manipulating any magic here while he's not-”

“It won't hurt.”

“Fucking hell, all of you are crazy.”

“He's been out for over 30 minutes!” Kai said and Tom hissed something under his breath.

Harrison moved slightly and saw Tom looking at him, immediately sitting down next to him. Kai looked at them strangely and Harrison glanced between him and Tom before nodding to Kai and then turning to Tom.

“I'm okay,” He said, “Just Mother Magic bothering me again.”

Tom put a hand on his cheek, “That's good.” He sighed, “Anything new?”

“Apparently this gift isn't a specified gift so all the research we’ve

been doing was useless."

"She said she had a gift for you talked as if it was one ability." Tom muttered and Harrison shrugged.

"*What happened between you and Kai?"* Harrison hissed, looking over Tom's shoulder to the man that was still weirdly looking at him.

"He wanted to mend your magic with the souls or something, make them one, make it easier for you. He didn't specify how and said he couldn't do it with you conscious." Tom said, "*It was weird, I argued with him the whole time."*

"I don't like this place," Harrison said honestly, "*It has a weird background, I feel as if no one truly wants the best for us."*

"We can leave?"

Harrison smiled, nodding slightly before turning to Kai, "Don't try something like that without someone's permission. I thought you were one of the nicer ones."

"Most people would appreciate it." Kai said, "It's easy magic-"

"Don't." Tom muttered.

Harrison looked around graveyard with a little too many graves for the amount of time this group had lived here supposedly. "What is this really?"

"It truly is a graveyard."

"Of?"

Kai's eyes widened, before he closed them totally. "Children who haven't gotten any ability after the age of fifteen get killed for the purpose of feeding the earth more magic."

"You kill people for being different?" Harrison asked, not sure what to think about that and Kai nodded.

"It's a bit like they're squibs." Kai said, that's what it feels like for us.

"Magical children are becoming rarer and rarer everyday, and you just kill them?" Harrison asked, "The whole reason I'm here is to save magic, help her be able to bring back that glory, gift more people with her gifts. She's too weak to do that now and yet you kill your children,

because Mother Magic couldn't find the strength to offer more people elemental magics?"

"There's magic everywhere!" Kai said, "There's no way you're telling me Magic is dying."

Harrison sighed, "Believe me, she's crying for help and all of you are ignoring her." He said, "Just- don't kill magical children in the hopes of being able to pull more magic for your own cores from their dead bodies. Not only is it slightly disturbing, it also weakens the Lady who gifts you all these things."

"I truly didn't know-" Kai said and Harrison shrugged.

"Now you do." He said, suddenly feeling tired, drained. "Tom and I are leaving in the morning. I hope you try to do something about it, or we might have to do something and you won't like it."

Kai nodded, before nodding his head towards a direction. "Shall we head back?"

Harrison nodded, not sure why his core felt emptier than it had ever been.

He ignored Tom's worried look when he immediately crashed onto the bed once they arrived back at the town.

~

Harrison didn't even know why he was surprised to hear the magic in the air of that place came directly from the people who visited, taking small bits as everyone walked around with their magic not shut behind mental barriers as most did in Britain.

Apparently certain plants could just do that and the town that used that magic as a reserve for their own magics. No wonder they never felt the panic of Mother Magic even in a spiritual place such as this.

However, when Harrison heard he did feel that spike of anger again that had been common in this place, the people who lived there obviously kept a lot of secrets on expense of their visitors. So Tom and he left immediately, with some emergency portkey Tom had taken with him.

As soon as they were back in the Slytherin castle Harrison once again crashed on a bed and went to sleep, hoping that now in a neutral

place such as this, his magic would recharge.

He woke up again hours later, Tom laying next to him, letting him use his shoulder as a pillow as the man read some book. Harrison blinked a couple of times, the letters on the page focussing a bit as he tried to wake up properly.

“Good afternoon, sleeping beauty.” Tom said his voice filled with amusement, but Harrison could feel the edge of worry in his mind. “Feel any better yet?”

Harrison nodded, not feeling quite as weak as he did hours ago, even in his half awake, half asleep state. “Sorry for making us leave early.”

“They were sucking up your magic,” Tom said, “Next time don’t release it when they ask. Turns out there’s a lot of ways to empty up someone’s core.”

“I just honestly can’t believe that that happened.” Harrison muttered, “I mean fucking *plants?”*

Tom hummed, seemingly deep in thought, Harrison looked up at him and it took a few minutes, but then Tom looked back at him. “We still have a couple of days of our trip.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “Yea?”

“So what if we just don’t tell anyone we’re back,” Tom said, “I still have people dealing with all my responsibilities, everyone thinks you’re on a vacation with me.” He said, “Why not use it?”

“Just stay here?” Harrison asked, “For another two days or so?”

“Is that too boring?” Tom asked almost unsure and Harrison laughed, moving to place a kiss on Tom’s nose.

“Nope, I love the idea.” He said, “I love you.”

Tom smiled happily before pulling him down to *properly* kiss him and Harrison would never deny Tom of such a thing.

~

“Almost hit its heart that time.” Tom said, Harrison had retrieved the Black daggers he had gotten from Sirius, deciding it was time for some training with Tom’s dummy’s. “You’re getting there.”

“I can’t believe you just did it *first try.”* Harrison muttered and Tom laughed, wrapping his arms around Harrison’s waist, standing behind him.

“Not really first time, I’ve done this before.” Tom said, “You’ll master it in no time. Just trust yourself and aim.”

Then he took a step back and Harrison did what Tom told him, trying to feel certain that he was going to hit the heart of the dummy, then threw the dagger.

Left shoulder.

“Fucking hell.” Harrison muttered and Tom chuckled.

“You’ll get there.”

Harrison nodded, that he knew, but he just wasn’t used to actually having to try. He waved his hand, the daggers appearing back in them.

And then he threw again and again. And the whole time Tom just sat watching him. Harrison felt the pride wash over him in small waves, as he threw closer and closer to the red spot on the dummy.

“You can also try to manipulate the dagger with magic,” Tom said, “Might make it easier and deadlier for all your opponents.” The last part was said half jokingly and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“Isn’t the whole point of this,” He waved his hand to the dummy with the daggers. “To be able to defend myself in a muggle way.”

“Perhaps,” Tom said, “But that doesn’t mean you can’t learn with a bit of magic.” He said, “And I think the chance of you ever losing touch with your magic isn’t very big.”

“I almost felt like I lost it yesterday.”

Tom sighed, “What I’m trying to say is, if you want to learn a skill such as this, at least try to find the fun in it. And if I know you, which I like to think I do, you’ll enjoy it more with magic.” He said. “If you learn it with magic, it will be easier to master without magic, too.”

Harrison nodded, throwing another dagger, with a single twitch of his wrist it ended in the heart of the dummy. He smirked and Tom laughed. “See, I knew you could do it.”

“With magic I think I’ll be okay.”

“I mean just pulling out a dagger in the middle of a fight will surprise any enemies for sure. Even if you use magic while throwing it.”

“Even with magic it will pass through most shields, right?”

Tom nodded, “Magic shields aren’t made to stop physical weapons. Only the most powerful ones can stop a dagger or bullet, for example.”

“Well perhaps teach some Death Eaters then.”

Tom nodded, “That could be a smart idea.” He muttered, “Now let’s see if you can kill another dummy or if that was just pure luck.”

~

When Harrison and Tom ‘returned’ and Fred and George asked how it was, Harrison thought about lying, but told them the truth instead. Telling them to not feel guilty, because he still honestly learned a lot. Grimmaulds place wasn’t half as chaotic as Harrison expected it, Sirius and Remus had returned too.

Everyone was getting ready to get back to Hogwarts, which meant that Harrison was suddenly reminded of everything that had been going on in the school. Peter Pettigrew was *in* the school last time he checked. Their history teacher had been suspected of attempted murder, of *him*.

Aside all of that, Lily was taking over History classes for the rest of the year, which meant she could make it miserable for him. He had never had direct classes from the woman.

Next year, Remus would be back on History and it would be fine, but first he had to get through his O.W.Ls with Lily.

And somehow it was the first time Harrison felt like going back to Hogwarts might not be the best choice, even if he could leave at any point.

He would go, of course, but the realisation hit him, Hogwarts didn’t feel like his home anymore. It wasn’t his safe place anymore as it had been his entire life. He loved Hogwarts, but that love felt weaker than the connections he felt to *home* now.

With that realisation came the realisation that he hadn't truly talked to the founders in ages. It was that thought that suddenly made him jump up from where he had been sitting, listening to Fred and George talk to Sirius and Remus about one of their new products- Honestly, usually he paid attention but it was just proving to be harder than usual today.- and almost run through the long halls of the manor, to the place where he and Sirius had put up their portraits what felt like ages ago.

He sat down on the ground in front of the portraits, ignoring the way the founders were looking at him.

"Hello, little snake." Salazar said, sounding amused.

"Hey sal." Harrison answered.

"I see what you mean now," Godric muttered, "You did age a lot."

Harrison blinked, before nodding. Remembering that it had indeed been that long. "A gift from magic, or so she says."

"So what have you been up to, Harrison?" Helga asked, "Didn't get in too much trouble I hope."

"He's at Tom's house half of the time." Salazar said, "Fate made my two heirs soulmates." He said.

"A soulmate?" Rowena asked, "And you didn't think to tell us when that happened."

"Wait you didn't know?" Harrison asked, "Most of it happened in your manor."

"What?" Rowena asked.

Harrison shook his head, smiling slightly. "I missed you all." He said, "Sorry for not talking to each of you more often."

"Hey," Helga muttered, "You're living your own life, as we always wished you would."

"Yes- I know," Harrison muttered, "It's just, I always loved Hogwarts, I still do, but I have been spending more time in Sal's castle than Hogwarts lately and the thought of not seeing Hogwarts as my home anymore, it scares me."

Rowena chuckled softly, "Harry, dear, just because you found a new

home, doesn't mean Hogwarts will not always be there for you anymore. Hogwarts will stay a place made for people like you and you will probably always see it as your home in a distant way."

"You're growing up," Helga said, "We all knew it would happen."

"Salazar just had to be the lucky one who gets to not only see you in his common room, but also in his castle all the times."

"Blame fate, not me." Salazar muttered and Harrison laughed.

"Stop fighting," Harrison said, "I mean it's not Sal's fault his family is the only one that still has a member that's alive."

"And a murderer." Godric said.

"You killed a fair share of people yourself Godric." Harrison replied, "We're actually working together with some deities to save magic. Well, for as far as you can call getting commands and impossible messages working together."

"You've talked to them?"

"I've talked to Lady Fate, Death and Mother Magic." He said, "They've come to me in these visions I get."

"Whoa, hold on." Godric said, "Visions?"

"It's a long story," Harrison said, "A gift from Mother Magic that feels similar to Necromancy according to everyone who knows."

"But with visions?" Rowena asked.

"More like memories of places and I can speak to deities, the death sometimes." Harrison said, "I haven't seen anything that hasn't happened yet, so not like seer shit."

"I haven't heard of anything like that yet." Rowena said, "That's fascinating."

And Harrison nodded, Helga interrupted them then. "Enough about that, Harrison, why don't you tell us more about this soulmate of yours?"

"You mean Sal's heir?"

Helga nodded excitedly, Salazar met Harrison's eyes and then rolled

his eyes dramatically. Harrison stifled a laugh as he started telling about Tom, the past few days as well. He glared at Salazar as the man gave him teasing looks, showing just how amused he was about this whole situation.

Just as Helga was saying how she has to really meet him sometime- they had all seen the man, of course, he had been in the vaults with Harrison.- Sirius came walking towards him.

“You okay, pup?” He asked as he looked at Harrison sitting back against the wall, where Harrison was still sitting.

“I’m okay.” Harrison nodded, “Just had to-“ He motioned to the founders and Sirius nodded.

“Should I go?” He asked and Harrison shook his head.

Rowena answered before Harrison, though. “No, please, stay, Harrison was just telling us about his soulmate.” Her voice was teasing, but a slight threatening undertone under it and Sirius looked at Harrison, raised an eyebrow.

“They asked about Tom.”

“As any person would do,” Sirius said, “Don’t ask too much, Harrison will not stop talking about that man.” He joked to the founders, Rowena’s defensive stance changed a bit then, as she chuckled.

“We noticed,” She said, “Quite adorable, really.”

“Disgustingly adorable.” Sirius agreed easily, sitting down next to Harrison. Harrison leaned his head on Sirius shoulder as he continued to answer the founders questions.

~

The door to his compartment opened and Harrison saw Daphne poke her head through, sighing in relief when she saw him. “I swear, you are *always* here before any of us, how do you do it?”

“And don’t just answer magic.” Tracey said, as she walked in after Daphne.

“I’m the kid of two teachers,” Harrison said, “They have to be here early.”

“Yet Hope is always late.”

“The Potters think they’re too good to listen to the rules of the living.” Harrison said, as the compartment door opened and Cedric and Terence walked in. “And Fred and George, they’re off to somewhere I lost them somewhere while finding this place.”

“Is everyone going to sit here, because I can make the compartment bigger, but the teachers might be worried about half the train being empty.”

“Who cares?” Cedric asked, “You, Terence and I have to take care of this part of the train, I asked Percy.”

“So?”

“So we’re the ones checking if everything’s okay. Everyone being here makes that a whole lot easier.”

“Besides the Gryffindor quidditch team is in their own compartment.” Cedric said, “Something about strategy?”

“That sounds like Wood.” Harrison agreed, as he looked outside seeing Flint walk into the train. “We don’t do that, right?” He asked Terence.

“Nope, Flint doesn’t think it’ll help.”

“Good, because I can tell you already it wouldn’t work.” Harrison agreed. “So what have all of you done on your break?”

“Well we had the whole yule ball thing,” Daphne said, “Then I went to this magical town in spain with my parents.”

Harrison smiled about to ask where exactly when the door to the compartment opened again, Fred and George walked in with *Ginny*.

That was when he realised he never asked them how it went, talking to their sister, when he returned from the Elementals.

“Hey, Ginny, Fred and George.” He said, waving his hand to make the compartment bigger, they were definitely going to need that. Harrison loved magic.

“They weren’t joking when they talked about your magic, I see.” Ginny muttered and Harrison smiled.

“Sit down, as long as your not spying on me for the Potters you’re more than welcome here.”

Ginny scowled as soon as she heard Potters and Harrison decided he quite liked the youngest Weasley. “My mother went absolutely crazy after Fred and George left she tried to convince the Potters to start a *Lawsuit* against you.” She admitted, “Gave up after three weeks, when they realised there was not really any dirt on you.”

“Just my Muggle life?” Harrison said, “Almost got my cousin killed by a snake one time, that wasn’t nice.”

Ginny’s eyes lit up, “No way!’”

Harrison laughed, as the rest of the group listened to him talk about a life he never truly had, he could see Fred and George’s mixture of confusion and thankfulness.

“Ginny herself once almost threw Charlie of his broom with a quaffle, he was already a captain at Hogwarts, she was still a little girl.” Fred said.

“It was so worth it, seeing Charlie’s look afterward.” Ginny said, then she looked around. “Not that Charlie isn’t a good-“

“Don’t worry Gin, they don’t care.” George said, “Welcome to the group, lil Sis.”

“So I’m one of you losers now?” Ginny rolled her eyes, giggling afterwards.

“I think, you’ll fit right in if you want to.” Daphne said, Tracey glanced at her in shock. Daphne was never a fan of Weasley’s it had taken a while for her to accept the twins, now she just accepted Ginny like that.

Daphne shrugged slightly at Tracey.

“So Harrison how was your trip?” Terence asked.

“It was interesting,” He answered honestly. “But the people there are kind of crazy, they kill kids that aren’t elemental. The plants around the town absorb magic, my magic was just gone after two days, I have no idea how they live there.”

“Perhaps the plants only eat magic they don’t recognise?”

Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know, but overall, I learned quite some things about magic, that was the goal so that’s good. And Tom tried to

teach me to throw daggers, which was interesting."

"Hold on-" Tracey said, "They kill kids? Magical kids? But still worship Mother Magic?"

Harrison nodded and Tracey seemed grossed out by the thought of it. "Is it like sacrifices?"

"No they just think the magic in those babies could be better use to certain aspects of Magic or something, they need them dead for that."

Another part of the group entered the compartment and Harrison continued, "What I don't understand is that Magic still gifts them with elemental magic."

"She'll have her reasons." Daphne said, "Can I ask you something I was wondering about?"

Harrison nodded and Daphne smiled, "What happened with that reporter on yule, you just disappeared."

Harrisons eyes widened looking at Ginny then back at the group. He hesitated not sure how Ginny would react.

"Why don't you just do the secrecy spell?" Ginny said, "I know you've used it more often. Don't stop yourself from spilling things because I'm here. I get you don't trust me."

Harrison did his best to hide his surprise, but nodded quickly casting a binding secrecy spell on Ginny. Then looked at Daphne, "I tortured him then obliviated then Yaxley dumped him somewhere unconscious and confused."

Daphne nodded, "I was expecting something along those lines." She admitted, "I was just curious what you were willing to say with another Weasley here."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "I don't think any Weasley would be surprised that I know some torture spells. I'm friends with almost all of them, you know?"

"Our brothers like Harrison more than they like us."

"You should've seen their gifts for Harrison last year, the miniature dragon." Fred said, "It was so cool."

"Charlie and Bill teamed up to make a present?" Ginny said, "Well,

then you can't be a bad person." She decided. "Not that I thought you were- you got Fred and George out after all."

"How's Molly treating you, Ginny?" George asked.

"Since we're being honest and all, she's trying to make me a perfect wife," Ginny said, "Funny story, so Dumbledore thinks he can get Harrison to marry me, absolutely disgusting, but he wants control."

"What?" Harrison asked and Ginny shrugged.

"As far as I've heard they're willing to do anything to get some sort of control over you." Ginny said, "They kept telling me they had the perfect future husband or something and I suppose I never really told them that I'm in no way even interested in marrying someone, before I find someone I actually like."

Harrison nodded in agreement, "Well, I guess I have something to talk about with Dumbledore in my next meeting with the man. Now that he thinks I'm on his side, I might as well try to get the truth out of him." He said, "And you Ginny, try to get in the quidditch team, if you truly knocked Charlie off a broom when you were so young, I'm more than sure that Oliver will be happy to have you."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!! <3

Chapter 62: Don't abuse your power!

Chapter Notes

I feel like I'm constantly plottwisting myself with this story geez.

“It is said that a descendant of Salazar Slytherin was prophesised to rise up during this time, to bring back the country from the Dark Creatures.” Lily said, as she leant against her desk, “No such thing happened interestingly enough, instead the vampires were quickly driven away by Muggles who were making up fantasy stories of their existence, saving our lives and secrecy in the process.”

Harrison sighed, sitting back in his chair as Lily told them another story about Muggles influence on the Wizarding World, he supposed they should be glad it wasn’t all about the Goblin wars, as the classes had been for years, if he had to believe the older students.

“Do you think any of this will actually be in the O.W.Ls?” The Ravenclaw girl next to him asked; that was another thing, Lily made them sit next to random people, Harrison didn’t necessarily mind, but it was still slightly annoying.

“Nah, you should just read through the course book.” Harrison said, “None of this is actually of importance.”

“Anything you wish to share with the rest of the class, Harrison?” Lily spoke up and Harrison glanced around. Amused faces of his friends made up the majority of the group.

“Actually, I was just telling how none of what you’re telling right now will actually be in the O.W.Ls. As the O.W.Ls program will mainly focus on the three major wars and the political background of those, as well as the founders times and witch trials.”

Lily smiled way too sweetly, “Well if you’re so certain, then why don’t you just-“

“Don’t finish that sentence, Mrs Potter, because he actually will.” Another Ravenclaw spoke up, Lily sighed, but continued her story as earlier. Harrison suspected he would already get a note to visit Dumbledore in his office later this evening.

He was correct of course, the letter came during dinner, surprising the

people around him, when it got dropped on the middle of the table, between all the food.

It was a short note, stating just a time. Harrison snorted as he looks up, “Dumbledore.” He said to all the questioning glances.

“Already?” Terence asked, being a year above him, so not having heard about the history class.

Fred and George started telling him about it, as if it was some epic story.

“Lily really does suck as a History teacher.” Terence agreed, “She keeps telling weird stories that shouldn’t matter, especially for the NEWTs, too.” He turned to Harrison specifically then, “Be careful in Dumbledore’s office, though.”

“I’m always careful.” Harrison answered.

“I mean it,” Terence said, “Cedric, he heard some things from the Weasley’s, Molly specifically. That whole thing with Ginny, I think they are prepared to go further than you think to get power over you.”

“Poisoning?” Harrison questioned softly, so no one else would hear and Terence answered.

“Among other things.”

“But I thought Dumbledore trust-“

“He thinks he has you under control now,” Terence said, “If I have to trust Ced, and I do, you should be careful.”

“Fuck, okay, thanks Terence.” He said as he scanned the letter, only for a list of spells to return already. Mostly spells that would release certain fumes when burned. “He’s crazy.” He murmured.

He turned the letter into a stone, “Fred, George?” He asked, “Could you two throw this stone into the black lake?”

They seemed confused but nodded.

“Be careful with it,” He said, “It could be dangerous.”

“Okay, Harrikins.” Fred said, as Harrison handed him the stone. “How dangerous is dangerous?”

“It’s Dumbledore’s letter.”

“*Oh,”* George said, “We’ll be careful.”

Harrison nodded satisfied, only slightly worried for what could possibly happen the moment he walked into Dumbledore’s office.

~

“Harrison, my boy, come in.” Dumbledore sounded cheerful as ever.

“I was surprised when I saw your note, Headmaster, I thought we already had all our annual meetings?”

“Well, if there’s reason to call another meeting, who am I to say no to having the pleasure of having you in my office?”

Harrison smiled pleasantly at the man, “You are right of course.”

“So could you tell me about your issue with having Lily as a teacher, she is truly trying.”

“If the classes aren’t about the things that we will be tested about in a few months, I don’t know how useful the classes are. No offense to Lily, because we had the same issue the year before I came to Hogwarts.”

“So what do you propose?” Dumbledore asked, “As you usually have excellent solutions.”

“Well, you can either give us free hours to learn History on our own, give me the opportunity to help my class or expect everyone to skip the hours if you don’t find a new teacher.”

“And what would you think of teaching?”

“I’m not qualified.” Harrison answered before he could even process what Dumbledore was asking of him, “But neither is Lily.”

“You, for some reason, have excellent knowledge about most of our Wizarding past, if I have to believe other students you tell stories about the past as if you were personally there.” Dumbledore said, “So why not try teaching?”

Harrison narrowed his eyes not sure what Dumbledore was aiming for, but nodded. “Only for the remainder of this year. What will happen to Lily?”

“She’ll help teach Charms again,” Dumbledore said, “We’ll see how we can work it into your schedule you’ll have 14 classes a week to teach.”

“Schedule it during Transfiguration and DADA if you must, I can work something out with Sirius and Remus.” Harrison said, “Why, though?”

Dumbledore smiled, “Maybe more responsibilities will give you a reason to not sneak out most of the time.”

Harrison tried to keep his face neutral, not having realised Dumbledore knew.

Of course he fucking knew.

“And you trust me to give the classes?”

Dumbledore placed a letter with the Ministry of Magic stamp on it, Harrison opened it to find agreement of the education department as well as the Wizengamot.

For the remainder of the year the letter said, taunting him as if Dumbledore had known exactly what he would’ve answered before he had even made the comment about Lily.

That, too, was strange, Lily was only just a teacher getting acceptance like this must’ve taken multiple days.

“How didn’t I know?”

“You were on vacation,” Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling. “I thought this would be a great step towards us working together better, as I really hope our deal will be followed up on.”

“Deal?”

“Well, suggestion.” Dumbledore said, “Are you certain the pressure won’t be too much, it is your O.W.Ls this year.”

“Are you doubting me, headmaster?”

Dumbledore smiled, “Of course not. Anyone in their right mind would admit you could easily do this.”

And Harrison really didn’t trust the man now, what was Dumbledore getting at? He could not refuse, though, the education of the entire Hogwarts student body depends on him now.

Once you learn History of Magic correctly, it will help you with any other magic. Merlin had told him during his classes and Harrison could see how true it was by just looking at the mediocre magic from most generations nowadays. History of Magic was deemed unimportant, taking down the magical skill with it.

The understanding of magic isn't as big. Without it.

"Do we have an agreement?" Dumbledore asked and Harrison nodded slowly.

"When do I start?" He asked and Dumbledore smiled, a little more awkward now.

"I was hoping you could start tomorrow?" He said, "Just the first years, origin of Hogwarts, shouldn't be an issue for the Heir of all the houses, right?"

Harrison glanced at the founder portraits, who seemed just as doubtful about this situation as he was, he nodded slowly.

"You'll also be expected at some staff meetings, but you'll get pay."

"I don't need-"

"I insist, my boy, it's the least I could do."

Harrison narrowed his eyes. This entire situation was off.

"What about prefect duties?" Harrison asked and Dumbledore shrugged.

"They're not too far off from professor duties." He said, "You'll be fine. We'll schedule most hours during the evening, and lessen the total amount of classes to one per year, as you might've noticed by the 14 classes I mentioned earlier."

Harrison nodded, "Thank you, I guess, for giving the students a honest chance to learn the actual history."

"We'll see if it works out," Dumbledore said, "I'm just hoping this will convince you more of our possibilities if we work together." He said, "Outside this school, as well."

Harrison turned to the door, scrunching his nose up in disgust as he walks out, he hears Dumbledore call a "*Goodluck, Professor Black."* Behind him.

And he once again wondered what the hell he had gotten himself into.

~

Harrison crashed in the all house common room, where most of his friends were sitting, waiting for him to finish with his talk with Dumbledore while making their homework, *homework he might soon be grading.*

He groaned as he let his head fall back onto the couch, wondering if it had been Dumbledore's plan to make him feel separated from his friends, even more so than before. A new wall of power separating them, his friends didn't even know yet.

He was really letting this get to his head, wasn't he? None of it made sense, this move didn't seem logical for anyone, the fact that Dumbledore had planned this while he was in Asia with Tom made it so much worse. He obviously had an underlying plan and Harrison didn't know what *that* could possibly be.

"Are you okay?" Terence asked, as he sat down next to him, his voice cutting through the air, silencing everyone around them, as they glanced at Harrison in curiosity. "That meeting took a whole of a lot longer than your usual ones."

Harrison muttered, "I'm confused."

Terence raised an eyebrow, Harrison realised that probably didn't make sense, none of them knew about his internal panic right now. "I got a new job," He said. "Took over the job of a man who supposedly tried to kill me."

"History teacher? With your background, does he know?" Terence asked quietly and Harrison cursed.

"I don't know, could be? I hadn't really even thought about that possibility yet." He muttered, "I don't think it should be possible, but I don't understand why, he said it was to further our agreement, but it feels like a lame excuse."

"And you still said yes?" Blaise asked.

"Had to," Harrison said, "History of Magic can help everyone here, it's an important subject."

"I think you did the right thing," Rowena spoke up, "He was really

pushing you, so be careful, but sharing your knowledge is never wrong." Harrison had totally forgotten the portraits were all in this common room, Harrison nodded at the woman, thankful.

"When do you start?" Oliver asked.

"Tomorrow," Harrison muttered, "This feels like a fucking joke."

"Well, at least you have the power to take away and give points now." Fred joked, "Look at it positively, Harrikins."

Harrison snorted, "Right, as long as he doesn't take away my quidditch- *fuck."*

"You don't think?" Terence asked and Harrison shrugged, running out the room to go back to Dumbledore.

It felt pathetic to ask the man about quidditch, but after a long conversation the man agreed he shouldn't have to give up a hobby if he didn't slack with teaching.

Crisis averted, Harrison thought as he walked back to the mixed common room. Only to seconds later wonder how wrong a statement could be.

~

"And so Salazar recruited Rowena Ravenclaw into using her talents in a whole new prospect, teaching others with her talent. Rowena, who was especially promising in charms agreed immediately and did a lot for the foundations of Hogwarts, as well as charm the sky you all still see to this day, in the great hall." Harrison recited the exact information Merlin had told him ages ago, information he had fact checked with Rowena yesterday to make sure he didn't miss anything.

A brave kid raised his finger, "Where's Mrs. Potter?" He asked and Harrison smiled pleased.

"She was needed to teach charms," He said, "Don't worry I will make sure you all make it. Now does anyone know who was the third Founder to join Salazar and Rowena?"

Another kid raised their fingers correctly answering that there was no *third* founder, as Gryffindor and Hufflepuff had been taken into consideration from the start, they were recruited at the same time.

Harrison nodded, smiling at the kid, only for him to realise his *class* was almost over. “Alright I want all of you to do some research into the spells used to make a castle like this, the origin of those spells. Don’t make it too long, but I feel like you all have been taught about *History* the past few months, totally forgetting about the *Magic* part. Have fun, be creative.” He said and the kids quickly put their books back into their backpack. Harrison waved his hands to open the door to the classroom.

A girl approached his desk, “Professor,” She said, “I wasn’t sure if we still needed to do this, but I have an essay about my insights of the war between Muggles and Wizards, would you need it.” She handed the scroll over and Harrison smiled at her.

“Thank you,” Harrison said, “I’m excited to read about your thoughts.”

The girl nodded excitedly as she walked away, back to her friends. Harrison put the scroll on his desk, wondering if the content of the scroll would give Tom more or less hope for the future generations of the Wizarding World.

He snorted, one day without Tom and the man was already all he could think about, quite pathetic if you asked him.

He grabbed the journal, writing a quick message he meant to write yesterday.

Can’t come over, Dumbledore promoted me, I’m now officially History teacher, I don’t trust that man at all.

The reply came quickly as ever, *Be careful. That man is a creep. I miss you.*

Harrison smiled writing *I miss you too.* Into the journal. Then rushing out of his classroom, kind of hoping he would make it to his transfiguration class still, even if he didn’t *have to.*

He enjoyed transfiguration.

“Sorry I’m late,” He announced, to the room, as he walked in. Sirius, who was apparently teaching alone today, gave him an amused look.

“No problem, teach.” He said, “Should I say professor?”

“*Tsk,* 5 points from Gry-“

“Don’t abuse your power!” Sirius said, “Sit down, child.”

Harrison scowled, but sat down next to Cedric, who muttered, “I thought I was going to be alone the rest of the year.”

Harrison shook his head, “I’ll be hear as often as I can afford.”

“Alright,” Sirius said, “So today we’re discussing the vanishing spell, be careful, this can be an annoying spell, especially if you accidentally vanish your brother while he was in his animagus form, not speaking from experience, of course.” Sirius said.

Harrison rolled his eyes as the rest of the class laughed, poor Regulus.

~

The seventh year class had to be the most absurd class Harrison was teaching, as his simple introduction to Gringotts past, somehow turned into an argument about *The soap blizzard of 1378* Harrison gave them a weird homework exercise to conspire about the origin of this disaster in groups. Oliver and Flint approached him together after class.

“Interesting class your teaching,” Oliver sounded amused, “But really the blizzard? You just let them go on about that?”

“It’s actually part of the NEWTs usually.” Harrison muttered, “Don’t ask me how or why, but it’s in the course so I won’t try to dampen their enthusiasm of coming up with conspiracy theories if that makes them think about the shit in the course.”

“I can see why Dumbledore thought you’d be a good teacher.” Flint said, “But I still expect you at the quidditch fields, *Professor.”*

“I’ll come to training as soon as I finish grading papers.” Harrison replied, making Oliver snort.

“Goodluck, professor.” He said and Harrison nodded.

As soon as he turned to his desk, he saw the scroll earlier put away, from the first year a few days ago. He picked it up, opened it, only to see a long essay written about the wrongs of both side of the war, new idea’s for teaming up.

The more Harrison read the more he realised that this kid was really *fucking smart.*

And her idea's were dangerous, for magic, their world, if Dumbledore ever found it- fucking hell. The kid was talking about throwing open all borders, dark creature control, a small Ravenclaw girl it had been.

Harrison turned the scroll into flames in his hand, feeling bad for the girl. He would tell her something positive, he would never blame the girl, as this bullshit was probably all she had been taught by the History teachers.

Only once the note was burned and released a purplish cloud he realised his mistake. The letter had been written in the exact way Lily used to write her letters.

He ignored the pounding it caused in his head, as he coughed and tried a bunch of spells to clear the air around him, only to collapse mere seconds later.

Imperio. A voice whispered in his head, *she wasn't herself.*

"Mother Magic?" Harrison groaned and a quiet hum confirmed his suspicions, "Who did it?"

Not Dumbledore.

"Fucking hell, tell me who please."

I don't know.

"Was it Lily?"

You have to go back, Harrison. You never left.

"What do you mean?" Harrison groaned, feeling the pounding in his head worsen, that was weird.

"Harrison, wake up." A voice said. "Come back to us."

Harrison groaned again, as he opened his eyes. He didn't expect Terence and Cedric to sit there. "Fuck," He muttered, "This feels like shit."

"You mentioned Lily?" Cedric said, "Mrs. Potter."

"The scroll I burned, it looked like she wrote it." Harrison said, "It was well-" He made a vague hand gesture.

"We have to get you to Tom." Terence said.

“Wha-“ Harrison asked and Terence sighed.

“Your link thing-“ He tried to explain, “You might heal quicker.”

“I just got cursed.” Harrison said, “I’ll be fine.”

“Anyone else would’ve just gotten cursed,” Terence said, “You might land yourself into another coma.”

“How late is it? Did I miss quidditch?” Harrison asked suddenly.

“Quidditch is right now, Harrison.” Terence said, “Half way through training.”

“Okay, so we make a deal? I sleep at Tom’s tonight, but we go to training first.” He said and Terence sighed. “I promised Flint!”

Terence met Cedric’s eyes, the other boy shrugged and Terence nodded, “Fine, come on, let’s go flying.”

Harrison nodded, part of him couldn’t wait to fall into bed, cuddle up with Tom and forget about the possibility of his *birth mother* trying to curse him or anything similar.

He followed Terence to the quidditch field, not even bothering to change, Flint seemed glad he showed up even when he proved to not be quite as energetic as usually.

The entire Slytherin team ignored Cedric, captain of the Hufflepuffs, watching them. Harrison silently laughed at him and Terence for thinking they could ever keep it secret.

~

Nothing felt better than startling Tom awake by crashing on top of him, when Tom didn’t know he would show up.

“Hello, darling.” Tom grunted as Harrison moved the man so that he could comfortably lay in Tom’s arms. “Or should I call you professor?”

“Is it too late in the evening to ask you to listen to me and give your opinion about something?” Harrison asked and Tom shook his head, suddenly Harrison could feel him wake up over the link.

Harrison, instead of saying anything sent the memories to Tom; the scroll, everything.

By the end of it, Tom was fully awake and Harrison only felt slightly bad for waking him up.

“Not Dumbledore for sure, he wouldn’t have gone through the effort of making you a teacher, just to do this.”

“There were some charms on his letters.”

“There always are.” Tom said, “You’re certain the text felt like Lily?”

“Written as if it’s specifically to piss me off,” Harrison said, “It doesn’t make sense, Lily hasn’t been proving she’s the brightest lately.”

“She’s smart,” Tom said, “Brightest witch of her time. That didn’t just go away.”

“It just does not make sense,” Harrison said, “Any of it, I didn’t understand why Dumbledore made me a teacher all of the sudden, being supportive of all my requests. Now this and I mean she used an eleven year old girl. The girl could’ve-“

“Harrison,” Tom said, “It’s okay you’ll be fine. If this was Lily you just need to figure out how and why.”

Harrison nodded slowly, “Right,” He said, “Sorry for waking you, Terence kind of forced me to come here, cause he thought I could heal quicker with your magic around me.”

“Well,” Tom smirked, as he closed what was left of the gap between them, pulling Harrison against him. “Tell Terence thank you, because I genuinely missed you.”

“Don’t get clingy,” Harrison muttered, “I missed you too.”

Tom laughed, Harrison felt it more than saw it. Tom placed a kiss on his temple afterwards, “Go to sleep, sweetheart.”

Harrison hummed, “Goodnight, Tommy boy.”

“Goodnight, darling.”

~

“The medieval witch-hunts were an important part of our history.” Harrison said, “These hunts caused a big leap in our faith in our own magic as well in magic without help from objects. The fear it caused, made masses of witched and wizards learn how to apparate, as well as

cast other basic spells wandless. This was their only way of protection when Muggles caught them. They often chose a fire resistance spell, mixed with apparition over violence."

"So you're saying times of fear lead to the greatest inventions for us?" Hermione spoke up before Harrison could even tell her to, she seemed genuinely interested, though, but the question felt like a trap.

"Times of fear spark up creativity," Harrison answered easily, "However this does not mean that a war would help us continuing the skill in magic. A war such as the last Wizarding war between Dumbledore and Voldemort only caused mass hysteria, which does not help magic in the same way at all. Weakening our magic in the process."

Harrison glanced at Hope, Ron and Hermione, he knew they had been against this plan, but Dumbledore probably stopped them from acting. They had been sitting normally the entire hour, not really doing *anything*.

That was about as much as he would get.

Daphne raised her finger and Harrison smiled, motioning for her to continue. "So where, *Professor,* does this fear that sparks up creativity turn into the mass hysteria we try to avoid?"

"The moment that the threats you're getting seem to have no other solution." Harrison said, "With Voldemort, everyone gave up, they trusted Dumbledore to an extend, but only because of his earlier proved power. Nobody believed they could've made a difference with their own magic. Due to two people showing their immense amounts of magic, people got hopeless and gave up. Turning their trust away from Mother Magic, who could've helped them and instead to Dumbledore, who also helped them in the end." Harrison said, "Turning your back against the small bit of faith you have in yourself instead of to another person, means you will not try to find a way to get out yourself, thus the spark of creativity turns into hopelessness."

Daphne nodded, seemingly deep in thought.

"You all can form your own opinion about that," Harrison said to his once classmates, "However, it is important to know that the consequences this fear had on the sudden leap of magic usage in the medieval time, is directly related to witch trials and the panic during that time. This will be part of the exam at the end of the year as well." He looked around the class, people were writing notes now, that's

good. “As for the homework, you can all give me your insights about the differences between this hysteria and creativity viewing different parts of the history you’ve discussed in your classes already.” He decided.

~

The marauders map was what made Harrison realise something, it was while he was grading homework- and god that made him feel way older than he was. - the map open to track Peter Pettigrew.

When suddenly Lily was there, right next to Pettigrew. Which was weird as usually the rat stayed close to Ron and Lily was almost never with them, not unless Hope was there.

It fell into place then, Harrison didn’t know why it took so long for him to connect Pettigrew with the fact that Ron had a *rat as a pet.* But he felt stupid as he followed Lily and Pettigrew on the map. He got up quickly ignoring the rest of the pile of seventh year homework, quite fairly none of them would truly care about his grading, he needed to know what was going on with Lily and Peter.

He sprinted through the hall, ignoring the confused looks from other students, as he ran into a corridor he had only been in years ago. He slowed down then, his own place on the map suddenly very close to Lily and-

No peter.

Fuck.

He turned back, walking into the crowded hallways of Hogwarts once again, perhaps he would find them later.

“Hey professor,” Someone shouted after him, “Are you okay?”

Harrison turned around to come face to face with Adrian, he nodded, “Yeah, I mean I’m good.”

“I saw you sprinting out of your classroom,” He said, “What’s up?”

“I’m going crazy.” He replied, as if that answered the question. “I saw someone on this map that shows where people are a while ago, someone who I thought to be dead.”

“Okay?” Adrian said and Harrison shook his head.

“I think Ron’s rat might be Peter Pettigrew.”

“The man who gave Voldemort the opportunity to break into your-“

“Yes, that Peter Pettigrew, and I know that *technically* he helped me end up where I am right now, but I genuinely don’t like him. And I want- *need* to talk to him. Call it closure, if you will.”

“Okay, so we need to kidnap Ron’s rat.” The boy stated and Harrison looked at him in surprise.

“You’re helping me?”

“Of course,” Adrian said, “Look, I’m pretty damn sure after everything you’ve done for us, anyone here would help you. Especially when you almost gave your life to get rid of some dementors.”

Harrison nodded, “Okay, yeah, let’s go kidnap a rat, I guess.”

“We should recruit some more people first, a gryffindor perhaps?” Adrian suggested, Harrison could see he was probably thinking of asking Oliver, but suddenly Harrison thought of something.

“Ginny, we need Ginny.” He said, “She’ll help.”

“The sister?”

“Believe me.” Harrison said, “This will work.”

Adrian nodded, Harrison wasn’t even sure why they were suddenly kidnapping a rat, but he had been absolutely going crazy and he needed to know what was up with Lily.

And maybe he could finally deliver the rat to Tom, watch the man absolutely destroy Pe-

One step at a time, Harrison. He reminded himself as Adrian and he walked to the great hall, apparently that’s where almost his entire group was right now, so Harrison just hoped Ginny was part of that group.

~

“You want me to steal Scabbers?” Ginny asked, “Because he’s an animagus?”

Harrison nodded, “I know it sounds-“

“Absolutely insane?” Ginny laughed, “Of course I’ll help, I just hope you’re wrong, that rat has lived with us since like forever. Slept in Ron’s bed and everything if he actually is Peter Pettigrew.”

“Yeah, that’s disturbing, Harrikins.” Fred muttered, “He lived with us for years.”

“Well, I’m sorry.” Harrison said, “But to find out I need that rat and if he’s actually Peter Pettigrew I’ll sent him to Tom after that he’ll deal with it.”

“Who’s this Tom?” Ginny asked and Harrison glanced at the girl.

“You’ll find out, as soon as we get to know you better.”

Ginny looked like she wanted to argue, but George stopped her quickly, a hand on her shoulder and a few whispered words, the girl nodded and said. “Alright, I’ll try and get Scabbers.”

“Thank you.” Harrison said, relief and Ginny nodded, looking around at everyone.

“Wait you want me to do it now-“

“When Harrison asks you to do something, you do it, darlin’” Daphne said, “It’s how it works.” She leant with her head on her hands, an amused smirk on her face and Ginny swallowed, nodding.

“Of course-“ She muttered, “I’ll just- go do that then.”

She rushed out of the hall and Harrison rolled his eyes, “No need to be so rude, Daph.”

“I mean, you did want it to happen now, did you not?” She asked sweetly and Harrison scowled at her. “You’ll make a proper Dark Lord, someday, Harrison.”

“I think he *already is one.”* Adrian replied, noticing Harrisons stinging hex too late to reflect it.

~

Ginny came back quite a bit later, Harrison thought it must’ve taken a while to find Scabbers, paler than before, holding a rat by its tail. She had it stunned, showing an impressive amount of magic for a second year, as she threw the rat in Harrisons direction.

Harrison nodded thanks as he inspected the rat, twitching his hand to cancel the animagus charm, he wasn't sure if he should feel relieved or grossed out when the rat started turning back into a human slowly. The man himself, Peter Pettigrew, looked like a rat even in his human form.

One *incarcerous* later, the man was sitting with ropes all around him.

"Harry Potter," He muttered, "You were-"

"Hush," Harrison muttered, "I do the talking you do the listening when I'm done we'll take a trip to *Lord Voldemort."* He hissed Tom's title, knowing damn well Tom made sure all his followers could recognise his title even in the language of snakes.

Peter's eyes went wide and Harrison smirked.

"Now we can do this the easy way, where you talk and we listen." He said, "Or the hard way where I torture you until your begging for me to let you talk instead, okay?" Peter stayed deadly silent, the only sign that he had heard something was his skin getting paler. "Now, I noticed that earlier today you were talking to Lily. Tell me Peter, what the hell would my birth mom be doing with you?"

"She and I-" Peter said, "W-w-we had a deal. She forgave me a while ago as I only helped her fulfil a prophecy. She wanted me to spy on you, try and get dirt on you." Peter said.

"So she forgave you for working with Voldemort."

Peter nodded and Harrison sat down, not understanding, truly. "You betrayed Voldemort." He stated and Peter nodded.

"It was the only way to survive."

"You could've let us all live normally, in peace."

Peter's eyes darted around the room, "You wouldn't have lived normally either way." He said and Harrison scoffed.

"You're pathetic." He spat, "You just do whatever works for you at the moment, not noticing that everyone you ever worked for is *using* you. You spent most of your time as a rat out of all creatures."

He felt a hand on his shoulder, the comfort came in waves, boosted by Tom in the back of his mind who probably felt something was up all

the way from Slytherin manor.

He hadn't even noticed that Peter Pettigrew out of all people had upset him this much. Harrison just didn't understand him, the man had zero pride yet destroyed the lives of others so easily without any regrets at all.

It angered him.

Which the others had probably noticed because a part of his magic was angrily sweeping through the great hall.

"Calm down, Har." Terence said.

He nodded, "I'm going to kill him," He said softly, so that the others wouldn't hear him. He knew most of them knew exactly what he would do, some however.

Terence chuckled, "I don't doubt that, just wait for Tom, it's a cute date right?"

Harrison scoffed, but laughed, "Thank you."

"Please-" Peter said, as soon as he noticed the attention was back on him and Harrison immediately silenced him with a spell.

"Can someone keep an eye on Lily?" He asked the room, "I don't trust a word this man just said."

Chapter 63: Patience, sweetheart

Chapter Notes

Contains smut, never wrote that like this.
Don't hate lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom was waiting for him, almost nervously tapping his finger on his desk as he watched the cabinet. It's not exactly everyday that he feels a flare of anger coming from Harrison. So he sat there an waited, trying to calm himself down.

Harrison was fine.

It was then that he stormed into Tom's office, a rat in his hand. "He made a fucking deal with Lily." Harrison spat as he motioned to the rat.

"Pettigrew?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded, "He made a deal with Lily?"

"Yeah, I saw them talking on the map and I just-" Harrison sighed, "If Pettigrew betrayed the dark, because he was scared of you and now went back to the light- it's just the most disgusting kind of person. No loyalty whatsoever."

"Thus the anger," Tom muttered, "Are you okay? You're not hurt, are you?"

"I'm fine," Harrison said, "I'm sorry for worrying you."

Tom smiled at him, getting up from his chair, "Well have I ever shown you the Slytherin dungeons?"

He was pretty sure Harrison had seen them before, but he still started leading the man as if he had never been in the castle before. "It is my favourite spot after all."

"Any other people locked in there right now?"

"Currently?" Tom asked, "No, but I have used them in the past." The stairs were very similar to the staircase the Slytherins took to quickly go from the DADA classroom to their own common room. Only in this

castle the staircase led to a room with a big room, leading to cells and other things such as chains to lock people up.

They locked Pettigrew in one of the cells together, charming the door to make sure that even in his animagus form the man wouldn't be able to slip out. Harrison then forced him back into human form, followed by Tom casting some more spells, one of them making sure that Pettigrew wouldn't be able to slip back into his animagus form easily.

"Harry-" Peter said, "This isn't what your-"

"Silence," Tom said, "You've failed me."

The rat grabbed his left arm in pain, looking up at Tom in shock, "My- My Lord."

Tom's lips moved upward into a smirk just slightly, even now that he was saner he enjoyed the power he had over *everyone* really. Only he didn't show it quite as aggressive. "So you do remember me?"

"Of course, I- I do, My Lord."

"Now you see, I wasn't quite sure, since you never even thought to seek me out." Tom said, "Somehow all the Death Eaters knew I returned, yet you stayed away?"

"I thought you were dead." Peter muttered.

Tom scoffed, "Right." He muttered, "I can forgive you for not trying to find and help me, Peter, truly."

Peter looked disgustingly hopeful, just one look sideways at Harrison told Tom enough, he was just as disgusted by the hope, yet ability to lie from a man in the situation of Peter.

"It's all in the past," Tom assured him. "Yet, you talking to the enemy, working together with a woman who tried to sabotage my-" He looked at Harrison again. "My equal, it's unforgivable."

"H-him?" Peter said, "You-"

He got cut off by a cruciatus curse, Tom casting it with a twitch of his wrist.

"Choose your words wisely, Peter." Tom said, "You don't have a lot of them left."

“Tom?” Harrison said softly, a weird look in his eyes. Tom felt something over the link, but it was hard to feel. “Should we just leave him here, to rot before we- y’know?”

Tom nodded, “I like the way you think, darling.” He said, “Think about it, Peter, we’ll be back.”

He followed Harrison out, making sure to double check if the door was closed properly, he didn’t want Peter to get out and roam about freely. Then he rushed after Harrison, who apparently was waiting upstairs.

“Are you okay?” Tom asked, cautiously, not quite familiar with this area of Harrison-emotions.

“Fucking hell, Tom.” Harrison said, pulling his face down to kiss him. And- Oh.

Oh.

Lust, of fucking course, he should’ve recognised the emotion, he had felt it before, similar, but not quite like this.

He was quick to react, kissing Harrison back, pushing all the doubts- *fucking age difference,* really fucked with his head- so that he could react properly.

He smirked into the kiss, pulling away to whisper, “What has got you worked up like this?”

“You’re fucking hot.” Harrison muttered, “You’re whole Dark Lord thing, it’s really working for me. Especially because I could feel your protectiveness- It’s- you’re amazing.”

Tom kissed the corner of Harrison’s mouth before carefully moving Harrison’s head sideways, Harrison willingly moving for him, exposing his bare neck.

He wanted to sink his teeth in it, scar the neck like some goddamn vampire.

And Harrison would let him.

Having such power over someone felt intoxicating, usually. But, with Harrison it also scared him a little, he didn’t want to hurt him. Instead he felt protective, wanting to make Harrison feel safer than he has

ever felt before.

So rather than biting, scarring, he scattered careful open mouthed kisses over the bare skin, leaving shorter lasting bruises behind, enjoying every little movement Harrison made, every sound he made.

“My Dark Lord thing, huh?” He asked after a while and Harrison made an annoyed sound in the back of his throat. All Tom could do is chuckle, “You’re cute.” He moved his head backwards placing a kiss on his nose, looking into Harrison’s eyes.

“*Tom.”* Harrison muttered, “I know you have your whole moral thing and I-“ He stopped, “Just, I’m sure. I don’t care about anyone else, I just- I *want you*, Tom.”

Tom knew this, Harrison had told him before, yet he always refrained himself from acting on his feelings, he hated to admit it, but it must be some deep anchored fear that Harrison would change his mind, after he had totally gotten used to this, *to them.*

He made a noise, that would’ve made him kill anyone who heard him, but now it was Harrison in front of him. Harrison who’d never use anything against him, Harrison who got a smirk on his face the moment he heard the noise knowing that he had won Tom over from whatever mental fight was stopping him.

And that just wouldn’t do, Tom mused. He grabbed Harrison’s wrist, glad that he could apparate inside as just minutes later they were in Harrison’s room in the castle, the room hadn’t been used in a while- there was no need to mess up their sleeping place if they have more than enough rooms in this place.

Before Harrison even realised where they were his back hit the wall, Tom leaning over him immediately, kissing him a lot more heated now and Harrison kissed him back with just as much enthusiasm. Enjoying the taste, the smell, everything that was just so *Tom.*

“Tell me if you want to stop,” Tom said, “Fully or just for a bit.” He muttered, “It’s all on your terms, alright?”

“If it’s all on my terms, then this is me telling you to *fucking get a move on it.”* Harrison replied.

Tom tsked, “So impatient, *darling.“* He said as his hand glided down Harrisons shoulders, his chest, downwards, until they eventually found the hem of his shirt. “I know you’ve only ever had your own

hand as a partner, but this part is one of the best parts." He helped Harrison's out of his shirt, quickly removing his own afterwards.

Why did he always wear such complex clothing?

And Harrison just stood there watching him, leaning against the wall, breathing heavily. Looking like an absolute sin.

And it shouldn't influence Tom's entire thought process so much, he had been through this whole process multiple times, mostly as a power trip, but yet he had never quite felt like this.

He crowded Harrison against the wall once again, his warm hands found Tom's back quickly exploring, mapping out his body. Tom's own hands rested against Harrison's side, just above his hips, pulling him closer against him. His mouth found Harrison's shoulder as he pushed his right leg between Harrison's legs.

Harrison whined as he involuntarily trust his hips against Tom's thigh. His face flushed, seemingly somewhat embarrassed, but Tom just pulled back and watched him, the view beyond anything that he had even suspected. When Harrison opened his eyes and saw Tom watching him, heated look in his eyes, it suddenly changed.

Tom could feel the turn from embarrassment to some determination in his own mind as Harrison grinded down once again, soft moans escaping his mouth and he kept repeating the motion, *using Tom*'s thigh to get off.

And Tom would've gotten annoyed, but he couldn't, not when Harrison looked like a living fantasy in front of him. He moved his hands, exploring Harrison's chest, trying to memorise every detail of his skin, the feel of it underneath his fingers. And Harrison stilled then, sighing, as Tom moved his hands downwards again. He toyed with the button in Harrison's jeans, opening it slowly as he looked at Harrison.

Harrison nodded, seemingly understanding Tom's constant need for a reminder that this was *okay. Harrison wanted this.*

Harrison helped Tom getting him out of his pants, after which he looked at Tom like he wasn't sure what to do, Tom just closed the gap between them kissing Harrison, happy to feel Harrison's hand back on him after a few seconds. When they broke away from each other for air, Tom started kissing downwards, skipping the neck instead placing kisses all over Harrison's chest, moving downwards even further. He

kneeled in front of Harrison, making sure every part of him got the same amount of attention.

And Harrison was responsive, making noises and slight movements, his right hand found the back of Tom's hair, playing with the hair in his neck as Tom sucked and licked until he marked every part of Harrison's body. His possessiveness felt content as he watched his artwork scattered across the skin. Harrison wouldn't be able to change in the locker room for quidditch without getting a thousand questions.

That's good.

"Tom," Harrison whined as Tom placed small kisses on the bottom of his stomach, so close yet so far. He probably was truly enjoying this too much, watching Harrison fall apart in front of him, because the boy looked absolutely wrecked already.

"Shh-" Tom said, "Patience, sweetheart."

Harrison's breath hitched as Tom let his hand softly rub Harrison through the thin fabric of his underwear. He watched Harrison then, sitting back, as he made small movements with his hand. Harrison reacted beautifully, squirming and whining as he kept being teased through the fabric.

"*You're so beautiful, sweetheart."* Tom hissed in parseltongue, Harrison whined again and Tom decided to finally give some mercy, he hooked his thumb into Harrison's underwear and pulled it downwards in one swift movement, giving Harrison no time to react as he watched his expressions closely. He placed another kiss on Harrison's lower-stomach, "*So perfect."* He said truthfully.

Harrison moaned softly in response and Tom hadn't ever had an experience where he enjoyed kneeling in front of someone this much. Watching Harrison, worshipping him as he deserves, it felt really fucking good.

For that he could forget his own needs.

Harrison was watching him closely, not sure what his next move would be so Tom just smiled up at him sweetly before licking his tip, tasting him as Harrison once again threw his head against the wall.

Tom moved slowly, firstly only sucking the tip in his mouth, before moving a bit further. Using whatever he had learned during his late-teen early twenties now- it truly had been embarrassingly long since

he did something like this for enjoyment, instead of some bigger motive.

Harrison's hands once again found his hair, and maybe Harrison just really wanted to see him with messy post-sex hair because he was playing and moving around, making sure to mess up the look Tom always had.

Tom didn't necessarily mind, not if he could feel Harrison trying to restrain himself from pulling too harshly on Tom's hair as Tom swallowed him down, using his tongue to get familiar with him on a whole other level.

He was moaning Tom's name mixed with "Oh god's" and it just got to Tom's ego.

"I'm not going to last-" Harrison gasped as Tom moaned with Harrison in his mouth, when Harrison pulled his hair a little harsher than before.

Tom looked Harrison in his eyes and tried to sent him a mental image, he never fucking thought he would use that for *this,* but then again, why not?

It wasn't exactly surprising that Harrison moaned his name as he watched himself come undone in Tom's mouth, in the made up memory. Tom could feel how close he was, somewhere in the back of his mind Harrison's pleasure was echoing into his own and it felt.. fucking amazing.

He was starting to truly understand the big pro of this whole soulmates and lovers thing.

The earlier made up fantasy suddenly became a reality as the only warning Tom got was a sharper pull on his hair then before. Tom swallowed as he watched Harrison fall apart, musing that they might've as well done this in the master bedroom, they hadn't even touched the bed.

He helped Harrison lay down, petting his hair as Harrison leant into him, aftercare had never really been a specialty of his. He never cared enough, but now, it felt important.

"Tom-" Harrison muttered, a shaking hand reaching out to the quite obvious tent in Tom's own pants. Tom just stopped the hand, fucking blue balling himself to make sure that Harrison was okay, that he was

comfortable.

“Today, darling,” Tom said, “Is all about you, I’m fine, alright?”

Harrison looked up into his eyes, seemingly having an internal conflict. “Will you let me?” He asked after a minute, biting his lip.

Tom swallowed, still tasting Harrison in his mouth even now, as he nodded.

That’s all the confirmation Harrison needed to reach into Tom’s pants with confidence Tom hadn’t thought was possible in a moment like this.

And as Harrison took him in his hand, doing his best to make Tom a moaning mess for a change, Tom couldn’t even say he was surprised that Harrison was good at this, too. Because, honestly, was there a single thing Harrison did not excel in?

~

“My possessive streak really got to me yesterday,” Tom groaned as he watched Harrison look at himself into the mirror, hickeys covering his entire chest. “Want help covering them?”

It was one of the rare times Harrison actually got up before him, Tom was still laying in the bed of the heir room that Harrison had once called his, now however it felt like every other guest room in this place.

Harrison glanced at him over his shoulder, “Nah,” He said, “Maybe it will satisfy the possessive monster inside you if I don’t cover them *at all.”*

Tom raised an eyebrow, “You’re teaching a class today.”

“So?”

“Ready for the whole walk of shame thing?” Tom asked, amused as Harrison contemplated the question.

“I don’t think I should be ashamed-“ Harrison said, “I mean maybe *it was* embarrassing, fucking timing.”

Tom snorted, “I was happy to oblige.”

“Of course you were.” Harrison said, “Do you want me to cover them

up with some charms?"

Tom watched him, Harrison was well aware that he just asked the possibly most possessive man on earth if he wanted to show the world that he was taken, giving him his chance to stake his claim. "You should," Tom muttered.

"But you don't want me to," Harrison said for him, "And I don't want to." He added. "Since when do you care about should and shouldn't?"

Tom just smiled at Harrison's cheeky expression, as he put his clothing back on- a lot of cleaning charms had been cast before that, admittedly.

"Don't kill Peter without me," He said, "Even though that might be more productive." He muttered after that and Tom laughed, finally getting up to hug Harrison from behind, placing a kiss on his temple.

"Have fun teaching, darling." He said and Harrison turned around, placing a quick kiss on his mouth.

"You know I will." He said, "I love you." He added and Tom smiled, he got better at not feeling totally fucking wrecked every time Harrison said that, because he couldn't feel love on the same level as Harrison. He felt admiration, he liked Harrison, he enjoyed being around him. Harrison was his favourite person, and that was enough, but love felt like a foreign concept.

Another quick kiss and Harrison left, leaving Tom alone in the Heir room.

~

Maybe he really should've thought better about this whole hickey situation, because truly he didn't mind.

But he was teaching 6th years today.

He was teaching Terence's class.

Terence who walked in with a group, a mix of Slytherins and Hufflepuffs, Terence who spotted him first and smirked the moment he spotted the marks.

Really, they weren't that visible underneath his robes, but still they were there.

Terence said something to his friends before approaching Harrison. “Nice job, teach.” He said, “Didn’t know that Tom was also a vampire.”

Harrison scowled, “I *can* and *will* take points.” He muttered.

“And risk the hatred of the entirety of the Slytherin house?” Terence asked, “Just let me tease you, Har.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, him and Terence both knew that he didn’t truly mind. He could’ve easily covered everything with a twist of his wrist.

“How was it?” Terence asked, “Did he have some weird dominance thing going on- you would expect that from-“

“*Terence,”* Harrison said, “Please- just sit down?”

Terence’s smirk only grew, “Later then,” He said, following Harrisons request.

“Alright class,” Harrison said, “Today we are going to talk about the origins of wandlore and the problems we are facing currently with these wands.” He said, “As an introduction to this subject I want all of you to analyse your own cores and the meaning of it. For example, my wand has a phoenix feather in it, the only other feather the phoenix has ever dropped was used to create another wand, thus the many prophecies of me and certain other people. Besides that, every core and wood type used has a character that tells you a lot about yourself.”

He ignored the whispers as the class started working, the snickering, he knew this was going to happen. And yet, he didn’t truly mind, he was just another teenager in this school. The amount of times he saw others in the state he was in right now, well he couldn’t count it on two hands.

What he did very quickly notice was the difference between him and others, because suddenly there were bets going on, ‘*who was Harrisons secret lover?’* None of them had guessed it yet so far, because everyone suspected it was someone in the school.

“It’s truly disgusting how many people think I’m with Fred or George.” Harrison scrunched his nose up, “They’re my brothers.”

“Not biologically, besides incest isn’t that strange with purebloods.”

Blaise said as if that would comfort him. “I think the people who bet on Oliver Wood know something we don’t.” He said, jokingly.

“All of the quidditch captains are quite popular, I’ve noticed.” Daphne said, “Also the world seem to think you’re not interested in girls at all.”

“It’s because he never looks twice,” Tracey said, “When was the last time you saw Harrison accidently court a girl? That’s right never.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “I don’t treat you any differently than I do any of my friends.” He muttered, “Sorry, but the thought of *being* with anyone here disgusts me.”

“As a true soulmate would say.” Tracey said dreamingly, laughing as Harrison elbowed her. “This! This is why they could never see you as a straight man.”

“I just heard two people bet that Harrison fell in love with the Malfoy charm after all,” Cedric said, as he sat down with them, “What’s going on?”

“Tom’s a vampire.” Tracey answered before Cedric could even spot what the hell they were talking about.

Once he did he snorted, “Right.”

“Draco, though, seriously?” Blaise asked, “He barely hangs around with us anymore since he reacted quite badly to- yknow.”

“Do you want more people to guess your name?” Daphne asked and Blaise rolled his eyes.

“I believe you are the most popular bet for girls, Daph.” Tracey said.

“Of course I am, no one else could handle Harrison and do that.” She motioned to Harrisons neck and Harrison had to laugh at that.

“Somehow I don’t believe you could either.” Tracey said. “Enough of this, Harrison can you please help me with the whole witch hunt problem, I don’t understand what you want from us.”

Harrison nodded and tried to explain what he expected from the essay.

~

Harrison blinked, trying to keep his eyes open as he watched the figure outside close in onto the innocent bird. It was a person dressed in black, Harrison had only noticed them once he wandered past the window he had found Luna and Neville at a time ago. When they still had to make sure the unicorns left.

“What are you looking at?” Terence asked, once again having manipulated Gemma till the point she let them do prefect rounds together. He had been walking a second year girl back to her dorm, after they caught her sneaking through the halls.

“There’s a person-“ Harrison motioned outside, Terence looked over his shoulder and Harrison looked back out, only for the figure, but also the bird to have totally disappeared.

Terence nodded, “Must’ve apparated, that’s weird.”

“There’s anti-apparation wards,” Harrison muttered.

“Well, everyone who goes to school here gets access right? The ability to apparate?”

Harrison nodded and Terence shrugged, “Might’ve been a student or teacher.” He said, “Or you might’ve finally lost your mind, it was bound to happen eventually.”

“Yeah- I guess.” Harrison agreed, “It felt different, though.”

“Come on, only a little longer to go then we can go back to Slytherin dorms and get some well deserved sleep. You still haven’t told me about your experience with Tom.” He teased.

Harrison rolled his eyes, glancing at Terence, “It was- it was good, fucking weird.” He admitted and Terence’s smile only widened, “Now you have to tell me, professor.”

Harrison grimaced, “Don’t call me that when I’m telling you about-“

“Got it, got it, now what happened?”

~

And Harrison truly meant to keep it at that, but he saw the figure again, when he was walking through the empty corridors way to goddamn early. It happened so suddenly, a black cloaked person turned a corner, approaching him, and then right in front of his nose

the person disappeared.

And for a second Harrison wasn't sure if anything was real, maybe he had just fainted once again. Except he hadn't and he truly had just seen a person turn into mist right in front of him. And it was *fucking insane.*

He looked behind him, to make sure no one else was there, then continued on walking. He wouldn't have gotten up this early if he didn't have things to do. He had a shit ton of papers to grade before his first class, a Charms class he decided to actually attend.

He was glad for the silence as he sat down at his usual spot in the empty great hall, no speculations, no distractions, just him and his stack of essays from students.

It must've been 2 hours later that Adrian dropped onto the bench opposite of him, Terence sitting on his left.

Harrison was almost done with the last few essays, so he was glad that he predicted the time he would need correctly.

The moment he finished everything, the hall started quickly filling up, chatter getting louder every time a group of students walked in. He himself started softly talking to his friends about not one specific subject, the image of the cloaked person in the front of his mind.

~

And that could've been that, he could have forgotten all about it.

Except it happened again, as he walked to the shared common room alone and then again, as he sat in his classroom waiting for the class to fill slowly with first years.

And that figure just seemed to keep appearing out of nowhere, then when someone would directly talk to him it would disappear, leaving nothing behind.

Harrison really thought he was going crazy.

Especially as the figures showed up more, after a while, they started showing up inside while Harrison was teaching classes, peeking inside, or as he and his friends walked over the grounds, enjoying the spring weather.

And *no* one else ever saw them, just Harrison.

But did you ever see anything? Harrison wrote down, *Am I insane, Tom?*

Harrison watched the slowly appearing ink on the page, as Tom wrote him back immediately after Harrison had told him the entire thing. *No, I never saw something. Maybe it's your visions acting up.* Then after a bit, *We both know you are insane, but I don't think that's the cause of this.*

Arsehole, Harrison replied, *It's really stressing me out, though. My friends think I'm slowly going crazy, but I just keep seeing them, it's like their fucking taunting me and I can't do anything about it.*

Is there any way I can help you?

No- I guess I'll just have to figure this out on my own.

If nothing else works you should try talking to Mother Magic, or any of the deities.

Harrison agreed quickly, closing the journal when there's a knocking on his door. No one ever entered his dorm, it was some unspoken rule that Harrison didn't necessarily mind.

"Yeah, come in."

Terence entered, Harrison thought that much was obvious the moment he heard the knocks, no one else would even try to come in. "Okay, I found something." He said, letting a book drop into Harrisons lap. "This area was ritualistic for a while."

"Okay?" Harrison asked, opening the book, it was vague history, he recognised the story somewhat.

"You're seeing the past again, Harrison." Terence said, "Maybe that's why you're such a good history teacher." He joked.

"I'm not trying to, though, I haven't fainted in ages." Harrison said.

Terence nodded, "Mother Magic told you the power grows with you, right? It can show in many ways?"

"Something like that." Harrison muttered.

"What if you just see things?" Terence asked, "No fainting, nothing, they're just there. Like a medium."

“I’d force Mother Magic to take the power away from me.” Harrison replied, “Because that thought is fucking terrifying.”

“Or,” Terence continued as if Harrison hadn’t interrupted him, “You see things because they want to tell you something.”

“It shouldn’t be possible, though, my shields make sure of that.”

“The same shields that broke down the moment you got angry at Peter? When was the last time you checked those?” Terence asked and Harrison hesitated. “Stop worrying so much, fix your mental shields.”

Harrison knew Terence was probably right, except for the fact that when he closed his eyes, trying to see his walls, better them, he felt something almost blacking it. Holding him back from truly bettering it. Leaving small open gaps for his magic to stream through.

That was weird.

He tried to fix it, it was his mind he should be able to control it fully.

Except he couldn’t. He had lost his control over this.

Which admittedly was a lot more worrying than losing his control over other parts of his defense, this was his *magic.* The one thing he had always been able to control fully.

Until now, apparently.

Harrison opened his eyes again, noticed Terence staring at him. “This problem might be bigger than I originally thought.”

Terence chuckled nervously, “Yeah I noticed,” He muttered, “Your magic is kind of all over the place.”

“Fuck,” Harrison said, as he tried to at least get it in order from the outside, “I think I need help getting this in order.”

“Can I do something?” Terence asked and Harrison hesitated, Terence nodded. “I know, I know pulling someone into your mind is way too damn personal- I’ll just cover for you? Go visit Tom, alright? Do you have any classes to teach?”

Harrison shook his head, “Not until tomorrow.”

“Go then,” The boy said, “You need to get this shit in order, everyone thinks you’re going paranoid and it’s scaring people, as well as making

people who don't know you lose faith in this whole business of yours. Politically, I mean."

"Thanks, Ter." He said, "I owe you."

"If you fix this, you don't owe me anything." The boy said. "You've truly been more chaotic than ever before."

Harrison nodded, turning to the cabinet, not caring that Terence was still in his room. On some level, he did trust the boy almost entirely, yet he wouldn't invite him into his layers of protection.

As he crashed into Tom, the man caught him easily and Harrison felt the headache that he hadn't even noticed he had throughout the past few days disappear.

"Hey, darling." Tom said, helping Harrison stand upright, obviously noticing his magic, the weird feeling of it, as the man automatically looked very.. distraught.

"I think I have a problem." Harrison said, "And I have no fucking idea how to fix it." He admitted, not quite sure how to even begin explaining the complexity of the damage he saw, of what he felt constantly. And the feelings whenever he saw another cloaked figure appear.

"I noticed," Tom answered and Harrison breathed out in relieve, never before had he understood why the link between them seem so important as now.

"Help me?"

Tom nodded, sitting them down on the couch together. "I'll do anything you ask me to, sweetheart."

Harrison wasn't sure how to explain that he needed to show Tom before they could do anything, but Tom seemed to notice, once again. He took Harrisons hand and closed his eyes, Harrison following his example. Trying to pull Tom's core with him as he went deeper into the layers of protection.

And he heard Tom in his head, *It really is broken, what's the purple stuff, keeping the rest of your magic in?*

The spark of rage and the blackness came at the same time, before he could even answer Tom, he got pulled into a void, the only thing

soothing him, was Mother Magic's voice. "*Harrison, I've been trying to protect you and I truly do apologise.*"

And all Harrison could do was wonder what the hell the deity had done this time.

Chapter End Notes

bye see you all next update :)

Chapter 64: They don't have that Hufflepuff loyalty

Chapter Notes

> I honestly didn't expect to finish this, since I'm mid finals, so I might not be posting for another while.
>
> It is also kind of scuffed, since well I wrote this in like 20 sittings and kept forgetting what I was aiming for but whatevs.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom watched in awe as Harrison pulled Tom with him into the darkness, he watched Harrisons confusion, could feel the slight annoyance as Mother Magic admitted she had something to do with this.

“Trying to protect me from what?” Harrison asked.

“*Obedience,”* The voice answered, “*The laced essay, it was obedience poison, anyone else would have turned into an obedient golem by now. I’ve done my best to keep it out, your magic did not react well to my walls. Quite ironic.”*

“Obedience?” Harrison muttered, “Lily?”

Tom felt the anger brewing on both his and Harrison’s side of the link, he was just glad that Harrison had the same immediate reaction.

“Is there a way to get it from his system?” Tom spoke up, surprising both himself and Harrison.

Mother Magic just giggled, *Oh, it’s a pleasure to meet you, too.* She said, *It will have to work itself out, it’s a dosing for a month.*

“Can I do anything?” Tom asked, he hated feeling helpless, especially if Harrison was obviously suffering.

Just make sure Harrison doesn’t lose himself, Magic replied, *I’m sorry for letting the visions overflow, Harrison, truly. But, I’ll keep the obedience out, we don’t want our stubborn saviour going obedient.*

Harrison huffed, “Right, thanks. Fucking Lily, I knew that was bad, I just pushed it to the side.”

It was truly a pleasure to talk to the both of you. Magic said, before Tom suddenly 'woke' up if you could even call it that, Magic just banishing them out of that place.

Tom watched as Harrison also startled awake next to him, slightly worried about the mood, as much as Tom himself wanted to go out and stab Lily Potter, he couldn't risk either of them getting caught in this anger.

"Are you alright?" He whispered, as Harrison rubbed his face.

"It's just-" Harrison shook his head, "Every time I think the Potters couldn't get any worse they just go ahead and prove me wrong. But this whole thing feels off, doesn't it?" He looked at Tom, "Lily works together with the man she despises more than she even despises me to poison me supposedly. They made a pact? It just seems so fucking wrong. There's no way Lily Potter, genius, feels the need to work with Pettigrew."

"Unless someone told her to, this could be Dumbledore's work."

"Wouldn't Lily be angry, though, Dumbledore gave away her job to me, her abandoned son? A teenager?" Harrison questioned, "It doesn't add up, we're missing something here and I hate not knowing. Dumbledore is planning something."

"Or Lily is and we have another separate enemy." Tom muttered, "Fuck."

"Pettigrew truly believes she forgave him, made me believe it, too." Harrison said, "*I helped her fulfil the prophecy."* Harrison hissed, "*That's what he said."*

"Is it strange to think that Lily didn't have to forgive him, maybe she planned it?" Harrison asked then, "I don't know if she's smart enough to pull that off, though."

Tom nodded, "How about, we kill Pettigrew now, we don't want him escaping on us, then you set one of your followers on Lily and another one on Dumbledore."

"And James." Harrison said, "That man has to have a role in this."

"And until we have answers, just try to focus on not breaking those walls Magic made you, alright?" Tom said, "Don't want anyone besides me to have your obedience." He winked and Harrison

scowled.

“And what obedience do you have?” Harrison asked, Tom smirked at him and Harrison immediately felt like he was going to regret asking that question.

~

Sadly due to the urgency of the situation they killed Pettigrew with a quick killing curse instead of whatever Tom was planning. After that Harrison went back to the Black manor, not for Sirius and Remus, because they were at Hogwarts.

No, he was here for Regulus, the man had recently connected with some old friends, finally getting back at life. Besides, he was actively part of the Wizengamot instead of Sirius now, but he had information about something else that suddenly interested Harrison a lot more than it did before.

Because, he hated to admit it, but the Potters were certainly showing to be quite the enemies if they tried. And maybe someone else helped but still Harrison didn’t like having such an obvious target on his back. Obedience potion of all things, that was scary wasn’t it? The thought of becoming someone’s mindless pawn?

“Harrison,” Regulus said as he walked out of the floo, “You’re not at Hogwarts?”

“I need to talk to you.” Harrison said, “And maybe, you know, not tell to Sirius and Remus how bad the situation is, because I’m afraid.”

“Afraid?” Regulus sat upright when he heard that, “What the hell happened?”

“Lily tried to use an obedience potion on me and my magic has been going crazy since then, but I have a reason to believe she’s working separate from Dumbledore, she was working with Peter. And I don’t know James too well, but he doesn’t seem like someone who would just forgive Peter, even if just to use him.”

“Why did you come to me and not Sirius?” Regulus asked, “You want to know about James.”

“Sirius and James have been through a lot-“ Harrison cut himself off, “I’m not saying you haven’t been through a lot with either of them, but you missed the most dramatic 10 years in the wiz-“

“I get it, you don’t think Sirius can talk about old-James honestly, because of the way he is now.” Regulus said, “Sirius was always quite emotional.”

Harrison snorted, that he was.

“I don’t know a lot about the man, but I’ll tell you about us in his sixth year at least, I don’t think the James of then would have ever even kicked a child out. Not even if someone said it would protect him and his other child.” Regulus said, “Only if he was one hundred percent sure it was the best option for said child he would have done such a thing. Otherwise he would have died trying to protect his children. So that is why everything surprised me so much.”

“Sixth year?” Harrison asked, confused.

“Sirius and I had gotten into this big fight, but James thought Sirius was being irrational, blaming me for choosing my parents when I didn’t have another option like Sirius did. So he hung out with me a lot, even tried to get Siri to talk to me again. And suddenly he didn’t have any eyes for Lily anymore, ever, everyone noticed.” He scoffed, “Lily sure as hell did, we dated for a few months before he broke it off with me, some lame excuse about us both betraying Sirius that way. Summer break came and when we returned to school I had a Dark Mark on my arm and James was dating Lily. The *it* couple.”

“So he just suddenly started liking Lily again?” Harrison asked and Regulus shrugged, but nodded.

“I tried to make sense of it, but I didn’t dare tell Sirius what had happened between us, not when Sirius finally forgave me after a full year of not talking. I wish I had asked, still now, I want to know what changed. Not that any of it matters, I died and now it’s all over a decade ago.”

“When he saw you,” Harrison muttered, “He had this look in his eyes, at the Wizengamot, I mean. It looked like he woke up for a second.”

“What do you mean?”

“Everyone I’ve talked to who knows James told me the same, the man completely changed, starting in his seventh year. Meanwhile Snape told me that towards the end of sixth year he and Lily had a big fight after which she totally accepted James’ affections.” Harrison said, “From the moment everything happened James was always inhumanly rude, hating me with his guts while Lily and even Hope had their nice

moments.” Harrison said. “Now Lily might be trying to control me and James is in the background?”

“That is strange.” Regulus said, “So what happened between sixth and seventh year?”

“I’m intending to find out,” Harrison said, “But first I have to make sure Lily won’t try anything else. My shields are weak and my magic is cracking, if she gets the power to control me-“

Regulus nodded, “You should talk to Sirius, Remus and Snape about this, Harrison.” He said, “I know you don’t want to worry them, but they may be able to help. Sirius knew James like no other and must’ve stayed with him that summer. Snape knew Lily from even before Hogwarts. And Remus he was their connection, the only person from the marauders Lily befriended and didn’t find annoying before fifth year.”

“Fuck,” Harrison said, “That might be right. But they’re going to be watching me to make sure my walls don’t snap all the fucking time.”

“They won’t be the only one.”

~

Harrison knocked on the door of the classroom James was supposed to be in now, after talking to Sirius, Remus and Snape, they had pretty much confirmed what Regulus already said. The only thing that Sirius said that added onto the story was that James had lost his father in the summer between Sixth and Seventh year, causing him to stay with his older cousin, Andromeda, who had left behind her Black family legacy for a life without Voldemort and the darkness he spread at the time.

“Come in.” James voice answered immediately.

Harrison opened the door, “Hey?” He said.

James looked up at him and frowned in confusion, “Black?”

Harrison sighed, “Believe me I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t have a reason.” He said, motioning to the seat on the other side of the desk, “Can I?”

James motioned for him to sit down, this situation was quite confusing for him, too, probably. He hadn’t seen James in a while,

James hadn't really caused him any more trouble in the past few months and he accepted that and in return didn't bother James either.

"I'm going to be quite honest, James." He said, "I don't know why I'm even trying this, I guess I'm hoping you will give me some context, because nothing makes sense right now."

"What?" James asked.

"I have reasons to believe that Lily tried to use an obedience potion on me." Harrison said, "Not only that but I recently caught her making a deal with *Peter Pettigrew,* who is all of the sudden still alive. And if you want to tell her I know about all of this, do as you please, but if you didn't know either, but know something that can help us, please do." He said, "I know you hate me, I know we haven't really gotten along since I got back but any moment I could turn into a mindless pawn and I don't want that, no one knows what Lily is planning, fuck I even asked Regulus if he knew how to go about doing this."

"Lily is working with Peter?" James asked, clearly confused. Harrison sighed, about to leave as it didn't look like James knew anything either. "You know for the longest time I saw you as some alien." James admitted, "You were never scared, always one step ahead."

"Well, It was the only way to survive at Lily's family." Harrison muttered the lie he had almost forgotten about. "Is she working with Dumbledore?"

James shook his head, "Dumbledore started doubting Hope," He muttered, "Lily and well I, we couldn't just forgive him for giving up on her."

"Right." Harrison said. "So she's working for herself?"

"I guess so," James nodded, "Look, I know you probably noticed already, or genuinely don't care. But this marriage isn't entirely built on trust. Especially because there's no way we can trust each other after what happened to you."

Harrison sighed, "So Lily is just starting her whole own side of the war?"

"Convinced that Hope will save the world." James said.

"And you?"

“Something happened recently.” The man said, seemingly more genuine than he’d been in a while to Harrison. “I believe in prophecies.” Is all he said.

Harrison frowned at that and James said, “I have to leave, have dinner with my family.” He said, “It was nice to talk to you without any shouting, Black.”

Harrison scowled at the man for good measure, but felt like he had a long time to go to properly figure out the mystery of what was going on within’ the Potter house.

All he knew is that James didn’t look to be the same aggressive man he was before and Harrison didn’t trust that for one bit. There was no way James would just stay out of a war his family was involved in.

~

Harrisons OWLs were approaching quickly and while he himself didn’t really think anything of it, everyone else did. Which meant that not only did he have to deal with the whole Magic thing, Lily and his own History classes, he was also helping students with their other subjects.

He set up his classes in the Room of Requirement once again, this time, however, he asked Sirius and Remus to help him there, as it was actively becoming a real way to study for your exams, not just for a small group, but for most of the students.

Every time they entered the room, it gave them a bigger room, somehow knowing how many students would show that day.

It was one of those days, he was walking towards the ROR, when McGonagall approached him. And Harrison, while he genuinely thought Minerva McGonagall was one of the best teachers in the castle and he and the woman had a certain level of respect for each other, wasn’t used to her approaching him in the halls.

“Black,” She said, “The Headmaster insisted I get you, he invited-“

“Again?” Harrison muttered, McGonagall seemed amused.

“We’ll tell Sirius.” Terence said, as he nodded towards Cedric, who stood a little further away, waiting for them. Harrison nodded.

And that’s how he found himself opposite of Dumbledore.

“Remus is going to go back to teaching History, as I’m sure you’re aware of.” The man said, McGonagall hadn’t left the room yet. “Now, we need a DADA teacher and one man you know quite well offered to take up the position.”

“Marvolo? Right?” Harrison asked, not fully aware that Tom had already openly offered himself for the position, but they had talked about this more than once.

Dumbledore nodded, “You know I find the man to be unsettling.” He said, “But overtime I think you and I have found an agreement, so I would like to honestly ask you if the man is up for a job of teaching hundreds of students.”

“Believe me he’s up for it.” Harrison said, “As I’m sure Minerva has told you already.” His eyes move to McGonagall, who nodded.

“He didn’t believe my word for it,” She said.

“As you’re in the Wizengamot, it’s no surprise that we’ll be hosting the Triwizard tournament next year.” Dumbledore said, “I believe there might be a scheme there, all parts of the room were too eager to bring it back.”

“Except Marvolo and I.” Harrison said, “You still think he’s the Dark Lord?”

Dumbledore sighed, “Harrison, my boy, it’s not that easy.”

“I can’t believe you.” Harrison muttered. “As for the Triwizard tournament. That was no idea of the room. It was simply you and your manipulations Dumbledore. Everyone wants to keep their children safe and putting them in a tournament such as that one is exactly opposite of that.”

“I’ll accept him for the position.” Dumbledore said. “Thank you for your opinion and good luck with your OWLs.”

Harrison nodded and left, aware of McGonagall following him.

“Tom wants to be a teacher?” She asked as soon as they entered the empty halls of Hogwarts.

“He always wanted to be a teacher, just never got the chance. He supposedly cursed the position.” Harrison rolled his eyes, Tom really was dramatic sometimes. “The Triwizard tournament will kill people

and Dumbledore doesn't care."

"You're entering, right?" Minerva asked, "You want to keep the rest of the students safe?"

Harrison nodded.

"The selecting ceremony is with the Goblet of Fire, it will pick the most fitting students supposedly. Dumbledore might not want you to enter." Minerva said, "He wants to show the skill of his students, his own students, not the genius. It wouldn't be seen as fair."

"So I shouldn't enter?"

"You should enter, just don't enter for Hogwarts." She said, "It won't work, he'll stop it."

"What?" Harrison asked.

"Tom will know what to do." She said, "All you have to do is make a convincing case that you did not enter yourself or enter for Hogwarts anyways and manipulate the cup yourself."

"Just something to make sure I get in."

"And you can make sure no one dies in the tournament." McGonagall nodded. "If anyone can do it it's you."

"And perhaps I'll even win." Harrison muttered sarcastically.

"I don't doubt that." The woman said, "You should get back to teaching students, do tell if I can do anything to assist you and Tom."

Harrison nodded, "Thank you, professor."

~

"Yes, I did apply." Tom said, "I talked to Dumbledore a while ago." He sat down next to Harrison on the couch.

Harrison nodded, "I can't believe you're going to be my teacher next year." He said.

"The whole world believes I taught you most of your political knowledge." Tom said, "So the cup will be enchanted?"

"I'm trying to work out a way to make sure it picks me without

endangering someone else." Harrison said instead of replying to the question. He leant into Tom's side and Tom just wrapped an arm around his shoulder in reply.

"Perhaps you should be the fourth champion instead, make some of your more powerful friends enter. It's always nice to have an ally."

"I guess I could ask Cedric or Terence, tell them about the whole plan." Harrison muttered, "I can't believe that this time next year the whole world will know you're back."

"Only they'll think we saved the world together afterwards, while Dumbledore turned into a panicked man and Fudge gave up on them." Tom said, kissing Harrison's temple. "I know next year will be stressful, you don't want anything to happen-"

"The tournament would've happened either way." Harrison said, "I really thought they wanted us to fix international bonds for a good reason, not for an old life threatening competition to show off."

"You put a lot of trust in our government if you think they seriously had a good reason." Tom muttered, his arm moving slightly to play with the hair in the back of Harrison's head. Harrison sighed and leant into the touch.

"Hm, I guess I was optimistic." He sighed, wondering if this was what people called 'domestic bliss'.

Tom seemed completely comfortable as well, something even Harrison didn't see too often. The man was always busy, even now Harrison could feel the cogs in Tom's mind turn as he tried to figure out his next steps, Harrison could literally feel it in the back of his mind.

But it felt more relaxed and mixed with a sort of laziness that he didn't feel often.

Tom's hand paused, "What about James?" He asked, as he continued the movement with his hand once again. "Any lead on Lily via him?"

"He's definitely not himself, or maybe he's more himself than he has been since his sixth year." Harrison said, "If I have to believe Regulus at least, I guess we'll see, as long as Mother Magic's shields work, I won't be obedient to Lily."

"We should find a better solution, though." Tom said, "I don't want to lose you to Lily of all people."

Harrison glanced side way at Tom, he smiled, “You won’t.”

“You can’t promise that.” Tom said, “Even you, you’re not-“

Harrison turned fully now, to face Tom, “I’ll be fine, you’re here.” He replied, “I truly believe that we can do anything together. Fight an obedience spell, that isn’t even near the top of the hardest things we’ve done so far.”

Tom moved his hand on top of Harrisons, nodded, “You’re right, we can do this.” He said, “Do you see anyone watching now?”

Harrison looked around, smirking, “Yeah, there’s been a projection in the corner the whole time.”

“Seriously.”

Harrison just rolled his eyes, kissed him and shook his head. “Those things seriously freak me out most of the times, you’ll notice if I see anything.”

“Good,” Tom said, before kissing Harrison again. *Coast is clear, no creepy figures watching,* Harrison mused as he kissed back.

~

“Hey,” Harrison said, as he sat down opposite of Cedric and Terence, smirking slightly as they jumped apart just a bit. “It’s just me.” He added.

“Great,” Terence rolled his eyes, smiling at the same time.

“You’re so rude.” Harrison said, “I need to talk to you two and this is like strictly secret. As in I probably would get kicked out of the Wizengamot if anyone else figured out secret.”

“Room of Requirement?” Cedric asked, as they stood up to leave their spot in the library, it truly was too open even with a silencing spell. Harrison didn’t feel comfortable with the idea that someone could still see them.

He shook his head, “We’re going to my dorm.”

“Oh it’s that secret, huh?” Terence seemed actually surprised and Harrison just nodded.

“This is like another level on top of my entire history. Because, if

somebody else found out Tom and I's entire plan would be ruined." Harrison muttered, "Otherwise a privacy charm would've easily been enough."

"You sure you want me to come with?" Cedric asked, almost unsure and Harrison looked at Terence, then back at Cedric and nodded.

"Believe me, if I didn't I would've sent you away the moment I came in here."

"And you would have listened to him," Terence added, amused.

Cedric shrugged, Harrison could practically hear his mental *it's hard to fight with that logic.* Then he followed them.

"Won't the Slytherins dislike it if you bring a Hufflepuff in?" Cedric asked.

"You're telling me Terence never took you with him?" Harrison asked, glancing at Terence who shrugged.

"Slytherins are unforgivable. Some of them would've killed me. We usually just-" He cut himself off, "But no one questions Harrison. Not since everyone realised that Salazar would hate you the moment you question him."

"And his own magical power might also help his cause." Cedric added.

Harrison opened the door to the Slytherin Common Room with a hissed, *"Open"* instead of the password, smirking as the door opened at his command. He wasn't just about to give the password away.

Cedric's yellow robes got some stares, but besides that there were no questions.

The moment Harrison closed his dorm room behind them and casted a bunch of extra silencing charms he said, "We are going to bring Voldemort back," He then realised how confusing that must sound to Terence and Cedric and added, "Tom and I are going to make everyone think he's back, I mean."

"Why?"

"It's the easiest way to grab power, make people doubt the current government. We're not actually killing any innocent people, don't worry."

“That’s not what I’m worried about.” Terence said and Harrison snorted, of course it wasn’t.

“We thought this out really well,” He said, “Next year the Triwizard Tournament returns and I’m going to enter and then we have this whole part where the price isn’t actually a price, but a portkey and I’ll just pretend I saw Voldemort’s return, while Tom’s at the field as a teacher. They won’t suspect us.”

“Sounds-“ Cedric started, not sure how to finish that sentence.

“Insane?” Harrison asked, “I know, believe me. Anyways, McGonagall told me that Dumbledore would use the Goblet of Fire for entering the tournament, I suspect he’ll at least put an age minimum on entering, she told me he would probably make sure I won’t get picked, because he wants to prove the strength of all students, not- well, me.”

“So?” Terence asked.

“I’ll enter in a different way, try to enter as a fourth student, me and Tom will figure it out.” Harrison said, “Which means we might need a different Hogwarts student, someone who could have my back if I need it, someone we trust- You know? An Ally.”

“You want us to enter.” He stated and Harrison nodded, almost nervously.

“I’d protect you with my life.” He swore and Cedric nodded.

“My father would want me to enter, anyways.” Cedric muttered, “I’ll- yeah, enter.”

“How would Dumbledore influence the goblet?” Terence asked and Harrison shrugged.

“I don’t know,” He answered honestly, “McGonagall told me: ‘You should enter, just not for Hogwarts.’”

“You’ll make up a school?”

“Tom’ll figure something out, don’t worry about that. I just have to convince them I wouldn’t enter the tournament, so I’ll just be very negative about the idea in the Wizengamot.”

“I’ll enter, too.” Terence said, “Double the chance to get one of us as your ally, right?”

Harrison nodded, “Believe me, I won’t let anything happen to either of you.”

“That’s actually comforting to hear,” Cedric said, “As you just told me you would help Voldemort return for real.”

Harrison laughed, “Right, no worries, Tommy boy isn’t going to hurt you.”

“Unless you hurt Harrison.” Terence said quietly to Cedric. “So don’t.”

Cedric nodded seriously, but Harrison could see the smile he was trying to hide. “I’d love it if a Hufflepuff got to go into the tournament.”

“As long as it isn’t a Gryffindor.” Terence scrunched his nose up in disgust, “You didn’t ask Oliver, too, did you?”

Harrison shook his head, “I’m not entirely sure if he would help me if I told him we were bringing Voldemort back.” He said, “They don’t have that Hufflepuff loyalty.”

Cedric sent a stinging hex, hitting him in his right arm, he probably deserved that one.

~

“Okay, so you should pronounce the ‘U’ more as the o’s in ‘Moose’.” Harrison said, “And then truly focus your magic on the purpose of the spell.” Harrison said, as he transformed the clip back to a normal looking clip.

He was in the shared common room, helping Ginny with some spells as the rest of the people learned for their upcoming exams.

“I don’t know how you do it.” Ginny said, “You teach us, learn for your exams, help everyone who as much as asks you one question and go to Wizengamot meetings every week.”

“And yet, he still complains about being bored.” Daphne added.

Harrison was about to reply some annoying answer about being used to it, when he felt a *hum* in the back of the minds, which could only mean one thing.

He looked at the entrance of the room and was only half surprised when he truly saw Tom walk in.

Harrison got up, hugging the man, “What are you doing here?”

“I had to finalise some things about the whole teaching thing.” Tom said. “*I also have to undo the curse.”* He hissed quietly after.

Harrison smiled at the stupidity of that, “So aiming for longer than one year.”

“I mean I have to stay for your seventh year as well, right?”

Harrison nodded, “Point made.”

He glanced at his friends and said, “Everyone who hasn’t met him yet, this here is my awful tutor Marvolo.” He looked more at the Gryffindors who more recently joined the group, mostly the quidditch players Harrison wasn’t necessarily close with.

“Nice to meet my future students,” He said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“Allowed to talk about that, are you?”

Tom nodded and Harrison saw Cedric and Ginny both do a double take of Tom. Ginny, who had only ever read about Marvolo and heard the name Tom separately, seemed to have connected the dots. Cedric, however, just seemed to look at the man because he had never seen *Voldemort* in real life like this.

“Need my help?” Harrison asked then, “With the whole-“ He made some weird hand movements and Tom hesitated.

“If your friends don’t mind.” He answered eventually and Harrison looked back, no one seemed willing to go up against Tom so he just shrugged.

"I don’t think anyone cares that much.”

So Tom lead him to the DADA classroom, into some weird hallway besides the actual classroom, muttering an incantation while walking. Harrison was only half surprised to see runes appear on the walls.

“You’ve talked to Cedric and Terence?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded, he hadn’t actually had time to talk to Tom between then and now.

“I have, they’ve agreed to at least enter.” He said, “I told them our plan- I was going to tell you about that.”

Tom turned around, looked at him and placed a hand on his cheek. “You don’t have to rush to tell me everything, I trust you, Harrison.” He said.

And Harrison nodded, he knew that, that’s why he didn’t hesitate a moment to tell them. Yet it still felt weird to not have told Tom about it.

“Next year is going to be hard,” Tom muttered, “Pretending I’m your tutor.” He said quietly and Harrison nodded, as Tom slowly moved his thumb over Harrison’s bottom lip.

Harrison glanced up at Tom, he felt Tom’s magic around him and knew that they were truly close to the place that Tom had put the curse into the wall.

He moved his head forward slightly only taking the tip of Tom’s thumb in his mouth, sucking softly before letting go. “I don’t think it’s going to be an issue, *professor.”*

Then he turned around scanning the runes on the walls, looking for the place where Tom put the curse into the very core of Hogwarts.

He heard Tom breathe out a soft, “*Minx.”* Before the man twitched his wrist, the place of the curse glowing slightly.

It truly wasn’t a two persons job and Harrison wondered if Tom just wanted to grab the chance to talk to him while he was here, not that Harrison minded. He sat back and watched Tom fix it all by himself, while talking to him about everything that had been going on in Hogwarts.

And Tom listened, every now and then he would interrupt Harrison with a question, but it felt nice to just be able to sit there, during a school day.

Harrison truly couldn’t wait till he could annoy Tom during class.

Chapter End Notes

I'll see you all in a while. Probs in 2 or 3 weeks.

Also no Potter gets a second chance in here I just needed plot.

Chapter 65: Don't question my motives.

Chapter Notes

I'm back :) I genuinely like this one so have fun!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't that Harrison was nervous for his OWLs, he *wasn't,* because he had no reason to be. But even Harrison could admit that his stress levels were higher than considered normal right now.

It just wasn't normal, he would be sitting in the written part of the transfiguration exam and he'd look up and suddenly there were shadows everywhere. And then Sirius would notice, raising an eyebrow at him, as if asking if he was sure *continuing* was the best option right now.

And Harrison would shrug, before reading the second to last question for the tenth time, usually he would've been out of this room already.

He didn't fear his grades, though, which was at least comforting throughout the chaos that were his exams. His magic seems to react as normal in the casting parts, only he would feel it breaking down the shields, slowly flowing out of his body, afterwards. It wasn't an issue. He would be fine, truly.

He also trusted his knowledge enough to not let the figures creep him out enough till the point he wrote down wrong answers.

But Hogwarts magic seemed to respond to his gift, showing him parts of her past everywhere, unquestioned. Any other time, Harrison would've taken the chance to dive into the past of his home, but now he was just starting to get annoyed with the castle.

Harrison handed his papers over to Sirius, before exiting the hall quickly, at least that was the last of it this year. All he had to do was fix this problem over summer. That sounded easy enough.

"And, how'd it go?" Cedric asked, "Took your time."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Don't tell me you were waiting on me, just to gloat."

Cedric's mouth twitched upwards just slightly and Harrison sighed,

“This castle is trying to tell me something, but insists on doing it during tests.”

That sobered up Cedric’s expression quickly, “What did you see?”

“I have no idea, there were people everywhere. They were just standing there, watching me.”

“Guardian angels,” Cedric joked, managing to get at least a smile out of Harrison. He rewarded himself for that. “You could use some of those, I bet.”

Harrison snorted, “I don’t know what those things were, but they are no angels I can tell you that much.”

“We’ll figure something out.” Cedric said then, more seriously. “Literally, call any of us over the summer if you need something. Just- if you-“

Harrison nodded, “Thank you.”

“I’m beginning to understand why the Dark Lord marked his Death Eaters, something less obvious would have done, but the direct link to his magic, he could call them anytime, in danger or not.”

“I can tell you with certainty, Tom would never call a Death Eater while truly in danger. He used the fact that they saw him as invincible to grow in power.” Harrison muttered, “But to answer your question, I’m not marking anyone.”

“Could be cool, though, we could all come up with our own design, just magical tattoos connected to your magic.” Cedric said, suggested even and Harrison almost truly considered it.

“You’re becoming to comfortable in this whole vision of you all. Seeing me as some uprising Dark Lord.” Harrison rolled his eyes, as Cedric decided to at least get up from where he was sitting, so they could wark towards the shared common room. “I mean connecting all of you to my magic means endangering you to whatever is currently affecting my magic.”

Cedric just shot him a look. Then decided to not mention the last part of Harrisons argument and focus solely on the first part. “You’re no uprising Dark Lord, you’re an uprising emperor. Being a Dark Lord would mean that there was someone opposite of you, proving to the world what you’re doing was bad for us. No one I know doubts your

actions, except for those who are entirely under Dumbledore's influence. And usually, that'd be enough, he proved so with Grindelwald and Voldemort. But you, you have more power over the masses than he could ever have." Cedric smirked, "Anyone would happily carry a mark of your magic, I'm pretty sure Terence actually asked the group and could tell you exactly how many people said yes and how many said no."

And Harrison once more thought back to Snape claiming he could make everyone in this school bow down for him, all he had to do was asking. Secretly he wondered how much young Tom would've given to have this much power over his friends as well as the rest of the school.

It was almost as if Terence and Cedric communicated without truly saying anything, because as soon as Cedric and he entered the Common room Terence got up and said. "You know what Cedric said is right, we've all talked about it while you weren't present before."

And wasn't that a somewhat awkward thought, Harrison looked around the group of people and just awkwardly said, "Yeah- no, I'll think about it?"

"You know I'd love to get a magical tattoo of a snitch, just fluttering over my shoulder." Ginny spoke up and Harrison's eyes widened, because Ginny wasn't even supposed to know he was working with the Dark Lord, but apparently she still knew about this. He shot accusing glances across the room until Ginny rolled her eyes. "You honestly think I'm that daft? First you casually tell me how you tortured Yaxley, then you take Pettigrew to a Tom, after which the man never shows up again. Then, I get to meet said Tom to see he's the politician who is supposedly distant family from the Slytherin line? Harrison, no one here cares that you're working with the Dark Lord."

Just like that it was stated out loud, it was something they didn't talk about often in the big group like this, everyone knew on some level-

"What?" That was unmistakably the voice of Oliver Wood, Ginny's paling face would've been funny, if it wasn't the situation they were in.

Harrison was somewhat glad that it was just Oliver, not the rest of the Gryffindors, as well as Luna, Ginny and Cedric being the only other two non-Slytherins.

Daphne seemed to be the first one to stop staring at Ginny and Oliver

to anxiously stare at Harrison. It was clear as a day when she whispered, in the silence of the room. “Harrison, be careful anyone could walk in. They might not hear through the privacy wards, just don’t kill-“

It took a hissed “*close,”* In parseltongue to close the room off, only realising afterwards that that probably wasn’t the best course of action, because he was trying to prove that he wouldn’t kill someone here.

“Fuck, sorry.” Harrison said. His magic was loose, seeping through the cracks of his mental barrier quicker than ever now and Harrison felt calm. At rest like he hadn’t had in a while, he didn’t blame Ginny, couldn’t blame the girl she hadn’t known after all. He tried to fix the barrier, but nothing worked.

“Harrison,” Terence muttered, Harrison was only slightly aware of the hand gripping his shoulder. “You have to fight it. Come on, I promised Professor Black.” Harrison’s eyes snapped to Terence’s face, worry clear in his eyes. “Where’s Fred and George?”

“Still in the exam hall with Sirius.” Cedric replied quietly, “What is going on.”

“Something bad,” Terence said. “I think Lily broke through.”

“Sorry?” Tracey asked, obviously confused and Terence made a frustrated noise.

“Harrison, Harry, please, goddamnit.” He shook Harrison’s shoulders. “I- shit, holy shit. I’m sorry, Harrison.” He said, Harrison barely registered hearing his own name before he felt the wand at the centre of his chest, the spell falling from Terence’s lips before Harrison could even think to fight.

~

Terence sighed as he felt Harrison’s body going limp in his arm, he was seriously risking Tom’s anger right now and he couldn’t even find himself to care.

“Okay, here’s what we’re doing.” Terence said, well aware that nobody knew what the fuck was going on. He shook Cedric’s hand of his shoulder as he started pacing. “I’m going to Tom’s house, hoping the man doesn’t kill me as soon as I enter. Somebody fill Wood in on this history as good as possible. And Wood I swear to god if you even

think about betraying us, not even Harrison's forgiveness will stop me. Everyone else, make sure Harrison doesn't move, use whatever spell you have to make sure he stays unconscious. I don't care how you do it. Do it the muggle way and knock him out of you must. Harrison stays here knocked out, understood?"

Everyone nodded, only Tracey spoke up.

"What happened?"

"I'll explain later, right now I really need the Dark Lord, if I don't return within thirty minutes, get Sirius out of that exam hall." Terence said, "Oh also, someone make sure Sirius knows as soon as he's done. He'll kill me if the Dark Lord doesn't get to me first."

"Tom will listen to you." Blaise said, "I did the same thing the start of this year, remember?"

Terence let that bit of comfort wash over him as he *sprinted* out of the room. Blaise following him closely, to go to the great hall where Sirius Fred and George were.

He was in Harrisons room in record time, and didn't hesitate a minute to jump into the cabinet. Somehow, his own life possibly ending didn't feel half as bad if the only other option he had was handing Harrison's power over to the enemy.

~

Tom was only half surprised when Terence came through the cabinet, panicking over Harrison.

"I'm sorry- I- Harrison he's in danger, I think Lily took over." The boy got out quickly, only afterwards did he look Tom in the eye. There was fear, easily seen, but also determination. Tom got up quickly, later he could look back at this moment, analysing exactly how Terence had stood there so unlike the Zabini heir, who had been purely afraid.

Now however, he knew enough to rush into the cabinet, letting Terence follow him instead of the other way around.

Tom didn't know whether to be glad or not that the small pull was still there, he could practically tell where Harrison was exactly at any moment of the day if he tried to seek him out. It meant that he lead Terence through Hogwarts, the boy didn't even seem surprise when he

walked towards the right place immediately.

Tom didn't ask questions, ignored the looks of the teenagers who had been there when it happened, all he did was crash next to Harrison analysing him with a bunch of spells.

"*Harrison,"* He hissed, as all the spell work came back normal. Harrison consciousness felt pushed back, but Tom could feel him in there. He'd be embarrassed for the way he felt like crying if it wasn't for the fact that the link truly felt like Harrison was trying to pull back only to fade further away every second. "*Come back to me, I need you."*

He looked up and around the room, his eyes landing on Terence and the Hufflepuff- Cedric he reminded himself. "You did good, putting him to rest and coming to get me." Tom said as he looked back at Harrison, the link flared to life for a second the moment Tom's eyes were back on him. It would've been funny any other moment. He tried to push against it, into Harrison's consciousness slowly. And he didn't feel a wall, only acceptance.

And suddenly he understood something, Harrison was actively trying to let him in, if he could take control instead of Lily they could slowly bring him back up.

It felt risky, meddling with a mind that was already taken over by someone else, possessed he would almost say.

But Tom had truly never backed down from a risk. Coming to Hogwarts on its own had been a risk, allowing the hat to place him in Slytherin, defying Dumbledore's every move, attacking the Potters that night, even though he felt like it was a setup before.

"I'm going to try and free him." Tom said he looked back at Terence, "Don't allow him to go anywhere, okay?"

The boy nodded and Tom almost felt bad for putting more stress on his shoulders. Almost. Terence seemed determined to do whatever he could to help, though, the boy genuinely cared for Harrison as if he was family, that much was clear from not just the look in his eyes right now, but also all the stories Harrison would tell.

Tom put a hand on Harrison's wrist, his pulse point, trying to align the vibrations of his own magic with Harrison's pulse, before slowly allowing his magic to spread over Harrison. It left him vulnerable in a room with people he barely trusted and for anyone else he wouldn't have done this.

But Tom quite fairly couldn't care less if someone hit him with a spell right now, not if he could help Harrison. Therefore he decided to slowly start pushing their link, Harrison almost opening up for him as he let his own consciousness drift away into whatever connection he and Harrison had.

He hadn't heard of anyone doing something like this ever. Not in the way he was doing now, he was actively entering Harrison's own consciousness, not in the way one would enter dreams or even take over a body. This was way more intimate.

And he seriously doubted if it could even work, he could feel Harrison's magic spread through his, entwining in every way possible, but Harrison himself was nowhere to be found.

As he pushed further, deeper into their shared connection, it felt almost as if he was walking through a forest in the darkness of the night, no possible light from any direction, you could only faintly see the trees as the light of the stars came through very slightly whenever the leaves above you allowed it.

Except it was Harrison's magic lighting the way every now and then, flaring up as Tom could faintly feel Harrison's heart beat under his finger tips.

"*Harrison?"* Tom asked into the nothingness, whispering the word in parseltongue, as he wasn't sure if his body would speak up whenever he spoke in this place.

The world lit up just a bit brighter, Tom took that as a good sign as he prodded deeper, Harrison was trying, that much he knew.

It was only in the deepest part of his mind he worried that, if Lily had truly taken over Harrison in the way magic seemed to fear just a few weeks ago, that she might also be able to sense him entering.

He pushed that thought down, no magic he knew had that kind of power. It was an obedience potion, is what Mother Magic had said, a strong one, sure, but not anything out of the ordinary.

"*Tom,"* Harrison's voice fell over him, making every single one of his nerves hyper focused on his surroundings, did he find it? Could he communicate now? "*You have to-"*

It fade away, suddenly Tom was being thrown out, like the wind that had been breezing through the trees turned into a storm with enough

force to fling him back against the trees. Only when he opened his eyes he was back against the wall, multiple feet away from Harrison, only slightly aware of the fearful looks of Hogwarts students around him. As well as the rest of the Black family, who were sat down with the group.

“His magic lunged-“ Terence said, “I couldn’t-“

Tom’s eyes snapped to the boy, a fearful look in his eyes and truly wondered why Harrison had so much impact on him, because as much as he wanted to curse everyone in his room, he couldn’t. Harrison, when- not *if*- when he came back, would never forgive him if he did anything to his friends.

“We need to get him out of Hogwarts,” He said instead, not sure how he could truly show Terence he didn’t blame him. “We need to keep him locked up.”

“*Locked up?”* Sirius said and the man looked as if he wanted to argue, directly, for the safety of his son. “Are you-“

“He’s not safe here or anywhere, I can’t keep him walking freely through my manor, because I have no idea what charm or potion Lily used, neither do you. I’m not saying we put him in my dungeon, I’m saying we lock him up, in a room, let some of my-“ He didn’t finish his sentence, Sirius knew enough that much was clear in his eyes, the way his tensed shoulders relaxed a little bit as Tom explained.

“Lily is not getting away from this alive, is she?” One of the twins asked, Tom couldn’t keep them apart the way Harrison did. “We can’t just let her walk.”

“I’ll work on it,” Tom said, “Harrison decides if she survives or not.”

“So where do you want to keep him?” Remus asked and Tom seemed surprised by the question, he looked around the room and for the first time he felt like he didn’t deserve everyone looking at him for answers. It was pathetic really, but these were *Harrisons* friends and family, not his minions- even if some definitely would be in the near future.

“I was thinking I can keep him in the heir room.” Tom said, “I’ll personally keep an eye on him.”

“And we-“

“Can visit anytime,” Tom stated, “I’m not going to keep him from his family.”

~

Terence felt like he couldn’t breathe. Or maybe he shouldn’t, nothing of this situation seemed right and he was at least glad Tom seemed to have a lot of practice with keeping his calm and going for leadership in situations like this.

“Did I cause that?” Oliver muttered, almost insecure, he sounded genuinely sorry.

And Terence didn’t even know, maybe Oliver did, but Harrison would never let someone think that so neither would he. So he shook his head, “It was bound to happen eventually,” He said, “Harrison got cursed a while back, by a homework scroll from a second year I think. Magic put up a sort of protection wall, but his magic kept bleeding through, it’s truly insane how Harrison manages to keep it in him at all times, the wall just broke-“ He took a deep breath, “No one is to blame for this except Lily. And Harrison he’ll be alright.”

“It seemed bad, worse even than his coma.” Blaise said softly.

“He has Tom,” Terence said, “Tom who will burn the world down for answers if he has to.”

“Are you sure that’s the Dark Lord?” Oliver asked then, “He seemed too calm.”

“He was scarily calm.” Daphne agreed, “I don’t think you want to be in Lily’s shoes right now. But he wouldn’t have taken revenge right now, he just does what he thinks Harrison wants him to do.”

“Well if that’s the case,” Oliver said, “I don’t think I mind being on the dark side.”

And that felt like a weight coming of Terence’s very chest, his breathing felt calmer, he didn’t have to deal with a Gryffindor that was against everything they stood for, yet knew what they were doing.

~

It had been the last meal of the year, right before the students would leave Hogwarts for summer break that Lily Potter got taken by black

figures who seemed to appear and then disappear from nowhere, leaving Dumbledore as well as everyone else shocked in their seat. Hogwarts didn't allow apparition, the anti-apparition wards of Hogwarts were as old as the building itself.

That was, if Sirius had to believe Harrison.

Yet Tom had somehow found a way to take Lily in front of everyone, not caring about what the wards did and didn't allow him to do.

Normally the dramatics of it all were something that Sirius would joke about- behind Tom's back of course, he didn't entirely have a death wish. Yet, now he understood, for the first time he knew where Tom was coming from.

And he wondered if all those dramatic attacks from his childhood had had a similar reason.

Yet, then again, Tom hadn't been half as sane then as he was now.

Tom needed to show the entirety of Hogwarts to show Lily was taken, if something happened to her they would blame her kidnappers.

Not the Dark Lord, who would only return within a year.

Perhaps they'd blame the Death Eaters, maybe he'd even twist the situation in such a way that Lily ended up being a sacrifice for the Dark Lord's return.

But in no way could the kidnapping of Lily Potter be connected to the absence of Harrison Black, who had written a note to the headmaster that he had to go home a few days early due to a meeting at the dragon reserve Charlie Weasley worked at. Something about a dragon going loose.

If Dumbledore were to ask, everyone at the place would confirm that Harrison Black had indeed spend days on end talking to dragons while searching for the hurt dragon, who had left the reserve in a fit of rage.

So Harrison couldn't be connected to the black figures. Although, some still suspected some sort of connection. Sirius' favourite theory was that the people Harrison had been seeing were real and were silently waiting for Harrison to leave so that they could take the Potter without getting in a fight with an overpowered teenager.

They had wanted to scare him away.

And maybe that's why Tom had made them wear black masks, covering their entire faces instead of their usual silver Death Eater masks.

Sirius truly started to see how Tom could've gotten that far without any real support from any government. The man outsmarted everyone, thought ten steps ahead and then some.

As long as he was sane, that was.

He started to understand Regulus, who must've noticed this genius years prior, even if their parents just dumbly listened to the Dark Lord, Regulus had a respect for him that Sirius had barely ever seen in his brother before. It had confused him for years, even after Reggie's death, why the Dark Lord would deserve such respect from his little brother.

Now, he got it, Regulus saw right through the insanity, he saw the great man Tom Riddle could be.

Sirius snorted to himself as he noticed how much like his family he started to sound, maybe he wasn't that different from the rest of the blacks after all.

~

Tom had watched Harrison, as scary as that might sound, while the boy woke up from the magically induced sleep Terence had put him in. It pained him, truly, to see the confusion on Harrison's face. Yet the flash of understanding that followed quickly made it better, at least. Harrison must've fought his way back in control for a bit- or maybe he didn't even really need to fight, if he didn't get commands.

"Tom," He muttered when he finally noticed the other man in the room. "I couldn't stop her-"

Tom nodded, not sure who was talking, it felt scary. "Don't worry about it." He said, slowly, trying to comfort Harrison if he was truly the one in control.

"I had to throw you out," Harrison said, "It's not a potion," He continued, "It's a curse, keeping me a prisoner from the inside, I felt it the moment it took-" Harrison froze, before sitting down on the bed.

Tom reminded himself once again that they might need Lily to reverse the curse.

He got up, barely sparing a glance at Harrison and left the room, quickly closing the door behind him, locking it with whatever protectional charms he knew. As well as triple locks, the muggle way, if it was anyone else Tom would've been sure the magic was enough.

Harrison, well was Harrison.

"Don't let him out." He ordered Barty, who was sitting in front of the room. He had only been slightly surprised that Tom let him into the personal wing of the manor, it only took one look at Harrison, though, then he understood.

Before Barty could reply Tom fled, it felt as if his whole world was crashing down around him right after he truly build something worth protecting.

That the thing worth protecting was a single human, well that was something Tom pushed to the back of his mind. There was no reason overthinking emotions if the said person might not make it.

He was only half aware of the grounds of the manor shaking as he entered the dungeons, he heard glass breaking upstairs, felt his own magic whirling around the room.

He leant against the wall of the dungeons, if he faced Lily now, his magic might cast a killing curse before he can even think about what to say to the witch.

He forced his magic back behind the walls he made as a teenager, he barely had to actually shove his magic in as harshly as he did now, his temper was something that he could usually control quite well, as disbelieving as that sounds.

It's just that he never had a reason to.

Until Harrison that was.

Tom quickly shoved that thought back as well.

Lily Potter was a pathetic looking creature in the cell, the same cell Peter met his end in. And wasn't that poetic, really?

Her red hair fell in her face as she threw her head back to get it out of her eyes, her hands chained together, unable to help her in the feat.

"You," Lily said as she saw him, "The politician?"

Tom laughed at that, “You would know me as that.” He said, “Either way, it doesn’t matter.”

“It doesn’t?” Lily questioned, “Let me out of here, you freak.”

“Manners, Potter.” He said, “Look, here’s what’s going to happen. You are going to help me, if you refuse to I have many more ways to make someone talk, you’re not getting out of here before I got what I want.” He smirked, “You are only alive because I want information.”

“I’m not giving you anything.” Lily spat, as she looked up and met Tom’s eyes directly. Truly, Tom was kind of enjoying showing off without people immediately fearing for their life. This whole them not knowing you’re the Dark Lord thing had it’s nice parts.

“You’re not?” He asked, “We’ll see about that. Until then I’d like you to know that the cell you’re in right now,” He stopped for a minute as Lily refused to look around, “Is the very same one Peter Pettigrew died in.”

Then her face finally paled, perhaps she thought he couldn’t have killed before. Politicians did usually have pretty boring lives.

“Now, what you’re doing is answering two very simple questions.” Tom said, “What did you do to Harrison and how do I reverse it?”

Lily scoffed, “You’re doing it for that kid?”

“Don’t question my motives,” Tom said, slowly, letting just a bit of his magic loose, surrounding Lily slowly, the tingles must’ve felt like little needles slowly scraping her skin. “You will break, Lily Potter, and I’ll enjoy the moment you do.”

Then he pulled his magic back, leaving Lily alone in the darkness of the Slytherin dungeons. He really had to get his Death Eaters on studying different obedience spells.

~

Every time he saw or felt Tom coming even remotely close either physically or mentally prodding at the link, he fought. Sometimes it worked, it was like breaking through an invisible barrier with an elastic band wrapped around his waist, pulling him back if he tried to stretch it out just a bit too much.

Sadly, a bit too much often meant the point where he was actually

able to communicate with Tom.

At least the man wasn't risking his own free will anymore, not pushing further than he should, letting the curse come over him as well, like he did the first time. Harrison had felt it happening and blasted Tom away as a last resort.

He only felt slightly guilty for the aftermath of that particular choice.

The more he pushed the curse away, the more free he felt, and secretly he prayed to Mother Magic, asking her if she could help in anyway while Tom found a more permanent solutions.

Of course, there was no reply, Harrison wondered if Mother Magic could even help him without risking her own safety.

So he watched from the backseat as whoever was controlling him let him do *nothing* all day. Harrison suspected that must've something to do with Tom telling him Lily was currently locked in their dungeon.

She won't be able to give you any commands with magic through the wards. He had said, *I made sure of that.*

He had reached out afterwards, placing a hand on Harrisons cheek while looking at him with something in his eyes Harrison hadn't seen in there before. His face cleared up quickly afterwards, pulling his hand away almost as if Harrison's skin burned his skin.

Harrison wished he could reach out, comfort that part of Tom that obviously hurting by Harrisons absence. Almost as if Harrison's existence was his only string to sanity and someone was holding a pair of scissors next to it, ready to cut the next bad move Tom makes.

He really ought to talk to Tom about their co-dependency and that focussing this much of your existence on one person could not be healthy.

Then again their relationship would never be the example for a healthy relationship and he had known what he got into when he accepted whatever Tom wanted to give him.

Honestly, Harrison was surprised the man didn't seem to have the urge to murder everyone he talks to yet. He had even shown up at the Wizengamot and told Harrison about it, cautiously to not expose any of their plans, yet still told him about it.

And Harrison felt.. okay, he knew Tom would get him out of this state eventually.

Besides, this solitary gave him time to think about his Hogwarts life and what to do with the people there. So Harrison, while actively fighting, wasn’t even half as panicked as he would’ve been, had he been anyone else.

Chapter End Notes

> Didn't totally expect it to end up like this when I started.
> My fingertips danced acrossed my keyboard and this came out, so we'll just have to deal with it.

Chapter 66: I don't know what could be called love.

Chapter Notes

I can't believe I actually finished this in two days.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lily Potter sat in front of him pathetically, the cuts on her skin disappearing well below her shirt, the blood seeping through the fabric, staining the white with a crimson colour that only inspired Voldemort to do worse.

Tom hadn't felt this much like *Voldemort* since Harrison made him sane again.

It was a weird sort of glee, as he hurt the woman who had put him in this situation to begin with.

"Who are you?" Lily croaked, the dehydration she was suffering in showing in her voice.

"Does it matter?" Tom asked, "Are you giving me answers?"

Lily opened her eyes slowly, "Why should I?"

Tom smiled at that, "I could just give you-"

"It was a book," Lily said slowly, "The secret section of Hogwarts, dark magics."

"Is it reversable?"

"Of course," Lily scoffed, "I'm not binding someone to me forever." She closed her eyes again and when Tom asked her for the exact ritual she didn't answer.

It had been almost four days full of torture and he hadn't gotten a lot out of Lily yet.

But now, he knew enough to do more specific research, it was a curse, a binding curse to be exact. He just needed to know exact book from the forbidden part of the Hogwarts library.

Before he left the woman alone he cast a slow cutting charm, painful, not deadly, he enjoyed seeing the blood stain the floors of this dungeon.

~

“There’s an old ritual,” Rookwood said, “It was made to bound pagan gods to the early wizards. They didn’t know that Magic herself was a deity and instead bound parts of her powers to them, making it do magic for them.”

“As in magic they couldn’t do before?” Tom asked.

Rookwood nodded, “Yes, my Lord. Actually there are reasons to believe they got the powers to pull magic from the earth and use it to their own ability.”

“Elementals.” Tom said, “But forced elementals, not gifted.”

“The binding grasped a certain part of Magics existence,” Rookwood said, “There is no way to believe that it couldn’t also be used on other Wizards.”

“As in she wouldn’t want to control Harrison, she’s just taking parts of his magic?”

Rookwood nodded, “If it was bound to Harrison’s magic.”

“It has to be, it only bound truly when his magic fully broke through the wall of magic.” Tom said, “So why can’t Harrison move himself?”

“I have reason to believe that this curse was used with a simple mind controlling spell, weakening the victim enough to not fight it.”

“So we break the controlling spell, let Harrison free.” Tom said, “He just wouldn’t be able to use his magic as much.”

“There’s one problem, My Lord.” Rookwood muttered, “Killing Lily won’t remove the binding.”

Tom nodded, he kind of expected that, it couldn’t have been that easy.

“Thank you, Rookwood.” Tom said, “At least I’ll be able to get his consciousness back.”

Rookwood bowed and quietly left his office.

Tom sighed in relief as Rookwood left the office. Somehow, in his mind, he had forgotten that Lily wasn't an all-powerful figure. She wasn't even that close to being the most powerful witch and she didn't have a lot of experience with curses.

Forgetting all of that led to Tom believing he could never solve this.

Mind controlling spells, when as simple as this one, only needed a potion that Tom made sure to always have. It wasn't rare for a Death Eater to get hit with a spell similar to this one- without the whole losing total control, due to a magic binding.

Harrison who sat on his bed in the Heir room didn't even look up when Tom entered the room. He was a puppet- or no, a magical battery used to charge Lily's magic.

Which couldn't be doing a lot now, as she was locked in his basement.

He forced Harrison to look up, it was the first time he truly touched him, he almost pulled his hand away at the *coldness* of Harrison's skin.

He poured the potion into Harrison's mouth, keeping it closed until he swallowed, then he sat down opposite of Harrison, on the ground, against the wall. Waiting patiently for Harrison to come back to him.

He sat there for a while, watching as Harrison slowly blinked. His eyes quickly focussing on Tom.

"Fucking hell, you did it." He muttered in reply, "I wanted to tell you about the spell- it just wouldn't let me. There's another-"

Tom quickly approached Harrison again, "I know, I know." He said, "Be careful with your magic, okay?"

Harrison quickly nodded, "I hate this." He leant into Tom's touch as soon as the man put a hand on his cheek.

"You scared me." He muttered, "I really thought this could take years, just to get you back."

"It didn't, though." Harrison replied, quietly. Tom seemed almost hesitant to come closer, keeping a couple of inches between them. Harrison sighed, "I am me again, you know?"

Tom swallowed, but nodded. "I-"

Harrison cut him off with a kiss, if Tom wasn't going to initiate it, he

would have to do it. He felt Tom slowly melt into it, kissing him back, still careful, but less avoidant.

When he pulled back he smiled at Tom, “I can deal with being careful with my magic, I mean I’ve had that exact order before.” He said, “Besides, you’re here to protect me, aren’t you?”

Tom nodded, as serious as ever. “You know I am. Always.”

“That doesn’t mean we shouldn’t actively try to get this binding away.” Harrison said, “You still have her right?”

Tom nodded, “I wouldn’t just let her go,” his thumb slowly caressed Harrison’s skin, where his hand was still on his cheek. “I wouldn’t make such a decision without you, my-“ He cut himself off and Harrison gave him a questioning look.

Tom just shrugged helplessly in reply.

~

“You,” Lily must be trying to sound threatening as she saw Harrison walk in, but it didn’t work, not when she looked as weak as she did.

“Surprised?” Harrison asked, “Now, let’s talk about this other ritual. What are you planning to do with my magic, dear bio-mum?”

Lily didn’t reply, but her quick look of shock didn’t get past Tom. He watched as Harrison interrogated Lily, shooting the occasional hex, Harrison did well with making her angry, less protective of her motives. Exposing bits and bits every time she opened her mouth.

“I mean whatever you want to do with my magic wouldn’t work anyways, when you’re dead.” Harrison said, “I know I won’t exactly get my magic back then, but I have enough of it to still go for a good while, you however, will have died for nothing.”

“If you kill me now, you would only guarantee I get exactly what I want.” The woman spat, “Why would I care about getting your magic, Harrison? What could I possibly want with it? I have enough.”

“That’s a good question,” Harrison said, “As one of my friends said not too long ago, *Anyone would happily carry a mark of my magic.”*

Tom gave him a surprised look and Harrison just gave him a look that said *I’ll explain later.*

“Those friends of yours make you think you’re way more than-“

“You cast that spell for a reason, Lily.” Harrison said, “Like it or not, I’ll find out what it is. We could always use truth serum.” He said, “But I can’t guarantee the potion would be good for you, it is embarrassingly easy to make poison out of those I heard.”

Tom snorted as a look of fear crossed Lily’s face.

“It’s not for *me.”* Lily said, “I bound your magic to someone else.”

“And who would that person be?” Harrison said, as Tom twitched his wrist, casting a curse that would make Lily feel a sharp pin on her arm, slowly pressing into her skin. At least that would make her answer quicker.

“Who do you think?” Lily questioned, “Your sister, the one who was actually supposed to have your powers. She has nothing but her status. She’s absolutely terrible, but all the prophecies-“

“You are the worst mother I’ve ever seen.” Harrison said, “You don’t just do that to your daughter. Does she know?”

Lily shook her head and Harrison scoffed.

“Of course she doesn’t.” He said, “You, Lily, deserve an entirety in hell.”

He turned around to Tom, who had been ignored by both Lily and Harrison almost the entire time, except for the occasional shared look with Harrison.

“I felt no connection to Lily,” He said, “Because there was none. I think if we can get Hope here I can break the spell myself.”

“You want Hope here?” Tom said, unsure to invite Hope to such a place.

“Or we go to the Potter manor, reason with James, I feel like I’m going insane.”

Tom smirked at that, “Rather you than me.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Come, Tommy boy.” He said, “We have to get Reggie for leverage.”

Lily looked up as soon as she heard ‘Reggie’ and Tom nodded.

“Right, perhaps we should just make it a family thing, take everyone?” Tom said and Harrison laughed.

“I bet Sirius and Remus would love the idea.”

“I think they’d be hesitant to leave you to do this alone, sweetheart.” He said, “They have to play the concerned parent role sometimes.”

Harrison sighed, “You’re probably right.” He said, “I guess we’ll find out.” Then he turned to Lily, “We’ll be back.”

Lily didn’t seem too happy about that fact as Tom walked out behind Harrison, perhaps he should give some Death Eaters the task of just torturing Lily Potter a bit more before her unavoidable demise.

Then again, perhaps Harrison himself wanted to take on that task once he had full control of his magic again.

“How does it feel?” Tom asked, out of pure curiosity. “You’re magic being stolen?”

“It’s not that quick, I feel the emptiness, but it’s not dangerous yet. I could protect myself if we were attacked now.” Harrison said, “This type of magic, though, is disgusting. Like the darkest of the dark. Dumbledore does it, apparently Lily does too. It’s just, why take someone’s magic?”

“Even I put myself above that when the thought crossed my mind back in the days.”

“If Voldemort thinks the magic is too dark for him,” Harrison muttered, “You really need to check yourselves if you use it.”

~

It didn’t take more than puppy dog eyes to convince Regulus, surprisingly, less surprising was the fact that Sirius insisted in coming along, as well as Remus, which then caused Fred and George to tag along ‘for laughs’.

Harrison, though, insisted they stay behind, except for Regulus, until he had explained what was happening to a probably confused James.

That’s how he ended up at the door of the house he was supposed to grow up in, which he had truly only been in a few times.

James eyebrows shot up in surprise when he opened the door and

found Harrison and Regulus standing there.

“Before you say anything,” Harrison said, “I’m here because I need your help.”

James glanced back into the house and said, “I’d well- I’d like to be able to help, but Hope she’s been sick and Lily is well-“ He looked down at his feet awkwardly.

“I know,” Harrison nodded, not sure what to think of this new James. He almost felt sorry for knowing where Lily was and not saying anything. “But I think I can help Hope, if you help me.”

“Hear him out, James.” Regulus insisted.

James nodded, quickly, “Okay, talk.”

Not getting invited in yet then, he understood that much.

“Lily put a binding spell on me,” Harrison said and he saw a look flash in James’ eyes. Blink and he wouldn’t have noticed it, James knew something. “She bound my magic to Hopes, hoping it will help Hope with her grasp on magic.” He continued explaining, nonetheless, it couldn’t hurt. “I want it gone, obviously. I know you have no reason to help me.” He said, “Or so I thought, but I think Hope might not be able to handle my magic. That might be why she’s showing symptoms.”

“She can handle a bit of magic.” James argued, before he looked embarrassed.

“I’m not saying she can’t.” Harrison said calmly, “But anyone would get sick from grey magic mixing with their cores, if their cores were very light or dark.”

“Grey?” James asked and Harrison shrugged. James nodded, “You think you can break the bond without hurting Hope?” James said as his eyes looked past Harrison, must’ve noticed the others then.

“I wouldn’t stand here if I didn’t believe I could.”

“How long do you need?”

“I might-“ Harrison breathed in, this was the hard part to admit. “I might be out for a while afterwards. It’s why everyone insisted on coming, we can’t exactly say we trust you fully. I guess that only

shows how desperate I am."

"And Hope?"

"She shouldn't take the hit as big as I do." Harrison said, "She might need some time to actually get over the symptoms, but no magical induced coma or anything."

James nodded, opening the door slightly further to let them in. "This feels insane."

"It probably is," Harrison replied seriously as the others joined them.

"I can *feel* it," Tom said softly, when he was next to Harrison. "You're magic seems to be everywhere."

"She's not controlling it very well." Harrison said, agreeing in a way that a lingering part of his own magic seemed to be all over the house.

"Do you have a ritual room in the manor, Potter?" Sirius asked, James looked up at directly being addressed by Sirius and slowly nodded.

"All manors do, right?" James said, "We haven't used it in well forever, really."

"It might get wild with magic," Harrison said, "An empty ritual room would work best, to not destroy anything."

James looked unsure, but slowly nodded, "I'll get Hope, the ritual room is just down the-"

"We'll find it," Sirius said and James nodded slowly.

They split up then, they did find the ritual room quickly, with Sirius' distant memories of the manor. Tom sat down next to Harrison in the big room, the rest was standing at the sides, at a distance that seemed safe enough.

"So how will you do it?" He asked.

"I'll seek the binding," Harrison said, "Then rip it apart."

"You think that will work?"

Harrison nodded, "It's- I had a dream or well- something similar to it, Magic showed me something close to this. I might loose a shit ton of magic, need to recharge for a few days, but I'll be free."

Tom nodded, “Be careful.” He muttered.

“Worried about me, Tommy?” Harrison asked, teasing the man until he looked sideways and saw the genuine worry in Tom’s eyes. He suddenly felt back, but Tom just tore his eyes away from Harrison, looked at the ground instead.

“Of course I’m worried.” He said, “Seeing you in that state was the scariest thing I’ve ever had to go through.” He said, it sounded so genuine that Harrison couldn’t even begin to doubt if he was really telling the truth. “But you came back.” He said, looking back at Harrison. “You always come back.”

Harrison nodded, “I’ll keep on coming back,” He said, “You’re not getting rid of me anytime soon, love.”

Tom nodded, his hand covering Harrison’s on the ground, as the door opened. A hesitant James walked in with Hope in his arms. The girl looked barely conscious and Harrison nodded, “Okay, we’ll do this quickly.” He said, “Can you step back James?”

“He’s sitting next to you.” James said motioning to Tom.

“He helps me stabilize my weak magic,” Harrison said, “Please, I’m trying not to hurt anyone.”

“Don’t hurt her either.” James said, as he took a step back and Harrison nodded, wondering when James became a decent father.

Then again, he always had been for Hope, in some way.

Harrison turned his hand on the ground, entwining his fingers with Tom’s and then slowly let his magic come out, what was left of it at least.

His own magic quickly found hopes, trying to pull it back in, Harrison waited for his magic to fully merge with the part of Hope that was purely his magic now.

Meanwhile all the other people in the room were looking at purple mist slowly floating over the room, mixing from two sides, trying to mix fully until they were the recognizable colour of Harrison’s magic.

Harrison pulled it back in, it felt like pulling a rope, that was wrapped around a pole. The binding tightened and then slowly started to give, little by little he pulled it loose. It was mentally and magically

draining as his magic swooped through the room.

Tom squeezed his hand, grounding him slightly he felt his magic calm down a bit as he pulled once more, he felt like crashing, but before he did he needed this binding loose. He needed Tom to be able to prod the link without fearing the binding spreading to him, as well.

He needed the true comfort of the only binding he had allowed his entire life. One that could only be called a binding of souls.

So he pulled and fell back as a force of his own magic hit him so hard when the rope finally let go.

Hope gasped, eyes flying open as Harrison's eyes closed, the last movement he made was a grasp for Tom's robe, pulling the man further towards him.

~

The next thing he knew, he woke up, Tom laying beside him, an arm wrapped around his waist as Tom slept.

They were back in Slytherin manor, which means it must've gone as well as expected.

The darkness of the room suggested it was still the middle of the night, so Harrison just cuddled up a bit closer to Tom and closed his eyes again. He could sleep for a bit longer.

"Goodmorning," Tom said, sounding exactly as awake as he looked- not at all. "Or night?" He moved his arm so he could look at Harrison, which wouldn't do a lot since the room was way too damn dark.

"Go back to sleep," Harrison groaned, making a sad attempt of pulling Tom back into the position they had been in mere seconds ago.

Tom kissed his forehead before listening to Harrison's command, moving even closer, "Anything for you, dear."

Harrison closed his eyes happily, easily falling back asleep.

~

The second time he woke up, a finger was tracing small circles in his side.

"How are you?" He asked, as he noticed Harrison blinking. "You

regained your magic quickly."

"Did I?" Harrison asked groggily.

Tom hummed an affirmative, "Your magic was sweeping through the room quite angrily yesterday. It kept growing, I tried to calm you down, but as soon as I let go- well, it came back so I just decided to join you." He said, "Felt a bit creepy, though, because you were totally unconscious, like coma level of unconscious."

Harrison snorted, "You are a creep, it shouldn't bother you so much."

Tom rolled his eyes, "You're lucky that I like you."

"Sure am, Tommy boy." Harrison said in reply, his body protested as he tried to sit up. "How much of my summer break have I missed?" He asked, not sure if he should start mourning his break or not.

"Just a week," Tom said, "Why, big plans?"

"I want to visit the dragons," Harrison said, "Go to Romania." He explained, "You should come actually, have you ever talked to a dragon?"

Tom shook his head, "I can't say I have."

"It's the strangest thing, believe me." Harrison said, he turned back to face Tom from where he was sitting on the edge of the bed, "Come with me, please?"

Tom pulled him back down, on top of him, "I'd love to."

Harrison smiled down at Tom, before leaning down and capturing Tom's lips in a quick kiss. "I love you." He said, just to see the way Tom's eyes soften every time he said those words to his face.

"I think-" Tom started, trying to find his words. "I think slowly you are teaching me what it means to love someone."

Harrison was surprised at those words, it was the closest thing to a love confession he had ever gotten out of the man, who always shut down when he even thought about loving someone.

Tom, however, didn't seem to notice Harrison's shock and kept talking. "I've seen you in bad states this year, but this last one. It scared me, because I thought I might lose you, the real you, while still having to face this inhuman version of you." He said, "If you had truly

been manipulated for the use of destroying me, I couldn't even have fought you, because fighting them would mean hurting you. It was what scared me the most." He looked up to Harrison with so much emotion all over his face. "And I could not possibly hurt you, even if it wasn't you, because I knew that whatever happened you were still somewhere in there."

"Tom-" Harrison said and Tom just smiled at him sadly.

"Harrison, out of all these thoughts came one terrifying thought." Tom said, "I tried to push it down, see it as impossible, but the one terrifying thing was that if anything were to happen to you, I wouldn't ever have the chance to say I love you back."

"Tom- I- What?" Harrison openly gaped at the man, well aware how stupid it must look.

"Sweetheart, I always thought love was this foreign concept taken away from me by my mother, when she decided to use that love potion." Tom seemed determined now, to say this words he probably had been thinking about the entire time Harrison was- well repressed for lack of a better word. "But if this feeling you give me isn't love, I don't know what could be called love." He took a deep breath, Harrison found himself doing the same subconsciously. "Harrison, I love you."

Harrison wasn't sure how to react, as it wasn't something he expected, ever really. He just smiled at Tom and leant down for another kiss, this one lasting longer, it was full of passion and Harrison had never felt a kiss like it before. When he broke away he laughed quietly, "You really had to do the whole speech, huh?"

Tom smiled back at him, such a soft smile it made Harrison want to never leave this place, it made him want to bind himself to Tom, magically, spiritually, physically, whatever way possible. "I couldn't just let you out do me, I remember quite the speech from you, too."

Harrison snorted, "You have quite a way of 'never loving me back', sir." He let himself roll from Tom before cuddling so that they were more comfortable."

"Don't make fun of my insecurities."

Harrison sighed, "But it's so much fun."

~

Tom, it seemed, loved to use the pet name ‘love’ or ‘my love’. Every sweetheart had slowly faded into a *my love.* Harrison would deny how much he liked hearing those words come out of Tom’s mouth forever.

However, Tom noticed. Harrison could see Tom’s satisfied smile every time Harrison melted at the words.

It truly wasn’t healthy, having one person have that much influence on him.

And he made sure his friends noticed, too, the arsehole. Harrison had been talking to his friends for the first time in a while and Tom had been asking Sirius something about some old artifact Bellatrix was looking for, Harrison wasn’t even entirely sure.

However, when Tom went, he came in to say goodbye to Harrison, giving him a quick hug before muttering into his ear, “*Are you coming over tonight, my love?”*

Harrison practically melted into a puddle, heart eyes and all, and he tried to glare at Tom, but Tom’s amused look showed how much that was working.

“Of course I am, arsehole.”

Tom nodded, satisfied, “Alright, see you later then, darling.”

Then he left Harrison behind with a way too amused group of friends. It really wasn’t helping the case he was trying to make before, he had been telling Oliver about Tom’s plans and how they would achieve them, the basics.

“Really scary man, Har.” Terence joked, as Tom hadn’t even closed the door yet. The boy was way too comfortable with Harrison’s protection, that would make sure Tom didn’t hurt him.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Harrison said, as he sat back down with his friends.

“What did he even whisper to you, making you go all heart eyed?” Daphne said, “I didn’t think he’d be a romantic.”

“Wait- hold on.” Oliver said, “You’re not only helping the Dark Lord, you’re dating him, like for real?”

Harrison gave him a sheepish look and Oliver groaned, “What group

of people have I infiltrated?"

"The best group, Ol." George said, "Now little brother, what did the bad old Dark Lord tell you?"

"It doesn't matter." He said quickly, a bit too quickly perhaps. "Now what was it about those tattoo's?" He asked.

"We just think," Terence said, "That you should really think about it, ask Tom about them for all I care, but those Dark Marks were placed for a reason and you and I both know it isn't just some cult sign."

"He used to actively control people with it, with pain." Harrison argued, "I don't want that control over anyone."

"If Tom offered you to get a tattoo, connected to him, a way to almost communicate with touch, you would take it, no hesitation."

"We can already-"

"Not in the same way."

"Why do you want to bear a mark so badly?" Harrison asked, "What if I also end up an insane lunatic?"

Cedric shook his head, "You won't."

"Won't I?"

"You're Harrison, anyone else? Sure. You? No fucking way." Cedric said, "We just want you to be able to call on us would you need it. We all know this fight isn't going to be as political as we'd all like and we *need* to be sure that we can be there for you, fight for you, would you need it."

"Right," Harrison nodded slowly.

"Wouldn't you do the same for us?" Terence asked and Harrison knew the boy got him there, had anyone else been in his place, he too would want a way to make sure the person could call in him would they need his assistance.

"Besides," Blaise said, "We could work some charms into them, so they could protect us against certain potions."

"It's quite easy magic." Luna said, "I've seen people get tattoo's with charms before."

Harrison groaned, knowing that none of their arguments were things he could counter, they made damn good points. It made him wonder if maybe Tom and him should get tattoo's connected to each other, indeed, it would sure as hell deepen their link even further.

"I'll think about it," He promised, "Ask Tom about the Dark Marks, also ask Charlie about his animated dragon tattoo's."

"One of the handlers does them." George said, "It's a trend to get a tattoo of the dragon you rescued or well, anything out of the ordinary work day really."

"They are so cool." Fred said.

Ginny rolled her eyes, but quietly admitted, "I did ask Charlie to give me one once I turn old enough, mom wasn't happy."

"You asked with Molly there?" George asked, "You're a brave one, little sister."

Ginny shot George a proud grin and Harrison smiled to himself slightly, as Blaise carefully got his attention by tapping his arm.

"What are you going to do with Lily?" He asked, quietly just loud enough for Harrison to hear.

And Harrison, unbelievably, had totally forgotten about the woman still locked in Tom's dungeon. His problem had been fixed and he had just been so happy. Tom must've people on watch constantly, feeding her bits so she wouldn't die before Harrison could get his revenge.

And yet he didn't say a word to Harrison, not rushing him in anyway, giving him all the time to process whatever had happened.

"Well, I'm not letting her go, that's for sure." He said, "You won't be seeing her again."

"Bummer, professor Lily Potter was always my favourite class."

Harrison nodded, "No doubt." He muttered sarcastically.

"So you haven't seen her yet?" Blaise asked.

"Not since she told us about Hope," Harrison said, "I guess I kind of forgot."

"Forgot?"

“It’s been an overwhelming couple of days.” Harrison explained, “My magic reservoir is still trying to charge in some ways. I’ve been sleeping way longer than usual, Tom’s worried about that obviously.”

“Fred and George told us about it.” Blaise whispered, “Trying to calm us down, keep us updated. It sounded like quite the thing. Perhaps, if you truly ripped it, it’s not so much charging, but more mending as if you wounded it.”

And Harrison hadn’t thought about that possibility yet, either, he hadn’t even really tried to mend the barrier besides the quick patch up to keep his magic hidden. He really ought to take some time to remake his defences.

He smiled at Blaise, “You know, you might’ve just told me exactly what I needed to hear to fix this for real.”

Chapter End Notes

I'll see you all somewhere next week <3

Chapter 67: Leave the baby dragons alone, please.

Chapter Notes

> I decided to make my chapters longer, because I'm genuinely scared of the amount of chapters this story will have. So here have a double chapters with dragons and smut.
>
> Not together, though that would be weird.
> (I didn't sleep enough, sorry for that)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison spend days at Tom's remaking his entire defensive landscape in his head, meanwhile Tom started readying the Death Eaters for what was coming the next school year, it was going to be the most chaotic thing Tom had done in years and his Death Eaters needed to be ready.

The duelling tournaments were finally planned for a time within three weeks and the trainings had been going exceptional, even Bellatrix seemed to finally be back in form, even if she acted a bit more like a child than before.

It was a defensive mechanism for the trauma of Azkaban, or so they had been told, so Tom let her and finally allowed her to wander as freely as the other Death Eaters who had been freed from the prison.

This meant: You can go where you want, but don't get caught.

And then after days of making sure his magic was secure- he could truly feel his magic healing now so at least Blaise seemed to be right. He brought up the tattoo thing with Tom.

"They want to bear your mark, so that they can aid you?" Tom asked, seeming just as surprised as Harrison. "And trust you to not use it in any other way? Even The Knights of Walpurgis didn't trust me that fully."

Harrison stared up at Tom, from where his head was laying in the man's lap, Tom had been frowning while working through some papers from the Death Eaters, the man was obviously a lot busier now and Harrison wondered what that meant for them when Tom also

started teaching at Hogwarts.

“They’re insane,” Harrison shook his head, “I told them so, but they seemed so insistent, Cedric first said it before the whole Lily thing and I’m certain that somewhere in the time I spent here they actually got together and debated this thing, because they were such an united front.”

“Well, it’s hardly a surprise.” Tom said softly, “They see you as some sort of mentor, but you also constantly get in danger. If they offer you this you should do it.”

“But I don’t want them to see me as some sort of mentor or master.”

“Harrison, love,” Tom said, “Whether you listen to them now or do not, they will never truly see you as their equal or their friend. It’s hard to gaze upon magic such as yours and see something you think of as equal.”

And Tom had a point, Harrison knew that, he had never really been equal to his friends, they had always looked at him for answers and listened to his orders without asking questions. Even the newer additions, such as Oliver and Ginny, it seemed the rest informed them of this unspoken agreement.

“It’s a lonely life.” Tom admitted, “It used to be my defense mechanism back at Hogwarts, make sure nobody could know me fully. Once I realised how lonely it was I had enough horcruxes to push the feelings down.”

“Sounds depressing,” Harrison said quietly.

“It was,” Tom answered truthfully, “But then you came along and now I don’t have to feel alone. Harrison, I don’t ever want to have you feeling alone. But don’t be afraid to take on the role they want you to take on, because you can not stop this progress.”

“I know that.” Harrison smiled, “I won’t be lonely. I have you after all, don’t I?”

Tom smiled down at him, leaning down to kiss him, whispering a quiet, “Always.” It sounded like a promise more than anything.

“Remember when I asked you if you would ever mark me?” Harrison whispered when Tom ended the kiss. “And you told me that as much as you’d like to, you wouldn’t want to put me in the same rank as your

Death Eaters?"

Tom's hand suddenly found his left upper arm, a warm touch against his skin. "And I meant what I said, I put your animagus as part of the new marks as a reason, if I could I would give you exactly the same amount of control over all of them as I had, because you are equal to me in every way."

"Terence asked me if I had the chance to bear your mark if I would take it, he posed an interesting question when he suggested that our bond could strengthen even further if we both marked each other in such a way." Harrison said, "Our magic would be linked constantly."

"You want our bond to go even further?" Tom asked, "We can read each other's minds if we try enough."

"Got anything to hide, Loverboy?" Harrison smirked and Tom shook his head.

"You're the teenager here."

"I'd be interested in seeing the effect, besides, I'm not certain I could possibly hide anything for you." Harrison said, "Perhaps we should think about it."

"And you'll think about tattooing your friends?" Tom asked, smirking, Harrison knew that this whole thing wasn't truly a question for Tom. Tom loved the idea of marking Harrison and would bear Harrison's own mark with pride, besides he was also curious about their soulmate bond. It seemed to go further and further, but then sometimes it stopped.

They had gotten to the point where simple sentences and pictures could be communicated, even with a large distance between them, as well as a constant pull towards each other. Harrison always seemed to find Tom without even trying in the most crowded rooms.

"Is one of your fantasies seeing me as some all powerful lord?" Harrison said, "Taking even more power from your side, as I slowly become the most feared Dark Lord?"

"Who knows?" Tom said and Harrison laughed slightly.

"Be careful Tommy boy, go through with this whole tattoo thing and I might just find out."

“Do you think we could feel each other’s feelings even more?” Tom asked, “*Just think about the org-*“

Harrison slapped a hand over his mouth, giggling as Tom tried to slap his hand away. “You’re horrible.”

“I just want to see you flustered.” Tom said as he finally succeeded in getting Harrison’s hand away from his mouth. “You look lovely like that, sweetheart.”

~

It went without saying that now, that Harrison was okay again, they would have their annual trip to Romania, the dragon reserve was the one place Harrison was looking forward to seeing every year.

Charlie had sent them a letter that he had visited the Weasleys- to see his father and sister- and talked to Ginny. The girl hated that she couldn’t join them on their trip, but understood that it was too risky to just go with them, especially now that Lily was ‘missing’.

As Tom was planning on joining them, Harrison realised that he should probably be straight up to the older Weasley brothers- because, apparently Bill suddenly was interested in Charlie’s work as well, visiting his brother in the little off-time he had.

Harrison suspected that the Weasleys already expected a thing, judging from Ginny’s entirely unsurprised reaction when he told her, but still, straight up saying it couldn’t hurt.

Before they went to Romania, Harrison had something else to deal with, though.

“Hello, mum.” He said as the woman sat staring at the ground, refusing to meet his eyes. Tom was watching him, standing right beside him for any support he might need. “You must love her a lot.”

Lily looked up then, “What did you do?”

“I saved her,” Harrison said, “Poor Hope was sick, almost dying from my magic.” He lowered himself so he was face to face with the sitting woman, “You’re muggle-born, so I’ll make it easy for you. You know how blood transfusions only work with certain blood types, mix two who don’t work together and your body will end up fighting the blood that was supposed to safe you.”

Lily glared at him, as he continued talking.

“Magic works much the same, Potter.” Harrison said, “Now Dumbledore worked his way around that, making him able to steal magic from everyone, or maybe he’s just a universal recipient, who knows. But my dear sister wasn’t. Which means that while her own magic tried to fight my magic, she was only weakening. I saved both of us by ripping your little ritual apart.”

Lily looked terrified now, “Is she okay?”

“She’s fine,” Harrison said, “I came here with the idea of a slow, painful death, but quite fairly, you’re not worth the effort. And the Death Eaters did quite well, didn’t they, darling?”

“They did enjoy practicing on a human again,” Tom confirmed and Harrison smirked.

He didn’t even say the words for the killing curse, he just thought about killing Lily and the room lit up green, leaving only Tom, Harrison and Lily’s body.

“Feel better?” Tom asked and Harrison hesitated as he looked at the body, but then slowly nodded.

“I’ve never really killed a human like that.” Harrison said.

Tom nodded full understanding, “The first time is tough.” He muttered as he wrapped his arms around Harrison, “You did great, love.” He said, as he kissed the top of Harrison’s head.

Harrison nodded, then chuckled slightly, “Come on, Tommy boy, we got to pack for Romania, you need to meet Willow.”

~

“There’s our favourite brothers!” Charlie shouted with a wide smile as he saw them approach their meeting spot, not too far away from the sanctuary.

“Hey Charles, William.” Fred said sarcastically while George waved dramatically, Harrison just smiled as he approached them.

“Marvolo Gaunt, right?” Bill said as he noticed Tom, Tom glanced at Harrison.

Harrison cleared his throat awkwardly, “Call him Tom, Marvolo is his

middle name. He just uses it for politics."

Bill narrowed his eyes, but nodded, "Alright, Tom then, we've heard a lot about you."

"Ah, so you do talk about me?" Tom said, as Harrison rolled his eyes.

"Now you two-" George said, as Fred crossed his arms, looking way too serious.

Sirius was laughing, the man obviously knowing what the Twins were bringing up now.

"- Care to explain why Harrikins here-" Fred continued.

"- Got this cool teamed up gift from you two?"

"The dragon!" Charlie's face lightened up, "Bill and I were talking about how Harrison helped us, for free might I add at our jobs, so we just decided to put some effort into it."

"Quite a puzzle it was, since part of it was made while I was in Egypt and Charlie was still here." Bill said, amused, "I'm still surprised those wards survived."

"Well, it's gotten a special place in my room." Harrison said, "Best gift I might have ever gotten."

Tom looked properly offended at that and Harrison just smirked at him, the man rolling his eyes in reply.

"Alright, alright, now we're here to see some dragons!" Fred said and Charlie smiled as he started leading them back to the sanctuary.

"How's Willow and her son?" Harrison asked as he matched Charlie and Bill's pace, "Did she fully recover?"

"She did, she misses you quite a lot, especially since you came back for a bit last year. She kicked up quite the fuss. And her son, Kale, he's quite the impressive young dragon now."

"I've been excited to see her again," Harrison laughed, as he glanced back at Tom, who was currently dealing with Fred and George's pestering about some spell. He was taking it like a champ, Harrison thought, trying his best to sent that thought to Tom directly, the man glared at him. "Tom can't wait to meet her either."

“So, he’s a parseltongue, too?” Bill said, as he followed Harrison’s look.

Harrison nodded, “Yeah, I should probably tell you guys about him sooner rather than later.”

Charlie quickly got the right idea, dropping the others at the visitor cabins, so that they could drop their stuff then he and Bill led Harrison to the place Bill had been staying.

“So, Tom?” Bill said, “Let me guess, he’s not as innocent as he seems?”

“What is it with you Weasleys and assuming he’s the Dark Lord, Ginny got that after a bit too.” Harrison muttered and Bill laughed.

“You are quite obvious, Harrison.” Bill said, “Besides, Gaunt? Parseltongue?”

“Okay, fair enough.” Harrison said, “Tom is the Dark Lord, he changed fully though.”

“That much is obvious,” Charlie said, “You know, we were around during the end of the first big fight against Voldemort? The man that went on rampages, killing entire villages at once is obviously not the same man that is currently keeping our little brothers entertained.”

“You two communicate without talking.” Bill said, it was not a question, so Harrison gave no answer. “I assume you have something to do with this sane return of Voldemort?”

“I found him back in my first year, in a weakened state, he had taken precautions he deemed necessary for immortality and strength, making him insane in the process of all the rituals. I bound him and reversed more than half of it at once. After that he started seeing sense and helped me.” Harrison said, “The first part was a gamble, but I knew how to kill him permanently, would it be necessary. I still can, and he knows I can.”

“So you have a Dark Lord on a leash?” Charlie chuckled and Harrison hesitated.

“Tom and I, we’re bound in some ways, if I want to kill him I need to kill myself first.” Harrison sighed, “He’s the one that can kill me without really hurting himself, so no I don’t control him in such a way. Tom, he cares, though. He would never hurt me, in return I would never hurt him, simple as that.”

“Not quite so simple.” Bill said, “You got a lot older in barely any time.”

“That was Mother Magic’s doing, this year has been crazy.” Harrison said, “I promise I will update you all when we have more time.”

“Tom and you-“ Charlie said, “Are you together?”

Harrison nodded, “We are, is that weird?”

“I doubt it’s the weirdest thing about this whole situation,” Charlie said, as he nodded. “You’re taming the Dark Lord, I suppose we should be thankful.”

“He’s my soulmate.” Harrison admitted, almost shyly. “It’s hardly taming if fate bound us together, is it?”

“Soulmates as in *literal-“* Bill said, amazed, of course Bill would be interested in bonds such as theirs, it’s a basic foundation for a lot of curses and other spells Bill actively studied.

“Yeah,” Harrison laughed, “It was insane to figure that out, we’re not even entirely sure how we figured it out, but-“

“It’s just a feeling and connection,” Bill nodded, “That’s what all the old scriptures say.”

“Then I met Fate and she just confirmed it for me.” Harrison said, “So, blessings by the deities and all.”

“I see what you mean by having an eventful year.” Charlie laughed as someone knocked on the door, Tom walked in only looking slightly unsure about disturbing them.

“I’m pretty sure Fred and George might accidently put their cabin on fire, if we don’t give them something to do quickly.” He said, “I swear I tried to stop them.”

“But you didn’t want to?” Harrison asked, raising an unimpressed eyebrow.

“They’re quite crafty.” Tom said, “Honestly, people could learn from them.”

Harrison laughed, “Alright, should we go see some dragons?”

Charlie nodded excitedly, as Bill looked between Harrison and Tom,

seemingly looking for something before nodding.

Bill might test our bonds, he's a scientist at heart. Harrison tried to mentally tell Tom, it was getting easier over small distances. The man nodded.

Not surprised, it's his job, besides he might help us figure this thing out even more.

Harrison nodded in agreement to that, Bill's lip quirked up as he noticed something between them, yeah, they were definitely going to be part of some experiments this vacation.

"Alright," Charlie said, "Let's get going."

~

Willow and Kale were in the back of the sanctuary with some other younger and older dragons.

Willow practically smelled Harrison approaching, lifting her head as they walked towards the group of dragons.

"Speaker." The dragon hissed and Tom's mouth opened in amazement. "*You've returned."*

"I promised, didn't I?" Harrison smiled, "*Have they been treating you and Kale well?"*

"Of course," Willow said, "*Kale has been exploring the surrounding area's as long as he doesn't get too close to human villages."*

"That sounds amazing," Harrison said, "*He grew quickly."*

"You should come with me sometime," The younger dragon hissed suddenly, seemingly awake as well, even if he didn't lift his head. "*Who's your company?"*

"You know most of them." Harrison muttered, "*That's Tom, he's a speaker as well."*

Tom hissed a quick hello, still not fully over his amazement.

Harrison himself was still kind of amazed, last year he only had the time for a quick visit and yet that quick visit had made him a lot closer to both dragons, as they now trusted that he wouldn't just leave and never return.

"*How are your wounds, mother?"* Harrison asked Willow and the dragon lifted her wings, to show him the scars in her scales. He could see Charlie grabbing his wand in the corner of his eyes, not to hurt the dragons, just as a precaution.

"*They don't hurt,"* She said, though she didn't sound all that happy.

Harrison wanted to ask why, but Tom spoke up before he could. "*You must miss the colour on your wings,"* He said softly, "*Though, I must admit the grey and the blue are making you look even more dangerous than otherwise, the colours remind me somewhat of the sky."*

"*I used to be the prettiest of my kind here."* She muttered, "*My sickness went away, but afterwards I hurt myself, my immune system and magic was still fighting the disease refusing to give the strength to fully close it at once, even after your aid, little one."*

Harrison smiled sadly as she lowers her wings again.

Tom however, suddenly seemed more determined, "*Can I take a closer look at them, mother?"*

The dragon inspected him and then ask, "*Do you think you could aid me?"*

"*I promise that I will do whatever I can to find a way to help you return to your former glory."*

The dragon nodded then, lowering her head in a sign of acceptance that even the none-parseltongue speakers around them could understand, as Tom slowly approached the dragon.

Charlie seemed uncertain about the whole ordeal, but Harrison just muttered a, "Trust him, he can handle himself."

And who could deny that, so Charlie stood back as Tom approached the wing, whispering encouragements to the dragon.

"*Alright, mother, can you lift your wing slightly?"* He asked, quickly followed by a, "*Thank you, that's perfect. You're doing great."* As the dragon did as she was told.

Harrison could feel the exact moment Tom let the tiniest bit of magic out, showing control over the exact portions of magic that Harrison had never seen, even he couldn't control his core in such a way.

The magic was scanning the scar and Harrison could feel it, the way Tom's magic interacted with the air around the dragon.

"*You can lower your wing, I think I might be able to find a spell to mend it fully, return it to its state before you wound yourself.*"

The dragon lowered its wing and looked directly at Tom, "*Even trying to do such a thing is more than most humans would do, I can tell that you're a good man, speaker.*"

Tom smiled at the dragon, as he touched its neck, petting the dragon a few time, looking so small next to the gigantic monster.

Yet, totally in control of it.

The more Harrison saw Tom in these situations the better he understood how Tom managed to brainwash such a big part of the British Wizarding Community to follow him blindly.

"What just happened?" Charlie whispered as he watched Tom and Harrison smiled slightly.

"Tom just promised a dragon to try and mend her scars."

Charlie seemed like he didn't know whether to be impressed or afraid. Harrison understood, somehow they were watching the man that many would call the biggest monster on earth pet a literal dragon and they promised to help each other as well.

~

"Okay, so how are you planning on doing this thing?" Bill asked as he sat down opposite of Harrison and Tom.

Tom quirked an eyebrow and Harrison could feel his curiosity to the lack of fear. Then some sort of understanding came, Fred and George hadn't been entirely fearful either, it was probably a family thing.

"Back in my days Nagini got a similar wound," Tom said, "Her scales got scarred till the point of no return, of course Nagini isn't fully snake so she turned human and promised me very kindly, that if I did not fix her she would be the one to kill me, screw the rest of the wizarding world."

Bill seemed surprised at the fact that Nagini was a Maledictus, even Harrison tends to forget that often, as he had only known her as the

snake who had somehow charmed Ebony into such a sense of friendship that the snake rather stayed at Tom's place than explore the castle.

"I searched for days on end and eventually mended her scales by a charm, it shouldn't be too hard to cast on Willow, my issue is that I don't know how the dragon will react to my magic, especially while touching her scar."

"You weren't scanning the wound," Harrison muttered, "You were letting her get used to it before you cast something such as that."

Tom nodded slowly, "Nagini she spent years with me before I casted such a spell, expecting to get such a bond with a dragon within a week is the issue more than casting the spell."

"And Harrison?" Bill asked, "She's used to his magic, if I have to believe Charlie."

"I'm not letting Harrison risk this," Tom decided, before Harrison could even reply, some wave of protection hit Harrison through their link and he smiled slightly as Tom said turned to him and said, "I trust you, but your magic is still healing, such a charm mending a scar of that size, it seems like a dumb plan."

Harrison nodded in agreement as Bill looked between them and nodded again, "I'll inform Charlie," He said then, quickly dismissing himself, leaving Tom and Harrison alone in their cabin.

Tom grabbed Harrison's hand in his as Harrison said, "My magic is okay, you know?"

"We're not risking it." Tom said, no place for disagreement. "Let me do this?"

Harrison nodded slowly, "No big rituals and spells until my birthday," He muttered quietly. "By then it must be healed right?"

Tom didn't answer he just squeezed his hand, Harrison took that as an *I'm not sure.* He couldn't even blame Tom, the man had told him before that he hadn't really seen someone wound their core like that before.

"I think your new shields will speed up the process, at least." Tom said, eventually. "I'm certain you will be able to participate in the duels without hurting your core again."

Harrison smiled at the man, “You will let me?”

Tom put his free hand on Harrison’s cheek, caressing his skin with his thumb, “I doubt I could stop you, love.” He admitted, “Besides, I’ve been looking forward to you showing my followers their place.”

“I’m sure you have.” Harrison agreed easily, ignoring the way he practically melted as Tom called him *love again,* while touching him so softly.

And Tom, judging by his look knew exactly what he was doing to Harrison.

~

“So how do they work?” Harrison asked, “The tattoos? Are they just charmed muggle tattoos?”

Charlie shook his head, “Oh god no, I’m not letting a needle poke into me for every detail on these ones. They are charmed, purely magic from start to end. Why you thinking about getting a tattoo?”

Harrison shrugged, “At some point. One of my friends seemed interested in them, though, I promised I’d ask. I think my magic can handle tattooing some people, wouldn’t it?”

“Are you certain?” Charlie asked, “Tom told us about what exactly happened when you were playing with the baby dragons.”

Harrison sighed, “I’ll heal further first, besides my magic isn’t *weak* now. It’s currently probably on four fifths of what I had before.”

Charlie whistled, “Alright, tattoos shouldn’t be an issue then. I’ll get you to contact Beck, she’s been the main artist here for ages.”

“Thanks, Charlie.” Harrison said, as he glanced back at Tom, who was currently using his magic while communicating with Willow, sitting next to the dragon, talking about a whole bunch of bullshit. The man had already convinced the dragon that he had always been on the right side of history, even if his methods were more than questionable.

“Do you think he can do it?” Charlie asked as he followed Harrison’s gaze, “Letting Willow trust him so fully, so quickly?”

“I did it, didn’t I?” Harrison asked, “Tom he can do anything if he put his mind to it.”

“You really do love him, huh?” Charlie said, “It sounded hard to believe when you told us in the same conversation you admitted he was the Dark Lord.”

“It’s hard not to when you have the bond Tom and I have,” Harrison replied quietly, “Tom he’s unlike anyone else, right? He’s a genius in everything he does, truly and all his moves, everything he does, he does because he believes it’s the best thing to do at that point and time. He could’ve been the youngest Minister of Magic, had he not decided against a job in politics. But he decided it wasn’t the right route for him then, something in those years afterwards changed him, he might’ve not been the best person, but he sure as hell changed into an even better person than he was before the insanity.”

“Aren’t you afraid?” Charlie asked, “That the only reason you think like that is because Fate wanted the both of you together?” He shivered, “I would not be able to keep the doubts out of my head, if Fate admitted she did that.”

Harrison shook her head, “She doesn’t act because it’s fun, she acts because she sees potential, if Tom and I weren’t compatible without the soulmate bond, wouldn’t have found each other without it, we wouldn’t have ended up here.”

Charlie seemed thoughtful, he stayed silent for a while. Both of them just looking at Tom approaching the dragon and Willow loudly roaring, before standing back and putting her head back down, carefully lifting her wing.

“He has a way with dragons.” Charlie muttered and Harrison snorted.

“It’s a lot easier when you can actually communicate with them, believe me.”

“I don’t doubt it,” Charlie said, then he suddenly turned back to Harrison, “You know I wasn’t supposed to tell anyone this.”

Harrison made a ‘Hm?’ sound, as he also turned to look at Charlie.

“The Triwizard tournament, the first task will be dragons,” Charlie said, “I don’t know what or how exactly, but it’s dragons.”

“Dragons?” Harrison questioned, “Are they insane?”

“That’s what I asked,” Charlie agreed.

Harrison sighed again then, “I’m competing, I promised I would to keep everyone else safe. Protect the students who get into the tournament.”

Charlie nodded, “That’s good, they’ll probably need some protection.”

“Tom, he’s going to pretend Voldemort returns next year, to plant doubts in the government, it will make taking over easier. Fudge is incompetent, but because nothing has really been going on that he couldn’t shove off to others, no one notices.”

“More murders, then?” Charlie looked honestly worried and Harrison shook his head.

“It’s all about the fear,” Harrison explained, “The most of it will be threatening messages, but I doubt even that will happen often. I wish there was an easier way to take over.”

Charlie nodded in agreement as Willow suddenly growled again and Tom took a step back, hissing something in reply, Harrison couldn’t make out the words from here. The dragon seemed to calm down, though as Tom slowly approached him again, the wing that had been lifted the entire time was lowered slowly, carefully.

“He’s dealing with Willow quite well,” Charlie said, “She can be quite feisty.”

“He’s dealt with worse things.” Harrison said and Charlie nodded, not replying to that as he watched the way Tom stroked Willow’s scales, the dragon keeping an eye on him, yet not looking scared or threatened at all.

In another universe, Harrison mused, Tom might’ve done something like this as a job.

The way Tom’s eyes shot towards him, told him that the man had somehow picked that thought up, hearing him from where he was talking with the dragon.

~

“So you’re the famous Harrison Black,” A woman mused, as she sat down in front of Harrison in the shared cafeteria of sorts, a place where most the dealers met for dinner, “Charlie said you were interested in tattoos?”

Only then did Harrison notice the charmed dragon flying over her arm, he nodded.

“Beck then?” Harrison asked and the woman grinned.

“That’s me.” She said, “Tattooing was something I learned during my time at Durmstrang, when I came here people started loving to tattoo certain dragons on them, usually ones who they had a certain bond with or helped in some way. Actually I’m quite sure Charlie has Willow and Kale tattooed on his arm.”

“Really?” Harrison asked, “I’ll have to ask him about that some time.”

Beck laughed, “You do that, now what d’ya want to know?”

“How do they work, the tattoos?” Harrison asked and Beck smiled at the question, she got a sketching block and pencil from somewhere before starting to draw. Enthusiastically explaining the process of putting the sketch on someone’s skin with charms afterwards, Harrison listened to everything she said, while looking in amazement at the drawing she was making, it was a wand of sorts, a dragon wrapped around it, the wings spreading wide.

Harrison understood now how she managed everyone to get tattoos here.

“Best part?” She said eventually, “Nothing is truly permanent, sure the reverse charm hurts like a bitch, but if you were to tattoo your significant others name on you, you’ll be able to get rid of it, no scars.”

~

Fingertips danced across his chest, exploring as Harrison sighed and let himself enjoy the contact while relaxing in the soft mattress beneath you.

Tom chuckled, “So lazy,” He said, affectionately. Before placing a soft kiss right above where his heart was.

“Hm,” Harrison hummed, “Feels good.”

He could feel Tom’s amusement, “I’m sure it does, love.” Another careful kiss, a little higher, around his collarbone. Meanwhile, his hands trailed lower, out of the safe area Tom had somewhat decided on before. “Don’t worry, I like taking care of you.” He said.

Tom's fingers traced his v-lines, edging just above his underwear, Harrison could feel him smirking while placing open-mouthed kisses on his throat.

Every touch was so carefully placed, sweet, not at all like the last time. Harrison wanted to melt into Tom, while the man touched him just like this.

"You okay, darling?" Tom asked cheekily and Harrison opened his eyes, Tom placed another quick kiss, just below his jaw, before moving so he could look into Harrison's eyes.

"I'm perfect." He said, feeling Tom hook his thumb into his underwear.

"Can I?" The man asked and Harrison nodded.

"As long as you take your shirt off as well," Because, truly it wasn't fair how Tom had slowly coaxed him out of his clothing, while not removing a single piece- besides his shoes- off himself.

The man sighed but did as he was told, sitting up and unbuttoning his own shirt slowly, Harrison watching his hands move. God, it was embarrassing how big of a hold Tom had on Harrison. Tom could tell him to do practically anything now and he'd do it just see that tad bit of more exposed skin.

He blamed it on the hormones, but as Tom looked at him and *smirked,* Harrison knew that not only had Tom heard what he thought, the man knew just as well as he did that hormones played only a small part in the way Tom made him feel, the other part was whatever Fate had put between them, making both Harrison and Tom willing to give up anything for the happiness of the other.

"I am truly loving this mind link," The man said amused, of course the man would, Harrison's thoughts seemed to be a lot louder or maybe Tom had just gotten better at picking them up. The man practically read his every thought, leaving the promise he made, the whole 'no secrets' thing before their first kiss feel a lot more real.

"C'mere." Harrison said, making grabby hands when Tom finally shrugged the piece of clothing off. Tom did so, gladly, pulling Harrison into a soft kiss, his hands trailing to Harrison's waist, while Harrison's own hands were now exploring, mapping out Tom's back.

Tom removed the last of Harrison's clothing during the kiss, leaving

Harrison exposed to the air around them.

“Fuck,” Harrison said, “Silencing charms?” He suddenly remembered at Tom laughed then.

“My love,” He said, “I thought about those when we walked into the cabin, hours ago.”

Harrison snorted, of course Tom did, the man had probably been planning exactly what and how he was going to do this the entire day, fucking perv. He made sure to think that loudly, making sure Tom could hear him.

Tom just tsked, as he let the hand not currently keeping him up above Harrison, drift to his thigh, teasing the sensitive skin there while ignoring everything else. “Pervert, huh?” He said, “Yet, you don’t seem to mind me thinking about ways to absolutely ruin you here, do you?”

“Tom,” Harrison breathed and Tom smirked, Harrison would have been embarrassed at the desperation in his voice, but then again, this was Tom.

“I asked you a question, love.”

“Oh god,” Harrison said, “You know I don’t.” Tom’s nails were slowly scratching his inner thigh, not hard, just the soft movement, but it was enough.

“You look so beautiful like this, sweetheart.” Tom muttered, as he placed kisses all over Harrison’s chest, it started quick and soft, but every kiss got a little longer, open-mouthed kisses, sucking here and there. Harrison secretly wondered what he would see if he looked into the mirror tomorrow.

The amused way Tom looked up at him, confirmed that Tom had heard that thought as well.

Tom’s hand, out of nowhere strayed from it’s path, the first stroke came so suddenly that Harrison whimpered at the contact and Tom the arsehole, chose that moment to also tease one of his nipples, sucking on it, Harrison hadn’t even known they were this sensitive, until he made another *noise.*

His only consolation was that Tom was just as effected by this whole thing as he was, just from the way his movements became less

constant and more messy, Harrison could tell.

Then Tom stopped moving totally, his hand came to a halt and he moved his head away from where he was sucking another bruise into Harrison's pale skin.

"Harrison- Harry," He said, as he looked down at him, "Are you sure you want this?"

Harrison's brain took a second to realise what Tom was talking about he felt one of Tom's fingers circling, slowly, he took a breath and nodded. "Yes, *oh."*

Tom still seemed hesitant and Harrison wanted to reassure him when Tom smiled at him, "I promised myself I would wait before I ever did something like this to you." He muttered, "I felt like such a pervert, even thinking about it, but I guess you were thinking about it as well."

"Tom-" Harrison gasped, as the finger, now coated in lube- He loved having a partner who was just as magically powerful as he was- dipped in just slightly, stretching his hole.

"The other night," Tom said, continuing talking as if this was truly some heart-to-heart, he was so amused, the fucker. "I got this memory of sorts, at first I didn't realise what it was, it was vague and- well, honestly beyond even my imaginations." He smirked then, "Turns out you, Harrison, Love, you pulled me into one of your dreams. And yet, I was the one feeling like a perv. You're just as bad, if not worse love."

He listened to Tom as the man slowly moved his finger, letting him get used to the feeling, Harrison hadn't exactly expected this when he and Tom started fooling around tonight, but he would be lying if he hadn't thought about it.

As Tom was apparently well aware off.

Harrison allowed Tom to pull him into another kiss, as suddenly another finger joined, scissoring him open, slowly, it burnt slightly, but it wasn't *unpleasant* perse.

It was only once Tom rubbed his fingers slightly, that he found the bundle of nerves sending shocks of pleasure to Harrison's brain.

"Oh god," Harrison moaned into Tom's mouth, Tom using the distraction to add a third finger. Harrison closed his eyes and allowed himself to just feel, live in the moment and all that crap, he got used

to the feeling, the shocks of pleasure becoming more frequent, he was aware of the sounds he was making, as well as Tom's reactions to them without even looking.

Tom was enjoying this way too much, watching him fall apart, at some points Harrison opened his eyes again to look at Tom, the man was watching him, his every expression, actively remembering what he reacted to the most.

And Harrison *needed him* to get out of the rest of his clothes now.

It took his brain a solid minute to realise he was still a wizard, then another one to lift his arm and cast a spell, leaving Tom naked.

"You're a minx," The man breathed and Harrison moaned as Tom's fingers twitched inside him.

Harrison breathed out, "That's wh-what- oh fuck, Tom."

"Yes?" Tom looked amused and Harrison wanted so bad to shut him up somehow, but he was truly powerless now, fully at Tom's mercy.

"Just-" He tried, "F-fuck me already."

"As you wish," Tom said, removing his fingers, leaving Harrison empty. It took a few seconds before something else aligned itself, before slowly pushing in and Harrison moaned at the feeling, suddenly so full.

"You're amazing, darling." Tom groaned and Harrison felt almost bad for the man when he heard his own nails scratching Tom's skin. "Absolutely perfect for me."

Harrison pulled Tom closer, forcing the man into another kiss, as Tom stilled to let Harrison get used to the feeling.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he remembered a conversation Sirius forced him to have about safe sex, but he would cross that bridge when he reached it.

Tom's own pleasure was streaming over the link now, as well and Harrison gasped into the kiss as Tom started to move right when he was planning to tell the man to *Goddamnit just move!* Or something similar.

After that their worlds literally blurred, it was a constant feedback

loop of pleasure, stimulated by the other's pleasure and it was *overwhelming* and *amazing* in ways Harrison couldn't even begin to explain.

The room filled with moans, curses and heavy breathing as their very souls seemed to mend further together.

Harrison wasn't even surprised that it didn't take long before he had to try and say, "I'm- *Tom*- I'm gonna-"

Tom just nodded, "C-come for me, darling." He muttered into Harrisons ear and Harrison couldn't deny Tom of that, Tom followed him quickly after, during Harrison's own high even, he felt it stimulating his own orgasm and it felt-

Unreal. That was the word, he could never even start to explain this to people who didn't have a link like he and Tom had.

Tom pulled out, it felt kind of gross, but then again *everything* in their bed was kind of gross now. Somewhere, his mind once again tried to remind him that he was a wizard, he could clean this up in no time, but then Tom wrapped an arm around him and placed a soft kiss on his jawline and then that part of his mind was silenced, as well, when he fell into a dreamless sleep.

~

He woke up in a clean bed, Tom had cast the cleaning charms, before cuddling up to Harrison again. Waiting for Harrison to wake up.

"Good morning," He groaned as he opened his eyes to be exposed to light, Tom chuckled.

"Slept well, Love?" The man asked and Harrison nodded, as he buried his face into the covers, trying to avoid exposing his eyes to the lighting in the room further.

He mumbled into the covers, "You had a point when you said this link would stimulate our-"

"Can't hear you darling." Tom sounded amused, the man knew exactly what he was saying. He didn't need to *hear* him not when he could read his mind.

Somewhere in the back of his mind Harrison also caught some thoughts of Tom, most completely about him.

Tom's hand found the back of his head, slowly starting to move through his hair, as he waited for Harrison to wake up further.

That was Tom, endlessly patient with him, no matter what.

Harrison lifted his head, only to say this to Tom in person, not through their link. "I love you." He said and Tom smiled.

"And I you." He replied, easily admitting to the love he hadn't believed he could feel just weeks ago.

~

"*How has he been treating you?"* Harrison asked Willow, when Tom once again visited the dragon, slowly but surely the dragon seemed to trust Tom and his magic, Harrison didn't entirely know this process, he had just used his magic to heal the dragon, not thinking about their bond first.

"*He's bossy."* Willow answered in a lazy huff, "*But often nice enough."*

Tom chuckled, "*I'm just doing what I have to, Mother."*

Willow made a low growl in the back of her throat, Tom didn't even react to the threatening sound of the dragon. Tom truly had spent too much time with Willow the past four days.

"*So what about you, little one?"* Willow asked, "*Have you talked to other dragons?"*

Harrison laughed at the dragons curiosity, "*I've tried, most of them aren't half as happy to see someone they can talk to as you were."*

"It doesn't happen often." Willow said, "*There's one elder here, who came from the time of more speakers, dragons often bonded with one human, becoming companions of sorts."*

Harrison had heard that, of course, it was after the founders time, but before a time even the oldest wizard could remember.

Dragons, however, had an entirely different life span.

"*Befriending a dragon doesn't sound half bad,"* Harrison said, amused as Willow growled something that sounded like, '*I am a dragon, remember?'*

"*Alright,"* Tom said, interrupting the dragon. "*I think we can fully heal*

you tomorrow."

The dragon raised her head for the first time the entire conversation, "*Are you certain?"*

"You've been accepting my magic," Tom said, "*I think you're ready."*

Willow's tail swept over the ground, almost like a big dangerous puppy. Harrison took a careful step back, making sure he was out of the range of the tail. Tom, however, just stayed where he was.

"*We'll have you fully healed before Harrison and I go back home."*

Willow acted like that was the best news she had ever gotten, it probably was close to the top, if Harrison thought about it.

It was only after they left Willow that Harrison slipped his hand into Tom's, squeezing slightly, "Thank you for helping her." He muttered.

Tom just smiled, "I've always wanted to work together with a dragon, it's an interesting experience."

"The work they do here," Harrison said, "It's good, these people genuinely care. It's almost saddening that there's barely any sanctuaries."

Tom nodded in agreement, "When we take over, we'll open one somewhere close by." He said, "There's a bunch of dragons that could use help such as this in the highlands."

"Perhaps we can even get Charlie to run the place," Harrison said and Tom hummed.

"Indeed."

~

Harrison rest his head on Tom's shoulder as the man explained the process of the charm, the length of it, to Charlie.

"It's one spell," Tom said, "I just need to spread my magic over the affected area first, slowly, not scare Willow in any way, so it might take a bit."

Charlie nodded, "Well, we have the full day, I explained my boss what you were doing, she gave me 'Willow-duty' as she's been calling it." He said, "We're in the all-clear."

“That’s good,” Tom said, “Just try and make sure there’s no other dragons nearby, even Kale should leave for a bit, I can’t use any distractions, it might not end well.”

“Okay, done.” Charlie said, “I’ll get some handlers on that.”

“I can’t believe you are actually doing this.” Harrison muttered, “Tommy boy, the dragon healer.”

“You have such ways to make a cool thing sound silly, darling.” Tom sounded amused, “Besides, you’re one to talk.”

“This has been quite the lazy visit for you,” Charlie mused, “I’ve heard from Bill that even in his curse breaking places they managed to get you a job. How does it feel to see Tom get a job instead?”

“I mean, watching Tom work,” Harrison sighed, “His magic is amazing isn’t it?”

“Sap.” Tom said quietly.

“You’re one to talk, Har.” Fred said, as he walked into Charlie’s cabin, where he and Tom had met the man to talk about Willow. “You match his and your core is still *growing.”*

Harrison snorted, “Yeah, right.” As the rest also filled into the cabin, these evenings were his favourite, truly. The feeling of just being here together made him feel a sense of family he once thought he would never feel again after leaving the founders.

“Okay now,” Sirius announced to the room, “Somebody please explain what the hell was going on with that horntail baby, because I might be traumatised.”

Charlie laughed, as he started explaining something about dragons often accidently burning their brothers and sisters at young age, since they didn’t have full control of their fire. However, it never actually hurt the siblings, as they were fire resistant till a certain point.

“So he’s not a sibling killer?” Sirius said, “Because those eyes were full of intent and evilness.”

“Siri, it was a 2 week old dragon, what do you expect?”

“But the other one was so cute!” Sirius argued, “With his little tail and wings, absolutely adorable.”

“Stop blaming the poor horntail for looking a little different, I swear, that dragon will end up insecure because of you.”

“We should be glad Sirius can’t speak to the dragons directly,” Bill muttered, leaving Sirius with an offended look and the rest of them chuckling.

“I’d be an excellent companion, actually.” Sirius said.

Remus snorted, “Right.”

“You stay silent.” Sirius said, a look of betrayal on his face.

“Either way,” Harrison sighed, “Sirius will never learn to talk to dragons. So I think him making any dragon insecure about themselves is out of the question.”

“Watch me.” Sirius muttered and Harrison snorted.

“Leave the baby dragons alone, please.” Charlie begged and Sirius sighed, muttering some sort of agreement.

“Alright now that that’s out of the way,” Remus said, “I heard something interesting.” He looked directly at Harrison with the most *fatherly* look Harrison had ever gotten.

“And what would that be?” Tom asked, sounding amused, as Harrison lifted his head off of Tom’s shoulder, finally sitting upright.

“Care to explain why you’re asking after tattoos, Harrison?” Remus asked, “You’re not-“

“I’m not going to tattoo anything stupid on my own body, no.” Harrison said quickly before Remus could accuse him. Sirius looked way too amused, as well as Charlie.

Fred and George got a sudden look of understanding while Bill just seemed confused by the whole ordeal.

“Right before, well- Lily happened,” Harrison said awkwardly, not wanting to get into that *issue* with two people who didn’t know anything about it now. “Cedric said that I should look into magical tattoos for me to mark that group, like Tom did with his Death Eaters. He and Terence argued about them wanting to help us, they brought up a pretty convincing case, but I refused.”

“Then Lily happened,” Remus nodded, “So you changed your mind?

Because the tattoos might've allowed you to take control in a different way, or at least warn people or communicate in some way."

"Something like that," Harrison said, "I'm not in any way trying to mark them, as Tommy boy did with thousands-"

"Hush," Tom said and Harrison smirked, he probably deserved the stinging jinx aimed at his arm.

"They asked for it," Harrison said, "I refused, but even I have to admit that they have a point, it be handy to communicate with all of them, maybe connect them with each other as well. However, I want them to be able to choose their own designs, moving or not, thus the questions about tattoos."

"You're marking people?" Charlie asked, "With magical tattoos?"

"That makes it sound so much more negative than it actually is." Harrison said.

"Does it, though?" Fred asked.

Harrison hesitated and then said, "It's not ownership, as was part of Tom's reason to mark people, it's just for the people who feel better having a tattoo, besides I thought you and George agreed with the rest on this?"

"I feel like I'm being judged so unnecessarily hard right now." Tom muttered.

"Unnecessary he says." Harrison snorted, another stinging hex to his arm, probably deserved that one as well.

"We did agree." George said, "It's just marking with a tattoo isn't necessarily negative, clubs have done it for ages. It doesn't necessarily mean-" He hesitated not sure how to explain, Harrison just nodded in understanding.

"Besides," Charlie spoke up again, "I was going to say that it's pretty damn cool that you decided to let them pick moving tattoos, also less suspicious."

That shocked Harrison, there was no judgement there, just some weird sense of understanding.

"It's good that they want to keep you safe, pup." Sirius said, "I mean it

felt bad, every time in the past year you have been in some situation and had no way to communicate with any of us." He continued, "Maybe this could even make you able to talk to us the next time you land in some magical coma."

"Next time?" Bill asked, "How often did that happen."

"Two," Fred said, the same time that George said, "Three."

"Two and a half." Harrison said, amused, "The last one wasn't really a coma, more a-"

"He was possessed in some ways." George said and Bill seemed so genuinely worried, Harrison almost felt bad.

"It's just-" Harrison said, "People don't necessarily like a powerful scholar who doesn't listen and follow their every order."

"So they try and get rid of you." Charlie said, "I heard about the poisoning."

"Yeah, that wasn't fun." Harrison said awkwardly. He didn't really like talking about his coma's, it was worrying till a certain point.

"I'm all in for a new tattoo, pup." Sirius said, sensing his discomfort in some way, quickly bringing the conversation back to safer topics.

"Sounds fun." Remus agreed easily and Harrison wondered when exactly his *parents* had decided that they apparently were part of this group that had to bear a mark of his.

"I thought you two were going fully political," Bill stated, "But yet you're preparing for a fight, yet Harrison is getting attacked almost regularly."

"Fudge he's popular in Britain, god knows why," Harrison sighed, "Tom he's preparing for Voldemort to make a return, just to plant doubts into everyone's trust in the government. It'll be easier to take over. Then we'll kill Voldemort, but I don't think there's any possible way we take over without some sort of war or at the very least, more tries of people taking my life."

"And you're okay with that?" Bill asked, "You're okay with maybe dying?"

"I have reasons to believe that even if I were to get killed, I wouldn't

die, at least permanently." Harrison said, "I've talked to Death, as well as my connection to Tom, stimulates both of our immortality till a certain point."

"I'm still studying that one day."

Harrison nodded, "I wouldn't expect anything less."

"So you've met Fate, Death and Mother Magic?" Bill muttered the question, it truly was unbelievable.

Harrison nodded slowly, "Death was by far the most scary, he threatened me."

"And Harrison always just drops that bomb on people and expect them to find this normal." Remus said, "It isn't normal, cub. Never will be, for that matter. Even Tom has to agree that no one just met all those deities."

"You're somewhat of a special case, darling." Tom agreed, easily.

Harrison just shrugged, he didn't exactly expect people to pretend it was normal, but sometimes it was hard to remember it wasn't. His life had been pure insanity from the moment of Tom's attack, not a boring, ordinary moment.

It was hard to remember that Fate just enjoyed toying with his life, not with everyone else's as well.

~

Harrison tapped on his legs nervously while he felt Tom's magic reach out to him, all the way from where Tom was working with Willow, he could feel Tom's own calm confidence flowing over the link.

Tom was truly going to try to heal a dragon's scar. Something that had never been done before.

And it wasn't that Harrison didn't trust Tom, the man could do this, he just hoped to god the dragon didn't panic during the healing, because it was hard to stop suddenly.

"Are you okay?" Charlie asked, sitting down next to him, he had forced the rest to watch from a distance, not risking their safety as well.

"I'm okay." He breathed out, "Just yeah- I hope Willow doesn't get

scared."

"She's a brave dragon." Charlie said, "Tom will be okay, Harrison."

Harrison nodded slightly, watching as Willow carefully lifted her wing, Tom's magic turning the colour of her blue wing into a darker blue. It was truly a beautiful sight. Slowly but surely the magic gathered at the spot of the scar, Harrison could feel the way it sparked every now and then, his own magic reacting in a similar way.

"This link of yours-" Charlie said, "How deep does it go?"

"I can feel his magic." Harrison said, "I can feel it moving." Charlie was obviously speaking about that, it was clear before that Tom's magic reacted to Harrison in a way, before it gathered on the wing it had practically been trying to seek Harrison.

Charlie nodded, not replying in any other way, because Tom said some words in Latin and suddenly the entire wing started glowing.

Harrison leant forward, elbows on his knees, while he sat on the bench watching Tom. Tom who was entirely concentrated on the spell, his magic, the dragon.

Tom who was apparently actually healing the wing as the grey slowly faded from the wing.

Harrison didn't know how long he sat there, it felt like he couldn't breathe properly as he watched Tom heal the dragon, it was only once Charlie muttered, "He actually did it." That Harrison took a deep breath.

"He did it." Harrison whispered in awe as Tom's magic faded, the wing whole, he must've sat there for a while then. The dragon swept her tail across the floor happily. Stretching her wings fully, the scar was fully gone.

Tom himself was watching in awe at the wing and suddenly it all went so quickly. The dragon tried to move her wing up and down, feeling the wind on it, as the end of her wing hit Tom, the man took a step back.

It looked bloody.

Charlie took less long to respond, jumping up.

Harrison quickly followed the man afterwards.

"*It's okay, mother."* Tom said, as the dragon stopped moving and looked at Tom. "*You're okay, beautiful."* Tom muttered, carefully. Harrison swore he felt a tint of pain over the link or maybe it was just from looking at Tom.

"Are you okay?" Harrison asked the man quickly as Charlie stood there close to the dragon, casting some calming charms over the beast.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Tom said, "*I should've stepped back earlier."* He hissed, looking at Harrison and then at the dragon.

"*I didn't mean to hurt him, little one."* Willow said apologetically and Harrison smiled at the dragon slightly.

"*I know, girl."* He said, "*You did well. We don't blame you."*

The dragon made a sound that sounded suspiciously much like a purr and Tom chuckled.

Charlie sighed as he looked at Tom, "I'm glad you seem to be okay."

"It was my mistake," Tom said, "Willow did great."

Charlie nodded, looking at the dragon, still with a sense of amazement as he looked at the wing. "Alright, come on, we'll leave her for now. I'll get Beck to bring Kale back in here."

Harrison nodded, as he grabbed Tom's hand leading the man to the bench he had been sitting on. "Sit down." He said, "I'm healing you, as hot as you'd look with a big scar on your face, it would bring up too many questions in the Wizengamot."

Tom followed his order, sitting down on the bench as if there wasn't a big cut on his face, his clothing was stained with his own blood now.

Harrison twitched his wrist, Tom's face cleaned up at least a bit, he put his fingers right above the wound, not touching the broken skin, but hovering over it. "This might sting." He warned.

Tom snorted, "I've had worse, sweetheart."

Harrison smiled, slowly allowing his magic to graze over the broken skin, mend it back together. "You know, I always thought that the first time I would see you in a state such as this, the blood wouldn't be yours."

Tom breathed deeply, “My love, if you want me to kill someone, all you have to do is ask.”

Harrison chuckled shaking his head, ignoring the way his magic sparked continuously between them, their link had certainly became deeper since that night. It was like he could feel every single cell of his body react positively to Tom’s presence. “This is insane.” He muttered under his breath.

“It’s amazing,” Tom replied, just as quietly yet Harrison could hear it as if the man was screaming it. “Every single day, our souls mend just that little bit more, the link we can have, it could be like something never seen before.”

Tom took Harrison’s hand in his, Harrison let his hand drop, the wound on Tom’s face was pretty much healed, he could do the last bits later.

Harrison looked around them, Charlie must’ve left to find Beck, he couldn’t see anyone.

“You’re not afraid of sharing everything so deeply?” Harrison asked.

Tom shook his head, “I used to be,” He admitted, “But now, the thought of sharing all this with you? It just feels like it will not only make our lives easier, it also just feels right, I wish I could say I hated the thought. But there’s not a bone in my body that objects to this.” He said, “I think that’s why it’s possible, we don’t fight it, not as many would fight for a bit of privacy.”

“That privacy was gone when you made the horcrux anyways.” Harrison joked, just to see Tom roll his eyes.

Tom closed the gap between them, slowly claiming Harrison’s mouth and it was the most comforting, familiar feeling ever. Just like everything with Tom seemed to feel like.

“I don’t think I’ll ever regret making you my horcrux on accident.” Tom whispered against Harrison’s lips. “Not if this is the consequence of that action.”

~

Goodbye’s were bittersweet, more so than usually. Harrison was excited to go back home, see his friends, work on their future plans.

On the other hand, this vacation had felt the most like a 'family-vacation' of any trip they had went on yet. Charlie and Bill easily fitted into their weird idea of family and Harrison could feel Fred and George's happiness constantly that his brothers fitted in easily.

They were practically adopted by this point.

And they had easily accepted Tom, even after hearing that the man was the Dark Lord.

Harrison would be lying if he said he wasn't going to miss the 2 eldest children of the Weasley family.

"You better visit us sometime soon as well." George said to Bill.

"Even Charlie is coming somewhere this year." Fred exclaimed.

Bill laughed, shaking his head. "That's for work, it hardly counts!"

"It counts, William." Charlie said and Bill slapped him on the arm.

"We'd honestly like it if you visited." Harrison said, "Just think about it."

Bill nodded, "If Charlie can get back home, so can I, I suppose." He said, "Besides, I have yet to figure out the bond between you two." He pointed accusingly at Harrison and Tom.

"You should just give up while you're at it." Remus said, "I haven't figured that one out yet."

"This is my only chance to study a true soulmate bond." Bill said, "I'm not giving up on it."

"Well," Tom said, "Slytherin's castle, and I think it's safe to say Grimmaulds place, are both open for you two at any time."

"Thank you," Bill said, Charlie bowed his head slightly in respect.

Tom had that effect on people.

"Well, I'll see you." Charlie said, as he hugged Bill goodbye as well, the man had to return to his own work now, his vacation days were all over.

Chapter End Notes

This genuinely felt like a never ending project and then suddenly their little vacation was over and I just stared at my screen like: 'Holy shit.. I did it.'

Also my word kept crashing while writing this, because I wanted to see how long it was and let's just say word isn't exactly made for documents this long.
Or maybe my laptop isn't anyways they were STRUGGLING.

And my cat has been annoying me for like three hours while writing this, which was cute, but now my arm is pretty much scratched up. AHAH I'm like 90% sure Willow's entire personality shifted the moment my cat started annoying me like she has inspired me.

Chapter 68: I'm not going anywhere.

Chapter Notes

Honey, wake up. New 10k words contrariorum update.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison slowly settled into a comfortable summer break schedule, most of his time was spent planning the future of Tom's Death Eaters and the small attacks they could plan to make it realistic that Tom had indeed returned, but not actually killing anyone.

"If I may, my Lord?" Barty Crouch Jr. spoke up, in one of the inner circle meetings, Tom had allowed them to have some input on their ideas. Harrison took that as a clear difference from 'Voldemort' now and then monster from before.

"Go on," Tom nodded at the man.

"The world cup is soon, we could just attack the tents after the game, make sure we don't influence the results, but there will be masses of wizards and witches. That would exactly be the kind of thing Fudge can't ignore."

Tom nodded, in thought, Harrison could hear a bunch of his surface thoughts, concerns as well as admitting that it seemed like quite a good idea.

He turned to Harrison after a bit, "Sirius has tickets, right?" He asked and Harrison nodded. "Alright, so if we make a public appearance there is no way that the attack gets connected to us, am I right?"

Harrison nodded slowly, "We might need to make sure we are at the front lines of the fight," He said, "To ensure that they see you fighting the Death Eaters."

"Alright," Tom said, "I want the duels moved forward to see if everyone can protect themselves properly. And I want every Death Eater to know that no one should be harm, the only people you can use harmful spells on are Harrison and I, so that the fight looks real. Understood?"

Barty nodded, a gleeful smile on his face and Harrison had to admit, he was looking forward to a staged fight as well.

“Maybe,” Harrison said, “If you want chaos, steal one of the golden Gryffindor wands and cast morsmordre with that wand instead of one of your own.” He smiled, “Imagine Hope Potter casting the Death Eater mark in the sky, Dumbledore wouldn’t know what to do.”

Tom glanced at Harrison next to him, an amused smile on his face, “*I love your genius.”* He hissed in parseltongue and Harrison just smiled at him- and the slightly uncomfortable Death Eaters.

“Lucius,” Tom said then, the blonde man looking at his master, quickly bowing his head forward once again. “I suppose you will also attend the world cup with your son?”

“Indeed, my Lord.” The man said quickly.

Tom hummed, “Make sure you find the Potters, they will be there.”

“Understood, my Lord.” Lucius answered and Harrison almost felt bad for the shitty job he got, following the Potters on their one true day off, their day away as a family.

Almost.

“I think this is a good start for our future.” Tom said, “You are all dismissed. Make sure to spread the word before the next full meeting.”

Everyone hurried out of the room and Harrison smirked, “I like Barty.”

“You do?” Tom asked, amused, he obviously expected Harrison to like the man. It was obvious that they would get along well.

“He’s loyal, funny, creative.” Harrison said, “Exactly what you need from a follower, a minion.”

“High praise,” Tom muttered as Harrison got up from his own chair, walking towards Tom and dropping himself on Tom’s lap.

Tom’s arms immediately rested around him, it was second nature to them.

“It’s what you would look for in a Right hand man, you know?” Harrison said, “I did always wonder, why Lucius Malfoy?” As Tom opened his mouth to explain the Malfoy background, Harrison could feel it over the link. Harrison stopped him by continuing, “I get it, powerful politician, the Malfoy family was one of your first followers.

Don't get me wrong the Malfoys are okay, but their so- so *bland.* Except for Narcissa, but truly, that's just her Black blood."

"You have quite the opinion all of the sudden." Tom said, more amused than annoyed. He knew Harrison had always liked the Malfoys to a certain point, but never got close to any of them the way he got close to some of the other Death Eaters over the time he spent at Tom's.

"My Lord," Harrison sighed, leaning his forehead against Tom's, it felt right, looking into his eyes like this. "Why are you forcing yourself to put the Malfoys in such a position of power, when you don't even need their seats anymore."

"I don't need them?" Tom asked, dumbly.

Harrison shook his head, slowly, his eyes never left Tom's.

"Not as long as I'm here."

Tom smirked, Harrison with all his seats could easily dominate the entire Wizengamot with no effort. Combined with his way to convince people to agree with him, vote for his ideas, the extra few seats from the Malfoy house, indeed, weren't necessary.

Tom blinked, the green of Harrisons eyes slowly taking over his entire view. Nothing, truly nothing, compared to the eye colour of the man in front of him.

"Lucius doesn't have any more power than any of them." He said, "He just thinks he does."

Harrison leant back then, "Right hand man doesn't mean anything?"

Tom shook his head, "Nothing, I give and take powers, Lucius just think it means something and therefore is more loyal than he would've been otherwise. I'm not stupid, darling."

"I know-" Harrison said, slowly, hesitantly. "It feels dumb to put a Malfoy in leading positions when all they seemed to be made for is follow."

Tom snorted, "All purebloods are made to be followers, they aren't taught otherwise."

Harrison couldn't exactly disagree with that statement, even he had to

admit that there was no real pureblood family who had leadership qualities in their bloodlines. “Weakening magic must make them seek people like us out.” He moved his head, so that he was entirely resting against Tom now, head burrowed in his neck.

Tom’s thumb rubbed circles into his back as he also relaxed a bit more in the chair- no *throne* that he used during meetings. He sat like that for a while, not speaking up, Harrison didn’t say anything either. The motion of Tom’s hand and the hum of Tom’s own emotions and thoughts in the back of his mind slowly letting him settle into a feeling of comfort and safety that he only felt in moments such as these, moments shared with just Tom.

“How’s your magic feeling?” Tom whispered then, Harrison heard him clearly.

“It’s healing.” Harrison admitted, “A lot better than before, but not fully healed yet.”

“The duels,” Tom said, “Are you sure it’s smart for you to participate, as well as the world cup.”

“I’ll be fine, Tom.” Harrison said, “And if I’m not, I’ll tell you.”

“Promise?” Tom asked, Harrison heard his thoughts, the *I can stop the entire attack if you’re not okay. I’ll protect you against every one, kill every one of my minions if they don’t listen to me when I tell them to stop when you’re hurt.*

“I promise,” Harrison said, placing a small kiss on Tom’s jawline, “Don’t do anything stupid.”

“Nothing is stupid if it ensures your safety.”

“If that’s what you believe.” Harrison said quietly and Tom kissed his forehead in return.

“It is.”

~

“So you mean you will do it?” Terence asked, almost excited.

Harrison hadn’t expected them to react in such a way to the news that he looked into the tattoos. “Once I find a way to make it less *possessive* than the spell Tom created.” He replied. “I am not in any way putting

any of you under the oath Tom forces on his Death Eaters."

It was the relieved faces of some of the people around the room that explained that Tom had at least told some of his most trusted what exactly the oath was, Harrison knew that most Death Eaters were entirely unaware of what they had sworn over, besides their loyalty.

Draco, surprisingly, was one of the relieved teens. Harrison wasn't exactly on bad footing with the boy, it just took Draco a while to accept that Harrison's story and genius wasn't exactly what he thought it was.

Which Harrison understood, but it did mean that the time Draco spent almost avoiding Harrison, the rest got closer with Harrison, leaving Draco as a sort of along for the ride, but not close to the rest kind of friend.

Malfoy's weren't exactly suited to those type of roles.

Nonetheless, Harrison was surprised that Draco wanted a tattoo at all, or would apparently be allowed to bear Harrison's mark, instead of Tom's. It was something Tom and Harrison talked about often, to which point they would still be Tom's followers.

The man was of course entirely supportive of the idea of Harrison having his own group of 'followers' not even slightly concerned for the impact it could have to the future of the Death Eaters.

Everything would come together eventually.

Cedric was the one to ask, "Does that mean before the start of the school year or not? Since the whole- *you know."*

The tournament, Harrison realised, while he nodded at the boy. Which he had asked Terence and Cedric to enter.

"I'll try." He promised Cedric, who immediately looked relieved. "For now, you can start thinking about what you'd want your tattoo to be, it could be anything, I'm not going to force everyone to have one and the same tattoo, since it would only cause a connection between us all."

Harrison didn't think he needed to fear, when Tom takes over the government, everyone with a Dark Mark is no longer a threat and neither would any of Harrisons followers be, but better safe than sorry.

“This is so *cool.”* Fred muttered.

“Finally getting that tattoo.” George nodded in agreement.

Ginny looked smug, probably thinking of all the ways she could show Molly the tattoo, the anger it would cause. The girl had somehow gotten to Slytherin manor without notifying her mother, joining the rest of them in some sort of group hangout at Harrisons- or Tom’s place.

It was planned without any input from Harrison, he practically got an invite to his own place, awkwardly telling an all-too amused Tom about it over breakfast the day before.

“So can it be a moving tattoo?” Daphne asked and Harrison nodded.

“I am planning to make that work.”

“Awesome,” Tracey whispered.

“Most of you are only thirteen or fourteen, are you sure this is a good idea?” Montague asked, the group of third- now almost fourth years.

“Magical tattoos should be removable,” Blaise shrugged, “Besides its *Harrison* how could we not?”

The rest nodded in agreement and Harrison sighed, “Don’t blame me if your parents ask, please?”

Blaise snorted, “I have a pureblood mother, she knows a mark when she sees one.”

“I think I’d be safer saying I got a tattoo than admitting to hanging out with the *Harrison Black.”* Ginny muttered, she probably had a point, too. Molly absolutely despised him.

“Point made,” Harrison chuckled, “I’ll get some Death Eaters on researching the spells-“

“Using my minions, huh?” The door opened, Tom standing there, leaning against the doorframe.

Harrison smiled, “Always,” He said.

“The duels are planned for this afternoon,” Tom said then, “Rabastan moved them around a bunch since some Death Eaters have actual jobs, but everybody who seemed interested in coming back, could

attend then." Tom spoke fully in English, not trying to hide anything for his friends.

It felt nice.

"Oh?" Harrison asked, "So is it here?"

Tom shook his head, "Malfoy manor, I didn't want to deal with them." He said, only glancing slightly at Draco for a second before his full attention was back on Harrison. "Are you up for it today?" He finally straightened himself walking over to where Harrison was sitting on a couch, facing the door.

"*I'm going to absolutely destroy them."* Harrison hissed, Tom smirked.

"I wouldn't expect anything less, darling." He said, he glanced around at his friends, "You can all come watch, if you want to. Just stay out of the duels and don't talk to the Death Eaters."

"They can?" Harrison asked, "Even Ginny, Cedric and Oliver?"

Tom shrugged, "They're under our protection, nobody will do anything."

"That's not why I was asking." Harrison muttered and Tom smiled at him.

"I know," He said, "I trust your judgement, you say they won't leak anything, I'll trust them."

Harrison smiled gratefully as he practically felt the excitement buzzing in the air, "It's the secrecy wards isn't it?"

Tom nodded and Harrison snorted, he grabbed Tom's hand from where the man was standing in front of him, squeezing it slightly. "*Thank you."* He hissed, "*I love you."*

Tom squeezed his hand back, "*I love you too, darling."* He hissed back.

Harrison hated the way those words still influenced him so much, as he felt his entire face soften at the words, openly.

Tom wasn't much better, though, the man looked at him as if he was a treasure, the thing he had been looking for since he was that just out of Hogwarts teenager who decided to work in a store instead of the ministry.

At Tom's knowing, loving look, Harrison blushed just slightly, embarrassed that those thoughts had apparently been strong enough to flow over the link freely.

He finally let Tom's hand go, then the man walking back out of the door slowly and Harrison sighed, mentally preparing himself for-

Tracey squealed, "That was the most romantic exchange I've ever seen and I couldn't even understand it." She said as she ran over to hug Harrison. "I remember when you were all confused over a hug just a year ago, look where you are now."

Harrison rolled his eyes, yep, he expected that. "Tom's just doing that because he likes embarrassing me, making me go all love eyed in front of everyone, possessiveness more than anything, probably."

"Stop lying, dear brother." George said, "We know what Tom looks like when he's teasing-"

"Or possessive for that matter-" Fred added.

"And that wasn't it."

Harrison did blush fully now, he felt his face heat up under his friends looks, "Shut up."

George laughed and Harrison wished that the twins took part of the duels this afternoon, because he would absolutely enjoy duelling them right about now.

Cedric cleared his throat, always trust a Hufflepuff to help you in these kind of situations, "So are we going to watch Harrison duel literal Death Eaters?"

Harrison shot him a grateful look as people began discussing the duels, Cedric just smiled at him, as he glanced at Terence.

Right, always helping each other out, Harrison smiled. Terence winked at him, smiling as Cedric slowly pulled Terence's attention back to himself, it was honestly a surprise that no one had truly figured that out, or started teasing them about it at least.

Harrison would of course keep it like that, as long as Cedric and Terence helped him in these situations.

Perhaps that's the reason why they did it, he mused, it must hurt

Terence's older brother instincts to not embarrass Harrison further.

~

The group of Death Eaters gathered in the Malfoy duelling room was *huge,* there must be a spell used to change the size of the room to the amount of people that had to fit inside.

Or the Malfoy's were just very extra, Harrison honestly wasn't sure.

Tom's magic sought out his own magic and Harrison's eyes shot into the direction of the man, who was approaching him through the crowds. His friends had all left him a while ago, to take place in the spectators area.

"Okay," Tom said, as he pulled Harrison aside. "This is how it usually works, I totally forgot about this."

"What?" Harrison asked.

"I use these duels to rank Death Eaters, starting at the lower ranks. The winner has a chance to move up ranks." Tom explained, Harrison nodded Tom had explained that. "Usually every new comer would be the lowest rank, moving up from there, now *you* I don't what to do with." He said, "Where do you want to start?"

"I don't want to stop people from getting a chance to move upwards in the ranks." Harrison muttered and Tom smiled.

"Darling, you wouldn't have either way, if you want to do all the duels for fun, I'll move up number one and two of every category." Tom said and Harrison rolled his eyes at the hidden compliments.

"Alright," Harrison said, "Do you want me to do them all?"

Tom's eyes flashed red for a second, he often used a part of his 'Voldemort' look when he spoke to the entire body of Death Eaters, red eyes were still his signature. "I do love to see you duel." He muttered, "Bringing them all to their knees within seconds." He sighed. "But I don't want you to hurt your magic more."

Harrison smiled at Tom, even now as the Dark Lord, in the masses of Death Eaters, he looked out for Harrison's safety.

Of course he did, Harrison didn't doubt that for a second.

"I'll duel for as long as I can."

“Best one wins a public duel with me,” Tom said, smirking. “Imagine you beat me in front of all my followers, the power.” And it didn’t sound angry or scared, it sounded excited and ready.

Harrison didn’t see Tom fully as the Dark Lord often, since the man was usually just with his upper rank, where he was somewhat more open, but it was safe to say that Tom wanted his entire group of followers to respect Harrison and know his place.

“Well,” Harrison said, “I suppose I shouldn’t fail then, huh?”

Tom glanced around, Harrison noticed for the first time that the man must’ve caused a disillusionment charm to not draw any attention. It was only once he realised this that Tom smirked and nodded, reading his mind easily now. He claimed Harrison’s lips in a quick kiss and muttered, “Show them their place.”

Harrison just hummed against Tom’s lips, “I can do that, my love.”

Just seconds later Tom was gone, suddenly on the stage, explaining the rules to the rest of the Death Eaters, the change of *two* people moving upwards per rank and how it would start with all the attending new comers.

Eight duels at the time would take place, different stages for the first round of the ‘new-comer rank’. Harrison was amused to see Megan on another stage.

He didn’t know the man he was facing, all he knew was that the man was slightly trembling when he noticed who he was up against. His name must’ve truly been spread around even with the Death Eaters.

And the duel ended pathetically quick, a *bombarda* followed by a disarming charm and the man had lost the power to cast and therefore lost the duel.

Harrison patted the man’s shoulder as he handed the wand back, once it was announced that he had won the match. He felt slightly bad for ruining the man’s chances of moving upwards, then again he really could’ve just thrown up a weak shield and not gotten in that situation.

The following two duels were much the same, Harrison was amused to see that for the final of this group, he’d have to be up against Megan.

The woman was proving to be quite the dueller, but even she didn’t last longer than three minutes in a duel with Harrison- truly who casts

so easily at such a speed.

The only reason she did last three minutes was due to her strong shield charm, which must've helped her in all her past duels as well.

Moving up a rank didn't change much, it was the 'normal' Death Eaters now, the followers who would partake in big fights if needed, but hadn't trained as much as the other group. Surprisingly, Megan moved up in this group as well, her semi-finale being a long duel with an older man, who eventually got beaten after a smart planned tickling curse mixed with a *confringo* took him out for a full minute.

But in her second duel with Harrison her movements became sluggish and Harrison beat her in a record time of two minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The woman congratulated him with a quiet, "Really trying wouldn't have helped me anyways, right?"

Yet, she still moved up to the silver masked Death Eaters, the Death Eaters used in smaller planned attacks rather than the big fights. Assassinators often joined this group, as well as other more 'closely' trusted, but no inner-circle Death Eaters.

Harrison had to admit it was truly beginning to be fun now, especially when the second man turned out to be a personal hitman Tom used one or two times, the man wasn't scared to get hit or hit others and proved this by duelling with Harrison for a full four minutes and thirty-two seconds before he lost his wand. His wandless magic was limited to non-useful spells and therefore he, too, had to give up.

Harrison was already impressed that the man proved he could use some wandless magic.

Megan didn't win this round, meaning that she wouldn't get a spot in the inner circle- Harrison wasn't sure if the man he duelled in the 'finale' would, though, as the inner circle was only for most trusted, it didn't say a lot about your duelling skills.

That much was proven when Harrison actually duelled the inner circle and he defeated Lucius with a pitiful one minute.

Draco probably didn't enjoy seeing that duel.

"Can we just say I've won if I keep going for more than five minutes?" Rabastan asked as he climbed on top of the podium, he had won from Rookwood and was now standing in front of Harrison with a fearful, yet excited look on his face.

“I would say that, but I’m looking forward to duelling Tom.”

The man smirked, “Bummer, I’ll just have to try then.”

And he honestly did well, his usage of spells being the reason he was one of the main tutors of this group, mixed with his tactics and overall stance Harrison enjoyed the duel a lot.

He even transformed into his animagus form a couple of times to dodge spells, the small black wolf reacting quicker than he ever could in human form.

The duel ended after a good eleven minutes and seven seconds, after Rabastan and Harrison had somehow ended up in a situation where they could’ve both casted a spell to end the duel, but Harrison, due to his powerful wandless magic could react quicker and cast a shield charm, while Rabastan was actually hit in the chest with Harrisons spell.

He congratulated the man afterwards for making the five minutes, he had basically won.

It was then announced that his finale before going up against Tom, was Bellatrix, the woman had easily won the other duels and was now grinning in front of Harrison.

“May the best dueller win, dear cousin.” She said, childishly.

Harrison chuckled, “Indeed, Bella.” He said, as the count down started.

As soon as he turned around he hit the woman with a jelly-leg curse, which she avoided while casting a *confringo*.

Bellatrix was creative with her magic, Harrison quickly noticed, casting spells Harrison wouldn’t have even thought of using.

At some point she transfigured a loose stone, from the duels that happened before theirs into a barrel that she tried to crash into Harrison.

And it was fun, seeing another duelling style. It made Harrison want to move around more, cast spells quicker than he had done until now and Bellatrix was laughing.

He found himself smiling, too.

And then suddenly his *Everte Statum* made Bellatrix fly backwards into the wall, her shield failing her at the last moment. He heard the woman shriek as she fell.

And then it was over.

A good half an hour of a duel was over due to a flipping charm, Harrison almost felt disappointed.

Almost, except he could see his friends cheering as well as Tom smirking as he came up to the podium, the duelling stage the fight had taken place on and announced Harrison the winner.

“Well, are you ready for another duel?” He asked in front of the crowd, yet only Harrison could feel the real concern behind those words, *is your magic still okay?*

He felt a wave of magic come over him, Tom’s magic, almost scanning him and Harrison nodded.

“I am ready, my Lord.” He said cheekily and Tom’s mouth curved upwards just slightly, only for Harrison to see.

Tom bowed to him, mockingly, yet obviously a sign of something in front of hundreds of Death Eaters and then the count down started.

And it felt amazing.

Harrison turned around dodging Tom’s first spell without even needing to look he could feel Tom’s magic approaching, it almost felt like cheating, except he saw the surprise on Tom’s face when Harrison casted a quick Ascendio, which Tom also dodged without even needing to think about it.

“Interesting,” He heard Tom and Harrison had to agree, this would cause for a long duel even longer than usually between them.

It was a constant stream of spells between them, yet barely any shields were cast, the spells were reflected or easily side stepped by the ability to sense them. And Harrison could feel Tom’s enjoyment with his own in the back of his mind.

It must’ve been after forty minutes- or maybe even longer- that Harrison finally *hit* Tom with a weak *Rictusempra,* weak enough for Tom to barely twitch, as he cast a spell, which Harrison allowed to hit, because it felt like more fun.

It was a *stinging jinx,* Tom was just fucking around, the same as Harrison was and Harrison had to chuckle. “Fair game, *darlin’.”* The last word was hissed, yet carried over the crowd more easily than the rest of the sentence.

Tom’s lip twitched again, into somewhat of a smile. Which was already insane, since they were in a room full of Death Eaters.

A twitch of his wrist allowed Harrison to cast *incarcerous,* which Tom easily side stepped, without even looking.

He cast another spell back and Harrison snorted, shook his head and started casting a stream of spells again.

It was however when his Expelliarmus hit the spell Tom was casting, that something strange happened. It wasn’t exactly their magic connecting as it would have done during any other duel between two people with similar wands.

Well that was probably what it looked like to outsiders.

But something clicked and suddenly Harrison could feel Tom’s magic, not just around him, but as a *part* of him. His core was exchanging magic with Tom’s core almost becoming one and the incoming magic somewhat helped him with his healing.

Tom was looking at him, his full attention on Harrison as he raised his eyebrow in silent question.

Harrison nodded, lowering his hand as Tom did the same.

“I don’t think this duel will ever end.” Tom muttered, as the room turned silent to see what would happen. “Harrison Sirius Black is the first person to officially tie with me in a duel.”

Harrison was only somewhat sad that Tom hadn’t just let him win for fun, but he understood, they needed to know what just happened and why it had happened during the duel.

Besides, to what extend could he actually cast offensive spells with Tom as his target without hurting his own magic?

Harrison pulled himself out of that train of thought as he saw Tom approach him to ‘formally’ congratulate him, while the entire room looked at them with confusion.

“Harrison and I have duelled before and there is never a clear answer on who wins.” Tom explained, “Therefore there is no point in making this duel go on longer than necessary this day has been too long.”

He quickly dismissed everyone before pulling Harrison away, the whole way while they were going- *God knows where, they were in fucking Malfoy Manor*- He heard Tom thinking about what just happened.

It was when Tom opened the door to a random office and led Harrison inside, before sitting him down on a chair and then kneeling on the floor in front of him, that Harrison realised why Tom had ended everything so quickly.

Not just curiosity.

It was worry.

Worry for Harrison’s core, probably.

“Are you-“ Tom asked and Harrison smiled, placing a hand on Tom’s cheek.

“I’m fine, your magic healed it further than I’d have thought.”

“Healed?” Tom asked.

Harrison nodded quietly, “That was insane.” He said.

Tom just made a noise of agreement, before pulling Harrison down and kissing him, Harrison had felt this coming, had felt Tom’s urges to do so.

It was a slow kiss, full of feelings and *promises,* Harrison felt sappy just for thinking that.

“You looked so good while duelling.” Tom muttered against his lips, “Taking them out one by one.”

Harrison smiled as Tom kept breaking the kiss to tell him *how good he looked* and all other kinds of compliments.

And it felt sweet and Tom was sweet and amazing.

And he could still feel Tom’s magic accompanying his own in his body. Not in a painful way, Tom and Harrison were both parseltongue, fully grey magic, so they didn’t have to worry about

their magic mixing.

Harrison suspected they wouldn't have had to worry anyways, he felt like it had something to do with their whole soulmate situation.

There was a soft knock on the door and Tom broke away from Harrison.

"Yes?" He asked, not moving from his spot on the floor, Harrison couldn't help but laugh at the thought of a Death Eater walking in now.

At that thought, Tom did get up quickly, shooting him an annoyed look, which Harrison responded to by smiling sweetly.

It was Terence who opened the door, "Draco said we might find you here." He sighed, "We just-" He looked between Harrison and Tom and rolled his eyes. "We didn't want to *bother* you, but it all ended so suddenly and well, we just wanted to know if everything is alright."

"I told Ter that-" George started only for Cedric to cover his mouth.

"Stop talking, that's the Dark Lord you're talking about."

Harrison could feel the exact moment Tom's annoyance changed into amusement.

"It was something strange." Harrison admitted as he glanced at Tom, who just nodded silently as he motioned for everyone to come in. "Our magic just sort of connected and like I could anticipate Tom's every move before, it was easy I felt his spells in the air. But then I could also feel Tom's magic filling my core, mending it, but also all of it mixing."

"It felt the same from my side." Tom admitted softly, "It wasn't like I was getting hurt from fixing Harrison's core."

Harrison was glad to hear that as they hadn't really spoken about that yet.

"And this won't have consequences that will end up in Harrison ripping his core?" Fred asked, looking at Tom cautiously.

The man just shook his head, "I don't have any reason to believe it will." He breathed out slowly, almost as if also calming himself, before leaning against the desk. "Fate bound us, I believe this might just be a

next step. We don't know what soulmate means exactly, they barely exist."

"Can you access my magic as well?" Harrison asked suddenly. Tom nodded and Harrison hummed. "What if-" He stopped talking then and looked at Tom.

"What?" Tom asked softly.

"What if you can access my gift now?"

"You don't-" Tom started then changed his mind as well, "We have to research this before anything happens. Until then, we'll just stay cautious, alright?"

Harrison smiled and nodded, "Maybe this causes less sickness with the whole dependency thing."

"You mean you don't want to visit me every week anymore?" Tom asked, challengingly and Harrison snorted.

"You and I both know I still will visit you often." Harrison said, "It'd just be nice to know that if I get kidnapped or something I won't die of sickness before anyone has the chance to find me."

"*You're not dying."* Tom hissed, a statement, not a question or even a promise. It was brought as a fact.

Harrison didn't know if he should appreciate the mindset or not.

"*Not as long as we're bound."* Harrison said with a smile and Tom smiled softly back.

"*So always?"* He asked, Harrison bit his lip, awkwardly trying to stop himself from smiling too widely while his friends couldn't understand them like this.

"*Always."* He responded and that did sound like a promise.

~

The quidditch game was a big deal to everyone in the Wizarding World, Harrison was only slightly surprised that George and Fred had bet on who would win the game weeks ago already.

Ireland vs Bulgaria.

And also the return of the dark mark.

The game started great, Harrison would say at least, Tom joined them surprisingly- Harrison was convinced it was purely for his representation. – even at camping. Fred and George were all too excited about the whole situation, even when they spotted the other Weasleys.

Honestly couldn't Bill and Charlie have told them they were coming?

Then again, they couldn't really *talk* with Molly watching over them like a hawk.

"So what do you think, Harrikins?" Fred said as he fell onto Harrisons bed, barely avoiding falling on Harrisons leg.

"Reckon we're right?" George asked with a smirk.

Harrison looked up, "Ireland for the win, but Krum catches the snitch?" He asked and Fred and George nodded excitedly. "Honestly, could be, I'm sure Krum will catch the snitch."

"But Ireland is so good." Fred muttered.

And Harrison nodded, "It will be a close one." He looked at the twins, their matching grins and sighed, "Have you done something?"

"Us?" Fred said.

"Never!" George finished and Harrison narrowed his eyes, looking around the tent for any sign of danger, when Tom walked in and got *sprung* with Ireland merchandise. The man raised an unimpressed eyebrow at the scarf that had seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

"Shit." George added, "That was meant for Remus." It was loud enough so that Tom could hear him and the man snorted.

"Creative," He said approvingly. "Now what if you add an detection spell for a certain person's magic, it should be doable. No more accidental pranks."

Fred's eyes widened, "That is genius.." He said, "And I don't know the spell for anything like that."

Tom took the scarf off, looking at it disappear into thin air and whistled, "You two will figure it out, if you don't I'll help you." He offered, surprising everyone in the room, including himself, Harrison

could feel that much.

“George, pinch me.” Fred whispered loudly, George slapping him on the arm instead. Fred winced, “So real then.” He muttered. Harrison chuckled at that, only half surprised that Fred’s eyes turned on him then. “Harrison did your boyfriend just really offer that?”

“I believe so,” Harrison said, smiling at the twins’ antics.

“Alright, alright,” Tom said. “Now don’t pretend like this is totally out of character.”

“It is.” Harrison said.

Tom shrugged, “It’s an investment.” He said, “In our future followers, right?”

Fred and George looked at each other then.

“What?” George asked, blandly.

“Harrison’s followers,” Tom sighed, “Not directly mine, but just as important. Besides, one day we’ll be family.” He said.

That was the most straightforward way of saying he’s not only *never* leaving Harrison, which Harrison had heard multiple times already, but he also had thought about some kind of bonding ceremony in their future.

“I’m sure we will.” George said quickly, he cleared his throat awkwardly, jumping off the bed. “Now I think we better go and do another- you know prank-“ He hesitated.

“- For Sirius and Remus!” Fred finished, “Those two are planning something I can feel it.”

Harrison did outright laugh then, “Sure, good luck.” He said as George pulled Fred off the bed as well, out of the tent.

“So are you truly helping them?” Harrison asked as Tom quickly took up the place the twins had been sitting on, on his bed.

“Would it make you happy?” Tom shot back and that was all Harrison needed to hear.

~

They shared a box with the Malfoys, due to Ministry functions. And Harrison was surprised to see that the Weasleys were also placed in the same box, as apparently Arthur's role was important enough for a place such as this one.

James and Hope joined the Weasleys. James didn't look too well and when he saw Regulus and Sirius, then Harrison, his face whitened even more and Harrison almost felt bad for the man.

That was until Hope scowled, "Do we have to sit here?"

"It's what was appointed to us, Hope." James sighed and the girl was fuming, joining Ron as they sat down as far away as possible.

"Bit dramatic I'd say." Ginny muttered to Harrison and the twins.

Harrison looked at the girl, nodding in agreement slightly. Ginny sat down behind him, Charlie and Bill besides there.

Harrison looked at them and Ginny, "You could've just told us you were coming here, you know?"

"Dad found out he got tickets from the Ministry just a week ago. We had to come of course." Charlie said, "We would've told you if we had known." He looked genuinely apologetic and Harrison waved his hand in clear dismissal, it's not like he honestly cared.

"I might have to warn you about-"

Bill glanced at his parents, making it obvious that they had heard about the staged attack from someone else already before he said, "The veelas." He nodded in agreement, "They are dangerous aren't they?"

Ginny rolled her eyes, "He probably cast a privacy charm."

Bill shrugged, "Better safe than sorry. Also if you've never been in contact with a veela, you truly are in for a surprise."

Harrison somehow doubted that, but nodded his thanks for the warning all the same. Tom sat down next to him at that exact moment, grabbing his hand in an almost unusual possessive kind of way.

He leant in, whispering in Harrison's ear, in parseltongue, "*Don't worry about those veela's. They shouldn't have any influence on us."* He pulled

back slightly before muttering a quiet, "*If our bond is far enough"*

Harrison squeezed Tom's hand, hoping it felt like a 'don't worry'.

That much was proven later when Ron couldn't keep himself in his chair at the alluring sight of the veelas, even Fred and George seemed to look in any direction rather than the women dancing beautifully. What maybe surprised Harrison the most is that Ginny could barely tear her eyes away, mesmerized by the sight of the creatures.

Sirius, Remus and Charlie didn't seem to be influenced at all.

And Tom, well Tom looked almost bored as he watched the show, not that Harrison expected differently from the man, who probably never had been interested in anyone without other motives before him.

Harrison leant his head on Tom's shoulder while watching the, admittedly beautiful show of the creatures.

He wouldn't exactly call it alluring, though.

It was when that part of the show stopped that Ron sat back down quickly and Ginny openly blushed, perhaps figuring out more about herself than she had wished to at a single quidditch game.

"*Draco didn't react at all,"* Tom mused, probably having seen him watch the others for their reactions.

"*Maybe he got trained as a child,"* Harrison joked and Tom snorted.

"*Exposure therapy?"*

Harrison couldn't help but chuckle at that, "*With these pureblood cultures, I honestly wouldn't be surprised."*

Minister Fudge's voice got carried over the field then, welcoming them all to this part of the Wizarding World, before allowing the commentator to introduce the players to the public.

As if they weren't all famous.

Krum got the loudest cheers as he flew into the arena smoothly, drawing all the attention to his red quidditch robes while circling the field once.

"It's actually Krum!" He heard Hope whisper and James chuckled slightly, it sounded distanced, but Harrison was somewhat glad that

the man still did this with his daughter.

Even if he didn't necessarily like them.

The quidditch game was as spectacular as he expected, Ireland scoring a total of sixteen goals, while Krum catches the snitch with an spectacular dive.

And then after a long game, it was suddenly over and Fred turned to George while cheering, "We were right!"

Sirius didn't even bother to hide his surprise at the twins bet being right, their 'Ireland wins, but Krum catches the snitch.' Theory had gotten a lot of doubt from everywhere before the game.

"We need to find Bagman." George replied excitedly, while not really concerned about money as they were before getting adopted by Sirius, they were still saving for a joke shop- which Sirius and Remus would happily sponsor, but only if Fred and George decided to ask them.

Which they hadn't, yet.

Harrison just clapped and said, "Can't believe you two actually got it right. Are we sure we shouldn't test your seer abilities?"

~

It was a strange sort of anticipation as Harrison sat with basically all his Slytherin friends plus Cedric, Charlie and Bill, waiting for the Death Eaters to burn this place down.

"When were they going to come?" Harrison asked Tom who was pacing just outside their little circle on the ground.

"No idea," The man responded, "I told them to surprise me, not make it too planned."

"*You* told them to surprise you?" Harrison asked, "Are you sick? Should I call someone-"

"I know, I know." Tom muttered, "I'm a control freak, I just need this to be convincible, but also not linked to me in any way, shape, or form, since it would ruin the entire plan. If this get linked to me they'll lose trust in me instead of the Minister."

"This is really that important for your plan, huh?" Bill asked and Harrison nodded.

“Too many people like Fudge,” He said, “The man is nice to basically anyone and no big scandal happened during his run as minister, they would never purposefully vote for anyone else, even someone as *charismatic* as Marvolo Gaunt.”

“Even with Harrison Black’s support.” Blaise added for him.

Harrison nodded, “But the Minister is panicky, he doesn’t want *anything* to ruin his perfect run so far, so we have to ruin it for him. Show people he can’t lead during an era of war, distress. He’ll likely deny it or decide to step back himself, either way he’s going to lose power and support.” He looked at Tom, “Then all we have to do is prove Tom is the right person to lead during hard times.”

“Which shouldn’t be too hard since I lead an entire army of Death Eaters while only having a small percentage of my-“ He stopped himself, “While insane.”

“That might be something that brings people to doubt you, love.” Harrison said, amused and Tom just glared at him as the first loud bang was right outside their tent.

“Alright, everyone ready to flee?” Harrison said to the group of students, who nodded.

It was chaotic outside, everyone had run out when the first bang sounded, trying to figure out the source of the noise, when suddenly a tent right in front of them was lit on fire, the fire quickly spreading through the nature and the cloths of a tent being set alight.

They must’ve taken most of the fire resistant charms out before starting the attack.

Suddenly there were screams around them, people started duelling masked figures and someone shouted, “Get the kids out of here!”

That was the sign for most of them to flee.

Instead of running with them, Harrison ran towards the source, Tom, Sirius, Remus, Charlie and Bill right by his side. He saw Molly Weasley keeping off an amused Bellatrix, who admittedly was masked and Harrison only recognised her by the way she moved.

Deciding that Bellatrix would at least listen to Tom’s command of not permanently injuring or killing anyone, Harrison decided to leave that fight as it was.

“I’d flee if I were you,” He heard a familiar voice say, “They will sniff Mudbloods straight out.”

And Harrison groaned, of course Draco was taunting Hermione with this situation. Tom pulled on his arm, pulling the attention back to himself, he pulled Harrison towards another part of the field, where Death Eaters were waiting for something.

As soon as they were spotted by the group, Tom fired the first spell.

It was a two against five, the Death Eaters surrounding them with surprising ease. It was a game then, back to back Harrison and Tom fired spells, ducked, warned each other for incoming spells, all while trying to notice when the performance was over.

And in a weird way it was the most fun Harrison had in a while.

It felt nice truly duelling, together, even if Tom and he weren’t actually firing spells that would hurt if they’d hit the Death Eaters.

Their magic blended together even further while working together like this and it started to feel like they were truly invincible as long as they were together.

Perhaps it was for this reason that it caught Harrison with surprise when Tom let out a pained groan and the Death Eaters- all inner circle -fled the scene. The spell had come from a different direction than any of the Death Eaters they were actively duelling and as Harrison quickly sat down next to Tom, from where he had fallen on the ground, his eyes scanned the place.

“Are you alright?” He asked as he looked back at the man, Tom was holding his hand over the robes he was wearing, his lower stomach and Harrison supposed the spell must’ve hit there.

“Find them.” Tom muttered, “This was not a Death Eater.” He added.

Harrisons eyes shot back up, suddenly it felt a lot more like they were being watched, more alarmingly, by someone who must know exactly who Tom was.

“I’m not leaving you.” Harrison said softly, “How do you know?”

“Sectumsempra,” Tom said, it was only then that Harrison noticed the blood streaming through Tom’s fingers, the hand that was covering the wound slowly taken over by the same scarlet colours that must’ve

stained the skin underneath.

“Fuck, Tom.” Harrison said, “There’s no way in hell I’m leaving you now. We’ll find them later together, for now we just need to heal this.”

But they were alone on the field and as much as Harrison would love to heal Tom, he had never bothered to learn the exact incantation of *vulnera sanentur,* since he didn’t ever come in such direct contact with the consequences of this spell.

And apparition would just bring Tom into danger of splinting with his already open wound.

Tom chuckled painfully, “I can’t believe I found a spell you can’t do in a situation such as this, love.” He said, “No matter, we need dittany anyways.”

“Right,” Harrison said, “I’ll fix this, somehow.” He promised as Tom was still actively bleeding in front of him.

The green hue of the Dark Mark in the sky suddenly gave him an idea- and admittedly, this situation made him understand even better why his friends insisted on those tattoos, it would really help in this situation.

Tom would hate him for just calling on any Death Eater, though and he had no idea how to reach someone specific, such as Narcissa to come and help them.

So he did the next best thing, as his patronus appeared the greenish hue that had fallen over them turned into a brighter blue, his animals in front of him and ready.

The snake got a separate patronus on the second cast at this point and as Harrison looked down at Tom he couldn’t find any shame in that fact anymore.

He sent one to Sirius and Remus, knowing that they’d be close, asking them to come help them, he also instructed his patronus to wait and lead them back. Then he sent a second one to Terence, Fred, George and the rest of their group, asking to take dittany to him, the patronus was sent away with the same instructions.

And then all he could do is sit and wait, He moved just slightly, so Tom could rest his head in Harrison’s lap instead of the dirty ground,

his hand quickly finding Tom's hair, slowly playing with it.

Tom hummed, though it still sounded like a whole lot of pain and he closed his eyes.

"Don't fall asleep on me," Harrison muttered softly.

"Wouldn't dare." Was the quiet response, "I'm going to be fine, darling."

"I'm sure you are," Harrison agreed, "But I'm not going to stop worrying until you are actually fine." He looked at Tom's hand again, the blood on it and wondered just how long a human could bleed before passing out.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Harrison asked.

Tom opened his eyes again to look at Harrison, a soft expression on his face, it seemed almost ridiculous in this moment. "Just- I- Just stay here?"

"I'm not going anywhere." Harrison promised, "There's no spell?"

"I will teach you the healing spell when this is over." Tom said, there was no blame. Harrison blamed himself, he couldn't help it, but Tom felt almost at peace in this situation, there was only a little bit of distress flowing over the link. It mixed with another emotion, though, not a negative one, a sort of acceptance that Harrison had never felt himself before.

"If you die I will fight Death to give you back to me." Harrison whispered, ignoring the fact that his eyes were watering at just seeing Tom in this state. It was a sort of cursed beauty, the burnt down field in the middle of an abandoned forest, the night sky looking out over them while Tom bled.

Tom laughed, which quickly turned into a cough, Harrison tried to ignore the way he coughed up blood and didn't react. "Harrison, my life is in your hands, Death doesn't have a say in where I go." He said, "Perhaps that is why this is the first time I'm so close to-" He breathed in, "Yet, not scared."

"Harrison?" He heard someone shout in the distance suddenly and Harrison looked up.

"I'm here!" He shouted back, then turning back to Tom. "You are not

even close to dying, Tom. I'm not letting you."

Tom moved the hand that had been covering the wound to Harrison's cheek, ignoring the way the blood spread over his skin, "I love you." He said. Then only his heavy breathing was heard, Harrison was comforted that the man was at least still breathing.

The hand fell back down and Harrison turned to cover Tom's wound with his own hand, knowing it was useless.

"Harrison," Remus muttered, suddenly next to him.

Harrison blinked through his blurry vision and looked up at the man, "Help him." He begged, "I never-"

"Sectumsempra," Sirius realised, "Fucking Snape. Of course you wouldn't know the counter, the founders couldn't have taught you."

Remus got his wand out of his pocket quickly, while Sirius carefully lifted Harrison's hand from Tom, lifting ripping Tom's clothes further than they already were, to expose the wound to the rest of the world.

Remus started almost *singing* a Latin incantation, the wound slowly, but surely closing, somewhere while the man was casting an overly worried Terence, Fred and George joined them with dittany.

"The cut is really deep," Sirius muttered as it was slowly closing, too slow, the man was still losing blood and that just wouldn't do.

It happened so suddenly, a healing spell stimulates someone's magic to heal the body quicker, rather than using the person's magic who casts the spell. Harrison felt his own magic swirling around in his worry, but at some point his magic focussed on the wound, Tom's body which almost felt like his own at this point and the wound closed quicker. Quickly enough for Remus to not stop casting halfway, due to worry.

It was quick work after that, Terence handed Harrison the dittany, even though Harrison's hands were shaking crazily, he took his time to cover the wound with the herb. It would lower the scarring as far as possible. Nobody helped him during the process, Harrison wanted to shout at them, but they probably did it out of respect and fear; nobody just *touched* the Dark Lord and got away with it.

As he looked at Tom's unconscious body, he finally understood Tom's worry about his magic, every single turn. He had never really minded,

but he hadn't understood how it felt to watch over your soulmate not knowing when or if they were going to wake up again.

Until now.

And Tom had been through this multiple times already.

"Pup," Sirius said, "We need to get him to a hospital."

Harrison looked up at Sirius and nodded, "Right, hospital." He said, yet didn't move, only when Remus and Sirius tried to get him to stand up, he followed their lead. Only once Harrison was stood did they even try to move Tom.

~

"You all did very well," The mediwitch announced when she walked into the waiting room they were sitting in. "Lord Gaunt should get right back till full health."

"Will it scar?" Harrison asked and the mediwitch seemed hesitant to answer that question.

"It is hard to say the cut was very deep, but the dittany you applied has worked well so far." She said, "If it scars it will be very lightly, almost unnoticeable."

Harrison nodded slowly, "When will he wake up?"

"I suspect somewhere tonight," She said, "You can wait in his room, if you wish, Heir Black." She smiled at him as Harrison immediately got up, "If the rest could wait here." She added and Harrison looked at Sirius who just nodded.

"Go on, pup." Sirius said.

Harrison nodded and practically sprinted to the room Tom had been assigned to. He entered the room almost cautiously, afraid of what exactly he would find inside.

But he was surprised to see Tom just laying there as peacefully as he looked on the rare mornings where Harrison woke up before Tom.

Those mornings he would mostly spent admiring the man, it felt as if Tom was sculptured by the gods. As if every single molecule used for his body was carefully picked by Mother Magic when Harrison did the ritual. Only the best ones would remain.

There was no other way to end up with a person looking how Tom did.

If Harrison attended Hogwarts with Tom, he'd have followed his every command as well, all the man had to do is direct those eyes to him and he'd bow to his every wish.

It wasn't like he wouldn't do exactly that right now.

And yet, he fully trusted that Tom wouldn't abuse that power he had over him. To anyone else, Harrison would recommend not handing Tom this much power, but he just couldn't help himself.

Harrison wondered idly if perhaps Fate had picked every molecule of his body to fit so perfectly to Tom's. To give him this feeling of complete happiness with someone so many others would despise. To give him content in the feeling of spending and entirety with someone, even if he never got the chance to experience something similar with others.

He didn't feel the need to 'experiment' since no one would ever be sculpted for him the way Tom was.

He sat down on the chair placed next to the man and just watched the rise and fall of his chest, feeling that same wave of comfort he felt when he had heard Tom breathing on the field.

He was alive, they would be fine.

God, the field felt like ages ago already.

"I'm going insane." Harrison said softly into the empty room. "I'm sorry I couldn't help you, Tom. I've never felt as useless as I did in that moment." He felt tears well up in his eyes again, but he couldn't even care. "I almost watched you die, because I thought I could just deal with everything without learning the actual spells."

He leant forward, grabbing Tom's now blood free hand. "It's pathetic, isn't it? I thought that I had nothing left to learn so I just didn't bother to learn something as important as a incantation healing spell. One of the most powerful ones might I add." He sighed, "And no one will even blame me, I know you won't either, because 'I'm just a teen'. Yet, you almost died after all our promises."

"I don't know what I would have done if I actually lost you." Harrison admitted, "It's probably way too fucking co-dependant, but I can't

imagine life without you.” He admitted, somewhat glad to get that much off his chest. “Talk about unhealthy relationships.” He muttered, slightly hysterical as he looked at Tom.

And the worst part was that no matter how co-dependant or unhealthy this relationship got, he wouldn’t have it any other way.

~

Tom blinked as the bright lights of a hospital room dominated his vision, he groaned, an ache in his lower stomach reminding him exactly what happened.

He had fallen asleep on Harrison in the end and that felt terrible, because he could only imagine how worried he must’ve been.

When his eyes finally got used to the lights in the room, he noticed the figure next to the bed, speak of the devil, he smiled.

Harrison was sitting there, resting his head against the hospital wall, one hand on Tom’s where it was laying on the bed. His shirt and pants were still covered in blood and Tom saw some blood in his hair as well.

He frowned as he realised all of that was *his* blood.

The fact that Harrison was sitting here, still covered in his blood, only having washed it off his face and arms slightly showed enough.

Tom moved his arm slowly, the slight movement enough to startle Harrison awake, apparently.

“Tom-“ Harrison said as soon as he noticed where he was.

“Good morning, darling.” Tom said, “How are you feeling?”

“Shouldn’t I be the one asking that question?” Harrison asked softly and Tom shrugged.

“Perhaps,” He admitted, “I am alright, Harrison.”

“That’s what you said as you were bleeding out in front of me,” Harrison said, unimpressed.

Tom grabbed Harrison’s hand, “Well, I mean it.” He said, “You saved me, love.”

“I couldn’t save you.” Harrison argued and Tom shook his head.

“Just because you had to call for help, doesn’t mean you didn’t do it.” Tom said, “There was a hundred other ways that could’ve ended, none of them better than this right here.”

And then amused he added, “And at least it is believable that this can’t be connected to us. There’s no way anyone would go through this willingly for an act.”

“You’re an arsehole.” Harrison scoffed as he pulled his hand away from Tom’s.

Tom just chuckled, “You love it, really.”

Chapter End Notes

I hit 800 pages in my word document, that is truly insane.

Chapter 69: We wouldn't prank you - not with Tom here

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the longer wait and shorter chapter
> I got covid and had to deal with a shit ton for uni both while on vacation.
> So it was just kind of chaotic and just rushed this to get it done while my friends are at the beach cause im quarantined.
> e

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Only once Tom had healed completely- it was indeed slightly scarred over, but Harrison expected that to fade over time as well, leaving the perfect skin Tom was used to behind. And Harrison wasn't complaining about the scar, something about seeing Tom walk around shirtless with a giant scar just above his v-lines was pretty goddamn hot. – did they talk about the fact that someone who obviously knew Tom was the Dark Lord had attacked Tom and felt safe enough to do so in public.

Which probably meant he blended in pretty well with the rest of the Death Eaters.

"It could be one of Dumbledore's followers." Tom said out loud suddenly, "Taking a chance on my life."

"That means Dumbledore knew we were planning something." Harrison muttered.

"Right," Tom replied, "That still means that there's a traitor." He seemed almost hesitant to ask, as he opened his mouth to speak again. "And you're certain that it was not one of your-"

Harrison shook his head, "Certain, never, but if it was one of them they were all in on it. As everyone confirmed seeing others during the exact time."

"Should we make them swear on their magic?" Tom asked, "Just to be certain?"

Normally Harrison would immediately deny that, no he wasn't risking

his friends magic, but this was about Tom and he couldn't deny something if it was about Tom's safety. "Would it make you feel better?"

"You know it would." Tom said, "But if you trust them without it, I do too."

"I'll ask them." Harrison said, "Charlie and Bill were with Sirius and Remus and I do trust Sirius and Remus fully."

Tom nodded in agreement, Sirius and Remus wouldn't endanger their son like that.

"So I will leave them for now, as they are outside the country again, but as soon as I see them, so in Charlie's case during the Triwizard tournament, Bill's later." Harrison said, "I do trust the Weasleys, they all betrayed their own family for us."

"Whatever you think will work," Tom agreed, "I'll try and search the ranks of my Death Eaters to see if someone is responsible there."

There was a knock on the door, Harrison and Tom both looked at the door as Tom said, "Enter."

"Sir-" It was a nervous house elf, Harrison looked down at the creature as Tom's face softened.

"What is it?" He asked the elf, the Slytherin elves were special to the family and Tom cared for them as deeply as any pureblood should care for their house elves.

Sadly, not many did care so much.

"Post, sir." The elf said, as his ears flapped happily. "It was urgent."

"Thank you, Tilly." Tom said, as he took the package from the elf. "Can you make sure the rest of the post is sorted properly?"

"Of course, sir!" The elf said quickly snapping away as Tom chuckled at the antics of the enthusiastic young elf.

"What is it?" Harrison asked and Tom looked at the package.

"Skeeter, apparently." He replied.

He opened the package and read the letter on top of a stack of papers and a few pictures of the quidditch tournament.

Dear Lord Gaunt and Heir Black,

I took some creative liberty in writing about the happenings of the quidditch world cup, entirely from a good point of view for the both of you. Before publishing anything, I wish for the both of you to read through it and accept or deny my publishing of this issue, as is stated in my contract with the Blacks.

Thank you in advance,

Rita Skeeter.

P.S. I think publishing this will give the both of you exactly what you need to get more votes on your clauses.

Tom read the note to Harrison, surprise clear on his face.

"Well, read the article, Tommy boy." Harrison said, although he had to admit even he was surprise. Nowhere in the contract was stated that Rita had to write articles about them, even without them asking to do so explicitly.

"*Dear readers, as many of you know the quidditch world cup is just over and while many still talk about the Irish victory, something else overshadowed this week that was supposed to be all about celebrating the win.*

After the match, as many families stayed at the grounds reserved for camping just outside the stadium, there was a sudden attack. An attack which was similar only to the ones we saw about thirteen years ago.

The Dark cloaked figures from our nightmares returned and caused many troubles, tents were burned down, people were hurt and perhaps worst of all, the sign casted at the end of the attack suggested a comeback from You-Know-Who.

Minister Fudge has yet to comment on this appearance of Dark Magics we haven't seen in ages. Meanwhile, as the Minister fled and kept himself locked up in his office for the past couple of days, our two local heroes Harrison Black and Marvolo Gaunt fought the Death Eaters as a try to keep the others safe.

They were seen by multiple people, telling students to flee as they ran straight towards the attack, shooting cloaked figures down as they were on

their way.
One well-known victim of the attack told me so, "I told my team to run away, as I tried to hold one of the figures off, suddenly I saw these two running into the danger. At first I thought they must be crazy people, only once my teammate told me who I had seen I understood, they are not crazy. They were trying to keep us save." – Viktor Krum, seeker of the Bulgarian quidditch team.

Their heroics were proven by the injury of Marvolo Gaunt, after the man got hit by a cursed version of the cutting charm, knocked out from blood loss. He was ready to give his life for ours.

The aurors have yet to arrest anyone, but they did say there was a wand found at the scene, which had casted the spell for the infamous skull in the sky.

"Due to the identity of the owner of the wand, I think we're safe to say the wand was stolen to cast this spell," Kingsley Shacklebolt- auror- told me, "Therefore I am not allowed to expose the identity of the owner of this wand. We're currently doing an investigation if it could've truly been that person or if it was someone else."

So there you have it, sweet readers. The only question right now is what will the Minister do? Will he deny the happenings or stand up for all of us and keep our country safe?

I'll keep you all updated." Tom read the text, snorting at Krum's quote, muttering something about the quidditch player hallucinating.

"She was really poking around in her Animagus form, wasn't she?" Harrison asked.

"I sure as hell hope she wasn't just watching as I almost died." The man said and Harrison had to agree with that.

"She did at least write a proper article, she was right when she said this would shine some positive light on us."

"So you're saying publish it?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded.

"I think it's the best way." He said.

"I hate to say it, but honestly, I agree."

~

After they had given her the all-good Rita published the article in record time, which meant the article got published on Harrison's birthday exactly.

Harrison wondered if the woman had done that on purpose.

He had forced Tom to come with him to Grimmaulds place, since Sirius probably wanted to do some big birthday breakfast again and while Harrison didn't mind sleeping at home, it wouldn't do to not have his literal soulmate there to celebrate his birthday.

They had taken Nagini and Ebony, too, after they had found the snakes a day prior somewhere in the gardens of Slytherin castle.

"*It's hatchling day!!"* Ebony had said as Nagini asked why they insisted on taking her.

It felt almost natural when Tom woke him up by softly whispering to him and threading one of his hands through Harrison's hair.

He chuckled as Harrison blinked, before muttering a sleepy, "Good morning."

"Good morning to you too," Tom said, amused. "Sorry, they tasked me with waking you up. I think they were scared to do it themselves with me here."

Harrison rolled so he was laying on his side, facing Tom, wrapping an arm around the man while muttering about the fact that he should be able to sleep longer on his own birthday.

Tom just let it happen, trailing the hand that was in Harrison's hair to the back of his neck, keeping it there, steady.

"Happy birthday," He whispered after a while, Harrison felt Tom softly kissing him on his forehead.

"Thank you." Harrison said, "How old am I even?"

"You should ask Mother Magic." Tom snorted.

Harrison groaned, mumbling something about having a complex life and not even knowing his own age, but he did finally feel somewhat awake, so that was a positive.

"We really have to get up, darling." Tom said and Harrison nodded.

“I know, I know.” He said.

Tom was the one to back up first, throwing the covers off of both of them, exposing Harrison to the cold air in his room.

“That’s just rude.” Harrison said, as he went to reach for the covers again. Tom just pulled them out of his reach with a smirk.

“Come on,” Tom said, “You’re family is waiting.”

“Fine.” Harrison huffed.

~

It was probably fifteen minutes later that they actually joined the rest. Harrison was somewhat surprised to truly only see Remus, Sirius, and Fred and George.

“Happy birthday pup!” Sirius said as he floated a cake to the table, homemade that much was obvious. Harrison still didn’t trust any food made by either of the marauders or the twins in the house.

He looked at the cake and said, “Is it safe?”

“We wouldn’t prank you.” Remus said.

“Not with Tom here.” Fred muttered, smiling slightly and Harrison nodded.

“Blow out the candles.” Sirius said as he put the cake in front of Harrison, he followed the command after thinking about a peaceful, safe wizarding world where he didn’t need to worry about people close to him getting hurt due to his enemies.

That probably was way too depressing for a birthday wish, yet it was the only thing in the world that Harrison truly wished to be true.

“We’ll do presents later, when the rest is also here.” Sirius said then, “Because it’s more fun that way.”

Harrison nodded as he twitched his hand, plates floating over, dividing the cake into pieces so that everyone could have a part.

He saw Tom quickly casting an unnoticed diagnostic spell on the piece he got, making sure there was no potion laced in it or spell worked into it, but it seemed safe.

Even then, he waited for one of the others to take a first bite, which Fred did eventually do, which meant it was probably truly safe.

After that much was confirmed he and Harrison started eating as well, while listening to Sirius and Remus tell the story of Fred and George baking this cake.

At least the taste was better this time, Harrison had to admit that much. Perhaps the twins truly were trying for his birthday.

~

It was another birthday party, a big one, but at least closed off to people outside of his friends, Harrison was glad he didn't have to put up some political persona.

Or pretend he was not head over heels for Tom, which was admittedly getting harder since the man had been enjoying being an absolute arsehole by calling him stupid petnames and complimenting him in parseltongue while in public.

And Harrison tried to annoy the man back, sending him all kinds of memories- made up, most of them- that at least got some kind of reaction out of Tom.

But Tom had a lot of practice with his whole pureblood mask, had used it as his one power when even his status was a weakness.

So yeah, Tom was an annoying fucker and Harrison was really glad he didn't have to deal with any outsiders.

And he was pretty sure that everyone knew about him and Tom by now, so that should be good.

Two arms wrapped around his waist, the man standing behind him coming close to his ear to whisper, "You can keep trying to rile me up."

Harrison chuckled turning around to face the man, "Stop reading my thoughts, you pervert."

Tom just smirked at him, as he leant down to kiss Harrison. When he broke the kiss he muttered, "I came here to tell you some of your friends arrived."

"Why not say that immediately?" Harrison asked, raising an

unimpressed eyebrow, even if he already knew what Tom's answer was going to be.

"This was more fun."

Yeah, that.

He sighed, "Alright, let's get going then, Tommy boy."

It was Tom's turn to look entirely unimpressed, Harrison chuckled.

When Tom had said that his friends had arrived he expected one maybe two, not almost the entire group.

And it really hit him how well he had united all the houses as he saw Ginny talking with Daphne and Millicent while Oliver stood with Cedric and Terence. Even Neville was here, talking to Luna and Tracey.

The next 20 minutes or so passed in a flurry of congratulations and short conversations with his friends, Tom had left somewhere during his conversation with Oliver, probably noticing the uneasiness of some of the teens around him.

Harrison quickly joined him again when he noticed that Tom was talking to Terence, Fred and George. Not sure if he should be scared of the fact that the three teens looked almost comfortable around the man.

"So you'd think that this could make me target someone?" George asked.

Tom nodded, "I guess, I've used it for different purposes, but it must work the same." He explained, "For potions or similar ideas, you can just use DNA."

Fred nodded thoughtfully, Harrison decided that he probably should be scared.

"Don't help them terrorise people any further, please." Harrison muttered, Tom must've noticed him approaching them, due to their link. But the surprise on Fred and George's face was funny.

Terence was just smirking, he had approached them from a place that should've been visible to the boy, so Harrison wasn't too surprise.

"They came with some questions, I just answered them as promised."

Tom said, “If they decide to terrorise people with my knowledge, that is not my doing.”

“But you’d absolutely be proud of them.” Harrison said and Tom smiled at him.

“Depends on how they do it.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but leant into Tom’s side as the man wrapped an arm around his waist as if it was second nature.

“I’ve heard that Regulus would be coming soon.” Tom said. “Supposedly back earlier than he thought he would be.”

Regulus had taken the time out of the general vacation to explore the world, visit some countries he never got to visit due to the fact that he had died so young.

It was why Harrison had barely seen his uncle around lately.

“He’s coming back for my birthday?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded.

“That’s what I’ve heard.”

And Harrison was excited, because Regulus was someone he’d truly would like to get to know better. On one side it felt like they knew each other fully, on the other side he didn’t know the man at all.

“I wonder what he thought of his travels.” Harrison just replied and Tom hummed in agreement, probably intending to talk to Regulus once he returned either way, Tom had wanted to give Regulus some time, feeling guilt over Regulus’ death to a certain degree. But Harrison knew Tom and knew that the man was still hoping to get Regulus back in his ranks.

With or without the mark, that was.

Suddenly the sound of a spoon softly hitting a glass filled the room and somebody said, “Excuse me, everyone!”

The entire hall silenced and looked at the person trying to catch the attention of the people in the hall, “Every Slytherin in this hall probably knows what will happen now,” Flint said and Harrison groaned immediately.

“Please don’t.” He shouted, but his words were ignored as Flint

continued talking.

“You see, since I became captain I’ve been trying to do speeches at the end of every year, but Harrison Black usually is the one to thank for our winning of the house cup, so this year as Harrison missed the end it felt wrong.”

“It’s only right to do it now!” Terence shouted in full agreement.

Flint chuckled, “Right you are!” He said, “This year was a special one, because I think every single one of us had a point in this year where we doubted if Harrison would wake up again. He got poisoned, cursed and I’m sure there were more attempts at his life throughout the year.” Flint started, “And yet the boy- no *man* now, I guess- made sure all of us stayed safe, out of it, even ensured we had a proper history teacher, by teaching the classes himself. While still winning us every single quidditch game. This year was full of impossible feats done by our Harrison and for that we should respect him, thank him.

He also managed to tame the Dark Lord this year, apparently. Which is good too, I guess, since I don’t think I’ll get killed by saying that now?” Flint looked unsure at Tom, who shrugged as he held Harrison close to him.

Point proven then.

“Either way, this man continues to surprise me and amaze me with every single move. And even with his complete power and abilities you will never see Harrison harming any of his friends. I am thankful to have met him and I think everyone here is as well. So hereby, To Harrison.” He toasted and the entire room echoed ‘To Harrison!’.

Tom smirked at him as he also raised his glass, then Ginny shouted, “Nice little think you do each year. I’d think this Harrison guy was a god from what I just heard, if I hadn’t met him yet.”

That made people talk again at least. The attention off of him just long enough to quickly kiss Tom, before going to go talk to some other friends.

~

Regulus actually arrived somewhere halfway into the party, showing up in the room quickly.

“Happy birthday!” He said, “I’m sorry for arriving late, the

international portkeys from Bulgaria have timeslots apparently."

Harrison laughed, "It's okay, welcome back." He noticed Sirius approach them before he could even tell the man Regulus was back, so at least he didn't have to feel guilty about asking, "So how were the travels?"

"It's everything I've missed in my life." Regulus said, "I was always trapped in one place, not really allowed to go anywhere especially when Siri left." He explained, "I met a lot of people who mastered in a certain branch of Magic and were more than happy to help me broaden my knowledge."

"That sounds interesting," Harrison admitted, "Any place in general where you learned a lot?"

"The northern parts of Europe, Scandinavia, but not the big communities." Regulus admitted, "They have a quite special outlook on Magic I'm sure you would enjoy."

"I forgot how nerdy everyone here was." Sirius said, scrunching up his nose as he went to hug his brother.

Regulus hugged back with no hesitation and they truly had gotten better at that brotherly thing as well. When Regulus had just returned it had been hard on both of them, as much as they wanted to reconnect, how they left things off had put a big strain on their relationship.

And that was hard to ignore even after years had passed- especially for Regulus, who apparently remembered some things from Death, like his conversations with Harrison, but for who it didn't seem like *years* had past at all.

So Harrison was glad to see that Sirius was asking Regulus about his trip as well as teasing him about the more embarrassing things Regulus told them and after a while he decided to just leave them alone for a bit.

It was just about time as well, because right around that moment Pansy approached him, "I'm not leaving before I see the presents you received. And by that I don't mean all your fan letters."

And wasn't that a statement, because all day long letters and packages had gotten in, even more than prior years.

Harrison had just ask Kreacher kindly to sort them for him so he could get to that later.

Everyone- even Regulus and Sirius who wouldn't miss this moment- gathered in a circle, as Harrison unpacked presents.

It felt stupid, having an entire group of people watch him as he unpacked another book on ancient ritualistic magic or some miniature of something he loved- such as quidditch.

And everything was great.

"You know we are kind of battling with Charlie and Bill for the best presents." Fred said.

"So we recruited someone else!" George said.

Harrison's eyes narrowed on Ginny, only for Terence to awkwardly raise his hand, of fucking course. If it hadn't been for his more than capable family- which, apparently, was rare these days in the wizarding world- he would have also gotten adopted by Sirius and Remus at this point.

"Talking about Charlie and Bill, they teamed up again." Sirius said, a hint of excitement in his voice. These presents were going to be creative if nothing else.

He slowly opened the admittedly weird shaped gift to expose a statue of a dragon and a snake, both in such a stance that you were not sure if they were going to attack each other or ignore each other, either way it looked pretty damn cool and so unlike a gift Fred and George would make.

"We had this idea due to the whole 'focus your pranks on one person' thing. Because while that sounds impossible for us-"

"- We know you are sensitive to magic." George finished his brother's sentence.

"So they came to me with their admittedly good idea." Terence said, looking as if he wasn't sure whether he was proud to be part of this or not.

"And Terence here sculptured the entire thing for us,"

"Should've seen his *magic."* George nodded in agreement.

“The idea of the sculpture is that it can consume magic and then release it over a longer period of time.” Fred explained then, “So for example if Tom here decides he needs a break from you and you don’t want to get sick from the distance just force him to put some magic in there and your all good.”

“Assuming his magic is the thing that causes the whole thing.” Terence said.

“It won’t damage your core any since it has a charge mode only you can activate, so it won’t just suck your magic constantly as those damned plants in Asia.”

Tom seemed amused by Fred’s speech, but even through his amusement there was a sort of curiosity to how it works.

And Harrison had to admit he was curious as well, not having expected for Fred and George to actually come up with such a thing.

“I’m definitely going to try that out.” Harrison said, “That’s actually amazing.”

Fred and George’s smirks made Harrison wonder whether that was the right thing to say or not.

It was after that, that all eyes were suddenly on Tom, because apparently everyone else had given their gift and Tom, the arsehole, decided to not give anyone any hint of what Harrison was getting from him and spoke in Parseltongue as he said, “*I’ll have to admit it’s hard to try and get better gifts for you than the twins.”* He said dramatically, hissing slowly next to Harrison.

Harrison rolled his eyes, but yet at the slightly rising curiosity of the group he decided to answer in parseltongue as well. “*Well you don’t have to.”*

Tom smirked as he waved his hand just slightly, a present appearing out of thin air. “*Don’t I?”*

He handed the present over and Harrison slowly unwrapped it, it felt like another book, but Tom seemed too proud about it.

“*I fooled around with the first journal I gave you, since we barely use those.”* Tom hissed, “*This was just the beginning of the possibilities.”*

Harrison laughed as he saw the dark green cover and the words *For*

when you're too lazy to walk through the castle. (My office will be further away, somehow) On the cover, written in Tom's elegant Parselscript.

Harrison opened it and was surprise to find an entire manual written in parselscript.

Apparently he could write in this, like the first one, but besides that it also worked as a two-way mirror and a portkey.

"A portkey?" Harrison whispered in English, slipping back to parseltongue quickly afterwards. "*Reusable?"*

"As many times as you want." Tom nodded, "*I'm not bringing the cabinet into Hogwarts, that seems useless, since we're in the same building. And also Dumbledore might find out."*

Harrison nodded in agreement, "*This is actually amazing. You made this?"*

"*You can do a lot with Parselmagic, darling."* Tom said, "*This was probably just the beginning of it."*

"I love it."

Tom smiled at him and Harrison laughed as he put it away, he'd get questions later, probably.

Ginny, even though she had already given him her own gift, was the one to hand him a box next. "Bill and Charlie's." She said and Harrison nodded.

He was excited to see what the two had been able to do make, especially because they hadn't let *anything* know about this while Harrison had seen them. Nothing that could expose what kind of gift it was at least.

"*Are you afraid it will beat your present?"* Harrison asked Tom as he looked at the relatively small box in his hand.

"*Should I be?"* Tom hissed back and Harrison shrugged.

"I guess we'll find out." He answered truthfully.

As Harrison opened the box he was surprised to find a necklace inside, a small note stuck to the inside of the box.

Happy birthday Harrison!

I know you were probably expecting some grand present after last year, but safety over anything else, right?

This might help you during next year. Both Cursebreakers and Dragon Handlers learn some protective charms to cast on for example jewellery. We decided to give you probably the most protection anyone could ever have in one necklace.

(It'll help with the dragon and a lot of curses you might come across.)

See you soon,

Bill & Charlie.

The design was once again a dragon- and Harrison faintly wondered when dragons became his sign, not that he minded exactly- the dragon was sitting on top of a sword, his tail wrapping around the blade.

"Of course they chose for something functional." George groaned.

Harrison laughed as he showed Tom the design, the man nodded in approval. Harrison was honestly surprised that the slight underlying possessiveness over their link was just that: Slight.

Then again, he suspected that it had done a lot for Tom as well, learning that they were truly soulmates. And it wasn't that the man didn't trust Harrison.

Tom took the necklace out of his hands and motioned for him to turn around, intending to put it on the muggle way, apparently. Harrison just followed his order and said to Fred and George, "I'm not picking favourites."

"Way to make sure you won't hurt their feelings," Pansy said as she watched the way Tom put the necklace on as if he had done this a thousand times before- *the muggle way*. Most witches and wizards tended to get annoyed at the clips in jewelarry, giving up on doing it that way before they even truly tried.

Harrison didn't react to that and as the present ceremony- it honestly felt like a ceremony at this point- was over, people started talking again and quickly Harrison, luckily, wasn't the centre of attention anymore.

It was later that night that Tom pulled Harrison towards him using the necklace before claiming his mouth into a heated kiss- at least he waited until everyone was gone. The necklace seemed strong enough to hold any force and somewhere in the back of his mind Harrison wondered if Bill and Charlie had decided for a necklace for this reason, instead of other kinds of jewellery.

It sure as hell was one way to apologise to Tom for giving such a personal gift.

Tom laughed as he broke the kiss, “I can see why you like them so much.” And in his mind Harrison congratulated Fred and George for the better present.

~

Harrison received his booklist just a couple of days after his birthday, he had been sitting in Tom’s office when the impatient Hogwarts Owl started tapping the window.

Terence had apparently gotten the headboy pin with the rest of his booklist, meaning that Harrison wouldn’t get too much negative backlash on not always following through with his prefect duties, if the situations called for it.

Then again, Tom was going to be at Hogwarts this year, so really he probably would spent a lot more time in the castle than the past year.

“The dark forces: A guide to self-protection?” Harrison snorted as he read it and Tom rolled his eyes.

“It’s about time someone actually teaches those students how to use their magic instead of whatever you have been doing the last year.” Tom said, “Besides, it will be fun, 6th year is the year you learn about the unforgivables you know.”

“Oh, professor.” Harrison said, amused. “What are the unforgivables?” He asked, innocently.

“Minx.” Tom said, “I think it’ll be important for a lot of *your* classmates to know the origin of these spells, since it’s not all that bad if you know where they came from.”

“Medical reasons, right?” Harrison asked.

Tom nodded, “That’s true.” He smirked, “You’ll learn all about it in

class next year."

"Well," Harrison said, "I hope the professor will be good, because it sounds like a hard subject."

Tom rolled his eyes again as Harrison laughed. "Do you have a copy of the book for me, though, do I need to actually buy this list?"

"I got everything for you." Tom said, "Ordered them already, though I do think it'll be funny if you showed your face in Diagon Alley."

Harrison smirked, "Oh, yeah, I'll accompany Fred and George either way. I've never had a boring Diagon Alley trip."

"It will be chaotic this year," Tom said, "Especially in clothing stores, I've heard people stressing out about the *formal clothes* part."

"Right, because not every pureblood has way too many formal robes." Harrison muttered.

"That's what I thought." Tom agreed, "Especially when Lucius decided to invite a fitter for Draco and asked if you were interested in getting some robes at the same time."

"Draco?" Harrison asked, "They will probably be the exact same ones again."

"Oh, no." Tom said, "Because this time it will be a lighter fabric, perfect for dancing in a less formal environment than the government balls we organise." He said, imitating Lucius' voice. It was honestly one of Harrison's favourite parts, the fact that they could both make fun of these purebloods, because they knew what it was like to live with a different world view.

For Harrison that meant years in the past, where these societal expectations weren't quite as extreme yet.

For Tom it meant living in poverty during world war two.

Harrison looked at the man and once again it hit him what Tom had been through. How much braver the man was on so many levels. It was almost insane that he'd make it so far.

And it wasn't crazy that he had, indeed, lost his sanity in the process.

"Stop that." Tom said, softly. Grabbing Harrison's hand. "I'm okay."

“I know-“ Harrison said, “You are amazing.”

“Just stop-“ Tom said, “Stop looking at me with so much amazement as if I’m some superior being due to what happened to me in the past.” His thumb moved in a careful circle on the back of Harrison’s hand, the slight movement somehow causing a thrill running through his entire body. “Anyone but you should think about me like that. You, Harrison, are the only person who I could ever gaze upon and wonder how Fate brought me someone so equal, similar yet different to me in every single way. So I don’t want you to ever look at me like that.”

“I know,” Harrison said again. He wanted to add something, but somehow his mind failed him for this situation and instead he just leant in, kissing Tom softly once before saying, “I love you too.”

And that was enough.

~

“Are you sure you want to come with, pup?” Sirius asked once more, Fred and George were totally in on the idea of causing chaos, if just so that they could slip away unnoticed and prank some strangers.

“It’ll be fun.” Harrison insisted, “Sign some autographs, talk to some thankful parents, visit Ella.”

“If you say so, pup.” Sirius sighed as he went into the floo first.

Harrison followed quickly, waiting for Fred and George, and then Remus as well, to follow him.

Maybe he underestimated just how far Rita’s article had reached, because before they could even walk into Diagon Alley someone tapped him on his shoulder.

“Harrison Black?” A woman asked and Harrison turned around and nodded. The woman’s face lit up, “I’m so sorry to bother you sir, but I just wanted to thank you in person. My son was at the World Cup with some friends and he said he only got away unnoticed due to you disarming a Death Eater last moment, pulling the attention away from them.”

Harrison smiled at her, “It’s what anyone should’ve done, Ma’am.”

“That may be true,” She agreed, “But you did it, I will be forever

thankful, I might've lost my boy forever if you hadn't been there."

"Well for that, I am glad I was there at the right moment."

The woman nodded, seemingly satisfied with his answer before bidding him a nice shopping trip.

"This is going to take a while is it not?" Remus asked and Harrison shrugged.

"I should've forced Tom to come with."

Sirius snorted, "Don't think that too loud, he might show up."

The walk went quite smoothly, Harrison only got approached two more times before they arrived at Flourish and Blotts, the store was packed as always and just as they were about to enter a familiar man walked out. Harrison felt like he had seen him before, at least, but didn't know where exactly.

The man looked over at him, "Harrison Black, just the person I was hoping to run into."

"Oh?" Harrison said and the man didn't look thankful or even nice like the other ones, he just took a step sideways, so that the people could leave the store as well, preparing Harrison for a conversation that was a bit longer than the other ones.

"It is curious that the prophet displays you as a hero."

"I wouldn't say hero exactly." Harrison muttered, "I just did what I could."

"Yet," The man said, "You didn't if I have to believe the whole magical prodigy thing. You are supposedly the strongest person alive, yet none of them died."

"I don't fancy myself a killer." Harrison said, "I did what I could to protect everyone while Marvolo and I fought against five Death Eaters. Now, maybe we didn't kill any of them, but no one died and that's the most important part."

"You let them get away, you could've easily trapped them."

"Could I?" Harrison asked, curiously.

"Why did you let them get away?"

“Marvolo was on the ground, bleeding, I got distracted.”

The man nodded, “And that is my problem, supposedly you are the future of our country yet you get distracted in battle.”

“He’s also a sixteen year old, douchebag.” Sirius said, “I didn’t see any adults taking on five Death Eaters.”

“Not just any adult is supposed to be a-“

“You have a best friend, don’t you, sir? A person you looked up to, trust fully, maybe even a hero you got close to unexpectedly?”

The man, seemingly startled by this turn of events nodded, “Well, *sir,* imagine that person getting hit by a cutting curse that is unhealable by normal healing spells. Imagine seeing him slowly bleed to death in front of you. You’d have to pick, safe your friend or fight the Death Eaters further. I do not regret that I chose Marvolo over those monsters. Put me in the situation again and I’d make the exact same choice.” Harrison explained, “Quite fairly, I think that anyone who wouldn’t pick that option, while maybe being good for society, is the worst and most unloyal friend ever. That makes you a bad person.”

He paused looking at the man once over and realising it was one of the Lord’s from the light fraction, Dumbledore’s fraction. “If you think I am wrong about this, you might just be a bad person, as well.” He said calmly.

Then he entered the shop without saying anything else, Fred and George cheering as they came in. “You showed him!” Fred said excitedly.

George nodded in agreement, “You should’ve seen his face.”

“That’s the cue of my favourite customer entering.” Ella said as she walked towards them. “Sixth year books?”

“Two times.” Harrison said and Ella raised an eyebrow.

“Just two?”

“My partner ordered them for me.” He said.

Ella smiled, “Oh yea! The mystery boyfriend of Harrison Black, you really should be more precise in your letters, Harrison.”

Harrison had written Ella a fair share of letters, Hedwig, the poor girl

had been flying between Diagon Alley and Hogwarts almost constantly at some point.

“Shush, people will start writing newspapers about it.” Harrison said, but as he looked around he realised that was probably too late.

Ella also seemed to realise this as she seemed just slightly embarrassed, “I’ll get the books.”

“There you go, pup.” Sirius said, “Everyone will start guessing.”

“How big is the chance that they guess right?” Harrison muttered and Sirius laughed.

“Relatively small, I’d say.”

“Depends, padfoot.” Remus said, “On how Harrison acts at Hogwarts, shooting heart eyes at his Loverboy.”

“Ugh,” Harrison groaned, “This is the worst, this was supposed to be fun, not ruin my privacy.”

“I’m sorry for that,” Ella said as she handed Fred and George their books. “When will you tell me about him, though.”

Harrison shrugged, “Don’t know, we’ll see. I have to stay mysterious somehow.”

“Right,” Ella said then she smirked, telling Harrison that the girl had an idea that he was either going to hate or love. “Would you mind signing some books for us, some offensive spell books, they will sell for so much more, makes a nice bonus for us.”

“Seriously?” Harrison asked.

“You’re a celebrity now,” Ella said, “Please, a favour?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, yet allowed Ella to hand him a pen and show him to the books she wanted him to sign.

Somehow, it felt strange that after everything he had accomplished in such a short time politically and even releasing his own potion for werewolves, the thing that would really make him ‘a celebrity’ was a staged fight with some of Tom’s minions.

Of course that was a thought he would never share.

Maybe it was more like building bricks slowly building up until he hit the status, he mused, he had always been well-known by a big part of the wizarding world.

He handed the pen back after signing some copies- which he did only after looking through them, Ella had chosen a book with some of his favourite duelling spells, which he had told her back in December. – She thanked him again, before apologising because she truly had to go help other customers.

Harrison said goodbye before trying to find the others who had wandered somewhere in the store.

To his surprise he found Fred and George talking to Terence upstairs, while Remus was showing Sirius some book about werewolves, laughing as he read to him out loud.

As soon as Terence noticed him he asked, “How have you been doing? It must be weird walking around as the local hero.”

“You don’t even know the start of it.” Harrison said, “I’d like to think that I did things that people would recognise before, you know? Politically, but this was apparently the thing to make me actually well-known, a hero.”

“People are daft, they don’t realise how much you’ve done politically so far.”

“Our little brother,” Fred said dramatically.

“Always a hero in our hearts!” George said, high-fiving Fred as they laughed.

“Right,” Harrison snorted. “Well some people think I must be some villain, because I chose Marvolo over capturing the Death Eaters.”

“Well, you are a villain as well-“ George said seriously.

“- I mean you moved in with *the* Sirius Black, a Dark Wizard.” Fred finished sarcastically this time and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“So are you ready for seventh year?” Harrison asked Terence instead of replying. “Take on headboy duties?”

“I like to think there’s a sixth year who can help me with that.” He said, “Besides apparently the headgirl is some Ravenclaw girl in my

class whose very serious about the whole thing."

"Sounds like you'll have it easy."

"Yeah," Terence agreed. "That does mean you're coming to the prefect carriage on the train."

"Yeah, yeah." Harrison agreed, a dismissal wave of his hand accompanying his unbothered voice showing just how much he cared about where he sat. "I'll be a good prefect this year, try to not pass out into a magical coma as much. Besides-"

"Yeah, no leaving." Terence nodded, knowing that Tom was going to be the Defense teacher for at least the next year, if not his seventh year as well.

"Are you ready to leave, cub?" Remus asked, as he and Sirius finally put the book away and approached them. "Fred and George have a couple more stores to go to and I don't think it'll be quick if you get stopped another fifty times."

Chapter End Notes

SORRY IF ITS NOTICIBLE THAT I WROTE THIS ONLY HALF AWARE WITH COVID
I've been so tired.

anyways see you all soon.

Chapter 70: I take it back, you're actually horrible.

Chapter Notes

> Hi! I'm back once again, no more covid.
> I will warn you all that updates will not come quicker since it's not mentally possible for me to write 10.000 words in a time shorter than two weeks- I'm literally writing like five hours every day, not counting the hours I just stare at my screen wondering where this story is going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom, the arsehole, had decided to take the train.

Now usually Harrison would love bullying the man into sitting with him, but he had to deal with his prefect duties. And yet the man had still decided to annoy his friends by 'accidentally' sitting where Harrison and his friends sat each year.

"Stop glaring," Terence whispered, "You're not only scaring the 5th year prefects, you're also slowing this whole thing down."

Harrison nodded, he knew Terence would dismiss him in no time either way, probably giving him the 'task' of checking on the empty part of the train- including the one compartment that would be entirely full.

He was proven right when Terence and the head girl finished the meeting within a record time.

"We'll put the schedule up on the boards each start of the month," Terence said, "So make sure to check those regularly."

"Besides that we want to spend this year on truly uniting the houses further, as I'm certain you've noticed we've come quite far already, but a certain group has been.. ruining it." The Ravenclaw girl, head girl, said.

"Alright," Terence said, "Everyone's dismissed, make sure to check on the students in your part. Any firsties who need help."

He had expected a lot when he walked into the compartment, but he

hadn't expected Tom to be entirely too amused reading a article to his friends.

The man looked up as Harrison entered and said, "Why didn't you tell me you have a boyfriend?" He asked, neutral faced.

Harrison groaned, "Seriously?"

"Blame Ella not me." Tom said entirely defensive and Harrison snickered as he tore the paper out of Tom's hands, scanning the article.

"Scandal or power couple: Harrison Black's potential love life." Harrison groaned, "Potential?"

Tom pulled his arm all of the sudden until he was forced to sit next to the man, on the small part people had kept open next to Tom. Harrison remembered when Sirius and Remus used to enjoy taking the train.

"I'd say scandal." Tom said seriously, "Do you realise this is a Teacher student relationship now? I could quite literally get fired for this."

"You're a murderer, I don't think this is even close to the top of your list of reasons why Dumbledore should fire you, Tommy." Harrison patted Tom. "But you are right, perhaps we should break up-"

"No!" Pansy said, "I need this, I need to experience a student-teacher relationship. This is like the one interesting thing happening in the staff."

"Can you even break up with your soulmate?" Daphne asked, "Doesn't that give like emotional backlash? A Breakdown? Depression?"

"Probably." Harrison shrugged, he looked at Tom. "Wanna try it out?"

"You can just tell me if you want to break up," The man said, jokingly. Harrison suspected only he noticed the edge under his voice wasn't threatening.

Harrison laughed, leaning on Tom's shoulder just as the door opened and Terence walked in as well, crashing next to Cedric. "No getting rid of me." Harrison whispered to Tom.

"A first year lost his cat." Terence said as he leant back, "The kitten slipped straight through a small hole in the wall apparently."

Harrison shot him a sympathetic look and Terence shrugged, “I’ve got the fifth year prefects on it, but I honestly doubt that they will just find the cat like that.” He looked almost hopeful as he glanced at Harrison, “Do you have a spell?”

Harrison had to think a second before looking at Tom, “Would the Parseltongue locating charm work?”

“If the student agrees to it.” Tom nodded, “Quite the spell, though.”

“What can I say?” Harrison said as he smiled, “I’m trying to get a matching prize.”

“Might want to do more than just find a cat then, darling.” Tom said, “You know I stopped a murderer for that.”

“That barely counts.” Harrison huffed. “Especially since you were the murderer.”

Tom looked amused and then glanced around at the rest of the quite confused group, “I’ll come with you.”

“Ah!” Harrison said, “A helpful professor, unlike most of them.” He said , before looking at Terence. “Where is the student?”

Terence gave him a note with a compartment number on it, “Thank you.”

“Just doing my prefect tasks.”

The first year was easy enough to find, he explained very simply what he was going to do and asked the boy for his permission, as well as the name of the kitten.

After that all he had to do was slowly let his magic scan the train, Tom helping him wherever he could by boosting *their* magic. They found the kitten easily, it was hidden under a seat two compartments further.

The boy gasped happily as he took the little white furball back in his arms. “Thank you.” He said and Harrison nodded, smiling slightly.

“He’s adorable, it would’ve been a bummer if you lost him.”

“Her,” The boy corrected, but he nodded. “It was a parting gift from my foster parents.” He said.

Harrison could feel the intrigue from Tom and Harrison had to admit he too was curious about the boy so openly talking about his parents.

“Well,” Harrison said, “I’m Harrison Black and that’s Marvolo Gaunt- your defence teacher for the year- If you need anything you can just approach us, alright? Even if it’s something that doesn’t have anything to do with your adorable kitten.”

The boy nodded thankfully and Harrison pushed Tom out of the compartment.

“Maybe we should get a kitten.” He muttered and Tom snorted.

“Nagini would get jealous,” He answered, “Don’t even get me started on Ebony.”

Harrison sighed, he knew Tom was right, but still.

“Alright, professor.” Harrison said, “Thank you for your assistance, but I should get back to my friends and you should probably do some teachery stuff.”

“I’ll see you in class then, Heir Black.” Tom replied, without missing a beat. Not a second of confusion over their link.

Harrison nodded and turned around to go back to the compartment he had been sitting in. Terence would be overly happy with the news that he successfully saved the kitten.

~

Dumbledore got up after the sorting, “Welcome back to Hogwarts,” He said. “Now for this year I must make a couple of announcements once more. Firstly, I would like to introduce our new Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, Marvolo Gaunt.” He motioned to Tom, who got up from his chair when Dumbledore mentioned him. “You all may know him from his work in the Wizengamot, but fear not, I can assure you all he’s absolutely qualified for this position.”

“That almost sounded like a compliment.” Tom said out loud, gaining a couple of laughs throughout the great hall. “In all seriousness, though, it is truly an honour to stand here and I’m excited to see what I can teach everyone this year.”

“And I’m certain it will be a lot.” Dumbledore said nicely, eyes twinkling and all. Harrison truly despised the man. “Besides that I

must announce that the quidditch tournament has been cancelled for this year-“

Loud boo’s were heard throughout the hall, though Harrison was almost certain he heard Terence sigh, relieved, since Flint had practically forced him to make sure he or Harrison would take over the role of captain for the Slytherin team.

“Silence,” Dumbledore said calmly, “I must also announce that it is cancelled due to the return of the Triwizard tournament, hosted here at Hogwarts this year. The other schools will arrive somewhere in October, every student above the age of seventeen could enter.”

That turned a lot of the annoyed student into surprised, but pleased students.

“For now, though,” Dumbledore continued, “Let’s eat!” He clapped his hands, the tables filling with food.

“So are you going to enter?” Draco asked and Harrison realised that not everyone was aware of their plan.

He nodded, “Not legally, though, I need to be certain that I’d get chosen.”

“So I’ll enter with Harrison.” Terence said before Harrison could continue, moving closer to their little group. Which admittedly, was almost half the Slytherin house at this point. Not so small anymore, then.

“That’s unfair for the others.” Tracey sighed, “I’d immediately give up if I saw Harrison was my opponent.”

“Barely an opponent, I’m entering to make sure nobody died. Do you know why it got cancelled before?”

“There were multiple deaths every year.” Tracey nodded, she knew how dangerous it was, obviously. “How heroic of you.”

Harrison sighed, “I really think this is a stupid idea from Dumbledore.”

“I have yet to see the man make a truly smart move.” Blaise said, “So we’re seeing some action this year?”

Harrison nodded, “Suppose so.”

He glanced at the teacher's table, where Tom was sitting, eating while chatting with McGonagall. He looked entirely comfortable here and Harrison didn't know why he thought that Tom wouldn't. The man was a master at blending in.

Tom looked at him suddenly, slightly smirking.

It was suddenly the voice *Doing a great job at pretending to only know me as a mentor so far, Love.*

Harrison looked down at his plate, he felt a blush rise to his face at being caught, although he wasn't entirely sure why he was embarrassed.

I mean, I'm not against you acting to be smitten with your teacher, as long as you don't mind me pretending to not return your affections in public. Tom's voice flowed clear over their link. *I promise I'll make it up to you behind closed doors.*

Harrison sighed, this was definitely going to suck a lot. He just didn't expect it to suck for him.

"We're going to have to deal with this the entire year aren't we?" Terence asked, "I don't know why I thought you could hide it."

"Tom was just making fun of me for it as well." Harrison admitted, before muttering a frustrated. "Shut up."

Pansy made a excited noise and Harrison glared at her, she was way too obsessed with this whole relationship.

Harrison stabbed his food with his fork as he listened to everyone around him joking about what a drama this year was going to be.

And even though he was acting annoyed, even he had to admit that something about this entire situation felt so surreal, that it made the school year feel a lot more eventful.

Besides that, even if Harrison would not say it out loud right now, having Tom be here in the place he called home for as long as he could remember, while he was also here, it felt special. Even if the situation was weird, he loved having Tom here.

I mean Hogwarts might feel like home to most of its student, but for Harrison it truly was his home. He had lived in this place since he was one, had spent every important moment of his life in this castle. He

had seen every corner, every corridor. He was almost certain of it now.

Even if he had to admit Hogwarts seemed to have a lot of secrets.

Tom was in his home and that meant something, Harrison just wasn't sure what yet.

Harrison came into the common room in the middle of Terence explaining the rules, Snape watching over the kids as they listened to the new head boy.

Harrison wondered what happened to the fifth year prefect explaining the rules, but didn't comment on it as he sat down by a table in the corner of the room, where Pansy and Millicent were quietly talking.

He listened to Terence explain the basics and was only half surprised to hear his name.

"Anything to add, Harrison?" Was asked, as if it was the most normal business in the world to pull a random student into this part of the start of the year.

Snape didn't comment and Harrison sighed and got up.

"Now most of you have probably heard stories about the houses of Hogwarts and their rivalries. And while a friendly rivalry is accepted, if not recommended to have between houses, I have been working so hard to try and get the houses to not fight as they did when I arrived here. The founders wouldn't have accepted that behaviour back in the day and I wasn't going to accept it now either, so please try and be respectful." He said as he watched the little eleven year olds whisper to each other quietly. "*Even* to the Gryffindors." He added quickly. "I mean Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor were bestfriends for a reason, aren't I right, Sal?"

He glanced at the painting full expectation and Salazar sighed, "Right as always, little snake."

"Alright, if that's all." Snape said, "Terence lead them to the first year dorms."

Terence nodded and did as he was told, leaving Harrison alone in the common room with Pansy and Millicent.

"Nice speech," Pansy said and Harrison nodded.

“Someone had to say it.” He said, “I feel like every year a new group of students come in filled with stories of hatred from their parents.”

“I remember having to explain to a girl that just because Hufflepuffs are loyal, that it doesn’t mean you can just claim them as friends.” Millicent said, “It was quite a weird situation.”

“Hufflepuffs are always underestimated, too.” Pansy said, “Poor children.”

“I’d fear Cedric if he wasn’t so nice.” Harrison said and Pansy snorted.

“That says enough.”

~

As classes started up Harrison noticed how much extra free time it gave him now that he had no quidditch practices. The free time he got, he often spent annoying Tom, usually before or after one of his own Defence classes.

“I mean you’d really think that you especially would have something better to do half an hour before your first class of the day.” Tom said as Harrison seated himself in the front of the empty classroom, right in front of Tom’s desk.

“I didn’t do my defence homework.” Harrison offered and Tom glared at him.

“Do you want me to give you-“ He stopped halfway through the sentence and then sighed, “You probably do.”

“I’ll make the homework right now.” He said, “It wasn’t too much anyway.”

And that’s what he did, Tom working silently on grading some homework he had given lower years, the scratching of a quill on paper the only sound in the room. As much as Harrison liked annoying Tom- as he had found out the past week here- he also often just sat and worked on his own work like this. Feeling the comfort of each other’s magic in the room while they both worked.

Often, when they were done with their work they would refocus on each other and realise that parts of their wall had gone down, allowing a small part of their magic to flow freely in the room, entwining itself further.

Harrison wrote down the last sentence of his essay on different types of jinxes you could use as a defensive spell during a duel when the bell rang and the rest of his class entered. Tom putting aside his own work.

He gathered all the essays before the start of the class, then shut the doors with a bit of wandless magic.

“Alright,” He said, “So I have been asked to teach you all about dementors.” Tom said, sounding a little too amused. “But I know that some of you have already started learning about the Patronus Charm during last school year by a very enthusiastic student.” He smirked and Harrison scowled at him.

“So who here has already been taught the Patronus Charm by our very own Heir Black?” Tom asked and a couple of student raised their hands, Tom nodded. “We’ll get into the charm next lesson, I wanted to start by talking about the creatures themselves and why they have the influence on our emotions that they do.”

“Dementors, as some of you might have experienced for yourselves, drain happy memories, only their presence can suck you into a state of despair.” Tom explained, “Now it is interesting to note that these creatures feast of emotions, not only happy or sad ones, but all of them. They suck on every bit of humanity you have, our emotions, our feelings, until you are void and soulless.”

“How does Azkaban control them?” Someone asked and Tom looked surprised at the question.

“Good question, to be fair, Azkaban and the people there they don’t exactly control dementors.” Tom said, “It is possible to control them due to very dark magic and sent them out to search for someone, but everything we saw last year weren’t controlled dementors, we humans have an agreement with dementors. We bring them food in the shape of emotions from prisoners, in this case, and in return they listen to us and do small tasks, such as seek for the Azkaban escapees.”

“It is however true that we never had full control over them, therefore they could attack students, such as once again Heir Black, who then used that evidence to get them back to Azkaban. These creature are dangerous and no slaves to humanity as some people tend to forget and thus the importance of being able to defend yourself against them.”

“That creature practically made me kill myself by jumping of a

broomstick." Harrison muttered and Cedric snorted next to him.

"I mean you did try to make him do that." Cedric whispered back, Tom only glancing at them before sighing and continuing his story.

Some might call that favouritism, then again- believe it or not- Tom was slowly getting known as a very nice and chill teacher, he had yet to give anyone detention.

It had only been a week, but still, Harrison was surprised, the man had a temper still even with most of his soul back.

Tom gave them an assignment of researching how the Patronus Charm works before, as he said that he felt a weird edge of tension flowing over the link slowly. Harrison raised an eyebrow, but Tom refused to meet his eyes until he dismissed everyone.

"Hold on, wait for me outside, yeah?" Harrison said to Cedric, who nodded as he walked out of the classroom with Fred and George.

Tom sat back down behind his desk almost nervously, Harrison could feel it over the link and it just kept getting worse.

"I'm pathetic," Tom said then and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

"I'm- What?" Harrison said, "Are you okay?"

Tom breathed in deeply before finally meeting Harrison's eyes, "When I made my horcruxes I lost pieces of myself." He admitted, "Magic, emotions, everything."

"And?" Harrison asked as he moved around the desk so he could reach out to Tom, touch the man, try and comfort him on some level.

"I lost the ability to cast the Patronus Charm, before I ever learned how to cast it." Tom admitted softly, "I totally forgot about it, I have never needed the charm, but people asked me to teach it, *Dumbledore* even said it was important." He scoffed, "It's the one thing I never knew how to do, people always told me there were not enough happy memories in my life, back at Hogwarts, even the teachers I begged to teach me it."

And that was- well it was so sad. "Do you need your whole soul to be able to cast it?" Harrison asked quietly. Harrison thought back to their Azkaban break out and realised that, indeed, Tom had never been one of the people to cast a Patronus.

Tom shrugged helplessly and Harrison nodded, determined now. “I’m teaching you it before your next Sixth year class.”

“Harrison, love, that’s in two days.” Tom said.

Harrison shrugged, smiling, “Well, all you need is a happy memory and I think we’ve got some of those covered don’t you?”

Tom smiled softly, still a hint of uncertainty in his eyes, yet a part of it was gone. He slowly pulled Harrison towards him, hugging him close, so that Harrison was standing between his legs as he sat on the chair. He felt Harrison wrap his arms around him as well, and just sighed.

Enough happy memories and otherwise they could make some more, he thought and pulled back slightly so he could pull Harrison down and claim his lips in a kiss.

~

Harrison had expected Tom to get it quickly, he just hadn’t expect the man to get it on his second try, it was amazing to watch the man mutter a simple *Expecto Patronus* and see a snake, matching to Harrison’s patronus, appear.

And that meant something by itself.

“I half expected it to be a dragon.” Tom joked, “Those animals are slowly becoming your signature.”

“That’s for me.” Harrison stated, dumbly as he looked at the familiar snake, floating through the air and Tom nodded.

“Did you expect something else?” Tom asked, “Any of my happiest memories include you, darling.”

Harrison just nodded while staring at the snake, feeling stupidly emotional by the fact that Tom’s Patronus was him, *just* him. Tom slowly took over his own patronus more often than not as well, which was proven when Harrison cast his own patronus and the same snake appeared.

Just the snake.

They sought each other out as well, their Patroni and Harrison swore he saw a smile on Tom’s face as the snakes slithered around together.

“They are our protectors.” Harrison muttered, “We are.”

Tom glanced at Harrison and said, “If you honestly thought it could have been anyone else, who’d I feel comfortable enough with to call a protector, I might have to sent you to the hospital wing.”

Harrison laughed just slightly, glad that they were in the privacy of Tom’s- well apartment basically, all the teachers got one of those.

The Patroni slowly faded, as they realised their masters were safe and Harrison smiled as they almost faded into one being before disappearing entirely. “Now you can do it.” He said, “Not that I doubted you could do it for a second.”

“Thank you,” Tom said as he sat down next to Harrison. Harrison shrugged.

“It’s the least I could do, you’ve taught me so much.”

“Not just for teaching,” Tom looked at Harrison seriously his hand finding Harrison’s. “For making me trust someone enough that I could have a Patronus. For the positive memories that allowed me to cast them. Even if I never made Horcruxes, I don’t think I could’ve ever casted the Patronus had you not been in my life.”

Harrison felt like he couldn’t breathe anymore as Tom kept talking, softly, almost worshipping. “Tom,” He muttered eventually, “You can’t just say shit like that.” His eyes *weren’t* watering. He wasn’t crying purely because of the amount of emotions he felt for the man in front of him.

And if he was no one had to know.

Tom smiled, his hand letting go of Harrison’s to wipe away a tear on Harrison’s cheek- okay maybe he was a bit overly emotional right now and maybe he was crying, just slightly. But in his defence he felt all of Tom’s emotions as well, it was a bit overwhelming.- Tom’s hand lingered on his cheek, “I just want you to know what you’ve done for me, what you’ve given me.” Then Tom leant in, but before he kissed Harrison he muttered, “How much I appreciate you.”

Then Tom kissed him softly, short, but so so sweet and Harrison couldn’t even pout about Tom breaking the kiss, because the man muttered, “I love you.” Immediately afterwards.

And even now that Tom said it more often, every time he did say it Harrison melted, he could feel the love over the link as well.

And it was all so real and true.

And sweet.

And perhaps most important of all, it felt safe.

Maybe this was meant to happen, this moment. Harrison wasn't sure how far Fate went with the whole soulmate business, but he did know that he had a new memory to fuel all his Patroni for the upcoming decade and honestly, that was all he needed to know right now.

"No 'Oh I love you too'?" Tom asked, "I see how it is."

Harrison chuckled as he pulled Tom closer again, "I love you too." He muttered before kissing the man again and Tom hummed in his lips, the vibrations echoing through his entire body.

And somewhere in the back of his mind, Harrison admitted that this memory could probably fuel more than a decade of Patroni, but then Tom pushed him backwards, into a laying position on the couch, covering Harrison's body with his own.

And that did the job of making Harrison stop thinking all together. Which was probably what Tom was aiming for as he started kissing down Harrison's neck.

~

Harrison knew this wasn't exactly something he had to do, nobody- not even Tom- had asked this of him. But yet, the weird unwell feeling that followed him ever since the Quidditch Championship had to mean something.

He trusted his gut instincts.

And so he tried to figure out who could've possibly almost killed Tom, but yet blend in with the Death Eaters so well that none of them had noticed a traitor in the circle they had formed.

Or perhaps it hadn't even been someone in disguise or a traitor, but someone who could walk around unnoticed easily. Walk around like they were meant to be there.

There was also the invisibility cloak, still with the Potters, but this didn't feel like it was something the Potters would have done.

Especially not now that Lily was gone.

Or maybe that had entirely changed the other two. The conclusion was, Harrison had no idea where to start, he was also trapped at Hogwarts, unable to follow people around.

Unable to really see and study the people he suspected of being able to do such a horrible thing.

So even if he had this motivation to find the person that dared to touch Tom, his resources quickly ran out and with that the possibility to find the person from within Hogwarts.

“Tom will find a way to do it, Harrison.” Blaise said in an almost comforting manner. “He probably has people on the job right now.”

“I know.” Harrison said, “Maybe it was political.” He muttered.

“Didn’t you already rule that possibility out?”

“It is unlikely,” Harrison said, “Fact is, someone tried to kill Tom. Whether the person was aiming for Marvolo Gaunt or Lord Voldemort is something we can’t know for sure.”

Blaise nodded quietly, not saying anything else and Harrison sighed. He realised that he was probably kind of an annoying person to hang out with one-on-one like this. His mind was always drifting to Death Eater and political business, unable to be the child they were.

“Did you know that Daphne asked Ginny out on a date?” Blaise muttered, as if reading Harrison’s mind and wanting to prove him wrong, Harrison looked up.

“What?” He asked and Blaise nodded.

“Exactly my reaction.” He said, “Daphne was testing Ginny, that was for sure, but apparently the girl passed whatever Daphne was testing her for, because Ginny has got Daphne wrapped around her fingers. They hung out like most of the summer break, I don’t even know how Ginny convinced her parents to let her, but it’s kind of adorable really.”

“I mean I expected it to happen eventually just not now,” Harrison said, “Ginny is still so new to our whole group.”

“It still feels new to most of us- the whole group not just Ginny - but as long as you’ve got everyone under control, everything will be alright for the rest of us. So we accept it and move on.” Blaise

admitted and Harrison could see that much.

Nobody had complained when he brought Gryffindors into the Slytherin common room, when he practically adopted most of the Weasley's as well as a big part of the Gryffindor house.

They just trusted him, because he was Harrison and he usually had a good judgement of character.

"So much trust being put on one person." Harrison sighed, "Be careful I might use your blind loyalty for evil causes."

"Oh, I don't think anyone doubts that." Blaise said, "I think we just all realise that with those evil causes, it will eventually end up better for most of us as well."

"That's boring." Harrison said, "I'm getting no resistance against my world domination plans."

"You'd get resistance if you didn't plan world domination, Harrison." Blaise said, "We fully expect you to take over within the next decade and if you don't then there will be resistance."

Harrison laughed, "The pressure."

"You can handle it." Blaise said nonchalantly and somehow it sounded a bit too serious.

"So Daphne and Ginny?" Harrison asked, because he wanted to know more about them.

"Yeah," Blaise said, "Next Hogsmeade weekend, if I'm correct. I think they'll fit quite well together."

"Someone tell Daphne from two years ago that." Harrison joked, "*I'll take Granger, I refuse to turn into Weaslette."* He mocked.

"She said that?" Blaise laughed, "She really had a hatred for Weasleys, to be fair, I think Fred and George allowed her to rethink that statement."

"I'm curious to see where that will end," Harrison said, because for all that its worth, he couldn't be the one to say that '*they were too young.'* Or '*didn't know each other well enough.'*.

Not with the whole situation he was in with Tom, at least.

“One more couple I’m going to fear for the life of me.” Blaise muttered, “Daphne is *scary.”*

Harrison laughed, he couldn’t exactly disagree with that. “I’ve heard Ginny knows some annoying hexes.”

“Oh god,” Blaise said, “Stop me if I do something stupid, yeah?”

“I’ll protect you,” Harrison replied, sarcastically. Blaise rolled his eyes in reply, but somewhere he looked proud as well, probably for just distracting Harrison for a bit.

And Harrison had to admit for all his time he spent with adults, acting like an adult, he had kind of missed moments like these. So Blaise had good enough of a reason to feel proud.

~

Tom was, apparently, a new favourite among the students. Which would have been funny if Harrison didn’t hear those silly crushes people had on Sirius two years ago, now about his own soulmate.

Harrison wasn’t the jealous type, he’d say, besides the fact that he trusted Tom entirely, he also knew that the man hadn’t had interest in anyone besides him for basically his entire life. All the experience he had on fields of dating were pretty much manipulation tactics.

So no, he wasn’t jealous. He was just annoyed when people started speculating about Tom’s love life and came up with weird theories of which Lord or Lady could possibly be in a relationship with Tom.

On the other hand, it was also funny when people mentioned his name and everyone would speculate about that as well.

All in all it wasn’t bad, but just slightly annoying as he watched another seventh year Hufflepuff trying- very badly- to flirt with Tom, who looked as if he was around 25, so he couldn’t blame the girl for thinking the age difference wasn’t *too* big.

Tom noticed him entering his classroom, though.

“I just don’t understand why the effect of this jinx would stop the effect of the other all together.” The girl huffed, “I mean it isn’t as if they are opposites.”

“They influence the same parts of your body,” Tom said, cringing

slightly for his choice of wording immediately afterwards. “They might not be polar opposites, but you can hardly turn legs into jelly and break the bones, can you? It’s similar to that difference.”

The Hufflepuff nodded slightly, the faux confusion still somewhat on her face, but slowly it cleared up. Harrison wondered if this was a dare by the other Hufflepuffs.

“I mean it is hard sometimes, professor.” Harrison said, “All these different uses.”

Tom looked up as he actually talked for the first time, the girl also looking up more alarmed.

“I’m sorry to bother you, Professor Gaunt.” He sighed, “We had that meeting planned, remember, I can wait outside if you want me to-
Read through the first few clauses on my own.”

“Oh right,” Tom said dumbly as he raised an eyebrow, “I forgot about that, Heir Black. I’m sure Miss McCarthy won’t mind if you sit here and wait.”

“Actually,” The girl said, “I think you’ve answered all my questions, thank you professor Gaunt.” She quickly gathered her things and walked out of the classroom without saying another word.

“A meeting?” Tom asked, way too amused.

Harrison rolled his eyes, “To be fair, you did ask me to come by today.” He muttered, “You’re quite popular, sir.”

“Just wait till they figure out I’ve killed more people than the entire population of Hogwarts.” Tom said, “Most of them indirectly, but still.”

“Or till the moment they realise you’re like thrice their age.” Harrison said.

Tom gave him a blank stare and Harrison chuckled, “It doesn’t matter either way, when you’re immortal age doesn’t feel half as important.”

Harrison sat down on one of the many tables in the classroom, “I think I want to do the tattoos soon.”

“You do?”

“The attack it made me feel uneasy.” Harrison admitted, “The fact that

there's a man out there who'd possibly kill you and we don't even know for what reason. It might be a good idea to have something that I can use as a warning or message without needing anything."

"You want it to be something they can use to contact you as well, right?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded. "I can slightly alter the spell I used originally, if you want me to."

Harrison nodded thankfully, "You're amazing."

Tom smirked as he walked back to his desk, "You're helping me grade essays."

"For fuck's sake."

"Thank you, darling." Tom smiled as he waved his hands, half of the pile of essays landing in Harrison's lap. "Think of this as a date, if you must."

"I take it back, you are actually horrible."

~

Turns out the modified spell was just a single sentence in Parseltongue, allowing the connection to be made, mixed with a design for the chosen tattoo. Harrison was surprised when everyone practically lined up at the chance of getting a tattoo.

"You as well?" Harrison asked as he came face to face with Neville, who had apparently been getting updates from Luna. He hung out with the group sometimes, but often chose being alone in the greenhouses over hanging out in groups, Harrison fully understood that, the group could be a bit much sometimes.

"If that's okay." The boy answered almost nervously.

"It's- yeah- of course." Harrison nodded, "You do realise these are pretty damn permanent, right?"

Neville rolled his eyes, but nodded and Harrison shrugged and asked the boy for his chosen design.

Harrison had to admit, from all the tattoos he did, Pansy's had to be his favourite the girl got a tattoo of a bat, the animal fluttering freely over her back. She did come back later admitting that it was something to get used to, that you can feel the animal move.

Perhaps that only made it cooler.

“Are you getting a tattoo as well?” Terence asked as Harrison carefully traced the design on his arm with the tip of his wand, he glanced at Sirius, who had also gotten a tattoo. Sirius only looked slightly curious for his answer.

“Perhaps,” He said. “I’ve definitely thought about it now that everyone else is doing, group pressure I guess.”

“Didn’t know that affected you.”

“It doesn’t really.” He replied, “But I got to have an excuse if I suddenly have a tattoo, right?”

Terence also looked at Sirius then, “I doubt he cares.”

“I don’t.” Sirius said, “I can hear you, you know. As long as Harrison doesn’t let Tom put the actual Dark Mark on him, I’m fine with it.”

“Tom changed the Dark Mark.” Harrison said, “It was too obvious.”

“Then it should be fine.”

“Besides he doesn’t want to see me as a follower, apparently, so he wouldn’t give me it either way.”

“I’m just hoping this will help somewhat during the Tournament, no matter who of us gets picked besides us.”

“I’ll always be close.” Harrison said, “Don’t worry about it.”

“I’m not worried about me.” Terence said, “If something happens to Cedric-“

Harrison glanced at the Hufflepuff, who was unaware of the conversation, apparently, he was happily talking with Oliver Wood. “I get it.” He nodded, “When I saw Tom laying in front of me after he got attacked, I felt the most hopeless I had ever been, even worse then during any situation I myself have been in the past few years.”

“I do trust that you’ll do anything you can.” Terence said, “I’m just hoping that it’s my name that comes out of that Goblet.”

“I’m just afraid for the possibility that it is someone completely different.”

Terence nodded quietly, looking down at his arm, the design of his own wand, certain flowers he had chosen tied around it. Harrison didn't know the symbolic meaning, but Terence seemed to know exactly what he wanted, so he didn't even ask the boy if he was sure.

"If its any comfort," Harrison muttered, "These tattoos will sent me signals if someone is in serious distress, even if they forget that they have the tattoo." He added the last bit, as he had already told everyone they could use the tattoo to contact him as well.

"That is a comfort actually," Terence replied, Harrison took that moment to hover his hand over the finished tattoo, putting the protective spells he had been using on every single one into the tattoo.

"Alright, that's it, I guess. Sure you don't want it to move?"

"Nah, this is good." Terence said as he smiled, "Thank you."

~

"I've seen some of your works in my classes, the people who wear them more openly." Tom said, "Quite talented you are, although I'm not certain Dumbledore enjoys seeing 'his students' with tattoos."

"Not my issue honestly," Harrison replied to Tom, who had snuck up on him in the halls, the empty halls as Harrison was doing his prefect rounds. "So you like them?"

"I think you might have a career in magical tattoos, would you want it." Tom nodded.

"I didn't make the designs, though, just traced them. That's all Tracey and Luna." Harrison looked down the hall as he heard a sound, a cat coming out of the shadows. "What are you doing here?"

"I saw you were doing prefects rounds here." Tom admitted, "I thought I could accompany you, I don't have anything else to do right now."

"No ulterior motive, huh?" Harrison asked as the cat meowed and Tom glanced at the cat again. "Fuck is that-"

"Why are you strolling through Hogwarts in your cat form at this time, professor?" Tom asked, he sounded way too amused.

The cat slowly changed in the familiar form of Minerva and Harrison didn't know whether to feel amused or slightly embarrassed. He settled on indifferent for now.

"Apparently for a similar reason as you, Tom." She said, "Except I wanted to ask Harrison about those tattoos instead of just knowing about them, should I be afraid that the dark is coming back fully, with the attacks and all?"

"The tattoos are for safety reasons," Harrison said, "I need a way to warn people when something happens, the tattoos allow us to call upon each other and sent warnings. Both ways, not at all like Dark Marks."

"I didn't truly fear you turning into Tom here." Minerva admitted, with a slight smile. "Somehow I doubt Tom himself would let that happen."

Tom nodded in agreement, "I would not let anyone make the mistakes I made, especially not Harrison."

McGonagall shot them a look that meant something, Harrison just wasn't sure what. It was calculating, somehow.

"I was also wondering about all the extra media attention lately," McGonagall sighed, "It will get a lot worse if you enter the tournament, especially if you actually enter the tournament as a fourth champion."

"I'm aware," Harrison answered, "I can handle it."

"Speculation might end both of your political-"

"You know." Tom stated.

"It is merely a suspicion, that you just confirmed." The transfiguration professor said. "How did that happen, it wasn't there when I visited, of that I'm certain. But then during Sirius and Remus' wedding-"

"It's a long story," Harrison admitted, interrupting her. "Please leave your complaints to yourself, whatever is going on between us will never end- till death do us apart and all that shit."

"It's that serious?" Minerva said, fixing a look on Tom, the man gave her a defensive look back.

“Oh goddamnit stop it, please. I can handle myself Tom didn’t groom me,” Harrison said, “We’re soulmates, all the old crap you read is actually real and Fate bound us, she told me.”

Minerva blinked, “Okay, that’s well- not what I expected.” Her eyes flickered between them and then she said, “But not all that surprising at the same time. I am glad this is real, I would’ve truly hated it if I had to go up against Tom.”

“You believe me? Just like that?” Harrison asked.

“If it was anyone else I wouldn’t have.” She said, “Now that that’s cleared up, I have to ask, How does Ginny’s tattoo work? I keep seeing it on her arm changing forms.”

“That one is kind of insane,” Harrison agreed, “I had to also protect it against being seen by certain people so it was a whole lot of spell work.”

“Like I said, you could get a job in a tattoo shop.” Tom muttered, this time Minerva immediately agreed as well. Harrison had to remind himself that this was the woman who had put up with the marauders in their younger years to stop the shock of the woman being so supportive of the tattoos.

~

“So I want everyone to open up their books on the 53th page.” Tom said, “We’re going to talk about the unforgivables today, I’m sure everyone here has heard about them before. Can anyone name all three?”

Harrison put his hand in the air, smiling cheekily at Tom.

“Anyone whose not Harrison.” Tom said quickly, his lip curling up just slightly. “Mr Pucey?”

“Well you have the Imperius curse, Cruciatus curse and the killing curse.”

“Good, ten points to Slytherin.” Tom said, “Now it’s important to know why these curses were made and also why they were later banned. As these curses weren’t made purely for evil as many think. I had a long talk with Dumbledore and we both agreed on a way to show you the curses without hurting anyone.” Tom pulled a box from under his desk. “Now usually we use animals, but since even that is

kind of sad, right? I have created a spell to make objects act as if they were living. I do have to disclaim that casting these spells is a crime on its own and I will only do a demonstration since I have received permission from the Auror's office."

"You'd think he wouldn't care." Cedric whispered to Harrison.

"I doubt he truly got permission."

Tom pulled a stuffed animal from the box and smirked, "Now as you all understand, this thing won't feel a thing." He waved his hand and the deer plushie started moving around.

Because he *had* to pick a deer.

"Now the first one, the Imperius curse was often used to control people in institutions as well as prisoners. It could also be used to help medical patients find the will to do things again, help them walk for the first time due to the pure focus on one order." Tom said, "Nowadays, it's banned, because the curse allows you to turn people into mindless zombies for a certain amount of time."

Tom whispered, "*Imperio,"* And the deer looked at him curiously, "Jump." The stuffed animal followed his command easily, Tom did a couple more commands before leaving the stuffed animal alone again. "Now that might not look like a lot, since this is a stuffed animal that I gave a life. But anyone whose interested, next class I wanted to practice with fighting the Imperius curse, allowing you all to feel the effects yourselves. Don't worry- this is completely safe. And no one will get forced to participate."

Whispers followed that statement and Harrison idly wondered if his magic even had the ability to fight Tom's, would he want to. Or if Tom could even cast the curse on Harrison. He shrugged that thought off quickly, he'd find out next class.

"The next one, Cruciatus curse." Tom said, "This was also a medically used charm, people with a lot of nerve damage could sometimes be cured with the curse. Sadly there is also cases of the curse worsening the damage, thus it got banned pretty quickly after it got invented. It is now one of the worst torture spells, often used by people such as Voldemort and his Death Eaters."

The deer was already suffering under the curse before Tom could finish the incantation, his magic so used to this particular spell. Harrison almost commented on it, before quickly stopping himself.

Most of the people in his Defence class looked in terror as the stuffed animal suffered under the charm for a full thirty seconds before it was lifted.

“Then the last spell, the killing curse. Many know that this is the only spell to kill someone with without that person being able to defend themselves, this has a reason as well.” Tom said, “Again, it was made in a hospital to take someone’s pain away, but often people’s magic tries to protect themselves subconsciously, thus they tried for ages to make the spell so that these patients, unable to be saved and in a lot of pain, couldn’t protect themselves. It was for the better. Until it got used to kill innocent people, who didn’t want to be euthanized.” Tom shook his head, “So it got on the list of unforgivables, only years after the first two. There’s only one- or perhaps two people who have ever survived-“ Tom was smirking as all the attention went to Harrison, probably payback for Harrison’s thoughts during the cruciatus curse, Harrison really hated the whole mind reading thing in moments like these.

Harrison shrugged, “It’s not like I actually *chose* to survive you know.”

Tom sighed, still some guilt flowing over the link. He probably survived due to their soulmate link and Tom knew it, Hope was just in luck Tom chose him instead of her to Avada, but nobody else knew that much. “*Avada Kedavra.”* Tom said, the deer falling down on the desk. “I hope this lesson wasn’t too traumatising for all of you. I tried to help it with the stuffed animal.” He said quickly afterwards as he put the deer back into the box with a twitch of his wrist. “Now does anyone have any questions about the unforgivable curses?”

A couple of hands went up into the air and Tom slowly started answering the questions in a lot of detail. Harrison had to admit, if Tom had just gotten this job immediately when he first applied he would’ve made quite the teacher.

At the same time, maybe Tom needed the time to grow into the patient teacher he was now. Harrison was just glad he was still in school to be part of this time. Have Tom as a teacher for a bit, the one actual good teacher they had in ages- that was excluding Remus, but even the werewolf wasn’t half as detailed and good at explaining as Tom. That was probably their difference in amounts of experience.

~

The other schools arrived earlier then Harrison expected, the whole

students body of Hogwarts gathering outside the castle on the 1st of October to welcome the students to their school.

Harrison had to admit even he was surprised as the ship broke the water surface, revealing the students standing on the deck of the old looking ship. He wondered if he could kindly look at the Headmaster of Durmstrang and get a look at the charms that made the ship work in such a way.

“They travelled the whole way under water?” Ginny asked, “Seems like it’d waste a lot of time.”

“They used a portkey to the start of the lake.” Harrison said, as he pointed at the carriage flying towards Hogwarts as well, appearing seemingly out of nowhere. “It’s purely for show.”

The carriage landed right in front of them, a rather large woman stepping out first, “Dumbledore, it is a pleasure.” She said, her heavy French accent making the sentence hard to understand at first.

“Olympe,” Dumbledore said, “It’s been a while.” He nodded at her, “Hagrid will assist you inside, if you don’t mind.”

“It ez fine.” She said, looking at Hagrid, she motioned towards the carriage, the students who had come with stepping out the carriage.

Much the same thing happened with Durmstrang, only Harrison was surprised when Tom offered to guide the headmaster to their appointed quarters, Harrison had already heard that Durmstrang would room and eat with the Slytherin, as well as follow some classes. Harrison supposed the Beauxbatons’ students would be with the Ravenclaws, which Luna had quite unclearly hinted at.

Harrison looked at Tom, trying to push his curiosity to the man, it seemed to work, because the man looked at him. His voice was loud and clear, *He’s a Death Eater, just disappeared and now..*

Tom didn’t even have to finish the sentence, Harrison immediately understood. He nodded and Tom started talking to the headmaster, guiding him into the castle.

He was really going to have to learn to communicate through their link better, it came in waves for Harrison, but Tom seemed to always pick up his thoughts and could respond easily.

Perhaps it was due to the Legilimency talent Tom admittedly had,

Harrison never bothered to learn most of the skill. Tom had once told Harrison it came natural to him; so Harrison doubted that even if he started learning it, he would ever become the legilimens Tom was.

“This is really happening, huh?” Fred asked.

“Somehow I thought it was a joke,” George muttered immediately after.

Harrison shrugged, “We’re in for a hell of a ride this year.”

Fred looked at George and George nodded immediately, not a word said between them. Perhaps it was the whole magical twin thing they had. Harrison didn’t have to be a good Legilimens to understand what they were trying to communicate, though, they wanted to break the age minimum, find a way to enter.

“Seriously?” Harrison asked, letting disappointment float into his voice. “Please don’t.”

“Don’t say that like you’re not entering.” George crossed his arms and Harrison rolled his eyes, he knew Fred and George would probably fail either way. Even if they did enter, the chance of the cup choosing only one half of Magical Twins with a bond such as them was very small.

“Touché,” He sighed and Fred grinned widely at his brother.

~

The fingers softly scratching his scalp as he planted his head in Tom’s lap paused for just a second, Tom smiling down at him.

“So do I have to do it for you?” He asked and Harrison hummed.

“What?” Harrison asked.

Tom snorted softly, the motion in his hair starting again, “Your name, the goblet?”

“Oh yeah, that’d be nice.” Harrison said, “Be careful that nobody sees you.”

Age wise, Harrison could’ve done it himself, but to make it look real, he was going to be as uninterested as one could possibly be. Therefore, he wouldn’t even come close to the goblet. As well as be able to claim- or even swear on his magic- that he didn’t put his name in the goblet.

“I am nothing if not careful.” Tom said, “You know I won’t let anyone see.”

“I know, I know.” Harrison sighed, enjoying the comfortable silence that followed for a few minutes.

Tom sighed, leaning further back against the loveseat, “You should stay here tonight, I miss you.”

“Are you saying you miss me in your bed, professor Gaunt?” Harrison asked, “I don’t know if that’s smart, people might notice.”

“Your friends will cover for you.” Tom waved his concern off, “And in fact, I do.”

Harrison huffed out a laugh, “You’re unbelievable.” He said, not even slightly embarrassed about the way his voice was filled with love. “I guess you’re right, though.”

“There’s a Wizengamot meeting tomorrow evening.” Tom stated, as if that wasn’t something Harrison was fully aware of. “If anybody does find out just tell them we met to go through our notes or something. They’d believe anything when we both say it.”

Harrison nodded, that was true. “It is one of the last nights that I won’t have a reporter constantly following me, like I will have during the tournament.” Harrison sighed, “You make a convincing case Mr. Riddle.”

“I do try.” Tom smirked at him.

It wasn’t as if either of them ever questioned what Harrison’s answer was going to be.

“I am excited to see if you can Imperius me tomorrow.” Harrison said suddenly. “Do you think your magic would allow it?”

Tom shrugged, “Want to try?” Harrison had barely said yes, before Tom casted the unforgivable. Tom probably heard Harrison’s answer before he had a chance to say it out loud. Yet, the man still waited for him to actually say it.

That meant something.

“Alright, get up.” Tom ordered and Harrison was surprised at the way his mind willed him to follow the command. He had been taught to

fight the Imperius till a certain level, but it had never felt like this before.

Usually when fighting the Imperius you have to fight your body to not follow the command, if someone is stubborn enough, it'll come easy to them.

Now, however, it felt as if Tom asked him a desperate question, every signal moving towards Harrison's brain felt the need to *help* Tom. It was the feeling Harrison felt when Tom asked him something, but just stronger.

It wasn't too hard to fight, though, there was that at least.

But Harrison was surprised at how the curse *used* the soulmate bond instead of just being nulled by the bond between them.

"That's insane." Harrison breathed out and one look at Tom told Harrison that the man had somehow been effected by this as well.

"At least we know we could fight each other." Tom allowed, "The curse."

Harrison nodded, "That's comforting to know."

~

The Durmstrang students who came with the sixth year Slytherins were surprised at the fact that their professor actually casted unforgivables in the classroom, and then even more surprised when the teacher asked if anyone wanted to fight the Imperius curse.

"Anyone want to go first?" Tom asked and everyone just looked kind of unsure.

"Alright, curse me Marv." Harrison said, the nickname slipping out amusing the students around him more than they probably admitted.

It was worth it, just to see Tom's disappointed look.

"Just remember, the way to fight this curse is to not listen, just say no to the command."

"Got it, Professor." Harrison smirked and Tom motioned for him to step forward. The curse hitting him for the second time in twenty-four hours.

The same feeling washed over him but this time he was at least prepared. “Alright, turn around to look at your class.”

I’d much rather look at you. Harrison thought, enough of a mind to not say that out loud. Tom’s lip twitched upwards, something close to a smile appearing on his face.

He lowered his wand, “Very good, Heir Black.” He said, “Though, I’m sure nobody doubted your ability to be a *show off* once again.” He said, amused. “ten points to Slytherin.”

“Ha-ha, you’re so funny.” Harrison replied, glad that at least their political bond could explain the reason why they were ‘friends’. Only for that reason he muttered, “Arsehole.” Out loud afterwards.

Tom snorted, “Alright, anyone else?” Cedric raised his hand, Tom giving him the same command as Harrison.

It was admittedly a little harder for Cedric, the boy was halfway turned around before he turned back, whispering a “No.”

“Very good, ten points to Hufflepuff as well.”

Fred and George followed Cedric, then a couple more students, as no one was forced to participate, some students chose to just watch.

Harrison was surprised when some Durmstrang students decided that they wanted to try, Viktor Krum being the first to try. He succeeded during his second try. Harrison saw Tom hesitate when he would usually give points before he settled on a, “Very good.” And just continued.

Not everyone succeeded, but Harrison was surprised to see how many did. He was glad that most of these students could at least protect themselves, even to an Imperius curse from the Dark Lord, even if that part was unknowingly.

On the other hand, Harrison knew Tom used his Legilimency during the war when he Imperio’d people, making them unable to mentally protect themselves, so perhaps no one was really safe against Tom’s attacks, if he decided to go insane again.

~

“The Goblet of fire is now lit!” Dumbledore exclaimed in front of the entire student body of Hogwarts and the visitors. “Any person above

the age of seventeen can now enter their name for their respective schools. The age line will prevent anyone under the age of seventeen from entering. Every student here has a month to enter their names, we will have the choosing ceremony on Halloween." He explained, only then was the goblet truly lit. The new blue fire burning aggressively before calming down just a little bit about an hour later.

"How do you reckon we break the age line?" George asked him.

"It's most likely Magical age, nobody can lie about that." Harrison said, "The only way to enter is probably by letting someone else do it for you."

"Will you?" Fred asked and Harrison shook his head.

"I'm not interested in the tournament." Harrison stated, loud enough for every student around them to hear. "Ask Sirius."

Fred's eyes lit up and George nodded quickly, both of them getting up.

Terence sat down where Fred had sat just minutes ago, staring at the fire with some sort of resentment. "Cedric convinced all his Hufflepuff friends to also enter, make it look real or something."

Harrison's eyes drifted from the goblet to the group of Hufflepuffs in the corner, Cedric laughing with them as one of them nudged Cedric towards the age line. Sometimes, Harrison forgot how truly popular Cedric was, the boy rather spent his time with Harrison's group of whatever you could call them *followers?* But watching Cedric now it was no doubt that the boy would've been just fine without them.

"Alright, alright." Cedric laughed, a piece of parchment in his hand.

"Come on, Diggory!" One of the Hufflepuffs shouted. "Diggory, Diggory!" The boy started a chant that even Terence couldn't help but join, Harrison laughed as Cedric dramatically bowed before putting his name into the goblet.

The rest of the Hufflepuffs followed his example, but Cedric didn't rejoin the group, instead he sat down next to Terence- the other side.

"Quite the show." Harrison commented, as Cedric grabbed Terence's hand, in between them. They still hadn't actually told anyone straight up that they were together.

"Ah, Once a showman always a showman." Cedric said, laughing

slightly. “Those Hufflepuffs are insane. I just told them I was entering and immediately they all wanted to risk their lives. Something about Hufflepuff pride?”

Terence snorted, “The same Hufflepuff pride that always makes you hang out with us instead?” He asked.

Harrison was about to say something but Cedric just laughed, letting go of Terence’s hand, instead putting it around his shoulder.

“You, darling, are way too worried.” He said softly, “We’ll be fine.”

“Sorry,” Terence said, looking downwards. Harrison wondered if this was how people felt with him and Tom, then on second thought, he and Tom were probably worse.

“And I obviously hang out with all of you to get Harrison on the side of the Hufflepuffs.” Cedric said.

“Are you kidding me?” Harrison asked, “I already am, I love Helga she’s the sweetest.”

“You really are slowly brainwashing him,” Terence admitted, “Wait till Salazar hears this.”

Cedric softly nudged Terence, “Think it’s your turn, Ter.” He said as the last Hufflepuff put their name in the goblet. Terence nodded, reaching into his pocket to grab the prewritten note with his name on it.

“Harrison is a bad influence.” Terence muttered as he sat back down, “I never would have done that, hadn’t he asked.”

“You’re welcome?” Harrison asked and Cedric laughed.

“I would’ve. At least now I have some protection.”

“That’s because you’re an idiot.” Terence said, grabbing Cedric’s hand again. “I love you all the same, though.”

Chapter End Notes

Big kudos to my little brothers who have to listen to me ramble about ideas for this story for hours and help me make them a bit more logical :D

Also I love Terence and Cedric so so much. That's why they're like

such big characters. Their whole dynamic is so fun to write. And Blaise is my sweetheart for real. So yeah- deal with it I guess?

Anyways see ya'll soon x

Chapter 71: If you survive, you can thank me

Chapter Notes

> Hii! This one is a bit rushed, I've been so so busy and wanted to get this update done before I get EVEN BUSIER. So yeah here you go :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison had barely ever heard the great hall this quiet, it was as if the whole place was frozen at the same time, as the goblet sparked, a piece of paper flew into the air.

Dumbledore cleared his throat, “The first champion, for Beauxbatons, is Fleur Delacour!” He announced. The girl, Fleur, stood up with the grace of a Beauxbaton student, the cheers of her classmates loud. She was obviously the right choice for them.

“Alright, yes, just down there.” Dumbledore instructed her, as he lead her to the trophy room, or now Champions room. The only reason you could hear the man was due to the silence that still amazed Harrison. Especially how quickly the entire hall went quiet again after the cheers for the first champion.

The second champion to get announced was Viktor Krum, surprising absolutely no one in the great hall, everyone cheered for the man.

“If he says Cedric Diggory,” Terence whispered and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“He’s not going to say your name with that attitude.” Harrison answered, “I think it will be Cedric, quite fairly.”

Terence breathed in sharply as the paper appeared and Dumbledore’s voice, easily carried over the great hall said, “*Cedric Diggory!”*

Cedric stood up, getting cheers, especially loud from the Hufflepuff table. He saw people congratulating him and he was laughing as he ran up onto the stage. “You can join the others.” Dumbledore nodded.

“Now that the Champions have been announced, it is time for-“ The goblet flared up again and Dumbledore silenced immediately.

Show time, then.

Dumbledore frowned as another piece of parchment appeared, his frown only deepening when he read it. “Harrison Black?” He asked more than stated.

“Harrison Black!” He shouted again, more clearly, all eyes were on Harrison now. It wasn’t that anyone seemed surprised, really, it was more like they were waiting for him to say something.

He slowly got up, all the shock he could muster clear on his face. “What is it?” He asked, voice just shaking slightly. Tracy reached out and squeezed his hand and Harrison smiled just slightly at her, that made the performance more believable for sure.

Dumbledore held up the piece of parchment, “You’re bound by magic to compete in the tournament.” He stated, “Did you-“

Harrison quickly shook his head, “I can’t be, I didn’t even come close to the goddamned goblet!”

“The goblet doesn’t lie,” Dumbledore state, “Go join the others.”

“But I didn’t enter,” Harrison argued.

“The parchment in my hand says otherwise, Harrison.” Dumbledore said, “We’ll talk about this later.”

“No,” Harrison said slowly, he was approaching the stage now. “I want to make this clear, I did not nor ever wanted to enter my own name, I do swear so upon my magic.”

It was those words that made the magic in the hall feel heavier, “So we better find a way to go against this, because I’ve never wanted to risk my life in your stupid try of uniting the schools.”

“Join the others, Harrison.” Dumbledore said.

Harrison sighed, but did join the others then, the way he had made Tom enter for him made it so that the way he swore on his magic was immediately nulled. Everything he said was technically true.

“What ez it boy?” Fleur asked and Harrison sighed and sat down.

“I guess it’s four wizard tournament now.” He muttered, “Somebody is out to get me.”

He swore he saw Cedric stopping himself from laughing last minute while Viktor frowned.

“I’m not surprised you have enemies after the tournament.” He said and Harrison shrugged.

“Well,” He said, “We’ll just get through this with the four of us.”

Viktor nodded, looking at him in a questioning way, Fleur seemed less happy. “They just let you compete as an extra?”

“It’s a magical contract the moment your name comes out of the goblet.”

“So you don’t have a choice?” Cedric asked and Harrison shook his head.

“I cannot believe this, Dumbledore!” Olympe said as she, Dumbledore, Igor and McGonagall walked in.

“We can not change what the goblet wants,” Dumbledore said calmly. “You’re certain you didn’t enter?” He asked Harrison then.

“I think I’d remember,” He muttered, casting a wandless lumos, the room lighting up by his own hand. “That should be proof after my promise.”

“You can not seriously think of letting a student who doesn’t want to compete compete, Albus.” McGonagall said.

“Harrison will be fine.” The headmaster said stubbornly and McGonagall muttered something under her breath, she was a convincing actress as well.

“I think no one is worried about his magical capacity.” Severus strolled into the room, “The fact is that forcing a student to compete doesn’t sent the right message.”

“We can not change an oath made to Mother Magic via the goblet.”

“Hm,” Severus looked at Harrison, almost looking for something. He seemed to find an answer because he looked back at Dumbledore. “Very well, but I’m not happy about you forcing my student to partake.”

“If someone put my name in,” Harrison said suddenly, “Should I be prepared that someone is trying to do something to me?”

“Hogwarts is the safest place in the Wizarding World, my boy.” Dumbledore said in a calming manner, but it was no direct answer.

Harrison sighed.

“That’s what you keep saying, headmaster.”

Rita walked in then, unaware of the drama happening. She smiled, “I’m here for the pictures.”

Dumbledore looked at Rita, “They are all ready.” He said, motioning for her to continue, the look he gave Harrison must mean something along the lines of ‘we’ll talk about this later’.

“Okay so I want to make a group picture first, then we’ll do the separate ones and the interviews at the same time.” Rita said, as she instructed them on how to sit, her cameraman waiting patiently until she was happy with how it looked.

The camera snapped a couple of pictures, before she quickly grabbed Harrison first, something about starting with the youngest.

“I didn’t expect a fourth champion this tournament.” She said as a quill hovered over some parchment next to her.

“What did I say about self-writing quills?” Harrison asked, “All those rules they still count here, okay?”

Rita swallowed and nodded quickly putting the quill away. She grabbed her notepad and started scribbling down notes herself.

“So I think we’ve got the background part covered for you,” Rita said awkwardly, it was quite awkward, they were stuffed into a small room, just big enough for two chairs and a table so Rita could comfortably write even without the spells.

“You can reuse your other articles, if you must.” Harrison said.

“Why did you enter the tournament?” Rita asked, going interviewer mode and Harrison snorted.

“I didn’t,” He replied, “I don’t know why my name came out of the goblet, but I’m intending on finding out, as sadly I can’t withdraw anymore and am now forced to compete.”

“Many currently see you as a hero, do you think the other champions should be scared of your obviously large knowledge in most magical areas?”

“No,” Harrison shook his head seriously. “I didn’t enter, because I

didn't care about this thing, therefore, while I will do my best, I will also do whatever I can to help others through this admittedly deadly tournament. So they should not fear me for my capabilities, since I will use most of my abilities to help us all through this, not just myself."

"You do not care about the price at all?"

"No," Harrison replied shortly.

"And do you have a certain strategy going into the tournament, anything you will do to prepare yourself?"

"Since we have no idea what the tasks could possibly be, it is hard to truly prepare. Of course, I will look into older Triwizard tournaments to see if I can, in any way, prepare for the typical tasks, but besides that I will just keep doing what I've been doing for the past three years at Hogwarts. Go to classes and help other students where I can."

"Alright, that's all for now, thank you Harrison." Rita said and then she sighed. "I'll sent the article to you before publishing."

Harrison smirked, "Good, I look forward to seeing it."

~

"Quite the performance." Tom said as Harrison entered in his rooms at Hogwarts. "Almost made me believe I didn't tell you that I was entering your name."

"What can I say?" Harrison laughed, "I'm an actor at heart."

Tom got up from where he has been sitting and hugged Harrison, "No annoying journalists?"

"It was Rita." Harrison said and Tom hummed.

"Lucky you."

Harrison sighed as he rested against Tom's chest, knowing the man wouldn't let him fall, that he would support the weight and allow Harrison to just have this.

One of the arms wrapped around his waist moved as Tom used his hands to move his hair to the side, allowing Harrison to actually look up and see Tom.

“Tired?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded.

“Somehow it is quite tiring to spent a whole day acting as if you’re annoyed by entering a tournament you wanted to enter.”

“You’re staying here tonight.” Tom decided for him.

Harrison tried to let as much amusement flow into his voice as possible, “Am I, I thought we agreed that we shouldn’t while all the attention is on me.”

Tom smiled at him, moving backwards just slightly, causing Harrison to almost fall over, it was all made up when he used pushed Harrison’s chin up, his face suddenly bare inches away from Harrison’s.

“It’s Rita.” He said, “We’ll be fine.” Then he kissed Harrison and every argument Harrison had thought about faded as Tom kissed him softly.

When Tom moved backwards again, breaking away from the kiss, he smirked. “So?”

Harrison nodded dumbly, “Yes- of course- I’ll stay here.”

Tom chuckled softly and Harrison wished there was a way to stop he wave of affection he felt just looking at the man.

It was later as Harrison was laying curled up with Tom that the man asked, “24th of November, right?”

Harrison hummed an affirmative and Tom then asked, “So are you going to tell the others that the first task is dragons?”

“I told Cedric and Terence before they entered, so Cedric knows. I don’t know about Krum or Delacour.”

“I’m certain Igor will tell Krum as soon as he figures it out. That man wants more glory and fame for his famous quidditch player student.” Tom said, “And I doubt that Fleur Delacour doesn’t have someone whispering in her ear. She has a powerful family after all.”

“So you think I shouldn’t?” Harrison asked.

“I think you should watch them and if they truly look as if they don’t know what is going to happen, tell them, but don’t show anyone you or Cedric knows as it could ruin a lot for us.”

“Besides I only know it’s something with dragons, not what exactly.”

“I’m sure you’ll be fine,” Tom said and Harrison knew the man was right, what other champion could say they could actually talk to the beasts that were supposed to be their first challenge?

~

The student body of Hogwarts seemed split between believing Harrison and thinking that this was just some way to be a hero again.

Harrison had to admit he was surprised by how big the second part was as well, just a little over a quarter of the student body actively hating Harrison.

Most of them were Hufflepuffs, angry that he took away the attention of their Hufflepuff champion.

“Guys!” Cedric shouted, “Please don’t blame him.” He argued to his Hufflepuff friends and Harrison just stood back and observed as he waited for the classroom door to open.

There were some furious whispers and Harrison snorted softly, it really had no point to argue them, even though it was admittedly funny to see the students go up against the person whose honour they were trying to ‘protect’.

“Ced, you still sitting with me?” He shouted, just to make a point, or maybe he just wanted to ignore the Hufflepuffs more, he wasn’t even certain anymore.

“Yeah- ‘course.” Cedric answered as he rolled his eyes at something one of his mates said. He walked over to Harrison then, leaving the group of year mates behind. “Sorry, they’re just really proud Hufflepuffs.”

“I’ll dedicate my win to Helga Hufflepuff,” Harrison said, “I don’t blame you, we can’t really control our friends actions.”

“I just don’t think any of them notice how much you don’t care about the attention.”

Harrison suddenly felt an arm around his shoulder, “We can show them for you, Harrikins.” Fred said and Harrison shook his head.

“Oh no, we are not starting a Hufflepuff-Slytherin war.” Harrison muttered, “Besides they are not too far off about me partaking to keep the attention away from you. I mean we can’t have the Cedric Diggory

getting more popular than I, now can we?"

"I'm afraid you're too late for that, Har." George said and Harrison rolled his eyes as the door to the classroom opened, Sirius waving them inside, ignorant to everything that was happening among the students.

Harrison supposed that was for the better, because the moment the teachers figured out it truly would get messy.

The only thing he regretted about this whole situation is that it seemed to undo part of the work he had put into uniting the houses the past few years. And somewhere, he truly hoped that after the first task people would realise that no one would enter just for attention and popularity.

"Okay, so today we are going to talk about nonverbal spells and how that works with transfiguration." Sirius said, "But first, attendance."

~

"Okay, I don't want to alarm you, but Hope is gaining people in her hating on Harrison cult." Daphne said, "I just heard that from Luna, at least."

Harrison blinked and looked at the Ravenclaw, "Neville told me." She said in her soft, comforting voice. "She's apparently making worker-bees make pins."

"Worker bees?"

"Other students." Ginny said, "The entire common room is *full."* The girl reached into her pocket and pulled out a singular pin.

Black stinks! It said, but then suddenly it flashed to *Support the real champion!*

"It's kind of pathetic." Ginny said and Harrison laughed.

"I love them, can you get more?" He asked and Ginny hesitated and nodded slowly.

"How many?"

"Enough for all of us." He said, "The entire group."

"Yeah-" Ginny said, "We're going to wear it?"

“The design is quite good.” Harrison complimented.

Ginny laughed, startled. “Alright, I’ll ask Ron.”

Harrison smiled and nodded, taking the pin from Ginny, putting it just below his prefect pin.

~

“I asked my friends to take off the pins, but to no point.” Cedric muttered to Terence, “I feel bad for Harrison.”

Terence nodded slowly, “He can take it, Harrison’s a big boy.” He joked, “Besides, I’m having fun taking away points for the people bullying him.”

“Proper head boy,” Cedric said, smiling slightly. He was playing with Terence’s fingers as they sat next to the black lake together. The autumn air was quite cold, yet with a couple of heating charms it was nice enough and the silence and calm of the place made it a perfect date spot.

“I think he cares, somewhere.” Cedric said then, “He’ll pretend as if he doesn’t, but anyone with feelings must feel slightly hurt about getting this much hate all of the sudden. You can say a lot about him, but he has feelings, a lot of them for that matter.”

“He probably does care.” Terence agreed, “But not enough to care, you know? His mind is constantly on bigger things, bigger than we could even imagine. He once tried to explain to me the complexity of the problem right now, politically and the influence on the deities and with that the entire survival of magical beings and it’s- it is insanity, truly. He has that all on his mind constantly. He has a good support group that he can trust, so he probably does care, but that’s buried underneath so many levels of way more important troubles that he doesn’t notice.”

“He’s really giving away his entire childhood to saving all of us.” Cedric muttered and Terence nodded, somewhat worried by how deep this conversation had suddenly gotten.

“Enough about Harrison,” Terence said, “I mean I have to agree, he’s stealing too much attention from everyone if I’m on a date with the prettiest guy in Hogwarts and all we do is talk about him.”

Cedric laughed in reply and said, “That’s strange, because I thought I

was on a date with the prettiest boy in Hogwarts."

Terence leant just a tiny bit more into Cedric, resting his head on Cedric's shoulder as he watched the water of the lake just slightly moving, a sign of the squid moving, just below the surface.

~

"He's seriously making us wear these?" Draco groaned, "They're awful."

"I can hear you." Harrison sing-songed, "And yes, I am, it's a statement of sorts. The only one who can get away with not wearing it is Cedric."

"I can?" Cedric asked and Harrison snorted.

"Yes, because people might think you truly mean it." Harrison said, "But I want you to wear it, pretty please?"

"Why did I force all my friends to take it off again?" Cedric asked and Harrison just smiled at him.

"So why are we doing this?" Fred asked.

"We're all for bullying our siblings-" George continued.

"- But this feels extreme."

"Because this is the only response they don't want." Harrison said, "And I'm petty so wear the goddamned pins, please?"

"I mean I'm all for supporting Cedric with pins, am I right, guys?" Theo spoke up, Blaise nodding in agreement.

"Bringing Harrison down with the same pin is only a positive." The boy agreed, "Might bring his whole god complex thing down a bit."

"Oye!" Harrison said and Blaise laughed, "Maybe I did ask for that." He muttered then.

He was at least glad that now everyone seemed to pin the badge to their uniforms. Harrison wasn't entirely sure why he thought this was the best course of action when he first saw the pins, but at the very least it would annoy the people who thought wearing the pins actually meant something to him.

Even Cedric hesitantly pinned the badge to his robes, right under his prefect badge.

“You’ve truly lost your mind,” Daphne said, suddenly behind him. “Did all of our tattoos include a bit of your sanity as well?”

“They might’ve, who would notice?” Harrison said and the girl gave him an unamused look.

“So do you actually have a plan with this?”

“Besides annoy the fuck out of my dear twin?” Harrison said, “Hope hates that I do things that she can’t or doesn’t have the chance to do. We saw that in first year with quidditch. Even if it is something like this that could potentially kill me, she’d want to be here to prove that we’re equal in power or something.” He sighed, “So she makes these silly things and half the school agrees, which fine, but I mean me accepting it and wearing it sends a message, at least.”

“You’ve thought about this, huh?” Daphne said.

“No,” Harrison admitted. “But it seems like a funny thing to do.”

Daphne looked at him, like *really* looked and then nodded slowly. “Alright, if you say so.”

“That’s it?”

“You want me to stop you?” The girl asked and Harrison decided that, would he ever need one, Daphne would be a perfect right hand woman.

Harrison snorted, “Nice talk.”

The girl still didn’t look amused, she just turned around and sat down with Ginny and Tracey, whispering something to them as soon as she sat down.

“She will take over this house the moment you’re gone.” Blaise said and Harrison nodded in agreement.

“Is that something you’re worried about?”

“Me?” Blaise asked, “Not specifically.”

“Hm.”

~

“I know we’ve only spoken about this theoretically,” Tom started and *that* was always a good way to start a conversation. “But if you told me to sit down right now and allow you to tattoo me, I would in a heartbeat.”

“Really?” Harrison asked he looked up at where Tom was standing in front of the table he was sitting at in Tom’s empty classroom.

“No hesitation.”

“You would just let me tattoo your bare skin?” Harrison asked, “Permanently? You?”

“The tattoo can’t be more permanent than our bond.” Tom said, without hesitation, just as he said. “Will you take up on my offer?”

“Only if you also tattoo me.” Harrison said back, “Not more permanent than our bond, huh?”

“If I find a way to break a soulmate bond, darling,” Tom started, “Believe me when I say that I could also find a way to get rid of a tattoo without it leaving a mark then.”

And Tom had a point, the soulmate bond truly was something unbreakable.

“Or is this where you tell me it was all manipulation?” Tom asked, “That you never talked to Fate, because well, quite frankly, I wouldn’t believe you because I heard you talk to a deity.”

“You’re a dork.” Harrison smiled and Tom chuckled.

“Only for you, my love.”

Tom walked around the table, looking at the clock on the wall, then back at Harrison smiling. He lowered himself so that he was face to face with Harrison, kissing him softly.

“If I were to tattoo you, I’d put it somewhere only for me to see. Something that would allow anyone who ever sees you in a *state* to know that you’re mine.” He muttered sweetly.

“This is just ru-“

“Shh, darling.” Tom whispered, his hand creeping up Harrison’s leg,

resting on his thigh, “Here for example.” his finger trailing over the fabric of Harrison’s clothes.

That’s when suddenly the bell rang loudly and Tom got up, clearing his throat. “I do believe your class is starting.” He said, waving his hand to open the doors to the classroom. Harrison was glad to know the doors were at least sealed.

He winked at Harrison as he welcomed everyone inside, leaving Harrison alone with a *situation.*

Arsehole, Harrison tried to mentally shove the word to Tom, the only sign that the man heard was his lip twitching just slightly.

And honestly two could play at this game, so Harrison spent the entire first part of Tom’s class not paying attention. Tom seemed way too satisfied, he probably thought he put Harrison in this distracted state, but Harrison was spending time crafting the perfect *fantasy* or *fake memory* for Tom.

When Tom gave them an exercise and he asked Harrison in that concerned voice if he was doing okay when he didn’t join the other students with practicing, Harrison sent the memory.

Tom was absurdly good at keeping himself together, but Harrison could see the little tells that he had gotten the memo. He muttered a breathy, “I see.” As Harrison didn’t even answer his question, students around him just thought it was because they knew each other so well.

That was the most obvious, but slight movements as well, his eyes widening just slightly, his hand clenching for a second before letting go and his movements becoming just that less graceful.

Harrison wouldn’t have noticed any of it if not for the fact that he did indeed know Tom so well.

“Sorry, professor.” Harrison said regretfully.

“You know what?” Tom said, “I’ll see you in detention.”

Harrison bit his lip, “Of course, sir.”

And wasn’t that the story of the day, Harrison Black getting detention by Marvolo Gaunt. His haters would eat this up, for sure.

Somehow, though, he didn’t feel like this detention would be a bad

thing for him, specifically. “What was the exercise?” He asked and Tom snorted.

“Yeah, definitely detention.”

“You’re repeating yourself, sir, are you okay?”

“I’m perfect,” Tom said, “Diggory, explain Harrison what he missed while he was working on things more important than my class?”

Cedric looked between them and whispered, “Do I want to know? Are you guys okay?”

“Definitely okay,” Harrison nodded, “And no, you do *not* want to know.”

Cedric’s eyes widened, “Right, okay so the spell-“

~

Harrison’s back hit the wall with quite a surprising force for how careful Tom usually was, the man pinned him to the wall fully, his body flush against Harrison’s. Tom grabbed his leg, a sign for him to wrap his legs around Tom fully now as well.

All this communication was so physical, because Tom hadn’t let his mouth leave Harrison’s for more than a second since Harrison walked into ‘detention’ ten minutes ago.

Harrison did something right with his whole fantasy.

“Fuck you’re hot.” Tom swore. Yeah, he definitely did something right.

“Don’t stop kissing-“ Harrison tried to command, but Tom got the message earlier than he could actually finish his command, claiming Harrison’s mouth back into a bruising kiss. Harrison tried to somewhat awkwardly grind his hips down, their position not fully allowing it, but at least he got a groan from Tom.

Harrison’s hands roamed across Tom’s chest blindly, wondering what the man would do if he just ripped open his shirt now, only one way to found out.

He got a chuckle in reply, he felt the sound echoing through his own body, as Tom squeezed in his thigh, somewhere under his hands he could feel Tom’s heart quickly beating.

“Here,” He breathed out, hovering his hands above Tom’s heart, feeling the steady, but quick beat under his fingertips.

Tom opened his eyes, “What?”

“The tattoo.” Harrison replied, Tom’s skin felt *electric* underneath his fingers. He connected his entire palm with the skin now. “Here.”

Tom smiled, kissing his nose, “God, you’re a sap.” He said and Harrison claimed his lips back into a kiss, his hand roaming Tom’s bare skin further, yet never leaving the spot right over his heart for longer than a minute.

Tom was pushing Harrison harsher against the walls, his hands wrapped tightly around his thighs, Harrison gasped just slightly at the added friction.

“You gave me detention.” He said, Tom hummed as he kissed the side of Harrison's mouth, moving to his jawline. “Now you got me here pinned against the wall, might as well finish the whole Teacher-student fantasy, am I right?” Harrison asked, although a lot less smoothly than he'd wish he sounded.

He felt Tom smirk against his skin, his breath heavy as he said, “I like your thoughts.”

Harrison- not much later, he had to compliment Tom for his efficiency – found himself on his back on Tom’s desk, the man mapping out every bit of his now bare chest with his mouth, giving extra attention to the spots he knew Harrison was especially sensitive.

He slowly worked his way down wards, his fingers toying with the skin of Harrison’s thigh, the placing of the theoretical tattoo, Harrison supposed.

Just as that thought crossed his mind, Tom looked up at him through his eyelashes, biting just slightly on the patch of skin he was working on before, letting go entirely. Almost as if he had heard Harrison’s thoughts.

And fuck, he probably had.

“For later reference,” Tom said quietly, before connecting his mouth with the exact spot his fingers had been teasing earlier.

The skin there was so much more sensitive, the light touches of Tom’s

fingers nothing to the way Tom was actively bruising his skin now. “Ah- way to- fuck.” Harrison gasped out, arching his back just slightly, his shoulder blades being pushed against the desk in quite an uncomfortable way.

If only he had enough of a mind to care about that right now.

“Hm?” Tom hummed against his skin, an obvious question in the sound, but Harrison’s mind didn’t fully capture the meaning of that as Tom’s hand suddenly found his dick through the thin layer of fabric still covering him.

An hour later Harrison walked- *limped, maybe* – out of that classroom, a bruise marking the place Tom wanted to tattoo him. He left a way too satisfied Tom behind to clean the mess, he deserved that much.

And he didn't know why it came as a surprise that as soon as he entered the common room, somebody asked, “So did you enjoy detention?” Fucking Fred and George.

He laughed, only people he knew were in the common room, so at least they didn't leak something they shouldn't have. “You know I did.”

George spluttered; Blaise rolled his eyes. “I told you, you shouldn't have asked.”

“Yeah, we see that now.” Fred muttered, eyeing Harrison suspiciously.

Later, during dinner, he heard that Tom had also given Hope and her group detention- real detention, after he found them making pins in the library after class.

And those detentions weren't half as satisfying as Harrison's.

~

“They know as well,” Cedric said, “I overheard Krum talk to their headmaster and Fleur, well she’s too calm.”

“So are you going to ask them to team up, help each other?” Terence asked, his question more aimed at Harrison, who was sitting opposite of them, than his own boyfriend.

“We’ll see how they do during the first task, I wouldn’t deny them if they asked for assistance.” Harrison said, “But I’m not going to *assume*

that they need help."

"He never assumes," Tracey rolled her eyes, putting her fork down as soon as she joined the conversation. "He always lets people ask, maybe to make them feel better. If he does actively offer help, he'll make it more open, so that it doesn't seem focused on one person."

"Someone's paying attention." Harrison praised.

Tracey shrugged, "It always amazed me how you gave people their time to figure it out themselves first. Then I realised that you just wouldn't step in to help unless directly asked to do so."

"What's your plan?" Cedric asked, "For the dragons?"

"I'll try to talk to them, if they haven't been angered too much, I assume it should be okay, since Charlie is the handler taking care of them."

"Talk?" Cedric looked at Terence who just smirked and nodded. "I forgot about that, parseltongue is insane."

"What about you?"

"I don't know, I assume I will try to distract it, turn a stone into a more loud and aggressive animal, making me seem like the lesser threat." Cedric explained and Harrison nodded, clearly impressed.

"That's way better thought out than I would have been if I hadn't had parseltongue."

"Terence made me come up with a good plan." Cedric admitted and Terence nodded.

"If you survive, you can thank me."

"Overprotective," Cedric muttered.

Harrison chuckled, glancing at the teacher's table, "Believe me, I know all about overprotective."

"I don't doubt it," Cedric replied, "Although, to be fair, the detentions still surprised me. I didn't expect them to step in for these stupid pins." He motioned to his own *Black sucks* badge, everyone was still wearing them.

It seemed to work, though, since Hope seemed a lot less proud of the

design after seeing Harrison and his friends proudly wear them.

“I have been taking points away from every Gryffindor who wears it.” Terence said, “I wouldn’t, but I told Oliver I would make sure Gryffindor loses again this year when he came back to Hogwarts for the tattoos and now well,” He shrugged, “It’s always fun to annoy our favourite ex-Gryffindor.”

Harrison tended to forget that people like Oliver Wood and Marcus Flint actually graduated last year, that *Terence* would graduate this year and the year after that he would be the one to leave.

And that was the strangest part, he’d leave Hogwarts, the one place he called his home since- well, forever.

“Harrison, you okay?” Terence asked and Harrison nodded slightly.

“Yeah, all good.” He replied, he had two more year, that was more than enough.

“Do you know anything about the publication of the interviews?” Cedric asked, an obvious attempt of changing the subject, but Harrison took it gladly, nodding and explaining that Rita would sent him it in two days before it could get published.

~

Harrison and Cedric were suddenly pulled out of their potions class by the first year old that lost their pet in the train, the child nervously telling them about a wand check fort he tournament.

Harrison followed the boy to the room where the wand weighing ceremony would take place, only to realise halfway that he didn’t have a wand with him. He didn’t bother using wands in classes anymore, since nobody was surprised by his wandless magic anymore and it sure as hell made life a lot easier.

“Ah, Mr Black and Diggory have arrived as well.” Dumbledore said, “I was just telling the other students a bit more about the tournament and the effect it will have on your school year.”

Harrison knew what Dumbledore meant, being exempt from exams and allowed to skip certain classes wasn’t something that happened every year. Dumbledore quickly told that exact thing in a lot more words before explaining that indeed, they had to check their wands functionality for the tasks, to make certain no incidents would happen.

Krum started, his wand reacting a bit harsh, but good enough with his magic. Fleur's flowers said enough to realise her wand was perfectly aligned for her magic. Cedric's sparks proved much the same.

"Harrison Black, your wand was one of a kind." Ollivander spoke out to him and Harrison looked up and nodded. It had been, seeing how it had basically been a magicless stick.

Harrison cleared his throat, "Actually, sir," He spoke to both Dumbledore and Ollivander, "I haven't used my wand in ages." He left out the fact that he had used his wand to tattoo a dozen of students. "I much prefer wandless magic and don't see a point in checking my wand if I won't be using it either way."

"I think, Mr Black, that it might do you well to let Ollivander look at it, either way." Dumbledore said and Harrison rolled his eyes, but one summoning charm accompanied by a slight arm movement later and the wand was in their room, quite an impressive amount of magic coming from the wand the moment it connected to Harrison's core.

He handed his wand over, Ollivander blinked as the magic washed over him, "An unique wand indeed." He said, "The very same Phoenix who gave me the feather for Voldemort's wand."

Harrison nodded tightly, "Is it all okay."

"I would say it is sad to see that you don't use your wand more often, with the way it's connected to your magic." Ollivander replied, "But I guess we all have our preferences, all good."

Harrison nodded again, as he waved his hand, sending the wand flying into his pocket.

"Okay now that that's done," Dumbledore said, looking at Harrison with a sense of suspicion that Harrison was sure he should've gotten used to by now, but wasn't yet. "I'm happy to announce that all of you get the rest of the day off, as we've contacted some family members to come over."

Harrison wondered who Dumbledore might've found seeing how most of his 'family' was currently teaching classes or in classes.

What he didn't expect was to walk out and find Regulus and Megan standing there.

"I'd never thought I would be back at Hogwarts ever." Megan said in a

way of greeting.

Harrison wanted to reply, but Cedric's father shouted, "My boy! A champion!" Which got everyone's attention.

Harrison snorted slightly and Cedric's eyes found him, a glint in them that promised an awkward meet the parents moment.

Harrison had seen Lord Diggory before, in the Wizengamot and Potter parties, but he didn't know what to expect from a meeting like this.

"I used to hate people forcing their parents to greet me," Regulus whispered and Harrison nodded in agreement.

"I never get used to it," He replied.

"Dad, this is Harrison Black." Cedric said, as he suddenly stood next to Harrison. "Harrison here is the person who is actively uniting everyone at Hogwarts, even at his own expense at times."

"Nice to meet you, Harrison." The man said, "I have to be honest, when I heard my boy befriended you, I wasn't sure after the whole Potter situation. But one thing about my son is, he is an excellent judge of character."

Harrison laughed, "Well, I have to agree with that, Lord Diggory."

"You see, I wasn't even surprised my son was chosen for the tournament." The man continued, "It's exactly something to show the world what a talented boy he is."

Cedric seemed very uncomfortable suddenly and Harrison smiled kindly, "Can't say I disagree with that, sir." He suddenly looked back at Megan and Regulus, who shook their heads quickly and Harrison smirked. "This is Regulus Black, my uncle and Megan- wait I don't even know your last name, do I?"

Megan laughed, "Nice to meet you, Lord Diggory." She said, ignoring Harrison fully.

"Nice to meet both of you as well," The man said, "Cedric was about to show me around, care to join?"

Harrison looked at Regulus as Megan already seemed in and the man shrugged, which was enough of an agreement for Harrison to agree.

"So dad," Cedric said, "Harrison here has quite an image in

Hogwarts." He said, seeming to find a way to keep the conversation about anyone else but him. "He's skipped multiple years, talked to multiple deities and constantly proving everyone that the barriers we know of magic aren't really there if you just open your mind to the idea of more being possible."

"Just as impressive at school as in politics, huh?"

"I suppose," Harrison answered, "Honestly, most of it comes naturally, but if I can help others with it, I won't mind too much."

"That doesn't surprise me." The man nodded.

"He's being modest, truly helped people even if it meant putting himself in annoying or dangerous positions." Cedric said.

"I mean your son, sir, he's done a lot to help too." Harrison said, "Just last year he guaranteed my safety during our quidditch match while the dementors attacked."

Cedric shot him a dirty glare then and cleared his throat, "I think we should start at the great hall, right?"

"It's been a while since I've seen that place." Regulus muttered and Cedric and Harrison started leading the group through the castle, starting with the great hall, moving to their common rooms, both the Hufflepuff and Slytherin one, then the library and finishing at the great lake, at that point most classes had finished meaning that Sirius and Remus, as well as some students and Tom joined.

"How did you even find us?" Harrison asked Sirius and Sirius shrugged.

"That's for you to find out and for me to know, kiddo." He said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

"You stole the map from the twins?" Harrison asked.

"Of course we did." Sirius replied, "It's not everyday I get to see my little brother back at Hogwarts."

"And you just stalked them?" Harrison asked Tom who smirked in reply and truthfully that said enough.

And for a while they sat there and talked and it was good, at some point Cedric's father seemed to realise that he didn't need to prove

how good his son was and relaxed a bit, allowing just a bit of the tension in Cedric's posture to also release, allowing the boy to actually relax and joke around for the first time since they walked out of the classroom.

~

Rita's newspaper explaining the situation of the Triwizard tournament and Harrison's participation caused an uproar both inside and outside of Hogwarts. The inside, meaning the student body, seemed to still have a negative take on it, while the outside seemed to think of Harrison as some sort of martyr. Or well, future martyr, since Harrison was at least 90% sure he was still alive right now.

Of course, you could never be certain in the Wizarding World.

"*And thus, I as well as many others, wonder how this boy genius will prove his magical excellence once again."* Tom laughed, as he read the paper, his other hand carding through Harrison's hair.

"Alright, alright, I get it, that's embarrassing." Harrison said as Tom put the paper to the side, finally allowing him to look at the man. "But it's better than what she could've written."

"She could've accused you of being a cheater." Tom allowed, "Or go on and on about your so-called love life."

"*So called?"* Harrison asked, "That's your love life as well, Tommy boy."

Tom smirked, "I'm aware, love."

Harrison rolled his eyes, entwining his fingers with Tom's. Now that he had an empty hand, the newspaper laying forgotten next to Harrison's knee. "I love this." He muttered.

"Hm?"

"You being here," Harrison said, "It feels a lot less.. Rushed like this. The fact that we're in the same building it's nice."

Tom allowed one of those only-for-Harrison-soft smiles on his face, "I love being here, darling."

"Are the Death Eaters okay now that you're not constantly there?" Harrison asked and Tom looked amused as he nodded.

“I got them training *a lot,* getting them ready for whatever is approaching us.” He squeezed Harrison’s hand carefully. “I get regular updates from Barty and try to go there each weekend. I think some of them don’t even notice that I’m not there, they just think I’m in my office and are scared to interrupt me.”

“Mmh, you are a scary man.” Harrison said, his voice laced with sarcasm. “So scary, especially during cuddle time.”

“Says the one whose purring like a cat, because I’m basically petting him.” Tom raised an eyebrow, “Don’t worry, it’s adorable.”

Harrison sighed, he didn’t even feel bad, Tom’s hand in his hair felt nice, besides it doesn’t happen often that he just allowed himself to relax like this when it’s not almost midnight.

“So do you think you’re ready?” Tom asked, “For the first task?”

“I’d say that the first task is going to be the least hard one for me.” Harrison replied, “I mean dragons should be easy, right? Especially since all the dragons from the sanctuary have at least seen me before.”

“I guess luck really is on our side.” Tom said.

Harrison chuckled, “Do you think Luck is a deity as well, like I’ll just faint somewhere in the third task or so and *meet* Luck.”

Tom smiled, amusement flowing freely through the link. “And they’ll be ‘*Oh, I just wanted to talk to you to say you’ve got it. You’ve got me on your side.’”*

“That’d be insane.” Harrison said, “I mean Death, I can deal with, but *luck?”*

“It’d be nice to know we’ve got some luck on our side.” Tom said and Harrison couldn’t help but agree to that one. Especially with what they were trying it sometimes felt like all the luck in the world wouldn’t give them what they needed to save Mother Magic.

Harrison sat up, Tom gave him a confused look as his hand left Harrison’s hair, the other hands still holding onto Harrison’s. Harrison instead of laying down with his head in Tom’s lap, just put his head Tom’s shoulder now, their entwined hands between them. “We’ll be fine.”

Tom turned just slightly, so that he could put his legs over Harrison’s

lap now, allowing Harrison to rest against his chest again, his hand quickly finding itself back in the dark hair. He kissed the top of Harrison's head, the boy sighing. "I don't doubt that for a minute," He replied.

~

Harrison had just been sitting in the common room explaining what Tom had meant when he gave the second years a way too annoying assignment when Blaise sat down next to him, waiting patiently for Harrison to finish what he had been explaining and for the second years to leave them before saying, "A little birdie told me Charlie Weasley arrived with some of his colleagues. The same birdie- whose name is Ginny, by the way- told me you might be interested in seeing her big brother?"

"Oh right!" Harrison said, "Thanks, Blaise."

"Not cheating on the boyfriend with another dude, right?" Blaise joked, "I mean you might be into older dudes, but-"

"Ha-ha." Harrison replied, "You know he's here for the dragons and I want to see if I can get more information, because we're kind of going in blind right now."

"I thought he already told you everything he knew during summer break?" Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged.

"I can hope." Harrison waved his wand to clean the mess one of the second years, who admittedly seemed to struggle a bit with writing with a quill, had made. "I mean, I guess it's not that important, but I'd like to be able to tell Cedric some more before we get thrown into the deep end."

"That makes sense," Blaise leant backwards, "We're getting to know too many Weasleys through you, man. I mean two? Okay, three? Sure, a bit much but still. But five?"

"Bill and Charlie haven't really been part of that family for years." Harrison said and Blaise shrugged.

"I'm pretty sure Lucius almost fainted when he saw all the Weasleys on multiple occasions with you, but he won't say anything because it's *you* and quite frankly Tom is still just as scary as he was before." Blaise snorted, way too amused. "I mean my Mother never really cared, either way."

“Lucius is right to be scared of Tom,” Harrison said, although he was still kind of surprised he hadn’t heard from either Draco or Tom that Lucius had truly reacted like that. Harrison was usually kind of surprised how people just trusted his judgement of character in moments like these. Even Tom, who never trusted people, would trust anyone with some of his secrets if Harrison said it was okay.

Blaise nodded, “I suppose. You should get going, Charlie is working on the dragons now, so you can easily find him, in the woods.”

“Right,” Harrison nodded, “Thanks.”

Blaise waved him off and so Harrison looked for Charlie in the woods.

Which, Blaise had been correct, was not too hard, since the dragons made quite a bit of noise.

“I expected you to show up.” Charlie shouted over the noise, as he spotted him. He didn’t seem to happy as he tried to force an aggressive dragon back into a cage-looking thing. Harrison honestly wasn’t sure. “Can you help?” He said, as the dragon made a threatening movement with its tail.

“*Hey big girl.”* Harrison hissed loudly, successfully capturing the attention of the distressed dragon. The dragon huffed, steam coming out of his nose, stuff Harrison had only heard in fantasy books. “*What’s the problem?”*

Charlie visibly relaxed as the dragon’s attention went to Harrison and the dragon seemed to listen instead of attack mode. “We had to take Mothers away from their eggs. She’s trying to find her babies.”

“What?”

Charlie held his hands up, a defensive motion. “It was a direct order from the government, who fund the entire place, we couldn’t not listen.”

“*Your babies are going to be okay, mother.”* Harrison tried weakly.

“*They took them,”* The dragon growled, somehow sounding more conversational than all the roars before. “*And expect me to be calm.”*

“Big Mother,” Harrison sighed, “*I’ll be straightforward, you are part of a task in a tournament, your caretakers were forced into doing this, they tried everything to stop it. Therefore, be angry at the people who decided to*

choose you, not the caretakers or champions." The dragon looked at Charlie and then back at Harrison. "*Nobody is part of this willingly, but I can promise you in just a couple of days you will be back with your babies, okay?"*

The dragon huffed, putting her head down. "*I was surprised, they never did something like this."*

"They didn't break your trust willingly, strong one."

Charlie sighed, "Thanks, Harrison." He said as the dragon obediently followed Charlie's order now. "That's magic all on its own."

"She might try to kill the people who organised this thing."

"That hardly sounds like our problem," Charlie smiled. "I kind of want to murder them as well." He said as he stroked the dragons scales once, before stepping back.

"Can you tell me anything about the first task?" Harrison asked and Charlie nodded.

"We were given fake eggs for the dragons, something with a hint in them, I think they might want you to-"

"Steal an egg, from a mother?" Harrison asked, "They are absolutely insane."

"That's what I said," Charlie agreed, "But we can't argue, it has been accepted as a good task for the tournament, no changing that now. I just hope the animals won't get hurt or hurt anyone." Charlie looked at the dragon, "They said that there would be professionals to protect the people in the audience, but anything during the task, either the Wizard or the Dragon getting hurt would be seen as part of the game."

"What?"

"They don't care about our endangered animals, Harrison." Charlie muttered, "I could lose one of them."

Harrison nodded, "I'll try to stop it. I'll talk to the champions." He said, "Both warn them and ask them to cooperate, anyone with half a heart would want to protect these puppies."

Charlie nodded, seeming to think that was the end of the conversation, when Harrison was about to leave, however he said.

“Harrison?” So he turned back around to see Charlie looking sadly, but determined. “Tell them that if anything is about to happen, to give it their all, even if it meant hurting the dragon. He then grabbed his wand and a piece of parchment. He muttered something and then gave the parchment to Harrison. “Make sure they learn that, it’s a way to knock any dragon out, as a last possibility.”

Harrison nodded, “Thanks, Charlie.”

“I mean none of us chose this, right?”

~

Turns out that gathering four champions who were constantly in the spotlight and busy was harder than it sounded, it took Harrison a full day before they finally made it work. Which didn’t sound too long, but seeing how they only had two more full days it was quite a lot.

Harrison sat down at the table the others were seated at watching him in curiosity, Cedric was the only one who didn’t seem surprised by the situation at all, probably expecting something like this to happen sooner or later.

“What ez it?” Fleur said impatiently and Harrison nodded.

“I spoke to one of the dragon handlers- a close friend of mine- and he gave me some information I’d like to pass on.” Harrison said, “First of all, the fact that the people who are there for protection are only there for protection of the viewers, not for us or the dragons. This means that they’d let anything happen and I’d like to stop that so I want us to look out for each other.”

Cedric and Krum nodded and Fleur just stayed quiet, obviously noticing more is coming. “Our task is going to be to steal fake eggs from mothers most likely, endangering ourselves and the dragons. I’d like to protect the beasts as well and have been asked to tell you to do the same.” Harrison put the paper on the table, “If anything were to happen, you can use this spell, but please try to avoid hurting the dragon and yourself.”

Cedric took the piece of paper and looked at it, muttering the incantation before passing it on to Fleur, who had much the same reaction.

“I hope we’ll all get out of this without any serious wounding and without having killed an endangered animal.” Harrison said and that

was a clear end. He waved his hand, duplicating the paper that Charlie had made, passing it onto all of them. He had read it two times and pretty much memorized the spell, but he doubted the spell would work better than just talking to a dragon.

Seeing as that was pretty much the end of what Harrison had to say, Fleur got up and left, Viktor however stayed and said, “Thank you, Harrison.” Barely understandable with his accent. “I knew it was a good thing that you were also part of this, even if you didn’t want to be.”

“I’ll do everything I can to make sure there are no big incidents this tournament.” Harrison said in his own way of saying you’re welcome. Viktor nodded quickly and then left.

“They’re seriously making us steal *eggs?”* Cedric asked, Harrison nodded, still angry about that fact as well.

“I had to calm a dragon down, who thought she would never see her babies again.” Harrison said, “It’s absolute insanity, apparently the dragon handlers were forced to agree by the government.”

Cedric sighed, “All of that for some amusement and supposedly strengthening bonds between countries?”

“Wait until someone dies and see how many *bonds* get stronger.” Harrison muttered, as he also got up from his place. “I’m at least glad that both Viktor and Fleur seem to somewhat agree that this isn’t the right way to do it.”

Cedric nodded, staying silent as Harrison motioned for him to follow, leaving the room Harrison had claimed- well more he looked at Tom nicely and Tom allowed him to use his ‘office’. Which was a basics teachers office, but it did the job, honestly.

“This entire championship is so romanticized,” Cedric decided eventually, when they were half-way to the Slytherin common room, the Hufflepuff following along as if he, too, had his dorm in the dungeons instead of next to the kitchens. “I genuinely thought it was a fun, challenging way for Wizards to prove themselves, especially now that they advertised it as a safer version after the incidents, but they didn’t change anything. Just waited long enough so that everyone who was there to see the true horror was too old to mind- or well, dead.”

“Welcome to Dumbledore’s plans.” Harrison said, “The only thing he’ll

refuse to bring back is the one thing we need- magic strengthening rituals, helping ourselves and Mother Magic."

Cedric smiled almost sadly, "I'm at least glad you were open enough to accept me and other people from light sided families into your little group. I was always so blind to everything, I saw most rituals as truly horrible *Death Eater* things." He laughed, "And I can't even say I think Death Eaters are a bad thing anymore."

"Some of them are," Harrison joked, "Don't get ahead of yourself." He looked at Cedric over his shoulder as they walked down the last stairs to the dungeons, "Besides, I can't save magic if I only focus on the dark aligned group."

"Voldemort never realised that." Cedric said, softly.

"Tom wasn't-" Harrison breathed in, "He wasn't himself, really, anyone with that amount of trauma would probably go into that direction, it didn't help that Dumbledore, at the time, needed a new villain, pushing Tom into the direction of 'evil'." He turned a corner, now right in front of the door to the Slytherin common room, "Truly, Dumbledore never gave him a chance and with his past, he probably didn't see an opportunity where people could work together like this."

He turned to the door hissing, "*Open."* Cedric watched as the wall did indeed open and walked in behind Harrison, only slightly surprised to see Terence and a bunch of others sitting there, waiting.

Cedric sat down next to his boyfriend as Harrison took one of the comfy chairs in the common room, people looking at him expectantly.

"Well?" Blaise asked, "What is the first task?"

"Something ridiculous," Harrison smirked, "You will see, patience."

"It truly is ridiculous," Cedric said in agreement, "But we'll make it, I have all the information I need and Harrison here can always step in and calm the dragons down."

"At least, I hope so." Harrison muttered.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading everyone < 3

Chapter 72: I'm feeling pretty directly hurt

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ludo Bagman was the one assigned to both inform them of the first task and make sure everyone chose a dragon. This meant that the man quickly told them they'd be stealing an egg from *dragons* forgetting to inform that these dragons had actually been missing their children for days now, then he grabbed a bag and told them to grab a random dragon.

Cedric got the first one, a Swedish-short-snout; Fleur got number two, a common Welsh Green; then of course Viktor got number three, the Chinese Fireball.

Leaving Harrison with the aggressive Hungarian Horntail, he wasn't exactly worried, but it did mean that it might be a bit harder to calm the dragon down somewhat, as he wanted to do.

He was at least glad that Cedric got the Swedish-short-snout, the dragon he had calmed down somewhat already.

Harrison could feel the nerves in the Champions tent, as he walked around wondering how he was going to make a Hungarian Horntail *listen* to him.

It was a challenge at least.

"You've got a tough one." Cedric said as he sat down next to Harrison.

Harrison shrugged, "It's fine, dragon's a dragon." He smiled at the Hufflepuff, "You doing okay with the nerves?"

"I'm just glad it'll be over for me before I can see how bad it could be with others." Cedric admitted, "I have no idea what to expect and while usually I wouldn't say that's positive, perse, I think it will help me with the nerves in this case."

"I'm sure you'll be fine." Harrison answered, "Remember the back-up spell?"

"Yeah, yeah." Cedric nodded, "I'm going to try to not just forcefully knock-out a dragon like that, though."

“I was hoping you’d say that.” He watched Cedric nervously tapping his fingers on his legs and knew that it would only get worse in the next five minutes of preparation time. “You know Godric used to try to get me to ride different animals, like Hippogriffs.”

“What?” Cedric asked.

“Yeah, it was absolutely insane he’d just put me on top of them and let them soar through the sky. None of the others approved, of course, although I’m pretty damn sure Rowena used me in some sort of animal study without telling.”

Cedric snorted softly, “Let me guess Salazar cursed the hell out of him?”

“Actually I think that is when he came up with some of his very creative poison recipes.” Harrison answered and Cedric laughed.

“Of course he did.” He said, voice filled with amusement, he didn’t even notice he stopped tapping his fingers.

“I don’t think the founders were meant to raise one child on a personal level together, they all have such different opinions on everything, it’s what made them so great at teaching and magic, but raising a child? That’s a whole different league.”

“You turned out fine though,” Cedric said.

“Now I would almost call that a compliment.” Harrison replied and Cedric just shook his head with a smile, when suddenly someone started talking to the crowds just outside the tent.

“I guess that’s my cue.” Cedric sighed.

“Goodluck,” Harrison said, “You’ll be fine.”

Harrison followed just slightly behind Cedric, so that he could stand at the exit of the tent watching Cedric’s first task.

At first he didn’t fully understand what Cedric was doing, seeing as the dragon spotted him immediately, but Cedric stayed still behind a rock.

But then Harrison slowly saw Cedric moving his wand in a certain motion, a spell hitting one of the rocks on the other side of the arena just a few seconds later, turning the rock into an animal. The dragons

head snapped around to look at the dog now lunging for the dragons eggs, the real ones.

It distracted the dragon enough to not notice Cedric slipping behind him, going for the gold egg.

But then, just as Cedric got the gold egg he made the mistake of making the littlest noise, just his foot scratching the floor a little louder than before.

It was enough.

The dragon's head whipped around, looking directly at Cedric, who looped straight back, Harrison could see the dragon preparing to fire, literally.

He wanted to do something, help, but a hand grabbed his arm.

"It eez okay," Fleur said. "He'll do it on his own."

Harrison ripped his arm loose, but looked at the arena to see that, indeed, Cedric was doing fine. Running away from the fire and towards the tent.

Harrison released a breath he didn't realise he had been holding.

The dragon narrowed her eyes, but turned back to her eggs, almost as if counting. When she realised all of them were there, she must've realised that it had been a fake egg. She huffed and laid back down on the ground, allowing Cedric to escape the arena fully without much more issue.

"I think," Cedric panted, "He hit me."

It was only then, when Cedric looked at him, that Harrison notice the wound on the side of Cedric's face, one of the worst burn wounds he had ever seen. He nodded quietly.

"Yeah, I think you might have." He agreed as Cedric smiled.

"I did it though!"

A mediwitch came in and took one look at him, before forcing Cedric to follow her, Cedric did so without any complaints, leaving Harrison with the other two champions.

Fleur whispered something in French and Harrison knew that it must

not have calmed her nerves, seeing Cedric's half destroyed face. He sighed and nodded. "He was safe." He allowed as he sat back down on the bed he was appointed, as if this was truly a place to sleep.

"Don't jump in unless it is truly necessary, okay?" Fleur said and Harrison nodded.

"If that's what you want," Harrison said, wondering if this was for the points or some other weird reason she'd take such a risk.

She walked into the arena with a weird sort of confidence Harrison hadn't seen in a lot of people who were put in these type of scenarios and he watched curiously as she seemed to put a harmless spell on the dragon, the dragon listening to her voice as he breathed out, fire escaping through his nose.

It was then that Harrison noticed there was still some mistakes in her thought out plan, firstly the dragon fell asleep, like she probably planned, but its body landed in such a way that it was wrapped around the eggs, including the gold egg she had to get.

Secondly the whole fire breathing thing was proven to be a problem when her skirt was set alight, she quickly casted a spell to stop the fire from spreading, yet when she successfully did so she froze, not sure where to go.

It was then she noticed the dragons tail sweeping as it slept and Harrison had the urge to warn her to not take such a risk, but as she saw the opportunity she dashed forward.

And Harrison didn't intervene, he promised he wouldn't. So he just watched as she waited for the tail to open up just enough space for her to get to the eggs, probably not even thinking about the fact she would also have to get back afterwards.

He couldn't see her grab the egg, couldn't see her rushing back out, under the big tail, all he could see was the tail hitting her just slightly on the leg and the blood that followed as the dragon stayed sound asleep.

And that truly said enough about the nature of these truly amazing beasts, the way they protect themselves and their children in such a way, even when they're sleeping, totally unaware of everything that is happening around them.

Fleur fell to the ground grabbing the wound in her leg, Harrison could

see her trying a spell, but everyone knew it wouldn't work against cuts from dragon, you needed herbs and luck for those to completely heal.

At some point she must have realised that too as she looked up with a determined look on her face grabbing her egg and limping back to the place where she left the arena. The dragon waking up just as she limped past Harrison.

"Not a word." She hissed.

"You did good," Harrison complimented her and she looked up with surprise in her eyes.

It was almost as if she was trying to get something from the expression on Harrison's face, "Goodluck with the Hungarian Horntail, Black." She said eventually, "I think you'll do just fine."

"You should probably see the dragon wounds specialists." Harrison said and she nodded shortly before limping further into the tent.

"She's definitely something," Krum was suddenly next to him, probably waiting for them to announce his name. "Wants to prove herself."

Harrison shrugged, "I think at this point we all do." He said, as Krum looked dumbly into the arena, probably planning his route or something. Harrison just sighed and leant back against the wall he had been standing against the entire time.

"I was going to be very aggressive," Krum admitted, accent even thicker than usual. That caught Harrison's attention. "But then you gave us the speech and made me have empathy for these beasts." He said, "How do you do it? Always stand up for everything? Make sure barely anyone gets hurt in the process?"

"It's easier when you can talk to the beasts in question," Harrison said, "To me they're not angry beasts, they are intelligent creatures, who I can have full conversations with. They care so much about each other and also the humans who take care of them. They aren't just some mindless creature that want to create death and chaos. They are animals who just want to survive and use the powers nature has granted them."

"It's something to care about everyone you meet." Krum said, "Not a bad habit."

“I only care about the people that feel like they’ll make it worth it.”

Krum’s name was announced then, the man leaving the tent with a big smile on his face, waving to the people watching while walking out, obviously more used to the attention than Fleur and Cedric were. He started approaching the dragon directly, but then he pulled out his wand, casting spells that made small explosions all around the arena. The dragon started attacking the places the sound came from, giving Krum a window to sneak up to the eggs.

It was then that a red flash in the crowd caught the dragons attention, the dragon turning fully away from Krum, who took the opportunity to run back to the tent instead, but the dragon didn’t take notice of Krum at all. It was fully focused on the crowd and what had just happened, Harrison glanced into the crowds, but everything seemed okay, the dragon however felt differently pulling harshly at the chain.

“We need someone to intervene.” Someone shouted, two dragon handlers running to the distraught dragon, one of them being Charlie. Harrison listened to the dragon growls, but two spells later and the dragon was resting on the ground, Charlie only just preventing the eggs from being crushed by the dragons tail.

“This might take a bit,” The other dragon handler, someone Harrison didn’t necessarily recognise, announced.

It was announced that they would have a small break, right before Harrison’s first task.

“That’s strange,” Krum said and Harrison nodded in agreement, his eyes drifting to the spot in the crowds the dragon had been focused on.

“I agree.” He said.

“Mr Black,” Bagman approached him, “I’m sorry to say that we have to keep you here alone, to ensure you won’t use your extra time to gain an advantage. We have to kindly ask Mr Krum to leave you alone as well.”

“Definitely strange,” Harrison said, as what he supposed he meant as a goodbye for Krum. The other man just nodded.

“I agree, Black.” He said back before leaving Harrison alone, as requested.

Harrison got, quite forcefully, pulled back further into the tent, instructed to sit down. He wasn't allowed to speak, or look around, apparently to keep the fight as fair as possible.

Which was always a hell for Harrison, he was a naturally curious and worried person and now everyone was outside, a red flash in the crowd, a distraught dragon and he had to stay here.

And then, because all of that wasn't bad enough, Tom sent him a flash of panic, nothing else, Harrison didn't even know if the man did it on purpose, but it definitely didn't help calm him down.

For the first time he really felt nervous for his first task.

It felt like hours, as he tried to reach Tom through their link, but it was harder in moments like these, when he was alone, not sure where Tom was and when Tom himself was apparently busy with something.

It was the flares of panic that came from different tattoos that made it even worse, something had happened and Harrison couldn't get out of here.

He tried to still his leg as Dumbledore walked into the tent.

"Sorry for the wait, my boy." He said and Harrison rolled his eyes instead of correcting him. "You can do your task now, if you feel ready for it. We have decided to empty a part of the crowds, though, so you won't quite have the crowds the others' did."

"That's no problem, headmaster." Harrison answered, "I would like to get out of here."

Dumbledore nodded, "Of course, well, everything is ready."

Harrison was glad that he could get up again, wondering what he would find when he stepped into the arena.

A horntail, probably.

His name was announced in much of the same manner as the people before him, although the entire atmosphere felt different, he could feel it even in the tent.

Goodluck, It was a clear thought in his brain, Tom probably finally remembered he could talk to Harrison in the chaos.

Harrison sighed, *What happened?* He tried to communicate back, but

even after a few seconds no answer came and he was left on his own as he stepped out onto the arena.

One of the stands was empty, but the cheers and boo's sounded much the same as before and the other stands seemed fuller, so people must've moved from one to the other.

It was a simple spell to make his voice loud enough for the crowd and the dragon to hear him.

"*Hello great one,"* Harrison told the dragon, her head whipping around.

"*I've heard about you speaker."* The dragon said, in a way of introducing herself. "*You seek an egg."*

"Firstly I want to know what just happened." Harrison said, "*Here, just now."*

"I smell blood." The dragon said, as if that explained everything. Harrison turned his back to the dragon, trusting the beast enough to not immediately attack him as he looked at the empty stand.

"*Blood?"*

"A curse." The dragon allowed as he roared quite aggressively, suggesting he wanted to put on a show of sorts maybe. "*Let them think you're in danger. So we can talk for longer."* The dragon explained before Harrison even asked about the loud roar.

"*Talk?"*

"You need an egg," The dragon said again, "*The golden one. I need to talk about something, now you either fight me till you get the egg or talk to me."*

"In front of all these people?" Harrison turned back to the dragon.

"*None of them understand us."*

"One might."

"Ah, the soulbond." The dragon said, "*I felt that."*

Harrison looked at the Horntail in front of him, the wiseness of the beast greater than any other dragon he had met. "*You're an ancient one."* He said, dragons over a certain age- somewhere around 250 years, depending on the kind of dragon you were talking about got a

title like that. "*Yet you chose to have more children.*"

"Of sorts," The dragon allowed again. "*And you helped Willow.*"

"I did."

"Your soulbonded healed her fully with magic barely known to man-kind only working on a dragon due to the power coming directly from Mother Magic, thus I have reason to believe that both of you can help dragons as we're weakening."

"*You're weakening?"* Harrison asked, having never heard of weakening dragons before.

The dragon made a threatening noise as he came closer to Harrison, his face directly in front of Harrison now, Harrison didn't move away, even as he felt the warmth of the dragons breath on his entire body. "*Everything magical is.*"

"And you know I'm trying to stop it."

"Magic granted you her powers." The dragon said. "*She trusts you can.*"

"This is important how?"

"I need you to heal me, I'm willing to show you my weakness. In return you can have the egg, all I need is the simple promise of trying to help." The dragon said and Harrison nodded, the dragon backed off again.

She lifted her wing just high enough for Harrison to slip under, but no one could see what was under there, every instinct in his body screamed at him to not just slip under a dragons wing, not when it was one of the most dangerous parts to be, the dragon in such a position that it could easily crush you.

Yet Harrison slipped under, not expecting to find glowing scratches there, breaking the scales open, but not bleeding at all.

"*How did this happen?"*

"A curse of sorts," The dragon answered, "*Only the power of magic could heal it, but magic herself is too weak right now.*"

"I promise I'll do anything I can, Mother." He promised the dragon, before slipping out under the wing.

"*Then you may get the egg, brave one."* The dragon said, moving away

from her eggs. Harrison grabbed the gold one before bowing to the dragon.

"*I'll request the handlers to let me see you soon then."* He said as he bowed, the dragon bowing back.

"*I look forward to seeing you and your soulmate."* The dragon said.

Harrison slipped out quickly, egg under his arm.

He felt that he would find Tom back in the tent before he actually saw the man, what worried him was the emotion clear in his magic and over the link, a worry and nervousness so unlike Tom.

Something really must've happened.

"Interesting conversation," Tom said, as he was pacing, Harrison followed him with his eyes. The tense shoulders, the way his hand was clenched around his other arm, nothing of it promised any good news.

"What happened?" Harrison asked softly and Tom glanced at him for the first time then, just a glance.

"Terence," Tom said, "He got hit."

"Hit?" Harrison asked, "The dragon?"

Tom shook his head, "Sectumsempra."

"What?" Harrison asked, genuinely surprised and confused by that answer.

Tom shrugged, "Nobody even noticed him bleeding until the red flash, then he just fell over and-" He stopped pacing, looking at Harrison fully now. "I was standing there, next to all of them, I should've noticed. I've trained myself to always be aware of any curse cast in my surroundings."

"Don't blame yourself now," Harrison muttered as he took a step closer to Tom, "Where's he? Medical wing?"

Tom nodded, "Cedric is already with him, he was quite distraught."

And that was probably the understatement of the year, Harrison thought as he nodded quickly, grabbing Tom's hand in a clear way of communicating, *I'm not just letting you stand here feel sorry for yourself, you're coming with.*

The man followed without saying anything.

Terence wasn't looking to great, but at least he was smiling as Harrison walked into the medical wing.

"Hey," Harrison said and Terence looked at them, from where he was laying in his bed, Harrison could see one cut scarred over already, at least the healing spells had been done.

"I'm sorry I missed your first task." Terence said, as Cedric also turned to face him. His face covered in some green healing crème, it must be.

"Quite the injured couple." Harrison said, "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine," Terence said quietly, "I mean it hurts like a bitch, I'm confused about how it happened, but I'm still awake and livin' so all good."

"He wasn't supposed to get hurt." Cedric sighed.

"They never are," Harrison nodded, as he glanced at Tom standing quietly by his side. "*Do you think it's connected?"* He asked the man then, in parseltongue.

"*To the person who cut me with the exact same spell?"* Tom asked, "*Yeah, I think so, but it means that it might not be political or someone out to get me."*

Harrison nodded, "It means someone wants to hurt me." He realised, "Indirectly."

"What?" Terence asked, "Because I'm feeling pretty directly hurt."

"They're going to aim for someone else next time." Harrison said and Tom nodded.

"Fred and George," Tom said, "Sirius, Remus, literally anyone."

"Because Tom got hit before," Terence realised then, "With the same curse."

"It really is an annoying curse," Tom said sympathetically, "Healing process is a bitch as well."

And Harrison almost felt sorry for the way Terence's face paled and Cedric grumbling under his breath about the dangers of befriending Harrison, but then again he was too worried about the next attack to

truly feel sorry for this one.

~

Harrison had gotten a shared first place with Krum, which he was fine with. He heard this an hour after the announcement since he spent most of the time after the first task talking to Tom, after they left Terence and Cedric alone.

Then over the next couple of days warnings were spread among his friends to watch out for possible attacks, which felt kind of weird, but still definitely necessary.

“I just can’t figure out how nobody noticed until the flash, he had been bleeding for a bit already.” Tom said suddenly, they were supposed to be sleeping but something about just laying in bed, enjoying each others warmth while still awake, felt nice, different than literal sleeping together. “Sorry,” he muttered, “It’s just constantly on my mind, we don’t even know what the red flash was.”

“I’ve been thinking a lot about it as well,” Harrison admitted, “What could it even mean, going after people I care about? I mean it can’t be a coincidence, right?”

“We should assume it isn’t.” Tom answered quietly.

Harrison felt Tom’s fingers softly tapping his side, an calming repetitive motion seeming more for Tom himself than Harrison. “You might be in danger as well.” Tom said quietly, “If they are just trying to get to you through your friends.”

“I’ll be careful,” Harrison said softly, “We have no reason to believe they will try anything we can’t solve.”

Tom kissed his forehead, “I know you will be, love.”

Harrison just rolled to his side so he could properly bury his face in Tom’s neck, Tom didn’t even hesitate a second to pull him closer, both relaxing just a little bit more as they laid there, silence falling over them.

Harrison fell asleep as Tom’s fingers slowly stilled, not leaving his side for a second more than they had to, he knew somewhere Tom must feel the same comfort and confidence as he did, that together they could solve this whole thing even if the process would be really fucking annoying.

~

Terence was walking around after a couple of days again, some movements making him wince, as not even magic could fully heal wounds like these at once, but it was truly amazing to see how quickly he did heal.

And so, as the second task was planned for after yule break, the champions were left to attend classes and figure out the hint for their second task as they patiently waited for the second task.

That's why Harrison was sitting in front of a screeching golden egg, idly wondering how he had gotten himself in this situation again- or maybe an even better question why.

"Definitely a language," Harrison said, to the people glaring at the egg, most of them looking slightly annoyed or- no, just mostly annoyed.

Blaise closed the egg for him, "A language?"

"I'm thinking underwater creatures," Harrison muttered, "Although it could also be a cave creature."

"How the hell did you get a language from *that?"* Pansy asked, "Most people- including me would say 'screaming masses' oh we have to *torture someone!* Not oh, let's see what the merfolk has to say."

Harrison gave her an amused look, "Pans, have you heard me talk to the dragon? That probably sounds at least slightly like me- I don't even know! But you wouldn't say 'a language!' if you hadn't heard the dragon respond."

"He has a point," Blaise admits and Pansy huffed, but nodded. "So water?"

Harrison nodded, "That's for later."

"Don't you want to figure it out as soon as possible?" Blaise asked.

"I don't exactly think spraying some water over it will do the trick, I'm probably going to need a bath or a swim in the lake." Harrison said, "So I'll do that later."

"You know, Granger has been going crazy over house elves lately," Blaise said all of the sudden, "She's trying to get Dumbledore to start

paying the elves in the kitchen for their labour."

"What does she expect the elves will do with the money?" Harrison asked.

Blaise shrugged, "Maybe you should talk to her 'bout it." He said, "She's starting a whole club."

"Is she now?" Harrison asked, genuinely interested in the Gryffindors doing, for a change. "So she wants them to earn money for their work?"

"She thinks they're slaves and should be freed." Blaise nodded.

"Does she know that elves feed partially from their owners magic?" Harrison asked, "That we pay them with magic, quite literally?"

It wasn't a well known fact, as the elves required just a little bit of magic to keep going, but if you were to read through the entire contract while buying an elf, it was one of the things on the top of the page. It was different for elves of ancient families, as the mansions were usually charged with magic, which allowed them to use that instead of their owners magic.

"I think I might talk to her," Harrison decided then, not sure how exactly Granger would respond if he approached her, but he expected her to be able to have somewhat of a normal conversation now that they were both older.

"Save me a seat, because I'd love to see the look on her face when you just approach her." Pansy said, "Do it when Hope's there, it would make it so much more amusing."

Harrison snorted, "I'm serious, I'm interested in why she'd want a movement like this and where she has gotten the information for it. I'm going to have to deal with these things if I go fully into politics later."

"You might want to have a serious conversation, but she might not notice that, Harrison." Blaise said, "Before you know it she'll scream at you and you'll walk away trying to think of another way to figure it out."

And while that was probably right, Harrison sure as hell would try.

~

He didn't exactly know why he decided just sitting down next to Neville at the Gryffindor table during lunch was how he decided to do it, but it worked out for him, because he came face to face with Granger.

"Oh hey Harrison," Neville said a little surprised, but not too panicked, especially when Ginny sat next to him on the other side, probably curious what was happening.

"Hey Nev," Harrison said, "How was Charms?"

"Not exactly my subject," Neville said nervously, "But Flitwick has been a great help, so it's going okay."

"I think the green tie means you're supposed to be on the other side, Har." Ginny poked his side and smiled all innocently, she wasn't trying to hide her bond with Slytherins anymore, not since the whole Daphne and Ginny thing happened. "Or did your friends kick you out of Slytherin? I mean Gryffindor wouldn't have been my first choice-"

"Ah, Ginny Weasley, comedian of the people." Harrison said, "I just thought I'd sit with my best friend for once."

"Unfortunately-" Ginny started, but Hope seemed to have gotten enough from where she was sitting next to Granger.

"What are you doing here, Black?"

Harrison sighed, "I wanted to talk to Granger," He admitted, surprising everyone around him, even the students who hadn't been involved in the conversation at all.

The girl looked at him, a mixture of fear and curiosity, which was probably a fair response.

"You've started a little club about house elves I heard?" He asked, sounding carefully curious. "I was just wondering what the motivation was?"

"Why do you care?" The girl asked.

Harrison sighed, "I'm curious, humour me?" It was a weak attempt, he knew, he wasn't exactly used to explaining his motivations to convince someone to do something. Tom truly had rubbed off on him with his whole Lordiness, people just following his orders no matter what.

Granger looked at Hope, who shook her head. “You’re not going to make fun of it or whatever?”

“Wasn’t planning on it.” Harrison said truthfully.

“I just feel like we should start treating these obviously intelligent creatures equal to us, as they obviously feel thing and are enforced to a life of enslavement.” The girl explained, “We saw an elf getting freed once and he was so happy to get out of the abusive house he was serving.”

“And you think paying the elves who work here at Hogwarts will help them improve their life quality?” Harrison asked, “Because that’s what you’re aiming for, am I correct?”

The girl nodded, somewhat excitedly. “Yes, I think if we’re paying them for their work, they will get more freedom. It will help them start a life of their own.”

“Can I be totally honest?” Harrison asked.

She hesitated, but nodded.

“Elves, such as the ones in the kitchen would often see their work as a honour. This place is one of the most ancient places in the magical world, filled with old magics that lingers in the halls, all for the elves to explore and use even. The rare case of an elf ending up in an abusive family is terrible, but elf-abusers are frowned upon by the entirety of the wizarding world. A lot of elves have the freedom to do things they like doing, as the jobs they do usually only take a small amount of time.” Harrison said, “It counts for all the elves of ancient families.”

“How would you know what an elf feels?” Granger asked.

“How would you?” Harrison asked and then sighed, “Tilly, can you come here for a second?” The Slytherin elves all had free access to Hogwarts, as any elf of the founders houses did. The elf appeared a second later, “This is Tilly, she’s been part of the Slytherin family since?”

“Oh, since birth, sir.” The elf exclaimed proudly. “Years and years and years.”

Harrison smiled softly at the elf, “Tilly would you want us to pay you for your work?”

“Pay-“ Tilly’s eyes got big, “You don’t mean-“

“Don’t worry Tilly, we’re not freeing you.” He comforted the distraught elf. “I was just wondering if you wanted your own galleons to buy things.”

“Oh, but sirs, if I wanted something I could just ask.” Tilly said and Harrison smiled.

“Of course you can, Tilly.” He said softly. “Can you check on Ebony for me?”

“Of course, sir!” The elf said happily his ears flapping, “Anything else?”

“No, that was it, thank you Tilly.” The elf popped away and as he turned around he saw Granger looking at him with wide eyes.

“It’s not all bad,” Harrison sighed, “Remember that before you free elves whose biggest nightmare it is to be freed.”

“I- I don’t understand.” The girl said and Harrison shook his head.

“You don’t have to.” Harrison said, “But I just wanted to tell you that, while it isn’t a bad idea to put some laws in place to protect creatures such as house elves, you must also be considerate of those who are perfectly content- happy even with the life they currently have.”

Granger just nodded, staring at her food.

“Tilly is so cute.” Ginny squealed suddenly, pulling the attention to herself.

Harrison chuckled, “She really is the best, you have to see Marvolo when he talks to her, his whole stony exterior complex just fades away, eyes softening everything.”

“I mean it’s only fair with a creature like her.” Ginny said and Harrison could only nod in agreement.

~

“Quite the show once again, sweetheart.” Tom said, before wrapping his arms around Harrison’s waist from behind. “Tilly must’ve loved it.”

“I love Tilly.” Harrison sighed, as he turned around. “I was genuinely

interested in the whole club Granger started, she seemed so determined, but misinformed."

Tom smiled at him, "So why'd you invite me back to our house?"

"I may or may not have an excuse to take a bath for the next task." Harrison said, "New experience, right?"

"Bathing together?" Tom said, "Are you sure we're ready for such a big step in our relationship?" He asked sarcastically.

Harrison rolled his eyes, standing on his toes to kiss Tom softly before pulling his hand to one of the admittedly way too huge bathroom, the 'bath' was practically a pool in the middle of the room. The water filling up the tub with a fountain looking tap.

Harrison felt a bit silly as he glanced at the egg already in the bathroom, but when he turned around and saw Tom slowly stripping, his clothes ending on a pile on the floor, he decided it didn't matter. Tom smirked at him.

"Do you need help with undressing-"

"Shush," Harrison grumbled as he pulled his own shirt over his head. Tom rolled his eyes, the smirk not fading from his face.

It felt nice stepping into the warm water, it wasn't often Harrison opted a bath over a shower, but whenever he did he wondered why he didn't do it more often.

"So the egg?" Tom asked and Harrison nodded, grabbing the egg and just dropping it in the water, it opened itself, above the surface it was impossible to hear anything. All it took was one look from Tom to both take a breath and go underwater, both of them immediately hearing the singing, a repetitive rhyme.

Come seek us where out voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll sorely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
To recover what we took,
But past an hour, the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.

Harrison broke the surface of the water first, "Definitely merpeople,

right?" He asked Tom as soon as the man also came up.

Tom nodded, "So they'll make you recover something, likely from the lake, you'll have an hour."

"Sounds doable." Harrison admitted.

"Sounds too easy, just retrieving an item?" Tom agreed, "It doesn't sound like a task."

"They'll have the merpeople attacking us, most likely." Harrison muttered.

Tom nodded and didn't say anything else, but just the feeling over the link let Harrison know the man agreed that even with merpeople attacking them it sounded too easy for a full task.

Harrison relaxed against the side of the tub, letting the egg stay where it was, repeating it's song underwater, the voices not even slightly audible above the water.

"We're really moving on from our honeymoon phase, huh?" Tom said after a while the man relaxing in a similar way as Harrison.

"Mhh?" Harrison questioned.

"You got me here, naked, wet whatever." Tom made a vague motion, "And yet you haven't as much as thought about anything remotely sexual."

"Worried you've lost me, Tommy boy?" Harrison asked.

Tom snorted, "Nah, it's cute. You think spending time together like this is better than all of that." He said, "Because we both know you could've easily done this on your own."

And Harrison supposed there was a part of the truth in that, because while he honestly loved Tom putting his body to use, moments like these where his mind was constantly running with worry for his friends, himself and pretty much everything, it was nice to just relax with someone who he could fully trust, talk to.

The whole package, really.

Sappy as that sounds.

"I guess we did move to the next phase," Harrison agreed, opening his

eyes to look at Tom. “Doesn’t mean you can’t still put your body to use.” He added, softly, not certain if he meant it sarcastically or not.

Tom laughed, “Yes, sir.”

~

“So did you figure it out yet?” Cedric asked as he sneaked up on Harrisons on their way to potions.

Harrison nodded, “Yep, did you?”

“Oh yeah, quite a weird bath that was.” Cedric muttered, before laughing. “Fucking Terence was so confused when he saw me sneak into the prefects bathroom with an egg in my hand during his rounds.”

“Didn’t even join you?” Harrison asked, Cedric rolled his eyes.

Fred put his arm around Harrison’s shoulder, looking only slightly disappointed as Harrison didn’t jump from the unexpected touch. “So what did the egg have to tell you, dear brother of mine?”

“Something about having to know how to breathe underwater for another to retrieve something.” Harrison said, “You’re going with the bubblehead charm?” He asked Cedric, who nodded.

“Seems like the easiest way,” Cedric answered, “What about you, some magical power that allows you to just die for an hour to just totally stop breathing?”

“That would be awesome, wouldn’t it?” Harrison replied, “Perhaps I can make a deal with death.”

“Didn’t he threaten you the last time he saw you?” George asked, always close to his twin, of course he was also here. “I mean perhaps you shouldn’t ask the guy to just kill you.”

“It’ll be fine.” Harrison waved him off, “Something about me having to save magic?” He turned back to Cedric, “Talking about Terence, how is he doing?”

Fred and George gave him confused looks about the conversation transition. Cedric however answered, “A lot better, he’s hoping the scarring will fade, did it fade for Tom?”

“Yeah, it’s barely noticeable, kind of sad. He’d look badass with the

scars.” Harrison said and Cedric laughed.

Snape walked past them, looking just a tad uncomfortable as he opened the door to his classroom in front of them, usually he’d already be in the classroom, but apparently he was running late due to something.

“Get in, sit down and shut up.” He said, no space for arguments in that statement.

Harrison sat down with Cedric, joined by Fred and George behind them.

“Okay, so today we are brewing a complex potion, I want all of you to carefully follow the steps in your textbooks.” Snape said, “Page 204, the Draught of Living Death, can anyone tell me what kind of potion it is.”

Harrison didn’t even bother raising his hand, knowing Snape would look past it, “Yes, Davies?”

“It’s a strong sleeping draught, professor. It’s said to put people into a deathlike slumber.”

“Nice work, quoting the exact thing the textbook said.” Snape said, “Now I want everyone to try and make this draught on their *own,* no helping each other, not even if your name is Harrison Black. Treat this as an exam if you must.” He said, “Get to work.”

Harrison was slightly surprised by this exact exercise but he wasn’t going to ask Snape why he chose to do this exactly, so he just got his ingredients ready, not looking at the textbook once as he crunched instead of sliced certain ingredients, stirred the potion the wrong way and yet found the cauldron simmering in that purple colour, meaning he was close to finishing sooner than anyone else.

He remembered Fae telling him about this potion, that she had to make this in her first class of the sixth year, earlier than them even, in much the same manner. He wondered why this was a part that Snape did every year as he added some of his finishing ingredients, making sure the potion was being continuously stirred as he glanced around to see how other people were doing.

50 minutes in and most of them were halfway, he’d say that’s good enough.

“Did you even bother bringing your book, Mr Black?” Snape asked, amusement leaking through the faux-annoyance now.

“I’m afraid not, sir.” Harrison answered as he made sure the fumes of the potions were being shielded by his magic, not spreading through the room.

“I thought so,” Snape replied, “You did well, bother telling me why you know the exact recipe?”

“It was one of Sal’s favourites.” He replied, “Although it was hard to help me make potions from his portrait, I think he managed to do well.”

“Therefore your outdated, but more efficient technique.” Snape mused, “Very well, when it’s done simmering, put it in the vials, I would like to speak to you after class.”

“Of course, sir.” Harrison answered, as he did just that, ignoring the curious looks of other students.

It was only later when he returned to the potion classroom, having waited outside for the rest of the class to finish their potions, that he openly showed his own curiosity.

“So?” Harrison asked, he probably should treat Snape with more respect, then again one word to Tom and well Snape was probably afraid enough to not mention it.

“I’ve gotten some new information about the yule ball,” Snape said, “They’re going to make the entire student body take dance classes, these will be announced tonight.” He said, “You, however, are a champion and are expected to find a date to dance with in front of the entire school. An opening ceremony of sorts.”

“What?” Harrison asked, he wasn’t aware of that fact yet, he was sure Tom hadn’t heard of that either otherwise the man would’ve warned him.

Snape nodded, “Now, take this personal advice as you will, but I wouldn’t announce this whole thing with my Lord yet, the world might not reply positively to something like that right now and groom allegations are hard to beat in politics.” He explained, as if Tom and Harrison weren’t aware of that fact from the very beginning. “So I suggest you find one of your friends to act as your date, in the process ruining the chance to have a real date. I’m sure there’s a bunch of

people who will jump at this opportunity."

Harrison groaned, but he had to admit it was nice of Snape to warn him, because now he could just straight up gather his friends and say, 'Who doesn't mind pretending to be my date and dancing in front of the entire school?'

He could probably convince Tracey or Pansy to act like a dumb school girl with a crush, it might even be fun.

"Thank you for warning me, professor."

"It's my job," Snape said seriously and somewhere Harrison wondered if Tom had literally told Snape to warn Harrison for moments like these.

~

Harrison checked the whole situation with Tom first, not wanting Tom to get some jealous streak over a stupid dance- not that he thought so low of Tom, but truthfully the man still had a weird possessive thing going on every now and then, better safe than sorry, right?

He then pulled Cedric and Terence aside, telling them about the situation as well, it was then and there that they decided to just be open about it- it wasn't like they were exactly hiding their relationship either way- and so Harrison was there for maybe the least romantic, 'Will you be my date to the yule ball?' ever. Only his would top this.

"Hey, you all." Harrison said as he sat down on one of the big couches in the shared common room, "Anyone down to be my date to the yule ball?" He asked the group, just throwing it out there.

The question was answered with a long weird silence and then a couple of people avoided his gaze.

Harrison couldn't help but laugh, "None of you will get killed by Tom, pinky swear or whatever." He said, "I just need a date that feels age appropriate, because apparently there's this opening ceremony where the champions have to dance with their 'date'."

"D'you want a boy or girl to dance with?" Pansy asked.

"Anyone whose okay with leading, since I'll make us both trip if I do it." Harrison said, the people who knew him from his time before Tom, laughed at that probably remembering the horrifying moments

he had on the dancefloor.

In his defence, he had gotten better, even if he was leading.

He had a lot of practice.

“So you or me, Blaise?” Pansy asked, as if it was obvious that everyone else was ruled out. Harrison supposed somewhere Pansy and Blaise were his closest friends.

“The other one gets Draco?” Blaise asked, at which Draco managed to look way too offended, crossing his arms and all. “I’ll sacrifice myself, get ready, Black.”

Pansy snorted, “Tracey, come to the yule ball with me?”

“Of course I will!” The other girl said happily. Pansy started planning the perfect ‘girls night’ with Tracey right then and there.

And everyone just suddenly paired up, Harrison watched in amazement as almost automatically certain couples started forming.

“Should I feel honoured?” Blaise asked suddenly.

Harrison smirked, “I mean I always knew we’d end up here.” He replied, “You did slam me against a wall on our first day, right?”

“Oh fuck off,” Blaise rolled his eyes and Harrison laughed.

“I am glad Pansy and you decided it should be one of you, I wasn’t entirely sure if I was ready to dance with someone whose not either of you in front of everyone.” Harrison admitted, “Well, maybe Tracey.”

Blaise nodded, “Pansy and I decided we would go together, but then Draco kind of forced us to promise one of us would go with him. And it just felt awkward at that point so we both tried to find other people, seeing how Theo decided pretty early on to go with Millicent, which I mean is his choice, I didn’t really have anyone.”

“And you didn’t want to go with Draco because?”

Blaise sighed, looking at the boy who was glancing at them every now and then, before going back to listening to Pansy and Tracey’s conversation. “He’s been absolutely obsessed with you.” Blaise muttered softly, just loud enough for Harrison to hear.

And it surprised Harrison more than it should, probably, he raised his

hand, twitching, a privacy ward up just so he could hear Blaise as he talked just a bit louder.

“At first it was annoyance about you not trusting us enough to be straight up with us from the start, then it was amazement by your past, but at some point it felt almost worshipping.” Blaise said, “If I went with Draco, I wouldn’t have fun, I would sit with someone who was constantly talking about this amazing person, who he created in his head.” Blaise shook his head, “Don’t get me wrong, you’re a good person and all, but you’re still a person. Draco sees you as some god.”

“Hence the distancing himself,” Harrison muttered. “Fucking hell.”

“I feel bad for him,” Blaise admitted, “I truly do, but I can’t deal with that on a night where I’m supposed to be having fun, you know?”

“Yeah, I mean that’s understandable.” Harrison said, “I wish I knew, I mean I noticed him looking at me differently, but I guess I just didn’t know how different.”

“Not to be mean,” Blaise said, “But you’re totally oblivious to anyone who feels something a little more than just friendly feelings, especially when Tom’s there. You only have eyes for that man.”

Harrison could see Blaise’s point, it wasn’t that he didn’t notice them at all, but most of the people he did notice weren’t his friends. “I’ll try to make the ball fun for you.” He told Blaise.

“Oh don’t worry about it, it will be.” Blaise said, “The whole school will think I pulled the Harrison Black and I’m not going to deny anything.” Then he added, “Unless Tom threatens me.”

Harrison laughed, “As long as he’s the one who I go to afterwards, I don’t think he cares what people think.” He said, Tom would probably enjoy it a little too much, maybe he could use this to calm the rumours of his so called boyfriend down. “You don’t mind people thinking you’re taken?”

“I don’t have to let anyone think that if I wasn’t okay with it.” Blaise said, “It’s just Yule ball, but damn, I’m taking my chance, besides I’ve been on some disastrous dates the past few months. This might be a nice change.”

“Well, if you don’t mind, just be prepared to come in the newspaper if you’re not denying anything.”

“I’m counting on it,” Blaise smirked.

Harrison rolled his eyes, but even he had to admit something about the situation was funny. Funny enough to let the world think it was true for a bit, he supposed.

~

“The news article of the first task got released, quite dramatic.” Pansy said as she passed Harrison the paper, the picture was of the dragon’s head so close to Harrison that he could eat Harrison before Harrison could even think of taking a step backwards.

“Why did you think it was a good idea to let the dragon get so close anyways? Get under its wing?” George asked.

“We were having the most interesting conversation about Mother Magic and her influence on all the magical creatures.”

“Well,” Blaise said as he looked over Harrison’s shoulder to see the article, “She definitely made it look like the dragon was planning to eat you.”

Harrison had told Tom that Blaise wanted to just let the whole school think they were in a relationship, Tom had rolled his eyes but accepted it easily, his trust in Harrison and the amusement the entire situation would give him enough of an argument to overpower his possessive side.

Perhaps the fucking hickey hidden under Harrison’s collar helped his possessive streak as well.

The amusement however must’ve already started as Harrison could see Tom watching them in the corner of his eyes, it flowed over their link freely.

“Draco is glaring at you.” Pansy hissed over the table, Blaise rolled his eyes but backed off.

It definitely was a fun distraction from everything horrible going on right now with the attacks, the tournaments and the constant tries in the Wizengamot to ban certain magics Harrison had been feeling quite fed up.

So it was actually kind of nice.

Draco knew how fake it was though, so Harrison wasn't exactly sure why the boy was glaring at them.

"I'm thinking we do a big 'will you be my yule ball date' thing, a grand gesture." Blaise said, "It'd be funny."

"Hey, if you want to put in the effort, I'll say yes when you ask."

"Is that a challenge?"

Harrison shrugged and Blaise turned to Pansy excitedly.

~

Tom's wand was on his thigh, high enough to be hidden under any type of shorts, "This feels like an extreme marking kink if you ask me." He muttered.

"You asked if you could place the tattoo!" Harrison argued and Tom laughed.

"You decided that the tattoo should be T.M.R." Tom deadpanned and Harrison scoffed, but had to admit that was true. He wasn't exactly creative and he kept thinking about the Horcruxes, the diary in particular with that engraved *T.M.R* on it.

He supposed he, as another horcrux, should get the same mark.

Okay maybe he did slightly enjoy Tom leaving his mark on him sometimes.

"You're the one who matched it with the H.S.B on your chest, Tommy boy."

Tom shut him up with a kiss, the place where the skin on Harrison's finger was in contact with Tom's already finished tattoo was tingling. A constant stream of magic passing through the two, enhanced by the mixed magic of the tattoo.

"Alright just sit still for a little longer, almost finished, darling." Tom said as he leant back to look at his work, Harrison sighed and let his head fall back, the feeling of the tattoo on his thigh was nice, if not just a bit painful that it was on the edge of comfortable and uncomfortable.

But it was Tom's magic, mixing in a form of familiar safety which made it feel so much better.

“Don’t enjoy this too much,” Tom said softly.

“’S nice.” Harrison said.

Tom snorted, “Says no one ever while getting a tattoo- especially a magic one.” He removed his wand, “Alright, all done, sweetheart.”

“They always say tattooing the name of your significant other is a bad idea.” Harrison said as Tom gathered him in his arms, cuddling him to his chest, Harrison could just see the ‘H’ of Tom’s tattoo when he opened his eyes.

“Let’s see how long it takes before we regret them.” Tom said, “Because I think it will take a surprising amount of time.”

Harrison smiled softly, “I’ll never regret anything with you.”

“I love you too.” Tom replied and Harrison just tried to bury himself deeper into Tom’s chest, while musing how much had changed over the course of a couple of months, because Tom saying I love you just like that, it was a big deal. Harrison knew it, Tom knew it as well, but it wasn’t quite as rare anymore.

And Harrison well, he’d be a bad boyfriend if he didn’t show his appreciation for how far Tom had gotten.

~

“Snape was supposed to do this, but he’s truly a horrific dancer so I kindly offered to do it for him,” Tom explained the room full of Slytherins- all the classes above third year. “And so I will try my best to teach you all, although I expect most people in the Slytherin house know how to dance properly already.” Tom’s eyes found his and Harrison sighed, he knew this was coming. “Now I will need someone to help me demonstrate, Harrison, please?”

He rolled his eyes very dramatically, but stepped forwards, Tom just waved his hand, music started playing and then grabbed Harrison, guiding him to do the proper dance, while instructing the rest of the room.

Harrison just followed Tom’s lead, easily getting into a comfortable rhythm with Tom, who he was used to dancing with. He saw the other Slytherin students slowly pair up and start following the instructions Tom gave them, most of them as skilled in dancing as every other pureblood.

“It feels useless having to teach a bunch of purebloods to dance, as if they haven’t been doing this since they were three.” Tom said, “Snape would’ve humiliated himself.”

Harrison laughed at the vision of Snape teaching a group of students to dance and had to agree with Tom. Tom was constantly looking around, making sure everyone seemed fine, but eventually just started dancing a bit more energised, more like Harrison was used to.

“So are you going to the yule ball with another teacher?” Harrison asked and Tom shook his head.

“Oh gladly not, I’m a supervisor, I’ll be watching, making sure there’s no sneaking in drinks, checking if everyone’s okay and most importantly making sure no one has sex in the Hogwarts gardens.” Tom rolled his eyes at the last part and Harrison snorted.

“I would almost feel sorry for you.”

“So when’s your romance starting?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“I have no idea, I guess we’ll see.” Harrison replied. “I’ll be glad to not worry about reporters speculating about my love life for a bit when they realise it’s a stupid high school romance.” Because, while Rita was on their side a lot of reporters weren’t and *everyone* got access to the Triwizard tournament.

Harrison had seen more and more speculation and while funny, it was also nerve wrecking, because the truth couldn’t get out just yet. It would ruin Tom’s career for sure and then his chance at politics would also be gone, even if he got painted as a victim.

Tom smiled softly and Harrison had to remind himself that they were in a room full of students, just as he thought that Tom said, “Well, I think you’ve got the hang of it.” And he let Harrison go with a smirk so he could watch and ‘teach’ other students.

Chapter End Notes

Hii!!
Updates might take a bit longer again due to uni starting up (Thus why this one took longer) So sorry.. I'll see you all for the next one!

Chapter 73: Your date won't miss you?

Chapter Notes

> Hi everyone sorry for the long wait, this one was annoying and my life is chaotic rn.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was surprisingly quiet in the great hall during the feast, suddenly. Harrison glanced at his peers in confusion, considering the chance of someone being hurt again were small enough, now that it was just student and teachers in Hogwarts again, Harrison wasn't really sure what to expect.

So he sat in confusion as everyone around him only had hushed conversations.

His confusion faded when Blaise got up, Harrison rolled his eyes as he realised he must've gotten help from Fred and George, laced the food from the other tables to refrain people from making a lot of noise once they started eating.

"No one was hurt during the process," George elbowed him softly, winking at him. Harrison could feel Tom's curiosity matching his own over the link.

He looked at Blaise, raising an eyebrow almost challenging.

"Everyone told me this was stupid," Blaise stated dumbly, "But I'm shooting my shot anyways." He said confidently, looking around the great hall. "Harrison Black, I was going to do a whole magical thing, but then I realised that with your Magical knowledge it will be impossible to do something truly impressive and I mean this is more personal right? Anyways," He breathed in deeply, Harrison was impressed by how well he played the role, "Will you go to the yule ball with me?"

"You should've at least tried the magic," Harrison said, "But yes, I will." He answered and Blaise breathed out loudly, suddenly the chatter becoming louder once again, as well as sudden bangs around him.

The distraction gave Blaise the time to sit down without anyone coming to bother him immediately.

Fucking fireworks.

“How did you even get Fred and George to help you?” He asked as he looked at the roses that appeared on all the tables.

“Are you kidding me?” Blaise asked, “I didn’t even have to ask.”

Harrison looked at Tom, who as soon as he noticed Harrison’s look- which was genuinely in record time- rolled his eyes very dramatically before smiling just slightly.

“Not too jealous?” Blaise asked.

“Hm?” Harrison hummed absent-minded.

“Jealous?” Blaise repeated.

Harrison shook his head, “Nah, he’s good.” He replied, “Are you ready for all the questions?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Blaise answered, slightly smiling. He extended a hand over the table and Harrison rolled his eyes, mirroring Tom’s movement from earlier, but grabbed the hand.

“So what are we wearing?” Blaise asked suddenly, louder than their earlier hushed conversation.

Harrison smiled, “We’ll find something.” He answered, “We’re going to be the hottest couple in that place.”

“No doubt,” Blaise easily agreed.

“So you guys spiked the food?” Harrison asked and Blaise shrugged.

“A magician never reveals its secrets.”

“Whatever.” Harrison rolled his eyes as Fred and George both took place next to him.

“So a boyfriend?” Fred asked and Harrison snorted.

“Bit young to be in a serious relationship, though, aren’t ya?” George asked.

“Eh,” Harrison shrugged and George’s eyes were filled with mischief as he looked at where Tom was sitting.

“I mean, high school sweethearts, really?” He said slowly.

“You have so little faith,” Harrison said, “Besides it’s the yule ball, I don’t see either of you having a date.”

Harrison looked at Fred on the other side of him then, “Or do you?”

“That’s for me to know and for you to find out, lil bro.” He said as he wrapped an arm around Harrison’s shoulder. “Now, do you want us to give him the speech?”

“You mean threaten him?” Harrison asked. “I think we’re fine.”

Blaise was watching in amusement, as Fred and George tried to convince Harrison differently. Somewhere halfway through the conversation, Harrison zoned out just shaking his head as Fred and George made some other bullshit point that didn’t even make sense.

And somehow it was kind of nice.

~

“I have to admit, I’m surprised there isn’t any jealousy over the link yet.” Harrison said, “For a possessive person you’re very calm.” He watched Tom as the man looked for a certain book in the restricted part of the Hogwarts library.

The man looked back over his shoulder as he said that, “I trust you.” He said, “Besides, even if you decide to have your fun, which by the way you should not, but if you were to- well, let’s just say you’ll get bored of anyone else pretty quickly.”

“Can’t have fun with a dead person.” Harrison said in a cheery voice and Tom’s lip twitched as he turned back around.

“You could.” Tom said, “I had some Death Eaters who were keen of doing that.”

“Okay, I did not have to know that, Tommy boy.” Harrison shook his head trying to violently shake the mental image out. It didn’t work.

“I punished them for it.” Tom said, “It was quite an inconvenience to have people who killed for you, but were also into corpses.” Tom sounded kind of disgusted by the thought as well. “Enough about necrophilia.” He decided quickly.

Harrison nodded in agreement even though Tom couldn’t see it.

Tom grabbed a book and turned around, “Found it.”

“What is it?” Harrison asked.

Tom handed Harrison the book, it was a book about creatures, both extinct and endangered. “Most of these are hidden away, because they don’t want people to know about their past or present existence, hence why we had to go to the forbidden part of the library.”

“Why do you need it?”

“The dragon, the whole Magic thing, there’s hundreds of more creatures in similar experiences.”

“You want to help the creatures,” Harrison stated, “All of them?”

“I do.” Tom nodded, “We’re helping magic, why not help others who got hurt in the process as well?”

“The issue is we still don’t have any idea how to help magic.” Harrison said, “Create an environment where rituals will be legal would do something, but could it actually heal the deity?”

Tom sat down in the chair opposite of Harrison’s, the big chairs in the restricted part of the library as old as Hogwarts itself was, yet they were clean due to magic and very comfortable. “I feel like we’ll figure it out, as long as we’re moving in the right direction.”

Harrison nodded, that much was true, usually things tended to fall into place after a while without them really trying something differently. “You know when I was in Egypt and I saw that whole ritual?”

“Yeah, I thought it might have something to do with Mother Magic.” Tom muttered.

“And I think you were probably right about it being the start of a lot,” Harrison said, “But maybe not in the way of them being the first to truly accept Mother Magic as their deity.”

“What are you on about?”

“The ritual I saw felt very muggly- in a way that they were murdering people for a ritual that didn’t seem to do anything without any clear spells.” Harrison said, “What if that ritual right then and there was a start of Wizard kind as we know it now? What if their rituals allowed

Magic to gift us her power?"

"You think it could be that deep?" Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

"It felt powerful, more so than a lot of other things. It has to mean something, maybe not quite so big, but something, definitely."

"We'll definitely have to look into that again," Tom nodded, "Perhaps contact Bill about re-visiting the ritual rooms?"

Harrison nodded, "I probably should." And the smile on Tom's face told him enough to know that the gratitude he felt for Tom, the fact that he listened and accepted that it might be something big without asking for exceptional proof, was streaming steadily over their open link.

"I've been talking to some people about the next task," Tom said, all of the sudden. "Usually it would be something more openly discussed in the Wizengamot, but due to your participation they haven't discussed it yet."

"Okay?" Harrison asked.

"I think they will not take a valuable item away from you, rather one of your close friends, as we earlier speculated." Tom said, "I think that's why they are forcing every champion to have a date, the whole dance. It's just to make sure they know who's special to you."

"So Blaise?" Harrison asked.

"I suspect he'll be placed under a spell, chained to the bottom of the lake until you get him out."

"They're psychotic." Harrison muttered, angrily.

Tom nodded slowly, "Now you will have no problem in getting him up from the bottom and I don't think they'll actually endanger any of them, but you should keep a close eye on the contestants and the victims next time." The man said seriously, "Apparently the British Magic Government is keen on showing how little they truly care about their students."

"After all our work to mend relationships between governments," Harrison sighed, leaning back into the comfy chair cushion.

"Exactly," Tom said, "It will help our campaign a lot, though."

And that was the important part, Tom expected to have the favour of all voters within' the next year, as soon as 'Voldemort' returned they would need someone to step up. Marvolo Gaunt could just be the perfect candidate for that.

Afterwards, all they had to do was make Voldemort disappear for good.

From then on, they could truly start working on legalising rituals that would help strengthen magic, while also protecting Wizard kind from detection of those more dangerous than them.

It was a big plan, but Harrison knew Tom was hoping it would work out before he officially got his N.E.W.T.S.

Which gave them about one and a half year for a big part of their plans.

"You're going to be a great minister." Harrison said, as if Tom had ever doubted his own abilities on that front.

Tom however smiled at him, a soft 'thank you' spoken with such gratitude that made Harrison doubt if he needed to ensure the man more often.

He stored that information away for later, getting up from the chair, "Should we get going, then, professor?"

Tom nodded, letting Harrison lead the way back to his office as if he had never been there before.

~

"Go on a date with me?" Tom asked, all of the sudden from his spot on the couch in his office, Harrison using his desk to write an essay for transfiguration.

"A date?" Harrison asked, slightly surprised.

"I feel like we've joked about it since forever, but never actually went out properly." Tom said, "Yule is soon, which means a break from Hogwarts, so come on a date with me?"

"Everyone will recognise us, outing ourselves." Harrison said and Tom waved his hand dismissively.

"I don't let anything stop me," He said, "I'll deal with it. Now, are you

in? A nice dinner out for once, just us?"

Harrison couldn't help but smile at the question, well aware of the way Tom still somehow made him want to giggle and kick his feet by simple things such as a date apparently. Perhaps he could blame the slightly embarrassing blush on his face on something else. "Of course, I'd love that." He answered.

Tom smiled as Harrison shoved his essay away and said, "Seems so sudden, though, anything that inspired this?"

"You've never experienced a date." Tom shrugged, "As much as I love us, I love you, somewhere I want to do silly romantic things that would've given me a heart attack if you told me I would do those things a couple of years ago." He explained, "Even more importantly, I want you to experience these things, as you haven't had the chance yet, and our relationship is hopefully at least a couple of lifetimes long. You need to experience things such as these."

Harrison nodded, "I would actually love to have these experiences." He admitted, "And maybe even more so because I get the chance to do them with you."

Harrison got off of his chair, joining Tom on the couch. It was so easy to move forward and claim the other's lips in a kiss.

When they broke away Tom chuckled, "That's enough sappy lines for today." He said, "But start mentally preparing yourself for the most amazing date of your life."

"Not hard to be the best when there's no prior experience." Harrison told him and Tom playfully swatted his arm.

"I need to beat your fake yule ball date."

Harrison gasped, "You *are* jealous."

Tom scoffed, "Hardly," He said, before admitting. "However, I hate the fact that someone else gets to openly show you off while I won't get that chance for a couple more years."

"That time will come, Tom. And at least then it'll be real." Harrison muttered, moving so that he was half sitting on Tom's lap, back resting against the arm rest. Tom easily allowed the movement, moving with him to make it more comfortable.

“I guess,” Tom allowed, hugging Harrison closer to him. “I love you.”

Harrison smiled, “I love you.” He replied before kissing Tom softly once more, happily leaving his unfinished essay on the desk to spent time with Tom like this.

Tom was being specifically cuddly today, it happened sometimes, usually Harrison was the ‘cuddly’ one, though. Harrison let himself enjoy Tom’s soft touches that were so much more innocent than when either of them were trying to get something else out of it.

He rested his head on Tom’s shoulder in a slightly weird angle, but the feeling of closeness like this made up for the pain in his neck he might get later.

Besides, pain in his neck meant kindly looking at Tom and asking for a massage- if the man would say no, Harrison would just blame him for the pain, which would then force him to say yes.

It was that easy.

~

Draco had apparently been asked to accompany Hermione to the ball, the girl boldly going up to Draco and asking him out in front of a whole group of people.

The boy had- for god knows what reason- said yes and then later regretfully told the group he would go to the ball with a mudblood.

When everyone shrugged it off, not caring either way- even if they were surprised- he sighed and went back to his dorm, Harrison would almost feel bad, but he was too busy trying to figure out why Hermione even decided to ask out a Malfoy.

It was a risky move on her part, since everyone knew how prejudiced the Malfoy house was, meaning that the chance of Draco saying yes would’ve been a lot bigger.

And why did Draco say yes?

“I wonder what Lucius thinks,” Blaise said, sitting down on the armrest of Harrison’s chair. “He probably isn’t happy about it.”

“Sometimes I wonder if the prejudice comes largely based off Tom’s old idea’s.” Harrison said, “Draco’s grandfather was in Tom’s year.”

Blaise nodded, then glanced at Harrison. “That really puts things in perspective.” He said and Harrison knew what he meant, he could as well be dating one of his classmates grandfathers, but somehow Tom and his immortality made it not feel as bad.

As well as the fact that they were fated to end up together, of course.

“Yeah, yeah.” Harrison rolled his eyes, Blaise just leant a bit more of his weight into Harrison, being way too convincing with this whole deal overall.

“When will the first newspapers be published about us, you think?” Blaise whispered and Harrison smirked, of course that was what he was aiming for.

“Shouldn’t take too long if you keep going on like this.”

Blaise just laughed as if Harrison had said something way too funny and it was then and there that Harrison was convinced that Blaise was the perfect person for this. He out of everyone could convince that they were together without actually having to be a lot closer than before, physically speaking, of course.

And Harrison had to admit, somewhere it was fun to see people looking at them with admiration or jealousy, even if nothing was going on. Maybe that had to do with the fact that he could relax for a bit, not worry about the rumour mill, his time with ‘Marvolo’ wasn’t seen as ‘oh, they’re suspiciously close’ anymore, but just as ‘Of course they spent a lot of time together, you try and partner up with someone fully in the Wizengamot, being an united front at all times, without spending time together.’

And so Harrison just smiled, wondering how sad the student body of Hogwarts would be when their break-up came into the newspapers next.

~

“You look nice,” Blaise said, in a jokingly matter as he walked up to Harrison, waiting in front of the great hall for the doors to open and the yule ball to officially begin.

“You can say that seriously, I look amazing.” Harrison replied, just as Cedric and Terence arrived.

“So ready to dance in front of a whole school right after the front page

of this morning?" Cedric asked and Harrison shrugged.

The newspaper had finally been released where they talked about his dating life, it felt kind of awkward, but it was funny. He and Tom had laughed quite hard when they insinuated that this relationship wasn't anything new.

And when they ended the paper by confirming that Marvolo Gaunt was, indeed, still single, besides all the rumours.

Somehow that was important for that same newspaper.

"It surely feels different, I can't believe they chose today to release the article."

"I don't think that was an accident." Terence said, "The reporters know the entire schedule of the tournament, right? They probably wanted it to be chaotic."

Harrison sighed, Terence had a point. After a while Fleur and Viktor arrived with their dates, both of them having picked someone from their own school, when McGonagall, who had been waiting for everyone to arrive, noticed that they were al there she nodded. "Good, you're all here on time. Now the opening ceremony is all of you dancing for one song, afterwards the rest of the student population and teachers are allowed to join in and all of you may stop, if you wish to do so."

And that's all the warning they got, McGonagall quickly lined them up and then the doors were thrown open, they danced into the great hall, some song Harrison had never heard before playing in the background. It was easy enough to follow along with the dancing and not focus on the students around them too much, but Harrison was still glad when the song finished, other students joining in. It felt almost weird to be at a ball where there weren't many lords to impress.

Where Harrison wasn't forced to put on some political mask and socialise with people twice his age.

"So you want to continue dancing or sit awkwardly at the sides all evening?" Blaise asked, slightly smirking. "Your call, *babe."*

Harrison looked over at their friends, making their way to them through the now crowded dance floor, "I guess I have a bunch of other people to dance with, so we'll stay."

“Well, would you mind another dance then?”

Harrison shook his head and he danced another song with Blaise, before the boy dismissed himself to dance with Pansy, the girl had been ‘annoyingly tapping his arm’ the entire time, apparently.

“Impressive dancing, little brother.” Fred said.

“In front of the entire school, too.” George agreed, “Did not fall once!”

It was then that both of them grabbed one arm, seemingly determined to dance in a three person sort of dance, they had managed to do so before, of course. It was messy, looked horrifying, but Harrison had to admit it was *fun*.

They were laughing their arses off the entire time, at one point Fred even fell over, pulling George and Harrison with him until they were all sitting on the floor of the crowded dance floor, trying to not get stomped on by other students.

Harrison just knew that if Salazar saw this he would cringe and be ashamed of the fact that all three of them walked around this school with a green tie.

Harrison danced for around an hour until he spotted Tom at the table with drinks, he dismissed himself quickly from Tracey, who he was dancing with at that point to join the man at the table.

“Enjoying yourself, professor?” He asked and Tom glanced at him.

“Well, I can at least say that they truly put in the effort for an event like this.” Tom said back, “But I do not necessarily like the chaperoning.”

“Bummer.”

“Sure is,” Tom agreed, “Are you finished dancing already?”

Harrison lifted the glass of- well whatever he had just gotten from the table, he did scan it quickly for any spells- and nodded, “For now, yeah, surely.”

“Your date won’t miss you?” Tom asked him with a smile on his face and Harrison shook his head.

“He’s dancing with our friends,” Harrison replied simply, Tom’s waves of amusement crashing down in his own brain through the link, he

could not help but smile back.

“Well then, Harrison,” He said all professor-like, “Do you maybe want to walk outside for a bit, I was just heading out.”

“Making sure no teens fuck out there, huh?” Harrison asked, like the student he was, “I’ll tag along, surely.”

And it was that easy, no one was surprised, because he and Tom were well known to be friends, so he didn’t need an explanation to hang out with his DADA professor, other than ‘he’s Marvolo Gaunt’.

As they walked out the doors Tom looked at him, “I’m glad you’re truly having fun with this.” He said softly, he switched over to parseltongue then, quietly talking. “*I’m always somewhat afraid I did take these possibilities away from you, as well as the fact that you’re entangled in so many complex problems currently, it is truly impossible for you to just grow-up and be a normal student.”* Tom confessed, “*I guess that’s one of the many reasons you’re my soulmate and one of the many reasons I could fall in love with you, something that I could have never done before with anyone else. But I’m happy to see you enjoy yourself normally at this evening.”*

Harrison listened to the words closely and could feel his heart speeding up, not nerves, but a strange form of love, fondness, excitement something he felt around Tom a lot, yet at the same time never bothered him when he was comfortable, chilling with the man. It was perfect, always there when needed, but not there when he couldn’t use it.

It was maybe stupid that Harrison’s only reply could be, “*I love you too, Tom.”* But the feelings underneath those words were streaming through the link with a certain determination that made them mean more than a normal ‘I love you’.

Yet he couldn’t help but add, “*If we weren’t hiding our relationship I would break the rule with you right now, let you do whatever you want with me here in the Hogwarts gardens.”*

Tom breathed in deeply, Harrison could feel the man restraining himself, controlling his reaction to an acceptable one. “*If we weren’t hiding us, I would take you up on that offer immediately.”*

Harrison chuckled and Tom smiled at him softly, his eyes flickering red for a second, just long enough for Harrison to notice as he stared into the eyes.

And Harrison knew right then and there that Tom meant every single part of it, even if he never truly doubted the man.

It was then that they heard students giggle somewhere in the distance and Tom glanced at him, winked and then pulled him in a different direction, letting the students do whatever they wanted.

“Tsk, you’re not good at your job, professor.” Harrison said.

“There’s a reason I’m the favourite professor in this place.” Tom shrugged and Harrison had to admit the man had a point, he didn’t understand either way why the teachers were making such a big deal out of relationships, the taboo around the subjects making students sneak around more- he really did not want to know how many people had sex in the Room of Requirement ever since he exposed the room to more students.

As he thought that, Tom glanced at him a glint in his eyes that didn’t prove anything good. “*How big is the chance that you could convince Blaise to stay in your room and vouch for you tonight, hypothetically*?”

“*What are you planning, Mr Riddle?”* Harrison hissed back.

Tom raised an eyebrow, “*Something with a Room of Requirement, to make the yule ball experience complete?”*

Harrison bit is lip harshly, “*I’m sure Blaise can be convinced.”*

“*That’s what I thought.”* Tom said, “*You should ask him, get back inside, I have some teenagers to split up.”*

Harrison nodded quickly, wondering just how this conversation had escalated so quickly, it was definitely part of the yule ball experience, though.

He approached Blaise quickly, asking him to dance, so that he could lean in closely to his ear and explain his request. Blaise didn’t even look slightly surprised, all he asked was “Do I have to look out for cursed items?”

“I think it’s pretty much safe.” Harrison said, “It’s that easy?”

“Are you kidding me?” Blaise asked, “Barely anyone gets to go into your room, while everyone is at least some level of curious to what you and Tom have done to it, so yes I’ll gladly stay there and brag about not only *you* and our amazing night together, but also staying in

your room in the process."

"You're the best." Harrison said, louder, he heard some people around them coo at them and Harrison wondered what these people would think if they knew the truth.

Blaise smiled, "I thought we established *that* a while ago."

Harrison sighed, just finishing the song while dancing with Blaise before he turned around and started dancing with Terence, who Cedric had apparently finally freed.

~

At some point professors started dancing with some students, Harrison had seen McGonagall dancing with Cedric, talking to the boy while dancing. Then he saw Sirius dance with Pansy and Harrison decided it was safe to approach Tom once more, the man smiled as he saw Harrison approach him.

"I've been telling other students that I promised you my first dance would be yours." Tom said.

"Did you now?" Harrison said, "What other students?"

Tom raised an eyebrow and wordlessly offered a hand, Harrison took it gladly, happily letting Tom lead him onto the dancefloor, the other students slowly fading from his mind.

Tom led them gracefully through the crowd, they fell into a familiar rhythm so unlike dancing with anyone else for Harrison. Dancing with Tom felt safe, familiar, fun and most importantly it felt like something he didn't have to actively think about. His feet followed Tom's every move just as he would follow Tom in whatever direction the man would want to go.

And he knew the man felt the same way, if only the feelings actively streaming over the link with their close proximity said anything. He was trying his best to not come to close, to not let their magic flow too freely, to not lean his head on Tom's shoulder.

And it was hard, the man looked at him as if he knew exactly what Harrison was thinking.

"I feel like we should continue the duelling club," Tom said suddenly.

“Huh?”

“The duelling club? The one with Lockhart, right?” And it made sense for Tom- as in Professor Gaunt- to say this, to talk about classes with him, it was their relationship, after all.

But Harrison just wanted to pull him close and kiss him in this crowded room full of teenagers, “Yeah- yeah. That’s yeah-“

Tom’s eyes were filled with amusement, “Yeah?”

“It’s a good idea.” Harrison settled on, “Definitely something we should *discuss* later.”

“I agree, Mr Black.” Tom said and Harrison dumbly nodded, wondering why the fuck it was so hard to separate himself from Tom.

And maybe it was for that reason that their ‘one dance’ turned into 3 songs then four.. At some point Harrison just let the counting go and Tom was constantly talking about new magical theories, political things they were allowed to talk about in the open. Everything that would make sense for them, while just holding Harrison that much tighter.

And it was for that reason that Harrison knew Tom didn’t want to let him go right now, either. The talking made it look like they were simply using this time to discuss things, as many politicians did at balls in the Wizarding World.

“Don’t look right now,” Tom muttered at some point, “But there’s a man staring at us. I’m pretty sure I’ve seen him in the Ministry before.”

Harrison frowned, “What?”

“Some people from the Ministry were invited as well,” Tom stated, as if that was Harrison’s question.

He managed to make Harrison twirl slowly so he, too, could get a look at the man, who he had indeed seen before at the Ministry. “I think he works with Umbridge.” Harrison said quietly and Tom glanced at the man once more.

“I think you’re right.” He said, “I really wish you weren’t, though.”

Umbridge was slowly rising through the ranks, whatever that meant,

all Harrison knew was that she was getting a lot of power and if they weren't careful she might have the position to ruin their political plans in the near future.

It was something Harrison liked to pretend wasn't happening.

The man didn't move, he just stood there and talked to some people who approached him, he didn't nod along to the music and overall just wasn't reacting to things happening around him.

And that was weird and somewhat scary in Harrison's eyes. Seeing someone who just genuinely didn't care in such a way about everything around him.

His only comfort was that, this time, Tom could see him as well. At least it wasn't something of Hogwarts past.

Harrison just allowed himself to step a little closer to Tom, staying there for another two songs, before they decided that it was probably best to split up for a bit and meet later in the Room of Requirement.

~

Harrison was surprised to find that the room wasn't being used by some other student who knew about it when he arrived, after staying till the end of the party. Somewhere he wondered if it had something to do with Hogwarts' familiarity to him and if it was possible to reserve a room such as this one.

He entered the room quietly, a room appeared that was so close to their room in Slytherin's castle that Harrison just had to feel at home immediately.

He let himself fall down on the bed, his legs were numb from all the dancing.

He didn't know how long he stayed there just enjoying the calm of nothing, laying down, no music, just calm. But then the door opened and he looked up to see Tom walk into the room. Tom had been forced to help with some quick cleaning, as a teacher, before the house elves finished it.

He saw Tom's eyes tracing the line of his figure as he laid back, moving just slightly up so he could lean his head against the headboard.

Tom approached him, confidence in every move until he was right above Harrison, leaning down to kiss him.

“I’ve been waiting for this all night,” He said softly. His fingers lingered above Harrison’s tie. “You look hot.”

“You’re a perv, professor.” Harrison joked, “Fantasising about your students?”

Before Tom could reply anything, he just used Tom’s tie to pull him down and kiss him again. Tom accepted the kiss easily and for once let Harrison lead without any fight for dominance. He crawled further up the bed, to more comfortably lean over Harrison, not once breaking the kiss during the movements.

Tom’s leg nudged his legs open, just slightly, but with an intent that was only confirmed as Tom started just slightly pushing more into the kiss, the kiss became messier, there was more heat. But still Tom allowed Harrison to lead it.

For now.

In the back of his mind, Harrison knew that all he had to do was get himself to ask and Tom would fully let him take control, even if that was against every instinct Tom had.

But he found himself totally fine with the position he was in currently, as Tom was slowly pushing him more and more into the mattress underneath him.

As they broke the kiss, Tom smiled softly, a quiet sigh followed by, “Only about one of them.”

It took Harrison about 10 seconds to realise what he was replying to and when he did realise all he could do was laugh softly the laugh turning into a sigh as one of Tom’s hands stroked down his side.

Harrison raised both of his hand up to Tom’s tie to undo it, the man had no reason to look so put together during a moment such as this, he supposed that was also why his hands quickly found their way into Tom’s hair when he let go of the now loose tie hanging around Tom’s neck.

Tom chuckled as he realised what Harrison was doing, his own hand slowly working to unbutton Harrison’s shirt, his tie already loosened. “Won’t work, love.” He said.

Harrison groaned as he realised Tom was right, the man still looked absolutely perfect, maybe a bit messier, but not nearly as messy as the situation called for.

“Fuck, I hate how you always look good.” Harrison muttered as he pulled Tom closer, wrapping his arms around Tom’s neck, until the man’s face was buried in his neck.

It was the usual kisses then, Tom loved this part, he always made sure to leave marks in places Harrison would not be able to cover up if he wasn’t a wizard who could charm them away. And then also places he could easily hide, where Tom would hate for people to see, because that means they saw *Harrison.*

And it was the weirdest mixture of possessiveness and also sweetness ever, since Tom did always make sure to give attention to every part of Harrison’s body. Taking care of him in a way that only someone who could actively feel what he was feeling could.

It was a rhythm between them, constantly on the same brain wave, it was as if every touch triggered another switch that made them feel more, *better.* And quite honestly, as Harrison arched into Tom’s touch when his fingers traced just above his v-line, he could not even imagine having a relationship with anyone who isn’t Tom.

Then again, Tom might actually kill him if this was the moment he decided he could imagine a relationship with someone else, so it was probably for the better.

“Stop thinking,” Tom muttered against his ear, “If you’re still thinking this much, I’m doing something wrong.”

Harrison whined as Tom dropped his hand and shook his head, “No- you’re perfect.”

“Mh,” Tom hummed, “We’ll see about that.” He said. “You know usually I would punish my students for not paying attention.”

“Is-“ Harrison started, biting his lip as Tom nibbled just slightly on the skin above his collarbone, “Is that so?”

“Mhm.”

“Sorry, professor.”

Tom backed up just slightly, looking down at him with a satisfied look

on his face, “Good.”

Harrison did stop thinking that, just feeling Tom on top of him, taking his sweet time to make sure every part of him got just the right amount of attention. He felt his boner straining against the fabric of his pants, yet he allowed himself to just feel. Not beg, not whine or whatever, but truly in the moment.

And it was nice.

And some point Tom decided that he was also getting impatient apparently and took the rest of their clothing off, manhandling Harrison while doing so. And then just as Tom’s hand drifted closer, Harrison got an idea.

“Wait,” He breathed out and Tom, being the gentleman he was, immediately did as told. The man froze, Harrison felt some shock over the link, but also curiosity and worry. He had never told Tom outright to stop before or anything. “Sorry- I- well-“ He blushed as he gathered his thoughts and Tom seemed only more worried.

He backed off just slightly and Harrison breathed, “I want to,” He made a weird hand motion and somehow Tom seemed to understand at least somewhat, as Harrison sat up the man smirked and nodded. The worry fading over the link, Tom just pulled Harrison close and kissed him softly before settling against the headboard instead of Harrison.

It was Harrison’s turn to settle between Tom’s legs, kissing the skin on the man’s thighs before, just taking the tip in his mouth.

Tom groaned, Harrison heard his head hit the wall and looked up to see Tom looking at him intensely. “God, you should see yourself, sweetheart.” He said, one of his hands finding Harrison’s hair, not pulling or pushing, not even really holding. Just there, a comforting weight on his head. “So perfect.” He said softly as if he was merely speaking to himself, his observations.

Harrison just tried to take Tom a little deeper, earning him another groan and he decided that this was definitely worth it.

~

Harrison woke up the next morning, his face buried in the gap between Tom’s neck and shoulder. The man almost protectively cuddling him close to him while sleeping.

It was rare, getting to see Tom like this. The man always woke up way too early. Even if Harrison couldn't really see shit with the way they were laying down.

He just closed his eyes again, while playing with Tom's hair with the hand that was already resting on the back of Tom's neck. He didn't know how long he stayed there like that, however at some point Tom woke up slowly, humming as Harrison continued to basically pet him.

"Good morning," He said softly, kissing the top of Harrison's head in an angle that must be uncomfortable.

"Good morning to you too, sir" Harrison replied, backing up a bit now that Tom was awake to properly look at the man. His hand leaving Tom's hair, until Tom grabbed it and pulled him back just slightly. Harrison rolled his eyes, sighing, as he continued his movement.

Tom seemed way too proud of himself.

"I'll tell your Death Eaters about this." Harrison threatened, "The Dark Lord is just a big teddy bear."

Tom opened his eyes to look at Harrison, "'t feels good."

"I'm sure it does, Tommy boy." Harrison sighed, it was cute really. And somewhere, Harrison felt flattered that Tom felt this at ease with him still. He knew that Tom felt totally comfortable around him, of course, but something like this was like a whole other level for Tom.

Maybe that was why his hand was still making the repetitive motion in Tom's brown, slightly curly hair.

"I can hear what you're thinking." Tom mumbled, somewhere in the time Harrison had been lost in his thought, the man had closed his eyes again. "I'm not cute."

"You are," Harrison argued, "And you're surprisingly sleepy."

"I'm *comfortable,"* Tom said.

Harrison's lip twitched up slightly, "I wore you out, didn't I?"

Tom groaned and pulled Harrison's hand away from his hair, turning to lay on his back. "You did not." He said, looking at the ceiling now, fully awake all of the sudden. "It takes a lot more than yesterday to wear me out, darling."

“I get it, Tom.” Harrison said, sadly. “I mean if I was *old* and had a seventeen year old boyfriend, I too, would be afraid to admit he wore me out during-“

“You’re a minx.” Tom cut him off. “Besides you don’t get to comment on wearing me out before I get to see you walk, *without* using any spells.”

Harrison blushed slightly and it was Tom’s turn to smirk, “That’s what I thought, darling.”

“I take back every nice thing I thought about you, you’re still a horrible monster.” Harrison said, as he was still laying on his side, watching Tom just look up at the ceiling.

Tom turned his head slightly to look at Harrison, “That sounds more like it.” He said.

It was after that, that Tom decided it was time to truly get up, they all had to pack to go back home over break and hiding out in the Room of Requirement all day was a bad idea overall.

He kicked the blankets off of both of them, exposing Harrison’s bare body to the chilly air. Tom just glanced at him with a smirk, checking him out without embarrassment, before moving to put some clothing on.

“Are we really going to have to transfigure our clothing?” Harrison groaned.

“Unless you want the cheating rumours to start already,” Tom said, amused. “Sneaking back to your dorm while your boyfriend is in there, waiting, generally isn’t a good look.”

“No shit.”

It took Harrison one glance at his *own* chest to remember why Tom sounded so immensely proud, the man truly was way too keen of leaving marks, especially now that he figured out that, with just the slightest bit of magic, he could truly do so without any effort.

“I’ll get payback some day.” Harrison muttered.

“Darling,” Tom said, “I don’t doubt you will. Just wait until we’re public and I’ll wear them with pride.” The man said, all sweet.

“Alright,” Harrison replied, “Enough of that, come here.” He made silly grabby hands at Tom, who was now walking around shirtless, trying to transfigure his pants from the overly-fancy suit he was wearing into normal looking ones he’d normally wear. Even as the man walked over, Harrison wasn’t even slightly ashamed of his still full on naked state.

Harrison sat up as the man leant down just slightly, claiming Tom’s lip in a kiss. Tom kissed back, he wasn’t even surprised, Harrison could tell.

“Alright, alright.” Tom whispered, when he broke away from Harrison. He handed Harrison his clothing as Tom grabbed his own shirt, Harrison quickly pulled his clothes on messily, letting Tom worry about transfiguring his clothes as well, as he batted Tom’s hand away from where he was buttoning up his own shirt. Instead Harrison started buttoning up Tom’s shirt.

Apparently, Tom got the message, because after a couple of seconds Harrison felt the unpleasant feeling of his clothing changing around his body, fully transforming.

When Tom was apparently satisfied with how Harrison looked, he pulled Harrison’s arm to make him get up from the bed, before pulling him close by his hips.

Tom smiled at him, “I feel like we’re moving backwards in our relationship.”

Huh?

Tom’s emotions were all happy and confident over their link so this must have some meaning, Harrison thought as he tried to hide how much that statement confused him- and maybe slightly hurt him.

“Because I’m feeling pretty damn back in the honeymoon phase right now.” Tom said, the smile widening just a bit and Harrison tried to mask the breath of relief.

“You’re an arsehole.” Harrison settled on, as a response.

“An arsehole that wants to bend you over a table right now.” Tom said.

“We’re standing in front of a bed, why be so difficult?”

“It’s just not the same,” Tom said and Harrison laughed. “Sorry for scaring you.”

“Yeah that was like the opposite of what a good boyfriend would do.”

Tom just shrugged, before giving Harrison one last quick kiss, “We really should go.” He said, “Tonight we’ll be back in Slytherin Castle.”

“Who says I’m not going to Grimmaulds place?”

“You’re not.” Tom decided.

Harrison nodded, “Alright.” He did a silly salute, “See you tonight then, good sir.”

“You’re such a child.”

“A child you fell in love with, be careful, people might call you a pe-“

Tom slapped his hand over Harrison’s mouth, placing another kiss on Harrison’s forehead. “See you tonight, my Love.”

Then he let go and quickly left the Room of Requirement, both of them knowing that if he didn’t leave quickly, he wouldn’t have left at all.

Harrison quickly thought about a mirror, one appearing out of thin air in front of him, so he could see what Tom made of his clothing. He looked relatively normal, aside from the fact that his face was flushed and he had a hickey just visible in his neck.

“Fucking hell,” Harrison muttered, as he let his fingertips trace over the bruise. “Maybe he was truly turned into a vampire after all.” *A vampire who doesn’t know how his fangs work.*

He shook his head and decided to not even try to hide it with charms, Blaise would just have to act more cocky than normally, the boy was probably up for the job.

~

Blaise was sitting in his room, reading some book as he opened the door and snuck in. “Hey, *babe.”* He said as he noticed Harrison.

“Hey,” Harrison replied, “Sorry for being-“

“Don’t worry about it.” Blaise said, “I mean now I get to say I slept

and survived in this room, can you believe it?"

Harrison laughed, "Certainly can't."

"How was your night?" Blaise asked then, wiggling his eyebrows. "I mean I can see you had fun."

"It- yeah- it was really good." Harrison replied, he blushed slightly. He would never get truly used to talking about his relationship with Tom openly like this, not yet, at least.

Blaise snorted, "Right, I bet so." He looked around the room then, "I've been very cautious, I know you said it's safe, but still how big is the chance that I get cursed in here?"

"I don't know, I tried to scan everything and take the worst curses out, but then I asked Tom and he told me that he wasn't even sure how much was cursed and well- let's just say no one knows." Harrison replied, "Hasn't killed me yet, though, this room. So you'll probably be fine."

"That's good to know." Blaise said, sounding a little more relieved than Harrison expected. "I mean I know that the Dark Lord is all okay and sane now, but he sure as hell wasn't in the past. I wouldn't put it below him to curse everything for the next inhabitant of his room."

"And I survived how in this story?"

"I don't know, maybe because of your whole connection thing," Blaise waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and Harrison just laughed to himself.

"Right," Harrison said, crashing down on the bed, besides where Blaise was sitting. "So what do you normally do on the morning after?"

Blaise looked down at him in slight surprise before a smile took over his face, "We should skip lunch."

Harrison laughed, "To the kitchens we go."

And so they quickly went to the kitchens, getting a lunch with just them two- which they decided to eat outside, at the black lake, even in the cold weather, warming charms were a thing, after all.- rather than joining the feast in the great hall.

It was a statement to do something like that with your ‘date’ after yule ball.

And the lake was pretty this time a year, just warm enough to not freeze over, but the snow around it sure made it look like it should be. Harrison wondered if they heated the lake for the great squid, since he couldn’t imagine it liking the freezing cold.

“I think this was a good idea,” Blaise said as he literally laid down in the snow, Harrison hoped the heating charms he casted were working properly. “It’s so calm here.”

“Nobody else gets the idea of doing a picnic in December.”

“They’re no fun.” Blaise muttered.

Harrison shook his head, “Yeah-“ He muttered, “Thank you, you know for this whole thing. It’s nice to just not have to be quite as careful.”

Blaise looked at him and Harrison could see that Blaise had gotten how much he meant that. It was perhaps for that reason that the fully honest response didn’t surprise him. “It’s no problem, really. At first, I was like it could be fun, of course. But now, I mean I can see you physically relaxing, I can’t even imagine how much nicer it is mentally.” And Harrison nodded. “I mean, I can’t even imagine what it’s like for press to follow you around all the fucking time.” Blaise added. “Must be so stressful. But, what you and Tom have it’s real and I’m happy for you so of course I’ll help.”

“And maybe just slightly to annoy Draco?” Harrison asked and Blaise laughed.

“Yeah, that too.” He admitted. “Also, the jealousy from other students. It’s hilarious.”

Harrison snorted, “None of them even really know me.”

“You’re rich and powerful,” Blaise shrugged, “That’s all some people need in a husband.”

“I’m not one to take a trophy wife.”

“You are the trophy wife,” Blaise responded and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“I’m not-“

Blaise raised an eyebrow, “What are you planning on doing when Tom finishes his plans?”

“For the first couple of years? Not a- Ah, I see.”

Blaise smiled, “It’s okay, trophy wife or not, I support you.”

“You’re terrible.”

“You’re just saying that to make it sound like you’re not-“

“Absolutely, terrible!” Harrison interrupted.

“Shu-“

“Nope, no, not listening.”

“Holy shit,” Blaise muttered, “I swear I’m going to break up with you if you interrupt me another time.”

Harrison gasped dramatically, “You wouldn’t dare!”

“You should be happy I’m not like my mom.” Blaise said, “None of the people she dates survive.”

Harrison sighed, not sure how to respond to that and Blaise looked down almost embarrassed, “Sorry? Too personal?”

Harrison shook his head, “Nah, you’re good. I just wasn’t prepared for that.”

“No one ever is,” Blaise said dramatically. “It’s just something my mom and I do joke about sometime, but I get that it might be weird for people outside- well- us two.”

“She’s a good mother, though.” Harrison said, thinking back to when he met Blaise’s mom. She seemed to so genuinely care for her son, that he almost pitied her for the way she made sure they had enough money, instead of just trying to find a job, without any real good education.

Even the smartest witches and wizards often didn’t get a chance to prove themselves, if they were homeschooled for some reason. Especially if their parents didn’t go to the ministry to let them take the O.W.Ls or N.E.W.Ts anyways.

“She is,” Blaise agreed and that was that, Harrison decided to also lay

down in the snow instead of just sitting there and then they turned to lighter, less personal topics.

Overall, it was nice.

~

Harrison was just waiting in the great hall, all of his stuff went home with Tom already, but his friends were still packing.

That's when Dumbledore appeared next to him, motioning to the chair opposite of him, "May I?"

"It's free," Harrison shrugged.

Dumbledore sat down, it looked quite funny, how the man tried to get comfortable on the student benches that were truly quite horrifying.

"I was hoping to catch you before you left." Dumbledore said, as if it wasn't obvious that the only reason he would sit where he was sitting was to talk to Harrison.

"You were?" Harrison asked, better to play along, then.

"I just wanted to ask you how you were doing?" Dumbledore asked, "You have quite a lot of responsibilities right now, with the Wizengamot as well as the tournament.

"I'm managing just fine, thank you."

"I thought you would say that." Dumbledore nodded, "Although, I wanted to give you the opportunity to read through some things I want to discuss the next Wizengamot meeting beforehand. So-" He took out a letter, "This is all."

"And this is because you want my support?" Harrison guessed, Dumbledore gave him a look that said enough, of course the old fool did. It was the only reason he would approach Harrison in peace like this.

"These are ideas Marvolo won't agree with, most likely." Dumbledore said, instead of answering his question, great. "But I feel like you might look differently at it."

"Marvolo and I usually agree on almost everything, professor." Harrison said quietly as he wondered just what the man was going to suggest to the Wizengamot.

Dumbledore nodded slowly, “Are you saying that because it’s true, or just because he has had enough time to properly manipulate you to his side?”

“I don’t get manipulated easily, sir.” Harrison said slowly. “Everything I fight for is one hundred percent what I believe is best for the Wizarding World.” He looked down at the letter, “I’ll look through them, but for that reason I cannot promise you any support.”

“I’m curious what you will think of it, my boy.” Dumbledore said, as he got up. “As well as Marvolo’s reaction. He might not be as open-minded and on your side as you always thought he was.”

Harrison actually snorted as Dumbledore got up, wondering what the hell could be in the letter for Dumbledore to think he could actually create a disagreement between Tom and Harrison.

For a couple of a little over a year- and oh god, it truly had been a year. They had not once fought yet, not a big fight, at least.

Harrison doubted a letter could cause such a big disagreement. Maybe it was for that reason he opened the letter immediately, curious as to what Dumbledore thought could ruin a stable mentorship.

It was security measures for Hogwarts, adding into the wards a charm of sorts that would immediately show any person who enters or leave, as well as spell history of the wands within the wards.

Everything you could potentially need to capture a Dark Lord.

Harrison laughed, Dumbledore was still trying to prove to him that Tom was Voldemort. The man never started trusting ‘Marvolo’.

At the same time Harrison wondered just how this worked, as Hogwarts already had a similar ward, showing everyone to a certain extent. He knew that Dumbledore was aware that *Voldemort* was in the castle in his first year, in the form of Quirrel. However, he was also certain that Dumbledore really wasn’t sure about Marvolo.

That made it tricky.

But this could cover for Tom.

~

“No.” Tom said as he looked over the letter.

“Dumbledore thought you would say that,” Harrison mused, then more serious, “Why not? This could prove your innocence.”

Tom sighed as he grabbed one specific part of the papers stating Dumbledore’s suggestion, the part Harrison had skipped with the runes. “This here, it would ruin everything Hogwarts is right now. Dumbledore knew that Marvolo would disagree either way as Slytherin’s heir and could make it out that he’s Voldemort in the process.”

Harrison looked over the runes, pleased with his and Tom’s communication skills, see, no fighting. He spotted what Tom was talking about almost instantly. Dumbledore’s plan was chosen to overwrite some of Hogwarts oldest defences the only thing that really still matched the beginning, the founders, the houses.

It was a way to make Hogwarts fully his without the Heir protection it had right now for blood relatives.

“Oh-“

“Yeah, so I think we both agree, right?” Tom asked, sounding almost hopeful and Harrison smiled at him softly.

“Thank you for protecting the founders’ legacy.” Harrison said, as somewhere surprised that both him and Tom had felt a bit fearful that Dumbledore could’ve been right and this could have ended with them fighting.

A stupid Hogwarts security code.

That meant so much more, apparently.

“It’s our legacy as well, darling.” Tom sighed, “He really said I manipulate you into voting what I want you to vote for?”

“Yes, are you surprised?” Harrison asked, raising an eyebrow and Tom chuckled finally wrapping Harrison in his arms, from where they were now sitting on the couch together.

“Mhh, not really, but the world should definitely know at some point how you have me wrapped around your fingers.” Tom said, “If anything, you are the manipulator.”

“And don’t you forget it.” Harrison sighed, as he leant further into Tom. “It truly would’ve been pathetic if we fought over this.” He said,

“I want our first big argument to be over something serious, for example, which last name we’re putting first when we get married.”

“When?” Tom asked, “Awfully sure about yourself there, love.”

“You’re crazy marriage daydreams fly over to me over the link sometimes.” Harrison said and Tom snorted.

“Then you must know that we’d pick Riddle.” Tom said, “Because it’s so funny if the two most influential, powerful, immortal wizards have a Muggle last name.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “I don’t know, Mr Riddle.” He said, “That didn’t sound very dark-lordy of you.”

Chapter End Notes

> Hii! I just wanted to firstly say sorry for any spelling/grammar mistake most of this was written at 4-5am while trying to stay awake (not smart)
>
> Secondly, thank you for your patience truly, I was so surprised to not get multiple people asking for a new chapter everyday. It felt nice to just be able to settle into uni and not stressing about this constantly tysm <3
>
> alr, see you all next time.

Chapter 74: I don't think I tried to emotionally manipulate you.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's been a while again, but I'm here.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christmas break was filled with family time and Wizengamot meetings, it was as if they tried to put as many meetings as possible into the start of Christmas break, so when the holiday was actually there, they could take their break with no pressing matters.

It meant a lot of politicians being convinced they had 'the next big idea' for the Wizarding World.

"And that's why we should guard these small towns with wards, they're-" A lord said.

"Who's going to offer their magic for that?" Harrison asked, cutting the man off. "'Cause I sure as hell ain't and the Ministry is almost at a max compacity." He said, "You all think of magic as an infinite source while it is really barely replenishable."

"A bit dramatic there, heir Black." Dumbledore said.

Harrison looked the man in the eyes, "Mother Magic is dying and these type of ideas are not helping her cause, it's as if every single law you pass is against the one deity that allows you to even be here."

He sat back down then, the silence deafening as the room considerated what had just been said.

Tom put his hand over Harrison's on the shared arm rest, squeezing softly, Harrison wasn't sure if it was to calm him down or to let him know the man was on his side, as always.

However, it worked.

Dumbledore cleared his throat, "So everyone in favour of the wards." He quickly sighed afterwards, not even hiding the fact that he was not surprised about the fact that no wands had been shown.

They needed a big part of the room, either way, to go up against Tom

and Harrisons amount of seats.

It kept going on like that for a while, people suggesting things and getting harshly rejected by the few intelligent people left in the Wizengamot.

“Holy fuck, is this day ever going to end?” Harrison asked as he leant against the wall during their break. “I mean come on, they have to be joking right?”

“Almost done,” Tom said, “Just a bit longer. It feels worse somehow, this year.”

“It *is* worse.” Harrison agreed, “I mean last year we had Umbridge and Dumbledore’s crazy ideas and some others, but this-“ He motioned around vaguely, “This is insane.”

“Luckily people seem to listen to us-“ Tom said, “To you.”

“Well, I learnt politics from the best.” Harrison smiled, “Truly, Marvolo Gaunt, you are a genius.”

“I only teach those who are worthy.” Tom replied, all cute. Harrison wanted to get out of here so badly, just to cuddle up to Tom and enjoy their shared time off- or well, Tom had some organizational Death Eater bullshit to deal with, but he always made time for Harrison.

“That was terrible.” Regulus said out loud as he joined them, he had been sitting next to one of Tom’s Death Eater’s during the session and had apparently enjoyed it just as much as them. “I mean wards around minor villages?”

“It probably won’t even keep the Dark Lord out, if he were to really return. I’ve heard that man was a warding *master.”* Harrison said, as a proper taught seventeen year old who didn’t really know the Dark Lord or necessarily believed his return.

“Well, he got to the Potters.” Regulus nodded, glancing side-ways at Tom. “I’m sure he had some skill.”

“I’m sure he did.” Tom agreed, “You don’t just become one of the most feared. If it’s true that even Dumbledore feared the man, he must have been powerful indeed.”

“It’s hardly fear.” The annoying voice came from behind Tom, “Just-“ Tom turned around and the man stopped talking.

“Just what?”

“I mean, I’m certain you understand, you have to be cautious.”

“Oh! Dumbledore.” Harrison said, “Was Tom Riddle good at warding? When he was still in Hogwarts, you taught him right?”

“He was disturbingly good in most subject, although, I’m sure you’ve heard that before.” Dumbledore said, still eyeing Tom. Even after letting the man into his school and talking to Harrison about it, he thought the man was Voldemort, which he was, but Dumbledore still didn’t need to know.

That was probably why the man had joined their conversation about Voldemort.

“I mean he was distant family,” Tom said, sounding almost distraught. “I just can’t imagine the sweet Tom Riddle I once met-“ He cut himself off, “His mom, Merope, though, she well must’ve truly ruined it for him.”

“Did you ever meet her?” Harrison asked.

“I didn’t get the chance,” Tom shook his head, “Sadly.”

Dumbledore cleared his throat, “I’ll leave you guys alone.” He said and then awkwardly walked away.

“I mean she died before I could meet her.” Tom said matter-of-factly. “*He must’ve hated that.”* He hissed afterwards.

“*You’re like an actual actor, I almost believed your story.”*

Tom chuckled and Regulus looked between them and sighed, he softly said, “To have a soulmate who can always understand you.”

Harrison shot him an apologetic glance, while Tom just grabbed Harrison’s hand, squeezing it once before letting go again. “It’s mostly just the parseltongue.” Harrison said quietly.

“Is it though? You both jumped on annoying Dumbledore out of here without even looking at each other.”

Harrison supposed that’s true, so he just shrugged and then looked at Tom, who seemed just as clueless as he was. Right around that moment everyone got called back inside and none of this mattered anymore.

It was time to listen to more stupid suggestions by random hardly influential people.

~

“So are you just going to laze around all day the rest of your break?” Tom asked as Harrison laid on the couch in his office, just staring at Tom working, which he seemed to be totally fine with.

“I was hoping you’d asked that.” Harrison muttered, “I’ve been thinking about either solving Rowena’s death- which might be a bit tricky. Or we could finally spar, we have that Nott sword laying around somewhere or, well there’s lots really.”

“But?”

Harrison’s head shot up, “But what?”

“You are laying there all day for a reason.” Tom raised an eyebrow.

Harrison sighed, “I guess,” He admitted, “I mean I guess I’m just feeling sappy and I don’t want to actively be away from you when we finally have time to, you know, spent one-on-one time together, without the threat of exposing our relationship.”

Tom smiled softly, “I get it.” He looked down at the report he was going over, very detailed with a lot of things a certain fraction of the Death Eaters had been working on for weeks, Harrison had no idea what it was. He didn’t need to know, though, but the thought that Tom would just tell him without hesitation, would he ask, still meant a lot.

Tom looked back up again, almost knowingly breaking Harrison’s thought process, “You know what we should do?”

“Hm?” Harrison asked and Tom smiled.

“I think I owe you a date.” The man said.

Harrison nodded slowly, “I know but we can’t just-“

Tom got up from his chair, “Let me deal with it, Love.” He said way too confidently, that amount of confidence in a man such as Tom pretty much meant *everything* was possible.

“Okay- yeah- I’m down.” Harrison said.

Tom hadn't doubted that he'd come along, of course, yet still seemed to relax a bit at the verbal confirmation. "Oh, and Harrison, don't worry about changing your appearance. We'll just go out as us."

Harrison nodded slowly, not sure what to expect, because going out as two famous people, while trying to keep your relationship under wraps was well.. hard. For lack of a better word.

~

Tom had, without telling Harrison where exactly they would go, apparated them to some restaurant.

"Do you have a reservation, sir?" A young wizard asked them, Tom nodded. Oh, apparently they did.

"For Gaunt." He answered, "Marvolo Gaunt."

The wizard paled slightly and Harrison looked at Tom in confusion, the man just waved him off, a dismissive gesture, yet over the link he somehow felt a promise that if he really wanted to, Tom would of course tell him later.

"Right this way, sir." The wizard said, as he quickly hurried into the restaurant.

Harrison and Tom followed the wizard into the beautiful restaurant, Harrison wasn't sure just how expensive it was, but either way they would be able to pay for it. Then the wizard opened a door, a private room with candles and everything.

Harrison laughed while Tom nodded thanks to the wizard. "Please do let us know if you'd like to make any changes."

"Of course, thank you." Tom nodded, before slowly leading Harrison into the room.

As the wizard closed the door behind him, Harrison saw Tom visibly relaxed, always somewhat tense in public spaces, always ready to defend himself, Harrison supposed.

"You managed to do all of this quickly." Harrison motioned around the room.

"I pulled some strings, called in old favours." Tom admitted, "I really do want to go properly out sometime, but for the time being this

should do."

Harrison nodded, "It fits, of course the Dark Lord wouldn't eat with the *peasants."* He took place at the table, still wondering what the hell this restaurant was, Tom chuckled slightly.

"Everyone in this place is under a strict secrecy charm, the entire restaurant is full with people who don't want people to know they were here or what they were doing here." Tom admitted, "It's quite a popular place for the Death Eaters."

"That does not surprise me at all." Harrison said, "Thank you for doing this. I would have been okay with anything, but this is insane."

"It's nice to not pretend, right?" Tom sighed, "I can't wait for all of this to be over."

"We just have to discredit Fudge and then do something about Dumbledore." Harrison said, "Just a couple more months, hopefully."

Tom nodded, then smiled. "Okay one rule, no more politics."

Harrison nodded in agreement immediately, it was truly getting annoying how their whole lives seemed to involve politics.

"You know," Harrison said, "Sometimes I have the urge to try and find the fire elementals."

Tom lifted his eyebrows in surprise, but said, "So America is our next trip?"

"*Our?"*

Tom managed to look offended for just a second, before chuckling. "Darling, I don't know if the whole sickness thing is still there, but if you want to test it by staying away from me for two weeks, be my guest."

Harrison rolled his eyes, "You're ridiculous."

A man walked in then, "It truly is you," He said as he saw Tom, "I didn't believe it when I saw a reservation for *Marvolo Gaunt."*

Tom shrugged, "Your place is the only one where I know whatever happens will not get leaked to the public. I have an image to uphold these days."

“Hence my surprise.” The man said in agreement, then his eyes slowly landed on Harrison. “And Harrison Black, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Harrison nodded, looking at Tom unsure.

Tom nodded, “Right, Harrison this is Lord Blume, although he does not really participate in politics, I met him in my time at Borgin and Burkes.” He said, “Afterwards, he helped me gather forces for a while before starting this restaurant, which used to double as a sort of meeting place for Death Eaters. That’s the reason it’s still popular for most older Death Eaters.”

“It’s no Lord anymore, gave that role to my son.” The man said, then he looked at Harrison again. “Tom here managed to give me good business, without him this place wouldn’t be what it is.”

Harrison watched Tom just slightly tense up as the man said his name, the name usually only Harrison said. Yet it didn’t influence his politeness.

This man had something Tom could still use. That was the only reason Tom wouldn’t treat him like just another follower right now.

“As I said before,” Tom said, “We’re even, after everything.”

The man nodded quickly, “Well, I’ve decided to personally take your orders tonight, so just summon me when you’re ready to order.”

Tom nodded his thanks, while Harrison muttered, “Thank you, Mr Blume.”

The man left then and Tom sighed quietly as the door closed behind him. One look of the man was enough for Harrison to know that this wasn’t the *right place* to ask about complex history of the owner of this place and Tom.

“So are you ready to eat the most magical food ever?” Tom asked, cheekily and Harrison laughed.

“I’ve never been more ready.”

~

It was after eating admittedly very magical food- how the spells worked Harrison didn’t know, but he couldn’t even compare the food in that place to anything he had eaten before- and hours of talking

and some drinks that they finally went back to Slytherin castle.

Harrison whose experience with alcohol was minimal, was surprised at how well he was dealing with it, although looking at Tom's amused face he probably wasn't dealing with it as well as he thought he was.

"t's was nice." Harrison muttered, as he crashed on a couch in one of the huge living spaces of the castle.

"I'm glad you thought so, love." Tom said, "Don't fall asleep here, you'll get uncomfortable."

"I'll be fine," Harrison replied, "I'm not 'ld."

"You're not," Tom agreed easily, his amusement only slightly annoying Harrison.

"Besides," Harrison said, after a while of silence, "You're here to take care of me, you won't let me spent an entire night uncomfortable."

"I wouldn't." Tom agreed just as easily as before, only this time the amusement was replaced with a fondness Harrison still wasn't certain he would ever get used to. The more open Tom got with his love the more Harrison couldn't believe that all of this was real, that this was his life.

That he had managed to prove that this apparent unlovable person, was really so lovable that he'd pick Tom over anyone else time and time again.

So he wasn't sure if he'd get used to that, but he didn't necessarily want to get used to it. People always say they want love to be *comfortable*. But Harrison felt like this exciting type of love where his heart raced every time Tom said something sweet, which was quite often nowadays, fitted him just fine.

Besides, he was comfortable with the person.

"Oh, no." Tom groaned, "You're the sappy drunk. I can *hear* all your thoughts, you know."

"Mhm," Harrison hummed, "Don't care, I love you."

He heard Tom slowly exhale, "I know, darling, I love you too."

After that Harrison slowly drifted off on the couch, where Tom explicitly told him to not sleep. *It really was uncomfortable.*

~

Harrison had been right about one thing, Tom wasn't able to just leave him there uncomfortable, that was the only reason he woke up in their bed, Tom next to him, seemingly just awake as well.

"Good morning, sweetheart." Tom said, his voice clear enough of an indication of how truly short he'd been awake.

"Good morning," Harrison answered, "Thank you for not letting me sleep on the couch."

Tom chuckled, "It was kind of cute."

"Shut up." Harrison said, as he pulled Tom towards him so he could put his head on Tom's chest, right on the H.S.B tattoo over Tom's heart.

~

It was an hour later or so that they were sitting together eating breakfast that Tom said, "You probably want to know about the not-lord Blume."

Harrison nodded slowly, he was going to ask at some point, he just hadn't expected Tom to bring it up first. "Only if you want to tell."

"You know I want to tell you everything, but that's a lot." Tom muttered, "Lord Blume was a regular at Borgin and Burkes, even before I worked there. He's around 25 years older than I am." Tom started, "The man had a son who was in his second year when I graduated, I suppose that's the person with the current seat in the Wizengamot. When he saw me working there he came up to me, curious about why I hadn't taken up the chance to do politics as many others thought I would. He had supposedly heard from me from his son. Or even the newspapers, I don't know."

"I told him I wasn't interested and that I wanted to see the world, that I was saving up to do so. It was my usual lie back in the days." Tom said, "But he saw right through me and he started talking about everything we could do if we combined our seats, even though he himself wasn't interested in politics."

"I guess even back then it was scary to have someone see through me like that. Everyone believed whatever I said, to have someone tell me 'No you're not travelling, you're just planning.' Was weird, scary

almost. So after a dozen of months I quit and went to Asia with the idea that Tom Riddle would disappear. It was somewhere during that time that Blume opened his restaurant inviting me to use it as a club house of sorts." Tom seemed confused almost, still by receiving that letter. "He helped me get in contact with influential families as well, the ones I hadn't had a chance to meet yet. I returned as Voldemort when I came back, suddenly a feared name for many and I loved every second of it. But Blume, he knew I was Tom Riddle. Even when the news started talking about the potential death of Tom Riddle, he knew and he was never very secretive about it. He used to be the only one in this entire world who wasn't under a strong Secrecy Oath and knew that Tom Riddle and Voldemort where the same."

"And you can't do anything about it?" Harrison asked, Tom shrugged.

"I doubt he didn't think about the possibility of me obliviating him, he probably wrote it down somewhere. It's the only source of power he has right now." Tom admitted, "Usually I'd just get rid of him, but it's been so long and till this day he still makes sure there's a sort of harmony between Death Eaters that causes them to often work together well. I can only get so far with fear, that restaurant is important."

Harrison nodded, "We'll just have to trust that he won't do anything." He said, "The man seemed nice enough."

"He's gotten a lot less creepy over the years." Tom agreed, "When I first met him, decades ago, I was almost certain that his goal was to emotionally manipulate me, get me to be some follower of him."

"You're too stubborn to follow anyone." Harrison said. "I thought you were never equals with anyone else before."

"We're hardly equals." Tom scoffed, as if offended by the mere idea of it. "He does what I say out of fear of what I might do to him, the few times he refuses I let his company come close to going bankrupt."

"So you have some power over him." Harrison nodded.

"He just makes me uncomfortable, always has." Tom admitted, "It's not like I think he could destroy me, our plans. If so, I wouldn't have taken you there yesterday. It's just that I'm ninety percent sure he wanted to end up sleeping with me when I was seventeen and he was forty-two. Which felt wrong back then, although who am I to judge."

"At least you look like you're still in your twenties."

“And I don’t think I tried to emotionally manipulate you.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that,” Harrison said, “I distinctly remember you trying to tell me not to go to America alone, because *maybe the whole distance thing wasn’t over yet.*”

“That’s purely concern.” Tom said with faux-innocence and Harrison laughed.

“You keep telling yourself that, Tommy boy.”

~

Harrison opened the doors to the Ravenclaw family library, Tom had to deal with some Death Eaters today, leaving him to spent some time alone.

He was invited, of course, but Harrison didn’t really feel like dealing with Death Eaters, so there’s that.

Since he hadn’t seen Helena in Hogwarts- not that he really looked for her, but that was besides the point- he had to try some way else to figure this out.

It was for that reason that he sat down on the blue carpet, “Helena,” He said to the house around him, some of her magic must still be lingering, even after all these years. “I’m going to lower my shields and would really appreciate it if you reach out to me. All I want to know is how this happened.”

And he didn’t know if this was a stupid thing to do or not, but he truly did let his shields go then, his magic reaching out and for a while he just sat there, nothing happening. He had expected to pass out quickly, reaching this other world and maybe seeing Helena or something else.

But nothing happened.

He felt a tap on his shoulder, “Harrison?” A soft voice asked.

That was an almost familiar voice. He turned around, “Helena?”

The girl nodded shyly, sitting down on the carpet. “You want to know what happened?”

“Do you know about Rowena?” Harrison asked and the girl sighed.

“I told them she died.” She said softly. “Because at the time that is what I believed. Do you know about the founders splitting up?”

Harrison nodded, it had been a chaotic time in all of their lives, they had fought and split up, but now after all those years they made up, even if just through portraits.

“When it happened I had recently moved away, my mother and I used to talk often, but something happened to her and she stopped replying.” The girl said, “I waited for months, but nothing happened, so at some point I had to do something, I declared that she died and Gringotts, they trusted me. Only a year later I heard from her again.”

“Where was she in the time in between?”

“Supposedly she had been captured by angry muggles.” The girl said sadly, “They had learned something about magic and she exhausted herself, ending up in a magical exhaustion unable to do anything or reach anyone. I wasn’t that far off.”

“I tried to look for her,” Helena said, “Afterwards when I knew she was alive, but died before I had the chance to see her again.”

“Ghosts have unfinished business.” Harrison muttered more to himself than to Helena and Helena shrugged sadly. “Do you know how she ended up in the vault?”

“I don’t think she ‘ended’ up there.” Helena admitted, “I think she was hiding, mom always had a thing for secret hiding rooms, magical places where you could keep yourself safe in case of emergency. She learnt that from uncle Salazar.” The girl giggled.

Harrison rolled his eyes, of course she did. “Why would Rowena hide? She wasn’t one to get scared.”

“I wasn’t.” Rowena agreed, suddenly appearing behind Helena. The girl whipping her head around. “Do you remember what they teach you at Hogwarts, Harrison? How did I die?”

“You died of a ‘broken heart’? Being ill? Because Helena ran away with your diadem.” Harrison said and Rowena nodded.

“That is indeed the story they tell. Now my daughter never ran and I stored my diadem in the vault safely before I even got captured, Helena merely took it after she thought I was gone.” Rowena said. “Cerebrumous spattergoit, I caught it somewhere in my time trying to

get away from the muggles. With weakened magic there was no way to defend myself, I regained strength and got myself into Gringotts, locked myself up in a room behind a certain wall to ensure no one would catch it off of me. Because I couldn't get treatment I died there."

"You died of a disease?" Harrison asked and Rowena nodded.

"No killing or weird mysteries involved." She said, "Sorry to disappoint you."

Harrison chuckled slightly, "No- that's- I mean that's a good thing. Although, it would've been better if you died of old age."

"Well," Rowena shrugged, "I had lived long enough, had enough of a legacy."

Helena was still looking at her mother in surprise and it was in that moment that Harrison realised he might've just made her fulfil her unfinished business.

"Mom?" Helena whispered.

Rowena smiled, "It's nice to see you," She said, "Both of you, my two kids finally meeting each other."

Helena nodded, speechless, Rowena just hugged her, reaching out to Harrison to also pull him into the hug when Harrison's world turned black. Waking up back in the Ravenclaw castle.

"Oh thank fucking god," The voice of Megan said, "Tom said I could find you here, I just didn't expect you to look like you just died."

"Wuh- how did you even get here?" Harrison asked, the Ravenclaw manor had very good warding.

"Your man has his ways apparently." Megan said, "He asked me to find you."

That woke Harrison up a bit, "Why?"

"He found something." Megan said, "I don't exactly know what, but he basically told us all that we needed to wait to deal with it until you were there."

"That's ominous." Harrison muttered, as he got off of the floor.

“What were you even doing?” Megan asked and Harrison looked back to where he had been laying on the floor, it was strange that he hadn’t felt the passing out this time.

“Trying to communicate with the dead.” He muttered.

Megan hummed, not even questioning him, “Well, no more doing that, time to communicate with the living now.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but followed the woman out. It was probably better to not linger on the fact that he missed out on a Rowena Ravenclaw hug.

When they arrived back at Malfoy manor, where Tom was currently having his Death Eater meeting. Tom threw a bracelet towards him before he could even ask anything and Harrison frowned, before noticing that Sirius and Remus were also here, even McGonagall was here currently.

Not just a normal Death Eater meeting then.

They had joined the Death Eaters, till a certain point, but usually didn’t attend meetings.

“What is it?”

“Dumbledore’s bracelets.” Sirius answered before Tom could, Harrison swore he heard around fifty sharp intakes of breath.

“The magic sucking ones?”

Sirius nodded, “Apparently James still had his, Dumbledore never stopped using him. Or maybe he got a new one.”

“He did seem different, a lack of energy could explain that.” Harrison muttered, looking down at the bracelet. “What do you want to do with it?” Harrison asked Tom.

“We can load it up with darker magics, let Dumbledore slowly feel the process of his own magic weakening.” Tom said, however he didn’t sound convinced.

“*There’s a second plan?”* Harrison hissed, Tom didn’t even seem surprised Harrison noticed, the link was wide open for both of them to know exactly what the other was feeling or even thinking.

“*It’s an insane plan and it won’t actually weaken Dumbledore, but it might*

make him vulnerable." Tom said, "*Grindelwald is still bonded to Dumbledore in their little blood bond, he should be able to sense it within hours that the magic he is receiving is from Grindelwald, the man that betrayed him so deeply. Made him kill his own sister, or at least that is what he would say.*"

Harrison blinked, "*You want him to actively receive magic from Grindelwald?*"

"*The man is locked up in a cel that weakens his magic, it will be weaker than even James' magic.*" Tom said, "*But the effect it could have on him would be well beneficial if we want to make him seem like an insane old fool.*"

"Right," Harrison nodded, switching back to English. "That definitely is a plan."

"Only I don't think he'll really do what we ask him to, after I made you cut off his finger." Tom muttered, loud enough for the entire crowd to hear and there was a mixture of fear and confusion in the hall.

Harrison mentally applauded Tom for the way he could always find a way to confuse and scare people. Seeing Tom's smirk, Harrison knew Tom might've actually received his mental applause. "Right," Harrison sighed, "That might be an issue, we can just force him to wear it honestly, use some strong charm or curse?"

"Poor man didn't ask for this." Tom shook his head sadly, as he put the bracelet down, "Sorry for calling you all this way for something like this. I just needed to know if I was going crazy with this plan." That was also said for everyone to hear.

Harrison snorted, "No issue, that's my job, making sure you don't go crazy."

Tom rolled his eyes and Harrison decided that, since he was here now anyways, he might as well stay for the rest of the meeting so he summoned a chair- next to Tom, got to let the crowds know his place- and sat down, looking way to disinterested the entire meeting, just so that Death Eaters might get scared *for* him of Tom.

The more time he spent with Tom the better he understood the constant urge to confuse and scare the Death Eaters. It was genuinely fun to see people's reactions when they think 'their lord' might just kill you, only to then end up confused when Tom just gave him one of

his quick little smiles reserved just for him.

The man truly was going soft for Harrison and everyone was here to see it, but that was okay, as long as they knew he was soft *only* for Harrison.

~

“Did you manage to find what you wanted at Ravenclaw’s castle?” Tom asked that evening as he sat in bed, leaning against the headpost, Harrison’s back just slightly resting against his chest while the rest of his body laid between Tom’s legs.

“She died of sickness apparently, hiding herself.” Harrison muttered, “I’m still confused why she didn’t tell me sooner or why she pretended that wasn’t it, why the goblins pretended they had someone enter. But it’s an answer for now.”

“Maybe she wanted you to figure out like this, for closure or something.” Tom muttered.

Harrison hummed, “Maybe.” He agreed, “How did you even get James’ bracelet?”

“He apparently left it behind somewhere, I don’t know, Sirius gave it to me.” Tom said. “I didn’t ask.”

“You didn’t ask?” Harrison asked, suspiciously.

“I value their privacy because I know what they mean to you, if it were any other death eater I’d have forced them to tell me everything, but it wasn’t so I didn’t.”

“That sounds more realistic.” Harrison said and Tom snorted.

“Always so nice.”

“It’s true, though.” Harrison argued, “But I mean in your position it makes a lot of sense. It’s not necessarily something bad.” To change the subject he then asked, “Are we still hosting a yule celebration, even after the whole Hogwarts thing?”

Tom nodded, “I thought we would, since that was hardly realistic, plus it was days before yule. We need to do some ritual for Mother Magic again this year.” He said, “I was thinking we do the big politics ball, bigger than ever before, light side wizards also, even

Dumbledore, James. Then, we do an afterparty of sorts with just the dark-aligned people and we do a proper ritual."

"Why invite them?"

"We need to not show any prejudice anymore. We need to open our doors if we truly want to slowly take over. We need to be the best option." Tom said. "That won't happen if we don't open ourselves to Light-aligned witches and wizards as well."

"You're inviting all of them to Slytherin castle?" Harrison asked, not really sure how to feel about people like Dumbledore infiltrating *Salazar's* house.

"No, we'll use one of our smaller estates and move the ritual here." Tom said, "Salazar would kill both of us if we did." He muttered, as if responding to Harrison's thoughts.

He probably was as well.

"It will be shit to plan." Harrison said.

"I'll ask the Blacks, Narcissa and Bella can do it for all I care." Tom said, "We'll just plan the ritual, maybe you can try to contact Mother Magic about how we can really help her?"

"Where is this coming from?" Harrison asked, Tom had never outrightly stated he wanted to do a ritual for Magic, that was always the background, of course, but this was a whole other level.

Tom shrugged, "You worry about it a lot, so we'll try to help her however we can." Grabbing Harrison's hand, in Harrison's lap from where he was laying. "You're not alone in all this shit, even if all the responsibility goes to you for some reason."

Harrison nodded, dropping his head on Tom's shoulder, instead of craning it in the uncomfortable manner to look at Tom. He sighed, "I know."

Tom placed a kiss on the side of his head, "We'll start working on the yule celebration tomorrow." He smiled softly at Harrison. "For now, though, we should probably sleep."

"I'm exhausted." Harrison said, agreeing in that way. "You know what was weird today?"

“What is it?” Tom asked as he also wrapped his other arm around Harrison, cuddling him close.

“When I tried to talk to Helena today,” Harrison said, “I did the whole magic releasing thing and usually I’d faint and then end up in like the spirit world or whatever, right?”

Tom hummed in agreement.

“But today when I tried it, nothing happened.” He said, “I waited for a while and suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and Helena was just standing there, almost as if the worlds had merged and I didn’t faint anymore. However, when I woke up, when Megan came to get me, I was on the ground, like I did faint. My world also did turn black then.”

Tom frowned, “That sounds wrong.” He muttered.

Harrison nodded in agreement, “I have the whole thing under control, though, my shields are still totally okay. It’s not like before.”

“If you say so.” Tom said hesitantly, “I trust you.”

Harrison let go of Tom’s hand, turning around to face Tom. He kissed him once, simply a soft press of his lips against Tom. “If anything changes I’ll tell you, though.” Harrison whispered.

Tom nodded, “You better.” He said, “If there’s anything I can do-“

Harrison just kissed him again, when he let go this time he muttered, “You were right, we probably should go to sleep.”

Tom hummed, “We should.” He agreed, only to kiss Harrison once more. It was slow and lazy and that somehow made it perfect.

Or maybe it was perfect because it was them.

Harrison sighed in to the kiss before breaking it and Tom loosened his tight hold on Harrison just slightly. Enough for Harrison to roll of him slightly and get more comfortable. “Alright no more, sleep time.” He muttered.

Tom chuckled, “Whatever you say, love.” He placed a kiss on Harrison’s forehead. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, love you.” Harrison mumbled, honestly feeling like he’d fall asleep within a second.

“I love you too, darling.” Tom whispered.

~

“Another ritual? And you asked my help why?” Regulus asked, “I didn’t do a lot last time.”

“Not once Harrison joined,” Tom agreed, “But before that you came up with most of the basics.”

Regulus shrugged, “Alright, if you’re sure.” Sirius looked at his brother and then and Harrison and Tom.

“So you use my little brother for the ritual? My cousins for the general party? Can I do something?” He asked and Harrison shrugged.

“You can try to figure out ways to ensure it won’t end in some duel even though we’re inviting both fractions.” He said, more as a joke, but Sirius’ eyes lit up.

“Hey Moony!” He shouted and Remus replied with a not very enthusiastic ‘what?’. “Remember when we made that anti-violence spell to let’s say inspire creativity in our DADA duels?”

Remus walked into the room they were all sitting in, “Of course I do. One of my favourite pranks, I must say.”

“We might need to use the spell again, is it in our old notes?”

“Should be.” Remus shrugged, “Want me to find it?”

“Wait you have truly created a spell like this before and tested it?” Harrison asked, not having expected that.

“Yeah, believe me you have to be *creative* to still hurt people while the wards are up.” Sirius said, “Although, James was scarily good at that back in the days.”

“I don’t think James Potter will be a big issue.” Tom said, “It would actually be great if you could work with Narcissa then to have this ready on time.”

“We’re in, Moony!” Sirius said, “Officially part of the planning gang.”

Remus sighed, “I don’t know how long you’ll be happy with that achievement, Pads.” He said, “Once you realise how much work it is-“

“Shh, don’t ruin this for us.” Harrison said quietly and Remus rolled his eyes.

“Do you really think magic is in danger? Like is it that bad?” Remus asked then, proving he had in fact been listening from the other room.

“I’ve had multiple deities tell me they needed help to get through this, that it was throwing off the balance for everyone. I think it truly is that bad.” Harrison said, “I mean I know it is since the start, but it is probably smart to get everyone who is even slightly interested in rituals to do this with us.”

Remus nodded and stayed silent afterwards, seemingly deep in thought.

“What about the morning of yule?” Sirius asked, “You know I’m okay at you staying at Tom’s all the time- not like I could stop you- but will you be coming over again? Yes right?”

“Of course, I’m not missing family celebration, whether Tom likes it or not.” Harrison said, Tom rolled his eyes.

“Such torture, spending time with your family.”

“Nobody said you were invited, Tommy boy.” Harrison said, getting *another* eye roll from the man.

“Is that so?” Tom asked.

“But I guess I don’t want you to be lonely on Christmas break, might turn you evil again and all that.” Harrison said, “So I guess you can come along.”

“So enthusiastic about my presence.” Tom muttered.

“*I love you,”* Harrison hissed then, Tom visibly melting, or at least visible to him, he wasn’t sure if Sirius and Remus noticed.

“One day we’re going to find a charm to understand parseltongue, Moony, it’s going to be fucking amazing.”

Harrison laughed, “Just had to remind Tom here that his presence is actually wanted, he’s very insecure.”

“I’m going to kill someone.” Tom muttered under his breath. “Mother Magic, forgive me for my deeds.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “So dramatic.”

“What if he’s not kidding?” Regulus asked, “I just want to say, whoever you kill, it shouldn’t be me, been there done that.”

Harrison snorted and then looked at Tom pointedly, “He won’t.”

Tom sighed, but Harrison could feel his amusement.

One thing Harrison had gotten to know about Tom really early on, what many people didn’t know is that the man would always enjoy seeing if he could scare people or make them react to him slightly acting differently. It’s why he sometimes decided to be so sweet to Harrison in front of Death Eaters or add a slightly threatening tone in Wizengamot.

Or pretend to really enjoy spending time with another student who had some weird crush on him.

At first, it was something Harrison thought was funny, but slightly weird, but now that Tom often counted on him acting along or whatever, Harrison started to enjoy it and realise why Tom did it.

The thought of living forever was something Tom loved, he had after all spend a big time of his life fearing death. However, the thought of living *forever* also tired you. Harrison had ignored it for a while, he was still young and had an out if he wanted to.

But at some point, even at the still considerably young age Tom was at you had to ‘spice’ things up. Apparently, trying to get some sort of reaction out of people seemed to be enough amusement for now. Harrison could imagine him and Tom toying with the entire world in the future, both claiming some land and pretending to be long-enemies.

Whatever it was, he was certain that they wouldn’t get bored of living for at least a couple dozen of centuries, as long as they had each other.

“*Love,”* Tom whispered, parseltongue into his ear. “*As cute as it is that you’re thinking about our future together, Sirius looks like he really wants your attention. I mean, you’re still his kid.”*

Harrison looked at Sirius, who was excitedly talking to Remus and Regulus, but did look at Tom and him ever so often. He smiled at the man and listened in to whatever he was talking about now.

Tom leant back, but Harrison swore he heard him whisper, *“Good to know you’re into roleplay, though.”*

He wanted to bury himself into the fucking couch.

~

“Alright that one goes here, right?” Tom pointed at a rune and Regulus nodded.

Harrison watched them work together, he hadn’t done a lot this time, he would admit that much. It wasn’t exactly that he didn’t want to help, he had just been distracted.

Which then sounds like he was in some fucking depression, he wasn’t. He had been going out almost everyday with different people, trying to figure out a perfect gift for Tom, all while trying to keep it a secret from the man.

Which was pretty damn hard, because the man seemed to just randomly pick up his thoughts, which Harrison still didn’t totally know how.

He watched Tom as the man carefully painted the ruin with some herbal mixture- the muggle way, that was important.

Tom was a hard person to find a gift for, the man as much as he had his horcruxes be valuable items and he loved certain things, he wasn’t materialistic at all.

And Harrison wasn’t proving to be a great gift giver either way. But Tom *was* and he had been giving Harrison amazing gifts since he got slightly sane again.

And this year felt special, next year their lives could be completely different. So Harrison was overthinking all his different gift options.

“You okay?” Harrison heard, then an arm wrapped around his shoulder, pulling him towards the body next to him.

Tom. The man had moved away from the runes while Harrison was deep in thought.

Harrison smiled at him, “I’m perfect.” He said honestly, dropping his head on Tom’s shoulder. “Sorry for not helping, I know I’m kind of useless right now.”

Tom shrugged, “You’re allowed to not help sometimes, love.” He said, “Just keep sitting here, looking pretty and all and you’re helping enough.”

“You’re actually terrible.” Harrison laughed.

Tom pushed made him look at him before kissing Harrison softly. “I mean it, though, don’t worry about not always helping. I know you have a lot on your mind.”

Harrison nodded, “Thank you, I love you.”

“And I love you,” Tom said, before kissing him once more.

Harrison swore he heard Regulus mutter, ‘Why do I keep getting dragged into these situations?’

~

“Do you have any idea what you’re looking for?” Blaise asked, “Because I don’t know Tom at all.”

“You only know what he wants you to know,” Harrison agreed.

Terence sighed, “You’re overthinking this Harrison, I swear, that man is gone, anything you give him will be his favourite.” He looked at Cedric pointedly, “Right?”

Cedric shrugged, “I’d say so.”

“This needs to be good.” Harrison said. “Just try to help me, please?”

“Oh, fuck off.” Terence scoffed, “You know we can hardly resist a direct request. The tattoos say as much, so let’s get you a gift.”

“Borgin and Burkes it is.” Harrison said, leading the group easily, everyone followed him. He knew they were all complaining, yet found it flattering that he had chosen them in his little group.

Walking into the small store made him think of some of the memories Tom had showed him of his life *before.* When everyone had thought he was just another teenager letting his talents go to waste.

To a certain extent, it was almost sad that people might not ever connect Marvolo Gaunt with Tom Riddle directly, not noticing that Tom Riddle hadn’t thrown anything away, rather than just patiently waited for the right moment to strike.

“I think my mom used these once,” Blaise muttered, as he inspected a candle closely. Terence stood next to him also inspecting the candle and Harrison sighed, wondering how he was going to find the one item in this store that actually mattered.

“Can I help you?” Someone asked- Harrison remembered the person from a couple years ago at Hogwarts. Borgin was still hiring Hogwarts graduates then.

“Actually,” Harrison turned around, “I was wondering if you had a collection of the most valuable, weird artifacts.”

“We’re not allowed to show-“

“Oh, hold on now, Will.” Borgin said as he came down the steep staircase. “We can make an exception for Harrison Black here.” He motioned to Harrison and only then did the boy’s eyes widen. “Now, can I get you something specific?”

“I’m looking for something very special, something I wouldn’t find in my vaults, even the oldest of them.” Harrison said, “Something magical.”

Borgin nodded, hesitantly almost. “Quite some faith you have, Black.” He said.

Harrison shrugged, a small smile on his face as he heard Cedric shout his name. Cedric had never been in a store such as this before, so Harrison was slightly curious what he had found.

“Go see what your friend found, I’ll look in the back for you.” Borgin nodded and Harrison thanked him quickly before finding Cedric.

“It has to mean something, right?” Cedric asked as he stared at a human skull, it didn’t feel quite right, though. “*The whispering skull.”* Cedric read out loud. “eight people killed themselves after coming in contact with this artefact, and yet when I look at it, it doesn’t seem to do anything.”

Harrison glanced at it, a bit longer, inspecting the crack in its jaw, as suddenly the skull turned towards him. “*Some sacrifices are intended to be human. Remember; all blood magic has a big consequence.”* The jaw moved creepily as the vague sentences echoed in Harrison’s head.

“What the fuck.” Harrison muttered, stepping just slightly back from the skull.

“So you’ve got the gift.” *Will* said, “The skull only talks to people with some form of necromancy in their magic. It was designed to give more context about what spirits people saw, however as the gift became rarer more and more people thought they were insane and ended up-“

“- Killing themselves?” Harrison muttered and Will nodded. “Oh, lovely.”

The man looked at him with a sort of nervous curiosity and Harrison scowled, “I don’t have the mark, so stop trying to get to see it, alright?”

Cedric snorted as the man diverted his eyes. “Aggressive.” He muttered, as Will just walked away then.

Harrison shrugged and then dared another glance at the skull, it staying perfectly still now. “That’s insane.”

“Can I be brutally honest with you?” Cedric asked.

Harrison looked at Cedric, “Of course.”

“You’re never going to find something that will look like the perfect gift for Tom.” Cedric said, “This is an endless search for something Tom already has.”

“Huh?” Harrison asked, stupidly.

“Tom gave you the journal remember, at your birthday?” Cedric asked and Harrison nodded, it had been an updated version, with a two-sided mirror function inside as well. “And you, without any thought said it was the best present, even when two groups of people had spent hours and hours on gifts and Tom had played around with an old concept.”

“I guess- but it was-“

“How many times did you use it?” Cedric asked, “The new journal?”

“Not a lot-“

“Exactly my point, Harrison, Tom is the Dark Lord. He’s used to losing and putting everything on the line. He won’t form some connection with an item just because of its ability.” Cedric said, “However, the one thing he does care about and is not ready to give up ever, is you. It doesn’t matter what you give the man, he’ll think anything you give

him is the best present ever, just because it's you giving it. So this search, the items, it doesn't matter. Give him something simple he'll enjoy and he'll think it's the best gift he ever received."

Harrison thought back on the journal and the mythology book Tom had given him, as well as other small gifts. Cedric had a point, all of them were important to Harrison, Harrison had always seen these presents as some of the best and most considered presents he got. Yet, they weren't special or different.

It was because every single one of them was a reminder that Tom was actively thinking about him and going through the effort of making him something or giving him something he himself enjoyed.

"Fuck," Harrison muttered, "You're right."

Cedric shrugged, "I usually am."

"I just have to get him something small, something that would mean something to both of us." Harrison muttered, "But what?"

If you have everything anyone could ever want and the money to buy anything, one of the conversations that didn't come up a lot was an 'Oh, I wish I had this specific thing.' Conversation.

"Get him something nice, usually I'd say get him a nice game or something, but I'm afraid you will actually give him something that will end with torture." Cedric said, trailing off at the end and Harrison laughed.

"I've found something you might be interested in," Borgin spoke up, from the other side of the store, loud enough to catch Harrison's attention.

Harrison saw the slight glimmer of a small gem in a box, before he was even standing direct opposite of Borgin.

"I've had this laying around since forever, never showed anyone." Borgin muttered, "A dealer once gave me this, it's supposedly one of two gifts of the first ever succeeding ritual in Egypt."

"Magic made this?" Harrison asked and Borgin shrugged.

"Whatever made it was powerful enough to make it appear during a ritual directed at magic, whether it was Mother Magic herself or another deity." The man said, "I normally wouldn't even give this as

an option, but you Heir Black, you're special. I don't know how or why, but everyone knows and feels it."

"Can I-" Harrison asked and then looked back at Cedric, Terence and Blaise who were now looking at him with curiosity. "Can I try something?"

Borgin nodded slowly, putting the box down and backing away slightly, as if feeling what would happen.

Harrison just allowed his magic to go free slightly and try to find the gem, if he could use this to see its origin.

The world changed in front of his eyes now, he was suddenly back in the ritual chamber in Egypt, right after the men left, but now he was able to follow them.

He could hear them in English, although he was certain that they were speaking another language, almost as if the gem was translating for him. "His life has granted the world as we know it a gift." One of them said, looking at the wand in his hand. "It already feels different, does it not?"

The others looked at their wands one by one.

"She has granted us her gift." Another person said, "As the stories said."

It was then that Harrison noticed the wand of the person who was speaking, giving an almost speech about how they must keep making offerings for her strength and in turn she'd help them. The small stone that Borgin had showed him was hidden in the piece of wood he was holding in his hand, now the sheer power of the thing coming off in waves.

Once the man himself noted the gem, he gasped, "And this will forever be proof of her gift to us tonight, the start of something great."

Then the world faded again and he woken up on the ground of Borgin and Burkes, he almost felt sad that 'the proof of magic' had been buried in the back of a store for years, but then again they had been trying to shove away all prove of existence of deities for years.

"Are you okay?" Terence asked, by his side within a second and Harrison nodded.

“Yeah-“ He sighed, “Yeah, yeah I’m good.” He turned to Borgin who was looking at him with a sense of worried curiosity. “I’ll take it, how much?”

“Is it important?” The man asked and Harrison thought about lying for a second, before deciding against it.

“It is, it really is something unlike anything else.”

“You can have it.” Borgin said, “May I ask something?”

“Of course,” Harrison said.

“When you talked about a ‘Tom’, you did not mean Tom Riddle did you?” He asked, “I promise I’ll keep it a-“

Harrison nodded, understanding where the man was coming from. Tom often talked about his time at Borgin and Burkes with a sense of fondness- even about the crimes he committed at the place. Maybe especially about the crimes, either way it wouldn’t come to a surprise to Harrison if Tom decided to visit the shop and see his old employer. “I’ll tell him you asked after him.”

“Is he- he is Voldemort, right?” The man asked, “I’ve had my suspicions for ages, Tom Riddle he wanted more than he would’ve been able to get if he immediately started at the government. And when he stopped and disappeared, I never once thought he was truly dead.”

“He is,” Harrison sighed, “He- well he was.”

The man nodded, “Ask him to come by sometime.”

Harrison smiled and nodded, “Thank you, Mr. Borgin.”

The man waved him off and Harrison took the small box, wondering how the hell he was going to explain the sheer power this thing must have to Tom on New years eve.

“Don’t you guys think it’s kind of weird Harrison gets things for free, even though he’s the one that can afford anything?” Blaise asked and Terence laughed.

“That’s probably the reason he has so much money.” He replied, “Doesn’t ever have to buy anything himself.”

Harrison snorted and didn’t even bother giving a sarcastic reply.

~

Narcissa had admittedly done a very good job for the short notice she got, besides that Harrison was surprised at the sheer amount of guests that actually showed up, spread around the hall.

Usually they'd welcome everyone, but Tom had a different idea this year; a speech, a very normal way to open a formal ball that was mostly focused on politics.

"Hello everyone," Tom said, "It's great to see that so many people could show up. I'm certain I'm not the only one who remembers my ancestors talk about the yearly yule celebration, the a little less formal event where all the fractions could come together and for one night not see each other as enemies, but rather colleagues and acquaintances. Therefore I suggested this idea to some lords and decided to bring it back. As the times seem to get a bit more grim, I think it is good to come together and just talk to each other as humans rather than politicians." He spoke, his voice easily carrying over a room of people with all his experience. "I hope everyone will enjoy themselves and I look forward to speaking to all of you."

Some people politely clapped for them before turning back to their little group they were probably talking to before Tom opened the ball, truly.

"He sure knows his way with words." James muttered behind Harrison, Harrison recognised the voice without even turning around. "He still feels off, though."

Harrison sighed, "Are we really doing this again, I thought we were past it?"

"I guess," James muttered, "I was genuinely just going to thank you for the invite and allowing Hope to come as well. It just-"

"It's fine," Harrison waved him off. "All kids above fourteen were invited, we could hardly not invite Hope."

James nodded and just walked away and that was that. Somehow, it calmed Harrison down a bit. If that was the conversation with his biological father he might actually be fine tonight.

"And was I convincing enough?" Tom asked softly as he suddenly stood next to Harrison, people really liked to just appear around him.

“Very convincing, Lord Gaunt.” Harrison said, cheekily. “Nice and short, but all the information we needed. It was genuinely nice.”

Tom smiled at him, “Well then, let’s go talk to some politicians.” Then he started leading the way through the crowd, introducing Harrison as his student. Harrison had seen everyone before, but not often enough to truly know them like Tom.

It probably helped that Tom met some of them back in his Hogwarts days.

“I can not even begin to fathom what it must be like to be so young and have that much responsibility.” One woman practically cried as she met Harrison.

Harrison chuckled nervously in reply to that, “You don’t know half of it.”

Tom gave him a disappointed, but amused look as the woman looked at him in shock.

“I think- well, I’m just going to look for some of the heirs.”

Tom nodded, “Yes, you do that.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, but did leave Tom behind then and there.

He saw the full clan of Weasleys then, except Ron who was probably somewhere with Hope. sitting somewhere just outside the big hall, where most teenagers were sitting.

Ginny was also there, one of the exceptions of the ‘fourteen rule’. He waved at them and then approached them, “Hey guys.”

“Hey, no ‘talking-to-lords’ responsibilities tonight?” Charlie asked.

“Left Marv behind.” Harrison said, looking at Percy, who was one of the only Weasleys who didn’t know the true nature of Marvolo Gaunt. The boy had recently started working at the Ministry and as far as Harrison heard it, was really passionate about it. “How’s the ministry?”

“It’s good!” Percy said excitedly, “Dad’s really excited, of course. Mom thinks I’m some kind of rebel because I refused to tell her some restricted things from the Ministry it was a whole ordeal.”

“Almost got disowned, too.” Fred chimed in, “Never been so proud of

our big bro." He wiped away a fake tear and Harrison snorted.

"Sounds rough." He said sympathetically. "Good of you to not listen to your mom, though, I've seen more than one case of a Ministry officer getting fired over that." He glanced around and waved his hand, placing a privacy charm. "So are you all coming tonight?"

"The ritual?" Bill asked and Harrison nodded, that meant they had indeed told Percy as Harrison expected. "I'm coming, for sure."

"Same," Charlie agreed, "Wouldn't pass up on something like that."

Fred and George nodded and Percy shrugged, "I think it's a good idea to focus on magics needs more."

And wasn't that interesting, Harrison thought. "Fudge would beg to differ."

"I listen to Fudge because he's my boss, not necessarily because I agree with what he stands for." Percy said and Harrison realised then and there that Percy was a perfect person to work at the Ministry.

Someone who might actually end up agreeing with him and Tom, as well.

"Interesting," Harrison said and then nodded. "That's great, the more people we have, the more we help Magic."

"I'll try to convince mom if you want to come." Bill said to Ginny who looked at him with pleading eyes and she nodded excitedly.

"Yes, please." She said, "She can't say no if all of us are going."

"What if she asks to come with?" Charlie muttered.

"Oh, it's thirty and below." Harrison said, winking at them. "Sirius and Remus are also letting us go alone, right Fred and George?"

George nodded, "So nice of them, honestly."

"There you go," Bill said, "I'll promise her I'll take care you, make sure you don't drink anything and the whole ordeal."

"Or," Harrison said, "We can ask Cedric to make his parents act like you're sleeping over at theirs? Didn't that always used to happen?"

"That would probably work better," Charlie agreed and Bill nodded.

“Either way we’ll figure something out.”

~

Big celebrations such as this one was something Harrison was *used* to at this point. Harrison wasn’t surprised by the way time fled, once he found his friend group and got the opportunity to talk to some more Lords or parents of his friends.

And somewhere, he was glad when that part of the evening was over and most of the guests left. Cedric did end up helping Ginny with convincing her parents and Molly and Arthur left with Ron, who was talking about potentially having a sleepover with Hermione and Hope.

“Enjoy yourself?” Tom asked, finding Harrison even after he left the rest for a bit, to find some calm before the ritual. Tom wrapped his arms around Harrison from behind, Harrison leaning just slightly into Tom’s chest. “I didn’t see you a lot.”

“It was good,” Harrison said, “Political parties are never the best.” He sighed and he felt Tom nod in agreement.

“It’s part of the suffering to become a good politician.”

Harrison turned around in Tom’s arms, wrapping his own arms around the man’s neck. “Sorry for not looking for you later in the evening.”

“Hmm,” Tom hummed, “It’s okay, I’m glad you got to enjoy the night with your friends.” He said. “Are you ready for a ritual?”

“Am I ever?” Harrison laughed, dropping his head on Tom’s shoulder. “’Tis nice.”

Tom chuckled, as he just stood there, not moving. “Yeah, it is.” He agreed after a bit. “Do you want to join your friends again?”

Harrison snorted softly and could practically feel Tom’s question about his response. “It’s always *‘your’* friends, when talking about people, even people we talk to just as much.” Harrison said, “I know you don’t really do friends, but it’s funny.”

And even Tom had to admit that that was amusing at the very least. He didn’t have friends, that much was true, not because he didn’t think anyone was worthy or anything similar, but plainly because he didn’t allow anyone to become close enough. He couldn’t open up and therefore a friendship would always be one-sided, a one-sided

friendship often turns into a weird sense of devotion, which then turns into followers.

Tom knew, it had happened, he had tried to befriend people once.

Harrison was different, he let himself in with their link and his sheer power, breaking down every protective layer, even the ones Tom didn't realise he had.

So he supposed Harrison had a point, but there was no blame behind his voice so Tom didn't even feel like he had to defend himself.

"Well?" He asked instead, raising an eyebrow and Harrison laughed, but nodded, leading Tom back into the room full of people who would be there for the ritual.

As they closed the doors behind them, every eye in the room turned to them. Tom cleared his throat, 'We would firstly like to thank all of you for coming here, supporting our cause to help mother magic. As for the ritual, we would like to invite all of you over floo to the Slytherin castle, where we have prepared the ritual room."

The process of moving everyone was admittedly a long one, but as Harrison sat down in his spot of the runes drawn on the floor and he heard Tom's voice carefully explaining what ritual they would do to friends, followers- and Harrison had even seen McGonagall- he could just feel that it was worth it. He didn't know if that was a touch of Magic or just his gut feeling, though.

You ready? Tom's voice came steadily over their link and Harrison nodded, knowing he was in Tom's line of vision, he always seemed to be.

He watched people take places around him, before he closed his eyes and focussed purely on the magic already in the room. The ritual would be relatively easy, Magic was a source of sorts, they would simply pour some magic of their own back in the source, to allow Magic to heal. Just like witches and wizards healed better when their core got replenished.

In many ways, these rituals had always existed. They had been done in millions of different ways over eras, much like the human sacrifice Harrison had seen in his vision.

The runes should allow to focus the magic more, as well as a closer connection between them and Mother Magic directly.

So easy, yet it should be really effective as well.

"*Mother Magic,"* Harrison hissed as everyone started. "*We're all here to give you a part back, for once we ask you to take instead of give and allow us to help you through the path of healing."* He directed it to her.

Then Tom started a slow almost-chant in Latin, one that was joined by some others quickly. Harrison felt the magic levels in the room grow and slowly relaxed in the feeling of being surrounded by so much magic, comforting, not at all aggressive.

Slowly he felt his own magic seep into the mix, a steady pull allowing him to easily let go of everything.

It was steadily, a breath next to his ear. An almost distorted version of Mother Magic's voice, "Harrison, it's not safe here."

His eyes snapped open and before he realised why his reflexes kicked in, throwing up a shield charm. He didn't exactly know where the curse came from, but it stopped right in front of him, the shield just on time.

His eyes darted around the room, but he saw nobody out of place, everyone had a look of concentration with their eyes closed. Even Tom.

They hadn't heard anything, couldn't have. Tom however, opened his eyes just before Harrison said anything. Probably having felt the distress over the link in waves.

"Fuck." Harrison breathed, masking his magic again. That did the trick apparently, people opened their eyes, mostly in annoyance by the disturbance. Tom however, was purely looking at him with worry, Harrison could feel it, besides only seeing the look.

He left his spot before Harrison even had the chance to utter another word, "*Are you okay?"* He hissed and Harrison nodded slowly.

"*Yeah, I'm- I'm all good."* He said. "*Barely, but yeah."*

"Barely?" Tom asked in English and Harrison shrugged.

"I got attacked, managed to stop the spell before it hit." He said, "Mother Magic warned me, she was watching over us." He said, as if that was something new, but Tom seemed surprised about it as well.

“Do you think it was the same person again?”

“It could be.” Harrison answered honestly, “Whoever it is, *is probably listening right now.”*

“I *fucking knew we should’ve put the wards up here as well.”* Tom said as he looked over the crowd. “I think this has been cut short for today, however Mother Magic listening in is promising, we hope most of you will come back the next time to support her.” He stated and then walked away, pulling Harrison with him.

Harrison’s friend followed without being asked to, all of them somehow ending up in a cozy seating area. Tom didn’t seem to mind, purely looking at Harrison, he scanned Harrison for any sign of hurt or curse.

“Why does one of us always end up in danger?” Harrison chuckled slightly as he asked the question and Tom allowed a small smile as he casted one last spell.

“Part of the job, darling.” He muttered, “You must’ve had some good reflexes to go from meditating to defending yourself within a second.”

“That a compliment?” Harrison asked and Tom looked him over one last time.

“Could be.” He allowed.

“I had some help, though.” Harrison said. “Fucking scared the crap out of me, Mother Magic.”

“She might be the only reason you’re still alive right now.” Tom said, not even bothering a look at the other people in the room as he sat down next to Harrison.

“Hold up,” Bill said, being the first one brave enough to speak. “Mother Magic actually *warned* you?”

Harrison nodded, not sure where this was going to go.

“I found some archives once.” Bill explained, “Posing the question of when a deity crossed the line and intervenes too much. Most of them agreed that the deities must listen to Fate on that certain point, as some humans will be more free than others, depending on their Fate.”

“Okay and?” Fred asked, obviously not knowing what his brother

meant by it.

“If Mother Magic warned you,” Bill said. “Your Fate must’ve either changed, from getting hit by the spell to not getting hit. Or the person who tried to hit you with it somehow managed to break free from his general life plan. Either way, they must all agree you were worth saving.”

“Well, nice to know that I’m wanted, I guess.” Harrison muttered and Bill rolled his eyes.

“I guess it’s just fascinating.” Bill said, “I’ve never heard of any deity interfering in such a direct way before.”

“Sorry-“ Harrison muttered. “It is, I just- they like toying with me as I’m helping them.”

“Okay,” Terence said, “But does no one else think it’s strange that no one saw or heard the attack?”

“That’s what I was thinking,” Tom agreed. “Somebody must’ve seen it.”

“If it’s the same guy who attacked Tom and I,” Terence said, “I’m afraid it must be someone who was trained in attacking quick and efficiently, before fleeing or covering up. He already seemed to hide as a Death Eater, right?”

Harrison nodded and then groaned. “Why does it always have to be dangerous? Like can’t we just peacefully take over the government?”

Tom wrapped an arm around his shoulders and once again said, “Part of the job, darling.” Harrison rolled his eyes and Tom added, “Being a Dark Lord isn’t for the weak.”

And Harrison had to give it to the man, he probably had a point. Tom himself never would’ve become a Dark Lord, if not for his rough childhood. It was those harsh environments that brought forward the urge to change the world around you and make it a better place to live n.

“I think I know what I want to do next,” Harrison said, looking directly at Tom. This was more a disclaimer for him than for his friends, anyways.

Tom raised an eyebrow and Harrison almost hesitated before quickly

saying, “I want to try and get Dumbledore to loan me one of the time-turners.” Tom raised an eyebrow and Harrison continued, “I want to try and talk to Time, the last of the main deities. I need to figure out his role and stance in this.”

“That’s absolutely insane.” Daphne said, as all eyes turned on her, she quickly said. “What? It’s insanity that he only has one deity he didn’t talk to yet!”

Harrison laughed and Tom nodded thoughtfully. “If you’re sure.” He said eventually and Harrison nodded, either way he really needed to do this sometime. If you wanted to help you need to know all sides of an issue.

“Okay, so then we’ll try to get a time-turner from the old coot together.” Tom said and Harrison smiled at him.

Chapter End Notes

I've been loving the whole deity/religious background of the wizarding world and thinking about it more. So here's a whole chapter about just that I guess.

Also I know my updates are taking longer and longer and I just wanted to calm you all down a bit by saying as long as I'm here and able to write I'll do whatever I can to ensure this story never gets discontinued, at this point it feels like my life work and I love reading back and just feeling myself grow up over the past 3/4 years. So truly I'll keep posting until I found a satisfying end.

I love you all, thanks for reading x

Chapter 75: Not jealous, just possessive

Chapter Notes

> Shorter one, I genuinely couldn't reach my normal minimum for some reason.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christmas up until New Year's eve flew by with gift exchanges and celebrations. They also celebrated the one year anniversary of Remus and Sirius' 'marriage'. But this day felt more special than anything else.

Harrison woke up next to Tom, New Year's eve felt even more special, because it meant it was also Tom's birthday. The man didn't care about his birthday, something about living forever making it feel less special. Yet, everyone else made a big deal out of it, since last year at least, because the Death Eater's figured out his birthday.

Harrison had to stop them from planning a birthday party, he didn't think Tom would appreciate having to spent more time with his Death Eaters than he already did. Even if the Death Eater's would all argue that he *was* very fond of them.

"Good morning," Harrison said, eventually, well aware that Tom was already awake. Had been awake for a while before he was. "Happy birthday." He muttered. Then he added, "You never did crucio anyone for telling about your birthday."

Tom snorted, "Good morning to you too, love." He said, "It's a slow process."

"You've just gone soft." Harrison said, "Admit it."

"You've rubbed off on me." Tom said, a slight smirk on his face that Harrison could hear in his voice.

Harrison slapped Tom softly on the chest, "You're a perv." He said, then sighed. "I wonder what valuable things you got this year. No wonder the rich get richer."

Tom just rolled onto his side, wrapping an arm around Harrison and pulling him close to his chest. Harrison allowed it easily, wondering whether Tom once again had a full day planned for his birthday- last

year it was a big meeting, which hadn't been a great celebration at all, to be honest.

"No Death Eater meetings today," Tom answered before Harrison had the chance to say anything out loud. "Just us, preferably like this the whole day."

"*You* want to cuddle the whole day?" Harrison asked and Tom chuckled.

"Among other things," He said, propping his head up with his hand. "Use your mind, darling." He said before leaning in and claiming Harrison's mouth in a kiss.

Harrison wrapped his arms around Tom's neck then and hummed, "How can I say no to the birthday boy?" He asked softly between kisses and Tom smirked into the kiss in reply.

It didn't take long before Tom started placing kisses on Harrison's jawline instead, the man loved this, taking his time, kissing every spot on Harrison's body and preferably leaving bruises which he would then force Harrison to not hide.

It was his possessive streak, probably, but Harrison wasn't going to complain. Especially with Tom who not only loved this part, but was also really good at making sure it was enjoyable- more than enjoyable even- for Harrison as well.

And maybe, because of all their past experiences and trials together, Harrison was surprised to hear Tom even utter the words, "I want you on top." It was soft, not shy, but well thought out. "I want you to ride me." He said then, clearing up any confusion the prior statement could have caused.

He was right next to his ear as he said, "I think you'd look really fucking hot, on top of me, using me." He said, softly biting the shell of his ears, while Harrison processed whatever the fuck just happened. "You can say-"

"I'll-" Harrison swallowed, "Of course."

Tom kissed him again then and Harrison replied enthusiastically, even as the man flipped them in their kiss, trying to settle against the headboard, while kissing, refusing to break the kiss for even a second.

Harrison let his hand explore the body *under* him then, as he straddled

Tom's hips. The man just settled his own hands on Harrison's hips then.

"How's that for a birthday gift?" Harrison whispered at some point and Tom's thumb started rubbing circles in the fabric of his underwear, perks of morning sex, no awkward quick undressing.

"All I could wish for, really." Tom answered, watching curiously as Harrison backed off just slightly, trying to get their last clothing articles off. They both had the tendency to forget that they could just delete the clothing articles with a simple snap of their fingers or less.

Harrison claimed Tom's lips in another kiss after that, bucking his hips forward to get some friction between them. "You want to do the prepping?" He asked, against Tom's lips.

It was a question that Tom would often ask him, yes or no to real prepping, depending on their moods they'd decide.

Tom nibbled on Harrison's lower lips before answering by waving his hand, the magic washing over and *in* Harrison's body. He wasn't a big fan of the spells, generally speaking but when they were desperate to get to the *real* fucking it always did the job.

He laughed slightly, "Impatient fucker."

"Come on," Tom said, if he wasn't *Tom* Harrison would call it begging. "Just fucking-" He breathed in sharply as Harrison lined himself up and lowered himself on Tom slowly.

He paused for a bit, just watching Tom, who was watching him back. Then he experimentally moved up, putting his leg muscles to work.

"I knew you'd look heavenly like this." Tom said softly, the worlds filling up the limited air between them. Harrison started with slow movements, but sped up over time, Tom was watching him with this heavy look in his eyes, sometimes groaning just slightly and all while whispering all kinds of compliments.

It almost felt more intimate then anything they had ever done before, just Tom allowing Harrison to be on top, but also take charge of the pace and everything did that to an experience apparently.

But they could only last so long before they both came, Harrison allowing himself to drop his head in the crook of Tom's neck while Tom fully put his arms around Harrison, instead of just resting them

on Harrison's hips.

"Happy birthday to me." Tom whispered eventually and Harrison hummed, kissing the bare skin of Tom's neck.

They stayed like that for a while, Tom not in any hurry apparently and Harrison was content just sitting like that, for once being the one who was trying to mark up Tom instead of the other way around.

Tom let it happen, his fingers tracing shapes on Harrison's back as they laid like that.

~

It was a while later that they both got up, Harrison awkwardly trying to find the best moment to give Tom a gift that was both important for their knowledge about the deities and something so unique he didn't even expect something like it to exist.

When he did give the box to Tom, the man gave him a questioning glance, Harrison shrugged. "Believe me, you'll never find anything like this again." He said, "I overdid all your gifts until well- forever I guess."

Tom chuckled and opened the box slowly, the sheer power of the single gem already spreading throughout the room. Harrison saw Tom study the gem, the stone that had once been part of one of the first wands used to cast modern-day magic.

"Is this-" Tom started, but he was looking at the stone almost speechless. "I think I heard about this at Borgins once-"

"It's Magic's gift after granting humans true magic." Harrison whispered, still kind of in awe himself.

Tom looked down at the gem and then at Harrison, "You found the single most magically powerful artefact on *earth* and decided to just give it to me?"

Harrison shrugged, "You deserve it more than anyone else." He muttered.

"You're insane," Tom said, with a breathy voice. "How did you even find this?"

"Borgin had it laying around apparently, he gave it to me." Harrison

answered, “He told me he’d rather give it to me than have it laying there forever.”

Harrison could tell Tom was truly and well speechless, the man just stared at the stone and then glanced at Harrison. “What did you figure out with the stone?” He asked, because he *knew* Harrison.

“The ritual in Egypt truly was a start,” Harrison said, “While the sacrifice was magical itself, it wasn’t the magic we use nowadays, it felt different, afterwards however, that was all Mother Magic.”

“I feel like,” Tom said then, “As much as this is a gift, it might even be useful with helping the deities.” He admitted. “Although, I don’t know how.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “That was also on my mind.”

“Fuck,” Tom said, “I can’t believe you found this and just gave it to me, like that.”

“You give me insane artefacts all the times.”

“Artefacts from my *followers* heritage,” Tom said, “Not from magic herself.”

“I have to out-do you somehow,” Harrison said and Tom rolled his eyes, carefully putting the box on the table before hugging Harrison.

“I really do love you.” Tom whispered, as if Harrison could doubt that for a second.

~

New year’s this year was a small celebration at Grimmauld’s place. Just there family and then some friends who didn’t have anything big going on with their own family, which turned out to be just Cedric and Terene since pureblood families tended to go big on things such as new year’s as well.

But both the Higgs and Diggory’s expected their sons to want to celebrate with their boyfriend, giving them the freedom to do whatever they wanted. Both the families had been surprisingly supportive after they told them about their relationship just a couple of weeks ago.

“Any resolutions?” Sirius asked as he dropped onto the couch where

Remus was sitting, ending up sprawled over him in a way that did not seem comfortable at all.

“It’d be great to get out of the tournament alive,” Cedric said, “Is staying alive a resolution?”

Terence elbowed him in his side, “That’s not funny.”

“I’d say it is.” Harrison replied, “I’d like to not end up in a coma this year or become so magically exhausted that I can’t use my magic for a while.”

“Wow, dark.” Sirius chuckled awkwardly, “I was thinking more along the lines of ‘I want to practice my transfiguration every week so by the end of the year I can-“

“You’re telling *Harrison* to train magic, Pads.” Remus sighed, “You should’ve expected not to get an answer like that.”

Sirius looked at Harrison and sighed, “Fair enough.”

“What about you, Siri?” Harrison asked.

“I don’t know,” Sirius sighed. “I guess I want to just keep doing what I’m doing right now, safely.”

“We want to properly start selling things,” Fred said. “Within’ Hogwarts, try to get some customers before trying for a store.”

George nodded in agreement, “Hopefully we’ll be able to properly open that way when we get out of Hogwarts.”

“My sons opening their own prank store, I’m so proud.” Sirius said.

Remus chuckled, “That was our dream once.” He sighed, “Now I hope I can just keep my position in Hogwarts without having to change halfway through the year again.”

“I have more faith in Tom then the other Defense teachers to do the whole year.” Harrison laughed and Remus shrugged.

“You never know what might happen.”

“I hope I don’t lose the job,” Tom muttered, “Especially since I was the reason all the others lost it. That curse was *strong.”*

“Might’ve ruined your own future there, Tommy.” Harrison sighed

disappointedly. “Luckily you can almost retire, I suppose.”

Sirius barely managed to stop himself from laughing as Tom just raised an eyebrow at him. “You are so paying for that.” He muttered and Harrison snorted.

“So scary.”

Regulus came in then, sitting down next to George, who easily made space for him. “Another year gone.” He said as he leant back into the couch, breaking the silent that had fallen over the room just seconds before.

And it was nice to have a small celebration for once, not having to mask feelings, because you’re afraid some politician will see it and use it against you. Or maybe even a journalist that will write about you in some paper again.

And as Harrison watched Sirius pull everyone into a dumb argument about Magical Creatures, Harrison turned to Tom, “I hope you enjoyed your birthday.” He said, in English and the man smiled softly at him.

“It was one of the best ones I’ve ever had, don’t worry about it.” He replied, truthfully and Harrison nodded gladly.

“Oh! Yeah, Happy birthday.” Terence said and Tom gave Harrison a look, before thanking the boy.

“How did he like the present?” Cedric asked.

“If he didn’t at least appreciate this one we would’ve had a very big fight.” Harrison said, looking at Tom, who nodded in agreement immediately. “I mean I can’t over-do it, ever.”

“You’ve raised the bar by a lot for sure,” Tom agreed.

~

When the clock hit 12, Tom pulled Harrison into a kiss, not seeming to care about the people around them. Harrison almost felt sorry for Fred, George and Regulus for being surrounded by couples right now, as they sat awkwardly, wishing each other a happy new year.

When Tom broke the kiss, he pushed something in Harrison’s hand, “Try it.”

“What is it?” Harrison looked at the glass that had seemingly appeared

from nowhere.

“An old Slytherin recipe,” Tom said, “Close to muggle Champagne, I guess, I found it a bit ago, some storage in the castle.”

Tom waved his hand making more glasses for everyone appear, he probably made the Slytherin Elves prepare it.

Harrison took a sip and was surprised by the almost sweet taste in his mouth, so unlike the firewhiskey wizards tended to drink.

“It’s actually good.” Harrison said as everyone else also tried and Tom nodded.

“You sound surprised.” He noted and Harrison shrugged, Tom just laughed and kissed his forehead. “I’m glad you like it, love.”

~

Harrison and Tom crashed in Harrison’s room in Grimmauld’s place, not bothering to go back to Slytherin’s castle. Harrison fell asleep to Tom scratching his scalp softly as he talked about random things, allowing Harrison to doze off in a state of calm neither one of them was used to.

The next morning Harrison woke up to an empty bed. Which was weird, since Tom tended to not get up until Harrison was at least awake.

He shrugged it off, allowing to stay in the warmth of his bed just a bed longer, before also getting up. It didn’t quite feel the same when Tom wasn’t there with him, teasing him about being lazy while he flipped the man off.

So he forced himself out of bed and walked downstairs.

“It’s going to happen eventually.” He heard Tom say before he could enter the dining room, where usually Sirius, Remus and sometimes Fred and George would be sitting in the morning. “And this is going to come close-“

“We wouldn’t be able to stop you either way?” Sirius asked more than stated and Tom made an agreeing noise. He heard some rustling then, not sure what the noise was.

“You won’t regret it.” Tom said and it was Remus who spoke up then.

“That’s one thing we can at least be certain of.” He said, agreeing self-assured.

“It just seems so soon.” Sirius sighed and Harrison just walked in then.

“What is happening?” He asked, as he looked at the three men sitting at the table.

Tom looked at him and Harrison noticed only then that his side of the link was slightly closed, he raised an eyebrow and Tom looked almost apologetic. “It’s a present.” He said, “Just- ignore it for now?”

Harrison looked at Sirius’ pout and Remus’ smile and smirked, right he knew what was happening. “*You really thought they could keep this a secret?”* He hissed.

“*You weren’t supposed to wake up for at least another hour.”* Tom said and Harrison snorted.

“*I couldn’t sleep-“* He stopped himself, “*You really asked for their permission?”*

“I thought Sirius would appreciate it,” Tom said, “Now sit down, before they think you’re angry.” He said that part in English and Harrison snorted.

“*You’re sweet.”* Harrison hissed, sitting down next to Tom. “*When’s it happening?”*

“*I’m not telling you.”* Tom said, jokingly *childish* and then he added. “*Not for a while, I want it to be big, after the Ministry take over.”*

Harrison smiled at him, grabbing his hand, so he could hold it underneath the table. “*Don’t leave me alone again, I thought you were kidnapped or something.”*

Tom snorted, “Sorry, your majesty.”

Harrison rolled his eyes and then swore he heard Remus whisper to Sirius, “See? They’re ready.”

Sirius sighed, but nodded.

“I can’t believe you closed the link,” Harrison said then, “That’s just plain cheating.”

“I didn’t want my thoughts to flow over the link.” Tom said and

Harrison snorted.

“They barely ever do,” Harrison said, “You still have to teach me the mind reading thing sometime.”

“I think you’re just a lot more expressive.” Tom said, “Don’t think it’s really a skill I gained.”

“Don’t gatekeep, Tommy.” Harrison muttered.

“Mind-reading?” Remus asked, “Like literally?”

“Tom reads my thoughts almost always, it’s scary.” Harrison said, “Like I’ll think something and he’ll just reply.”

“Sounds distracting,” Remus said, “I can’t imagine having Sirius’ thoughts in my head all day.”

“Hey!” Sirius shouted and Tom shrugged.

“It isn’t as distracting as you would think, it’s kind of nice sometimes, besides it doesn’t happen *all the time.”* He said, “Mostly when Harrison is in the same room or just really focused on something, I can shut it out if I want, though.”

“You can?” Harrison asked.

“Yeah,” Tom said, “I’ll try to see if I can be more open with my thoughts for you.”

“That’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said to me.” Harrison said, dramatically.

Tom laughed, “I’m sure I’ve said some other things.”

“*Not things that meant as much as you trying to fully open yourself up to someone,”* Harrison hissed and Tom had to admit Harrison had a point there, so he didn’t argue.

“I’m willing to try.” He just said and Harrison’s smile said enough, truly.

~

After New Year’s it didn’t take long before Harrison found himself sitting in the train back to Hogwarts. A growing nervousness was obvious between him and Cedric for the second task of the

tournament, both of them unsure what to expect from it.

All they knew is that they probably had to go and get Terence and Blaise from the bottom of the lake.

“Father was so angry.” Draco said to Tracey as they walked into their usual compartment in the train. “I thought he would never forgive me.”

“But he did like two days later?’ Tracey guessed and Draco nodded.

“I was lucky that I had no true interest either way.” He said and Tracey rolled her eyes.

“Why did you agree on going with her then?” She asked, “Leading the girl on, honestly Draco that’s not a good thing to do even if you don’t like someone.”

“What are you guys on about?” Harrison asked and Tracey looked at Draco and then answered.

“Dray is telling me about the Yule ball with Hermione as his date.”

Harrison had totally forgotten that had happened with Tom and Blaise, he hadn’t really looked around at other people. It had generally been a lot of fun for everyone, that much he knew.

“It didn’t make any sense for her to ask me.” Draco said, “I wanted to know if it was some scheme, so I accepted, any one of us could have done that.”

“And was it?” Harrison asked.

Draco shook his head. “For as far as I could tell not.” He admitted, “She seemed genuinely interested in me.”

“That’s not what I expected,” Blaise said from next to Harrison, leaning against the window, his legs in Harrison’s lap. Harrison thought the boy might be enjoying this whole acting a bit too much, or maybe he just used it to annoy Harrison.

It was funny, though, so all good.

“That sounded ruder than I intended.” Blaise added then. “I meant it as, I didn’t expect Hermione Granger to actually ask any of us out with real interest.”

“I think he got that much, babe.” Harrison said, voice laced in sarcasm and Blaise rolled his eyes.

“Did Tom go to Hogwarts directly this time, Harrikins?” Fred asked, Harrison nodded.

“Something about having a meeting with Dumbledore for restarting the duel club.” He replied, “We talked about it during the yule ball, although then I thought he was joking, apparently he was serious enough about it.”

“Why would he want to restart that? Wasn’t it a disaster?” Pansy asked.

Harrison shrugged, “It was, but that was with Lockhart, if Tom decides to do a duelling club it’ll work out for the better for all of us.” He said, “We’ll actually learn something this time, instead of me having to secretly do classes.”

“All the Death Eaters learned how to duel well,” Draco muttered, “As long as he doesn’t teach the same way.”

Harrison nodded quietly, looking at the blonde boy, he seemed more calm now than he had been in a while. Maybe something truly had happened over his break, whether it was an annoyed father about his yule date or something else.

Terence walked into the compartment then, “Harrison I need you to do rounds, please?” He asked, “I know I promised you wouldn’t have to come to the meeting but there was something about a girl who lost the necklace her mom gave her and everybody’s looking so-“

Harrison threw Blaise’s legs on the floor, the boy huffing but straightened, and then got up. “No worries, can I help?”

Terence breathed out in relief, “Yeah, come on.” He said as he started leading Harrison through the train to the distressed girl.

Harrison wondered if he would ever get a *boring* train ride to Hogwarts again.

~

The welcoming feast was as always chaotic as the Hogwarts students tried to settle back into their life at Hogwarts, while the few students who stayed there over the break had to get used to the business of the

castle once more.

Especially now with two more schools, the hallways seemed extra crowded and Harrison was thankful once more that he knew the castle better than anyone else here. The secret paths Godric made him explore to prove that he was brave enough to roam in the dark were calm as ever.

“So are you two ready for the next task?” Adrian asked, one of the few people Harrison had barely seen over break. “Any idea what it could be yet?”

“I don’t know if we’re allowed to share.” Cedric laughed, he had somehow managed to sit with them, something that was usually strictly forbidden at a welcome back feast. “It’s nerve wrecking, though, but I don’t know if it beats the dragons.”

“Definitely does for me.” Harrison said, “Poor dragon just wanted my help, this time I’ll actually have to partake.”

Cedric nodded, “We’ll be fine though, I wonder if they’ll let us do it one by one again or all together this time.”

“If we go together, we can all help each other, even Viktor and Fleur must agree to that.” Harrison said, “I’m sure it’ll be fine, though, either way.”

“Yeah no doubt about that,” Adrian agreed, “What about this Christmas break, how did it go for you all?”

And so Harrison started telling Adrian about the boring Wizengamot meetings- as much as he was allowed to say- and about Christmas, the one time Adrian had been at Slytherin manor and then New Years.

The boy then told him about his family visits and before Harrison knew, it was time to go back to the Slytherin common room. In just a little over a week he would compete in the second task and he noticed it in the atmosphere of the entire school; there was a sort of hesitant excitement in the air, nobody quite sure whether they could be openly excited without seeming psychotic for wanting to see the danger of the next task.

It was somewhere before the next task, when he was on his way to Defense class, that Harrison got approached by an almost distressed Luna, who grabbed his arm and led him to some abandoned classroom.

“Harrison Black, what did you do?” She asked and Harrison was surprised by the confusion mixed with a sort of anger in her voice.

He glanced at Luna, unsure what she was on about, “You’re going to have to be more specific than that, moon.”

Luna glanced at the ground, “I’ve been meeting with Helena Ravenclaw every Wednesday for two years now, she didn’t show up this time.” She said, “Don’t lie, I know something happened with you.”

“She disappeared?” Harrison asked and Luna nodded.

“What did you do?” She asked, her voice more soft now, she sounded sad.

Harrison sighed, “I figured out how Rowena died, by talking to her, Rowena showed up and they saw each other for the first time in centuries.” He approached the girl carefully, placing a hand on her shoulder. Luna finally met his eyes. “Maybe she finally got her closure?”

Ghost only turned into ghosts if they had unfinished business on earth, many times this was the grief of a person who died, often when they didn’t know the cause, or weren’t sure they died. It was only logical Helena’s situation had been just like that; an infinite search for her deceased mom, trapped in a castle where her mother hadn’t wandered in decades.

“You did good,” Luna admitted then, just as softly as before. “I’m sorry, I was worried for Helena.”

Harrison nodded, “I get it, don’t worry.” He said, “I would’ve done the same thing.” He watched the girl carefully for a few seconds, before he got himself to ask. “You didn’t predict this, though?”

Luna stiffened for a second, before she sighed, “It’s vague.” She admitted, “It is rare that I really predict something fully, often it’s more a feeling leading me towards a certain path, or flashes.” She said, “But yeah, I guess the reason I gave up so quickly this Wednesday was because I felt like she wouldn’t show up either way.”

And all Harrison could do is nod again, watching the girl helplessly as she seemed to *grief* over the ghost. Luna was a strange girl, he was somewhat glad he managed to let her befriend people within his group, allow her to meet less judgemental people than her apparent house mates.

He opened his arms, quietly offering the girl a hug, something the girl accepted gladly and Harrison stood there for a while. Luna didn't cry as she processed the whole situation.

"I'm glad she managed to escape." She said then, muffled by his shirt. Harrison sighed, it was truly better for Helena. Luna stepped back, letting go of Harrison, he wasn't sure how long they had stood there, but Harrison didn't regret a minute of it.

Harrison just smiled softly at her and she straightened herself, "I'm sorry for keeping you here."

Harison shook his head, "Don't be," He said, "I'm sorry for your loss." It felt weird saying that over someone whose been dead for centuries, then again people did the same for him, after they found Rowena and buried her.

"I'll let you go to class now," She said, "I hope Tom won't be too angry. Although, I feel like it should be okay." The tone she said it with made Harrison know that she knew exactly *what kind of trouble* he would be in, would Tom think it's funny to give him detention.

Harrison shrugged, "I'll be fine. That man wouldn't dare punish me." He said, not totally convinced of that statement himself.

Luna giggled and it was the closest thing Harrison would get to agreement from the girl right now.

He did hurry out of the classroom then, leaving Luna alone to properly collect her thoughts and everything before also going on about her day.

When he walked into the classroom Tom looked at him, one eyebrow raised in question. It was a gentle question echoing through his entire being, *Are you okay?*

Harrison was kind of surprised Tom had for once not been reading his thoughts, although it might've had something to do with the distance, *Luna needed me, I'll tell you about it later.*

Tom was still staring at him, non-verbally demanding an explanation.

"Sorry," Harrison said, awkwardly, it was enough to catch the attention of everyone in the room.

Tom snorted softly, although it could also be a scoff with the way he

was trying to disguise it. “Care to explain why you’re over half an hour late?” He asked, he wasn’t going to make this easy then.

Then again, he couldn’t really treat Harrison differently than he would any other. “I had to help someone, it’s not my business to share.” He explained, “I’m happy to tell *you,* but not in a room full of other people, as I feel like that would be me betraying the trust of my friend.”

Tom sighed, “Sit down,” He commanded, “10 points from Slytherin for being late and you *will* give me a proper reason later or it will be attention for you, Mr Black.” He said and Harrison could hear the edge of sarcasm in his voice, he was sure no one else could, though.

He really loved the fact that Tom was his professor.

“Understood?” He asked when Harrison just looked at him, at least he sat down.

“Yes, professor *Gaunt.”* He said and Tom’s lip quirked up slightly.

“Very well, now where was I?” He asked and then he started talking about some defensive spell, Harrison honestly didn’t even bother pay attention to the lecture itself. He did practice the spell, though, in the second part of class, which had to count for something.

After class, he obediently waited when everyone left, George smirking over his shoulder and winking as he was the last to leave the classroom, before closing the door behind him.

“Luna was in shock,” Harrison said immediately, “Helena’s ghost is gone since the whole Rowena thing and she asked me about it- more like demanded the information.” He said.

Tom nodded silently, “Why did it take so long?” He asked, although Harrison knew that Tom would’ve let him get away with saying nothing. Any information he gave was purely because he *wanted to.* Because him and Tom tried to keep each other informed of everything.

“She was grieving, she genuinely befriended Helena.” Harrison said, “Or- well her ghost.” He muttered, “I comforted her, for as long as she needed.”

Tom smiled a little at that and Harrison could feel the *affection* over the link.

“Is that good enough a reason, professor?” Harrison asked and Tom rolled his eyes.

“I suppose it’ll have to do.” He replied and Harrison smiled back at the man. “I had something else, though.” He added then and it was suddenly Harrison’s turn to wonder what the man was on about. “I think we should go visit Grindelwald the day after your second task, give him the bracelet.”

“So soon?”

“Dumbledore needs to go properly insane when he hears Voldemort returned, if he already knows he’s receiving magic from Grindelwald, instead of hooking it up later, it might enhance his reaction.”

Harrison could see where the man was coming from, he himself did not necessarily have a better plan so he just nodded. “That sounds good.”

“Alright-“ Tom said, “That’s good.”

And that felt off, didn’t it? The response lacking its usual enthusiasm.

“Are you okay?” Harrison asked softly, reversing the question of earlier, it actually being spoken out loud this time.

Tom nodded, “Yeah, I’m fine.” He said. “This part? Making Dumbledore look incompetent, is one of the most important parts, more important than almost anything I’ve ever done to make this work. It isn’t just about us anymore either, it’s about the entire wizarding world and to make it work this needs to work, so I-“

“It’s fucking scary, isn’t it?” Harrison asked as Tom stopped talking, Harrison could feel the unsureness of how he could continue, put the feelings Harrison could now feel over the link into words.

Tom nodded, “It is.” He allowed himself to admit, “But it’s us, we can make it work.”

Harrison nodded, “We always do, don’t we?”

“Just have to prove every other popular candidate is going insane, or tries to ignore direct threats.” Tom said, “Easy enough.”

Harrison, at this point, got up so he could approach Tom where he was sitting on his desk. He grabbed one of the man’s hands. “We’re

going to be okay." He said, "You're going to be an amazing minister."

Tom smiled at him, "I know, love." He said, "I know." And he sounded sure of that, at least. He let go of Harrison's hand, Harrison letting him go without fight, before Tom used both his arms to pull Harrison against his chest. "As soon as all of this is over, I'm claiming you in front of the whole world, as well."

Harrison chuckled, "You're the only person I'd be a trophy husband for." He said and Tom was amused now, Harrison could still feel the tenseness, the worry in the back of his mind, though. At this point, it was a constant and he wasn't sure whether it was his or Tom's half of the time.

Probably a mix, it was only logical that the pressure of their situation was getting to them.

Tom's face was next to his ear as he said, "I'd be happy to show you off." It was more quiet than his next words, "15 points to Slytherin."

"For what?" Harrison chuckled and he could feel Tom smirking.

"For helping another student," He said, "And me as well."

"It's my pleasure, sir." He answered softly and Tom just hugged him that much closer.

~

The day of the second task was even more chaotic than the first, suddenly bets were being placed, lead by Fred and George of course, and the amount of people that came to watch was almost doubled.

And even with all that, as Harrison looked at the water, he felt no true pressure. He had to get Blaise out, that much he knew. The boy- and Terence- had disappeared yesterday evening, confirming his and Tom's suspicions about just what they had to retrieve from the lake, but Harrison wasn't necessarily worried about the merfolk that would be there, protecting the bodies.

At least all the champions would indeed compete at the same time.

"Ready, Black?" Krum asked, voice thick with his accent, worse so than usually. It must be because of the nerves.

"Always," Harrison replied, "What about you?"

“I have a solid plan to get through this.” He answered unclearly as he looked at the water. Harrison could hear someone speaking to the audience and introducing all of them again, before explaining the idea of todays task.

Harrison wondered why people decided to come to this one over the dragons, since the view would be shit, everything happened underwater.

He heard the countdown and next to him he saw the others preparing, having their wands out to cast the wanted spell.

Cedric and Fleur both casted the bubble-head charm, while Viktor chose to transfigure his entire top-half into a shark.

Harrison however had recently read a book about scuba spells, letting you breathe normally without too much effort. For him, that seemed like the easiest way to properly breathe underwater.

As soon as he was in the water he noticed the amount of plants they would have to navigate through and he realized that that might make it harder than any of the creatures that might try to stop them.

He swam towards the centre of the lake, relatively calmly, as he didn’t want to capture the attention of Grindylows or merpeople. However, he quickly heard spells being fired somewhere below him and as he looked downwards and saw Fleur battling Grindylows, he had to remind himself that she could save herself. Even if it meant she couldn’t finish the task.

He did keep an eye on her as he swam and quickly noticed that she did go to the surface again, surrendering the fight after she wasn’t able to continue her bubble-head charm.

After that he didn’t spent too much time looking back specifically, he hadn’t seen Cedric or Viktor since they entered the lake and he convinced himself they had probably already found the hostages as he swam downwards.

It was when he reached the middle, where the four students were waiting, none of them gone yet, that a grindylow bit down on his leg.

“Ow! You fucker.” He hissed as he shot a spell at the annoying thing, that caught the attention of the merfolk defending their hostages. It kind of turned into a 1 against 30 or so, and he was honestly surprised how *exhausting* it was to fight underwater.

Somewhere halfway, he did get some help from Cedric who finally found his way through the underwater forest, Viktor not following too long after.

As they saw the shark most of them just fled and Harrison took his chance to free both Blaise and Fleur's little sister before shooting up to the surface. Allowing his competitiveness to shine through for once, as he still thought it was *fun* to finish fist.

They all came up within five seconds, making it clear to the audience that they had all helped each other, yet the cheers got louder every time the surface water broke to reveal someone else.

"It's freezing," Blaise muttered as he woke up when the air hit his face, Fleur's sister however, while waking up didn't seem ready to move yet.

"Will you make it to the shore?" Harrison asked and Blaise looked at him, as well as the girl he was trying to help and nodded.

"I'm fine." He proved this by swimming towards the shore, leaving Harrison to catch up, while trying to keep Fleur's sister above water.

Cedric was quietly talking to Terence, who just laughed and splashed him with water in response to whatever he said. Viktor was helping his classmate to the shore as well.

"Just had to be the hero, huh Black?" Cedric shouted to him as he and Terence were slowly but surely approaching him, all of them almost on land.

Harrison laughed, as his feet finally touched the ground. "You know me, Diggory." He answered, "I didn't have a choice."

Terence and Cedric both helped him make sure Fleur's sister was alright, before the girl herself ran towards her little sister, shooing them all away, but still taking the time to than Harrison, very dramatically.

She kissed his cheek and Harrison could feel Tom's annoyance in the back of his mind, "It was no problem." He muttered to Fleur, who had already tuned him out again.

He sighed and tried to look for Blaise, who was sitting somewhere with Theo and Pansy, a towel around him.

“You’re going to freeze if you just stand like that,” An amused voice said, *Tom.* He felt the warmth of a spell spread through his body not a second later, sighing in relief.

As Harrison turned to face Tom it looked like the man wasn’t sure what to do and Harrison felt the same, there were thousands of eyes on him right now and he couldn’t really hug his DADA teacher without starting any rumours again.

Tom just handed him a towel and Harrison chuckled, “Sorry about Fleur.” The man waved him off.

“It’s fine,” He said, “She’s a veela and *French* it’s normal there.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Okay Mr. I’m-not-jealous.”

“Not jealous,” Tom smirked, “Just possessive.”

“Understatement.”

Tom took just a step closer, whispering, “You should sleep at my place tonight.” He then paused, “In Hogwarts, I mean.” As if that wasn’t clear.

And Harrison knew that it would be a risk, sneaking in and out while anyone could see, but the way Tom looked at him made him sure of one thing; he really couldn’t say no.

He didn’t really want to, either.

So he nodded and Tom smiled, “Alright, good job once again, Heir Black, I’ll see you in class.” He said just that much louder, so the people around them could hear and Harrison nodded.

“See you, professor.”

When Tom left, Harrison walked over to Blaise, who was still with Pansy and Theo.

“Hello, boyfriend.” He said as he saw Harrison coming. “You okay?”

“Just curious about the scores.” Harrison answered, “Are you good? Sorry you had to go through all that for me.” He apologised, awkwardly.

Blaise shrugged, “It’s fine,” He said, “Come sit us.” He shuffled a bit on the bench he was sitting on, making place for Harrison.

“You saved two out of four, no way you’re not getting first place.” Pansy said.

Theo looked at the ‘judges’ discussing and shrugged, “They might say it’s cheating.”

“Right,” Harrison said, drawing out the ‘I’. “Either way, I didn’t really enter to win.”

“But you’d still love to win, though.” Blaise muttered and Harrison couldn’t really argue with that.

“I would.” He agreed, “Anyone would.”

Blaise wrapped an arm around his shoulder and Harrison felt the cold arm in his neck, he frowned. “Are any of you actual wizards?” He asked as he waved his hand to cast a warming charm on Blaise. “I can’t believe you didn’t do that already.”

Blaise looked down in embarrassment, “I forgot, I was wondering why you seemed so okay.”

“It’s the first thing Tom did when he saw me.”

“Of course it was,” Pansy said amused, “Can’t let his poor champion get cold, now, can he?”

“I will push you in the lake.” Harrison said and Pansy just giggled.

They sat there for a while, until finally the scores had been decided and Harrison had indeed gotten first place for coming up first and also rescuing two people.

Cedric and Viktor got shared second place, since they apparently broke the surface at the same time, which Harrison thought was quite amusing.

Fleur after not completing the task got last place.

Harrison thought all of that was fair enough and he was glad when he could finally get up and start heading back to the castle, even with warming charms the January air felt cold on his skin after swimming for close to an hour.

~

Harrison snuck into Tom’s room without seeing anyone, he let the

door slam behind him, so Tom knew he was here and smiled as the man immediately appeared from his bedroom.

“Congratulations on the win,” Tom said, as Harrison finally got that hug he had been waiting for in the cold.

“We have one more task,” Harrison argued, “No champion yet.”

Tom just chuckled, “Come, I want to show you something.” He muttered then, kissing Harrison on his forehead before letting go.

He walked back into the bedroom, not even looking back to see if Harrison was following, he knew Harrison was.

Tom sat down on the bed and held his hand over the cover, muttering something under his breath. Harrison only realised what was happening when suddenly the stone he had given Tom floated into the air, glowing a soft yellowish colour.

“What does it do?” Harrison asked as he approached Tom and finally heard that the man was muttering *Form a connection with us, Mother Magic.* In Parseltongue over and over.

Tom stopped, the stone dropping on the bed softly, “I don’t know.” He said, he handed Harrison the stone and Harrison could feel a weird sense of Magic released into the air from the stone.

“That’s strange.” He said and Tom nodded in agreement.

“It has to mean something, right?”

“Maybe Mother Magic is trying to connect with us.” Harrison said, “Truly. There has to be a reason why she responds like this.”

“You think this is her responding?”

“Either that or you’re actively feeding her small pieces of magic willingly.” Harrison said as he looked at the stone again. “This stone is like Death’s stone, the resurrection one, it’s directly connected to her realm.” He said, “At least, that would make the most sense, right?”

Tom looked at the stone in Harrison’s hand and then back at Harrison’s face, “It does.” He said, slowly. “Does that mean we can transport things from our realm to her realm?”

“It’s usually more of a one way kind of deal, I think.” Harrison replied, handing the stone back to Tom. “We’ll figure it out.”

Tom nodded in agreement, then smiled up at Harrison from where he was sitting, “Can’t dwell on the meaning of a stone when I finally have you hear in my *suite* now can I?”

“I believe I have slept here once or twice before,” Harrison said, amused and Tom rolled his eyes, wrapping his hands around the back of Harrison’s thighs, carefully pulling him closer.

“Let me have this,” Tom said as he rested his head against Harrison’s chest, Harrison now standing between his legs. Harrison let his hand creep its way into Tom’s hair, playing with it as, for once, Tom allowed him to do so without complaining about his *dark-lordiness,* or something.

Harrison mused that Tom must’ve truly been hit with some possessiveness or jealousy today, as he was being- well, for a lack of better words, *clingy*.

“I can still *hear* your thoughts, you know.” Tom muttered against his chest and Harrison snorted.

“Try to prove me wrong.”

Tom sighed, “You knew what you were getting into when you decided to start whatever this was between us.” He said, it was as close to admitting that Harrison was indeed right as he would get. “I gave you enough outs as well.”

Harrison laughed, “I love your possessive side, darling.” He said, using the pet names for Tom for once. “Especially if it gets you like this afterwards.”

Sometimes Harrison thinks back to the time Tracey called Tom touch starved after he started randomly hugging Harrison. Perhaps she had been onto something.

“She said that?” Tom asked and now he looked up at Harrison.

“Don’t kill her for that, please.” He answered, “I’d feel guilty.”

“She was psycho-analysing Voldemort?”

Harrison shrugged, “To be honest, I was really confused most of the times you offered me a hug.”

“Hm,” Tom answered, “I can’t even say that that isn’t fair.”

Harrison cupped Tom's face in his hand and kissed him softly, the angle awkward, but it didn't matter, he was trying to prove a point. "I'll do my best to ensure you will never be touch starved again."

Tom just stared at him, as if deep in thought and Harrison couldn't help himself as he muttered, "You're so beautiful."

And now he could *feel* Tom's mind racing, "Thank you?" He said, "That's a new one."

"Is it?" Harrison asked, genuinely surprised. "No one ever told you you were drop dead gorgeous before?"

"No, that one I've heard before." He said *very* seriously, "Just not beautiful."

Harrison snorted, "You're so lucky I love you."

"The luckiest," Tom agreed, as he suddenly tugged on Harrison's legs harshly, making him fall on top of Tom, an elbow landing in his stomach. Tom made an '*Oof*' sound, before laughing, as Harrison rolled off him.

Harrison couldn't help but join in the whole situation so *sappy* and serious yet unserious all at once that they couldn't help themselves.

And it was suddenly loud and clear in his brain, *I can't believe this is real.* Harrison glanced at Tom, *I really am the luckiest. Fuck, why am I not going absolutely crazy over this in-* The thought train stopped as Tom suddenly opened his eyes and looked as if he realised Tom could hear him.

"You managed to think more openly," Harrison said happily and Tom nodded slowly.

"I guess I did." He agreed, quite dryly. Harrison couldn't even get himself to be disappointed or mad about that, because he knew this was something big for Tom. The whole having the link open at all times, all emotions flowing through had been more to Tom than to Harrison, even if he didn't openly show it.

This now, allowing himself to open up, even if perhaps he didn't even really *try,* because Harrison already knew Tom could sent him thoughts, would he want to, it must be a big step for Tom.

It wasn't as if Tom didn't trust Harrison, Harrison knew that much to,

it was just a lot to have someone read your thoughts at all times. Harrison knew this, sometimes he forgot and got embarrassed as Tom picked up on one of his more private thoughts.

So the accidental show of just how deep their connection was, right now, was insane to Harrison and Tom seemed to feel the same as he just pulled Harrison close to him.

It was two spells later that Harrison suddenly found himself fully ready for bed, even though it was early in the evening; it was clear that Tom meant to spent the rest of the night right here, cuddling.

Harrison was almost surprised when Tom's internal monologue started telling him *a story* or well, more of a memory. The whole situation was insane, but he listened as Tom told him about a summer where he had been sent back to the orphanage, in the middle of the night they were all rushed into a bunker. Tom had sat alone all night, wondering when the sound of explosions around them would stop.

It wasn't a positive story as Tom went into detail, at some point Harrison swore he could also *see* the memories, as though he was reliving it with Tom. But, it meant something, almost as if it was a story that Tom never got to *tell* him due to the fact that it was so emotional for him, he could feel the panic and everything, yet every second he saw and heard the story, he couldn't help but feel like he was getting closer and closer to Tom.

It was as if their relationship entered a deeper level than either of them was aware it could, after a while Tom stopped, one sentence echoing through his brain; *Your turn.*

Harrison wondered how the hell he was supposed to pick a memory that felt appropriate to tell and show after something like that but Tom just pulled him that much closer, *I just want to know more about your time with the founders.*

Tom had seen his highlights, best memories, but none of the more serious ones.

And so he started telling Tom about this one day where Godric and Salazar teamed up to prank the entire student body, while Harrison hadn't been a big part of it, he remembered the day clearly, especially Rowena and Helga's anger,

Tom listened with a small smile on his face and Harrison wondered how many more nights they would spent like this from now on.

Chapter End Notes

I love my soft little babies :)

Chapter 76: Energy to Magic

Chapter Notes

Back after a month (Sors guys, 10k words is just a lot, apparently)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Grindelwald was possibly even more pathetic than before, the cell only a little harder to break into, but the man had aged like 50 years in the past few years.

“Perhaps we’re doing him a favour,” Harrison said aloud, to Tom who was standing next to him, also looking at the man with an almost uneasy fascination into what went wrong.

Grindelwald lifted his head, looking at them with an air of unease, “Still trying to find your answer about the mark?”

“No, we’re past that.” Harrison said. He had partially forgotten about the mark, his power now as much part of him as it could be without explicitly knowing what it does. “We’re here to gift you something.”

“And it’s not optional,” Tom added, speaking up for the first time.

“Ah yes,” Grindelwald said, “ *Voldemort.”*

“This isn’t about that,” Tom said and He forcefully grabbed Grindelwald’s hand, shoving the bracelet around the wrist, Harrison looked at the badly healed wound on the hand, where had once been a finger. “You’ll wear this for the rest of your existence.” He said, as he waved his hand, the bracelet tightening and getting stuck on the wrist.

“Dumbledore?” Grindelwald ask and Tom smiled.

“Very good, I knew you’d recognise his trade mark in a second.”

“But why would *you* help him?” Grindelwald asked.

Harrison scoffed, “We’re not helping him,” He said, “Your magic is quite fairly pathetic and won’t mix well with Dumbledore’s. However, he’ll recognise it and it’ll throw him off.”

Grindelwald looked at him fully for the first time then, “You’re using

me, to throw him off?"

"Very well," Tom said, "I knew you'd understand."

"But why do you need to throw him off?"

"We're not here to discuss politics with you, Grindelwald." Harrison said, "So stop asking questions or we'll take another finger."

"Something changed between you two." Grindelwald muttered, "The whole power dynamic is off." He looked between them, "You used to listen to him." He said as he looked directly at Harrison. "Follow his command, even as he told you to take a finger."

"I still would." Harrison said, defensively.

"I guess you would." Grindelwald admitted than snorted. "You've done what Dumbledore and I once did, decided to do this together? You're all both of you need? Take over the world?"

"You two were pathetic," Harrison said, slowly. "It's not even close to comparable."

"So you're not an overly-powerful teenager who decides to help a dark-lord on his quest to power?" Grindelwald asked and Harrison snorted, as Tom raised an eyebrow.

Both of them knowing full well this was the only source of entertainment the man would get and they wouldn't even give him it.

"Whatever you say, Grindel." Harrison said, "I'm sure I'll think back of this exact moment if I'll ever regret it."

"Want me to *obliviate* it, darling?" Tom asked, all sweet and Harrison chuckled.

"Might as well, no use in remembering." He sighed, "Should we leave? We've done what we came here to do."

Tom nodded and Harrison made sure to walk just that much closer to Tom as Grindelwald watched them leave.

~

"I'd almost feel bad for him," Harrison sighed, "Wishing our relationship would fail so he can justify his own failure in

relationships."

"I suppose we have changed a lot, though." Tom said, "He was right about that. I would've never let you stand there and take the lead back then."

"Now you love it," Harrison chuckled as he sat down on a cozy armchair in one of the many sitting rooms of Slytherin Castle. "You changed, but we knew that, it's why I gathered all the horcruxes."

"That you did." Tom said, "Hopefully we can see if we threw Dumbledore off properly tomorrow at breakfast." He said, as Harrison got a flash of Tom's thoughts, something about Dumbledore maybe not showing up and having to ensure more Death Eater guards were installed on the posts that was in charge of Grindelwald.

Harrison hummed, "Hopefully." He agreed. He was still getting used of getting random flashes of Tom's thoughts and, although quite strange, it felt like a next step of sorts. Something he nor Tom should shy away from.

Besides, Tom had become totally used to basically hearing *all* of his thoughts, so he could get used to catching a few thoughts most conversations.

He didn't think before the words slipped out, "A year ago, did you think we'd be here?" He asked almost cautiously, he remembered the start of this school year, testing out the imperius cursed and being surprised how the bond between them was used while casting the spell on each other.

However, now as Harrison looked at Tom it didn't surprise him, anything Tom asked of him was something that would be seen as a command he'd want to follow in his brain. The curse would only strengthen that.

He also remembered the uncertainty at the start, afraid that Tom would think him to be too young at some point, not feeling like this was a good idea for well *the entirety of the Wizarding World.* He had known the story between Grindelwald and Dumbledore, of course, and somehow he had compared them to the older wizards before.

Now, all of that seemed stupid, because nothing could even come close to separating them.

Tom gave him a surprised look, followed immediately by a soft smile,

“You know I didn't.” He said softly, approaching Harrison, kneeling in front of the chair he was sitting in and he grabbed one of Harrison's hands.

“Back then, I never thought I could love.” Tom said, “I didn't expect to ever truly get here, all I could hope is that you would forgive me for never quite returning what you gave me. And I was going to make it right, by treating you exactly how you should be treated.” He kissed Harrison's hand, “Instead I did fall in love and I allowed someone in further than I ever thought I would allow myself. Yet, I feel this calm, knowing that it is you who can see straight through me.”

Harrison didn't expect that, he had expected a straight forward answer, apparently Tom was feeling just as open to a conversation like this as he was.

“I was sure you'd get over me at some point, either because I bored you with school drama or because the age gap freaked you out.” Harrison said.

Tom raised an eyebrow at that, although Harrison could feel a wave of understanding, maybe even *agreement. “* And now?” He asked.

“Now I know that I shouldn't have ever feared such a thing,” He placed a careful hand on Tom's cheek, Tom leaning into his hand immediately, as Harrison smiled down at him. “Leaving you would feel like leaving a part of myself and I know you feel the same way.”

Then it was full agreement from Tom's side of the link, as the man sat there, his hand still holding onto Harrison's. “And that is why we couldn't ever be like Grindelwald and Dumbledore.” Tom said, “They had to make a blood bond to have any sort of bond, meanwhile the deities took care of that for us.”

“That they did,” Harrison agreed.

Harrison's hand travelled upwards towards Tom's hair then, slowly stroking it backwards before playing with the slight curls he tried to hide by magically styling. He loved how the man allowed it in moments like this, as he was just looking at Harrison with this sense of *love* and *adoration* that Harrison was unsure he would ever get used to.

He heard some of Tom's thoughts, something about loving these moments and then something unclear that Harrison wish he could've understood fully, but he was glad that Tom agreed with him on

moments such as these, though.

“We have to go back to Hogwarts at some point.” Harrison muttered, “You have a class to teach tomorrow morning and I have a class.”

“I'm teaching your class?” Tom said, not sure if Harrison realised that.

“Exactly,” Harrison said.

“We can just stay here and go back early tomorrow.”

“You and I both know we're not ‘going back early’ then.” Harrison argued, “As much as I don't mind coming late, you can't your way too known for punctuality and caring about that shit.”

“How my reputation ruins fun once more.” Tom said sadly and Harrison snickered.

“You've done that to yourself, Tommy.” He said and Tom shot him a glare before getting up, pulling Harrison up with him.

“Let's go back to Hogwarts then, darlin’.”

~

Harrison woke up the next morning feeling like annoying Tom, maybe to prove a point of what he meant with the whole ‘coming late’ thing. As much as he wanted to make a point by not showing up at breakfast, so that he could truly ‘oversleep’. He kind of wanted to see how Dumbledore looked after the bracelet ordeal.

As he walked into the great hall he met Tom's eyes across the hall.

And Harrison could *feel* that Tom knew exactly what he was up to, what he was going to do later and the man just rolled his eyes.

He sat down next to Terence, immediately getting pulled into a conversation about a Transfiguration assignment.

“She *told* us that we had to turn a rat into a mirror.” Terence said, “But we had to use real *rats* and catch them ourselves? Like does she want us to hunt?”

“Probably joking,” Harrison said, “Although it's not April yet.”

Terence snorted, “I sure as hell hope it is a joke, I mean I didn't even

try to get a rat."

"You're ruining the joke for her." Harrison said and Terence sent a stinging hex his way, Harrison could've easily shielded himself, they both knew that, but he didn't, instead allowing it to hit.

It was then Dumbledore walked in and Harrison could feel the entire atmosphere shift. Dumbledore had definitely noticed; he looked like he hadn't slept for a minute last night.

But there was something else in the way he looked around, almost searching as his eyes swooped around the hall before he sat down at his usual spot at the teacher's table.

It seemed like more people noticed Dumbledore's state, people whispered in confusion, curiosity and some in worry.

The people around Harrison just looked at him, though. He shrugged, not ready to fully give that away yet.

I think we can clearly say he is in an unstable state now. Tom's voice echoed through his mind and Harrison tried to reply.

Hopefully enough so to keep him on his toes till the end of the last task, when Voldemort returns.

Tom's eyes met his and he knew the man heard what he had said through their link, a slight nod of agreement before he turned back to McGonagall.

Harrison in turn turned back to his friends to see Fred and George staring at him, a look on their faces that basically said 'We know you're full of shit and did do this.'

Harrison supposed his brothers did truly know him to well.

The rest of breakfast passed relatively quickly as usual on a class day and Fred and George asked him if he was joining them when they left for DADA.

He shook his head no, he would still try to annoy Tom.

~

He stumbled into the classroom and managed to look somewhat apologetic.

“Mr Black deciding to grace us with your presence even after missing the first 40 minutes of class?” Tom raised an unimpressed and Harrison smiled at him.

“Sorry professor-” Harrison looked around the classroom, “I accidently planned a meeting the first thirty minutes of your class.”

Tom raised an eyebrow, knowing he was full of shit.

“Quite frankly, you should have planned that better.” Tom said, although Harrison could *hear* the amusement, see the quite uplifting of his lips. “Now what do I do with you?”

“I mean it would help your class if you just let me in and then we *discuss* this after class, would you wish so.” Harrison advised and Tom snorted.

“Smart arse,” Tom said, “Sit down, Harrison. I just knew you weren't going to show up this morning. Don't make it a habit.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Of course not, professor, Marv, whatever.”

“

Harrison did stay after class at the request of Tom.

“I had to otherwise they could fire me for ‘favouring students.”

“Everyone here favours me.” Harrison said and Tom raised an eyebrow.

“You know it's different because we had a prior connection.” Tom argued, “And don't even mention Sirius and Remus, because I feel like they're better at being neutral to you than I am.”

Harrison smiled at that, “I guess, sir.” He said, “So what now, detention? An extra essay?”

“I'll give you a forty-minute detention to make up for the forty minutes you were late.” Tom said, “Tonight?”

“Whatever you want, professor.” Harrison sighed, as if it was a hardship. As if he and Tom didn't already have plans tonight.

“You should rush to your next class,” Tom said, amused, “And I should let the second years come in for their class.”

“Right,” Harrison said, “Fuck, *you* did this on purpose.” He muttered, “I'm going to be late for History class.”

“Have fun with Remus!” Tom shouted after him as he *ran* out of the classroom.

Luckily, Remus was more forgiving than Tom was, using the argument that Harrison had *taught* one of the highest scoring years in Hogwarts in the History subject himself, so he should be allowed to miss a part of the class.

Even the students in his year who would want to argue it was unfair, couldn't really, because even Dumbledore would admit the man had a point.

So Harrison sat down quietly next to Cedric and listened to Remus telling the stories he told the sixth years last year, secretly he doubted that last year would stay the highest scoring year, because Remus’ explanation sounded a lot clearer to him.

~

Harrison and the other students got summoned to the quidditch field, apparently they *would* get an actual explanation for the next task.

“I thought we'd go blindly into this one again,” Cedric said as he caught up to Harrison on his way to the quidditch field. “Merlin, I miss quidditch.”

Harrison scrunched his nose up at the use of ‘Merlin’ in such a way, it was not often people slipped around him. Cedric's embarrassed face said he'd noticed it as well. It wasn't that Harrison really minded, but it always felt a bit.. Awkward. He hummed in agreement, though. “I didn't think I'd actually miss it this much,” he admitted. “Thought I'd be busy enough either way.”

Cedric nodded, “Maybe you'll be just that much worse at playing when you return.” He joked.

Harrison snorted softly, “Yeah right.”

When they arrived at the field, Bagman was there to explain that they would grow a maze with different creatures in it, the middle of the field would hold a cup, whoever got there first would win the tournament.

“That's it? You just win?” Harrison asked and Bagman looked at him.

“Complaints?”

“No I just thought that it would be-” *Harder? More dangerous? Almost life-threatening?*

“You have to understand, Mr. Black, that the creatures in the maze will not be friendly.” Bagman said, “And there will only be one winner.”

Harrison nodded slowly, “Right.” He said.

“Any questions?” Bagman asked, looking around the group.

“Anything particular we should prepare for?” Cedric asked.

“I'm afraid I can't say.” The man answered and Cedric nodded.

“Then none.” Cedric said.

The man nodded, “Good, I'm excited to see which one of you will claim the prize.”

“We leave?” Viktor asked with a heavy accent and Bagman nodded.

“Except-” Barty Crouch Sr. said, Harrison hadn't seen him standing behind Bagman until now. He supposed it made sense, they were direct colleagues, both trying to make the tournament go as smoothly as possible. “Harrison, would you mind coming with me and taking a walk?”

Harrison gave the man a surprised look, but slowly nodded. Cedric gave him a curious look, the other two already turning and walking away.

“Just go back to the common room,” Harrison said to the Hufflepuff, “Tell the others I'll be back in a bit.”

Cedric nodded, nobody seemed to ever really deny a direct request from Harrison.

“Remember the,” He mentioned to where his tattoo was hidden under his clothing, a reminder that the link he had given everyone was two ways, would he get into any trouble.

He nodded, “I will, don't worry about it.” He answered.

Crouch motioned for him to follow, splitting up with the rest, walking the other direction towards the black forest.

“The Hufflepuff- Cedric, he's a good one.” Crouch said, “You've surrounded yourself with good people, Black.”

Harrison hummed in agreement.

“That's why this conversation pains me.” Crouch said, “You remind me of my son, Harrison, actually he was quite good friends with your uncle I believe.”

And Harrison had heard that Regulus and Barty had been friends in Hogwarts, he swore he had even seen them around Malfoy Manor together sometime.

“It's sad to see good, strong forces leave towards the wrong side of the Wizarding World.” Barty Crouch mumbled. “You could've been all we needed against- How do you call him? Marvolo Gaunt?”

“What are you on about?” Harrison asked, making it sound more threatening than he meant to.

“I mean that Voldemort manipulated my son into going to the wrong side, the only reason he didn't die was because *I* ensured he would stay out of Azkaban.” His eyes flared dangerously and Harrison took a step away from the man. “I protected him, but then he escaped and I know it has to do with Marvolo Gaunt and you.”

Harrison breathed in deeply, “I understand you've lost your son, Crouch.” He said, “But I wouldn't go around threatening and accusing people, it's not how you gain allies.”

“Dumbledore accuses you.” Crouch said, “I've never known the man to be wrong.”

“Then perhaps you haven't been listening.” Harrison muttered, softly.

It was all so sudden, Crouch wand was under his chin, he was trapped against a tree and he hadn't even noticed they were at the edge of the forbidden forest yet.

“I could kill you right now,” The man said, lowly. “Or use the Imperius Curse, I've never known anyone who fought it properly yet.”

“There's a lot of people who would go to the end of the world looking for me if I disappeared.” Harrison said, calmly.

“And so, you wouldn't disappear.” Crouch said, whispering an imperio afterwards. “You'll be following my command, we'll take them out from the inside. And when I find my son he'll be right back where he's supposed to be.”

“Acting like your house elf?” Harrison questioned, through gritted teeth, the curse was hard to fight he would give the man that much, but it was as if something in the back of his mind *willed* him to not listen.

“So you do know.” Crouch said, smiling slightly. It was a scary smile, promising no good. His wand left Harrison's throat and he turned around, back to Harrison, apparently trusting his imperius curse enough to turn his back like that. “Now what to do with you, who do you want to betray first? The Hufflepuff?”

Harrison willed his magic to curse the man, one controlled spell to take him out.

But the force of the curse stopped him.

The man was gifted at casting Imperio's he'd give him that much.

“You wouldn't fucking dare.” Harrison whispered.

Crouch turned towards him, “Or- We start big? Take Marvolo himself out? Everyone knows about his.. Soft spot.”

“Does Dumbledore know you're doing this?” Harrison asked softly.

“Dumbledore?” The man laughed, “He was the one who asked me to get you back in line to start with. He's tried everything to get you to work with him, yet you never obey. He told me to do whatever it takes.”

Somehow Harrison doubted that was what the man said, but at the same time he could never be too sure.

He tried to reach out via the tattoos, but even that felt hopeless, it was a long way to the castle and he didn't know how much longer he could fight all this.

So he did the last thing he could think of, the only thing *only* he could

control, always. He released all his magic at once, it lashed out. The man flew back with the force of it.

Harrison felt some of the restraints on his control loosen, allowing him to twitch his wrist, a simple binding spell would do for now.

“You're smart.” Harrison said, “Everyone knows you were taking a walk with me, making you disappear would be suspicious.”

The man's look of anger turned into fear slowly, as Harrison felt his control almost fully return, the shock of the situation allowing the curse to loosen up enough to hand him back the reigns.

“Now I want you to talk,” Harrison said as he mentally sent Tom another *come quickly, please* message. “What did Dumbledore say exactly?”

“It- it was after he heard you and Marvolo talk with Regulus in the break. He said that you would never willingly agree with us, not with the groups you’re in. He suggested I take the measures I did with my son.”

“You took Barty's life away.”

“He did that himself.” The man spat.

“Why today?” Harrison asked.

“A couple of days Dumbledore was panicked and said we had to act soon if we wanted any chance of getting it done.” Crouch said, “I should've known better than going up against you.” He said. “But I can't regret it.”

“You shouldn't have.” Harrison agreed, “The most beautiful part is, you were right.” He said, sure that whatever happened Crouch wouldn't leave here with enough of a consciousness to truly expose them.

“My son-” Crouch changed the subject, “Is he okay?”

“He is now, without you.” Harrison said, as he sat down opposite of where Crouch was slumped and bound to a tree. “You know you're not doing the whole ‘parenting’ thing well if your son feels safer with the Dark Lord than with you.”

“I never meant to-”

“Don't give me that shit,” Harrison said, “That's what my biological parents would say.” He muttered. “You did mean to, otherwise you wouldn't have.”

“Harrison?” Someone shouted from just outside the forest.

“I'm here!” He shouted back and just a couple seconds later an entire group of people were there, apparently the tattoo thing had worked.

He looked sheepish, “Sorry thought I was going to you know- die for a bit, but I'm good now.” He said to his friends, he truly was surrounded by good people.

“What happened?” Tom asked as he sat down in front of Harrison, inspecting him for injuries.

“Barty Crouch Sr. Is really fucking good with casting Imperio's.” Harrison muttered. “Apparently Dumbledore is trying anything to get me to help them.”

Tom's eyes narrowed on the man bound to the tree, “Dumbledore used Barty Crouch Sr?” He asked, the man's eyes widened.

“He- well-”

“He lets you do his dirty work?” Tom asked and the man nodded after a bit.

“It started after-” Crouch wanted to say, but Tom just silenced him with a spell before looking at the group of students watching and he sighed.

“You're a lucky man, Crouch.” He muttered.

“ *Give him to Barty for revenge.”* Harrison hissed and Tom looked back.

“ *We can't use a Ministry member disappearance now.”*

“Or can we?” Harrison asked, “ *If we want people to think Voldemort returned it is only logical now the escaped Death Eaters would do something.”*

Tom nodded slowly, “Alright here's what's happening,” He announced. “Fred, George you're with me. Diggory, Higgs, you pretend you went to look for Harrison and found him here passed out. The rest return to the castle now, if anyone asks you all went for a walk around the lake

or something, alright?"

Everyone but the four left slowly, not questioning anything Tom said.

"Hit me with a curse." Harrison said, "Something not too harsh, but still believable."

"What?" Tom asked, "I'm not going to fucking curse you." He said. "If Dumbledore is behind this we don't need anyone to convince."

"Until Crouch turns up dead." Harrison said harshly, "Make me look like a victim rather than a murderer."

Tom sighed, but hit him with some easy cutting jinxes. Enough to make him look like he had truly been attacked, yet nothing that would scar. "Why not let your friends do that?"

"They wouldn't." Harrison said. "Maybe Fred and George, but you would try to kill them for it."

Tom shrugged, "Make them believe you."

"I'm a brilliant actor, Tom." He said softly, he felt a drip of blood on his temple.

Tom motioned for Fred and George to help him and even though Harrison was curious about what the man would make them do, he really wanted to get back inside and just forget all about this.

"The cut looks painful," Terence said sympathetically and Harrison shrugged.

"It stings." He said, "But I asked for it."

"You're making yourself sound like a victim of domestic abuse." Cedric said, "I knew we couldn't trust fucking Crouch."

"You made me remember the tattoos, though." Harrison said, "Although perhaps a bit unnecessary."

"We were shocked to say the least." Terence admitted and Harrison nodded in understanding.

"Wait Harrison," Cedric said as he stopped fully, "Turn to me."

Harrison did as he was told and Cedric managed to cast some shit

healing spells, making the cuts look like they were ‘bad wounds that were tried to be healed by an average wizard without any supplies.’ according to Terence.

“It would be unrealistic that we found you bleeding and just took you with us without trying to fix a part ourselves first.”

And Harrison supposed that was fair, so he allowed the magic to wash over him- not that he had much of a choice anymore, since the spells were already cast- before they continued walking. Cedric and Terence both making quite a show of escorting him to the hospital wing.

Madam Pomfrey rushed him to a bed and quickly properly cleaned his cuts, having to sadly reopen them to do so, before properly closing them.

“This is the first time I've seen you in here without a magical exhaustion, I think, Heir Black.” She said as he quietly thanked her. “Honestly, I don't know how you do it with a core the size of yours.”

“It's a talent, Madam.” He said and she chuckled.

“Not one you should practice often.”

He smiled at her, “I'd agree with that.”

“Well, for what it's worth,” She said, “I'm glad that for this once I could truly help you without just sitting around waiting for you to wake.” Then she smiled at him, “Some of the effects of the spell should wear off in about five minutes, it might itch, but you're free to leave when it does. However, I do believe Dumbledore had some questions about the incident.”

He smiled back at her and she turned around to treat some second year with a broken arm.

“Does my face look okay?” Harrison asked as he noticed Cedric and Terence staring.

Cedric was the first to nod, “Yeah, I just wish I didn't have to see that reopening, it was brutal.” He muttered, “Especially because she thought the cuts were deeper than they actually were.”

“You're as good as new, though.” Terence said, “Blaise shouldn't have a reason to complain.” And Harrison could hear the unspoken *Tom doesn't have to feel too sorry.*

“Where is he?” Harrison asked, honestly it was funny that Tom had skipped over Blaise, maybe some buried jealousy on Tom's side. *Or possessiveness as Tom would say.*

Harrison did feel his skin start to slightly prickle almost then, the start of an itch that he wouldn't be able to get rid of for a bit.

He took that as a sign that he could leave, shouting his goodbye and thanks once more to Madam Pomfrey, who was busy with another student now, before leaving with Terence and Cedric.

They walked with him until they arrived at Dumbledores office, Harrison thought he could better get it over with.

He walked up the spiral staircase to Dumbledore's office with a slight curiosity of what the man would try to tell him now, or what questions he already knew the answer to he would ask.

“Come in!” The man shouted as Harrison knocked on the door, Harrison slowly walked into the office.

“Ah, Harrison! Good as new, I see?”

“Heir Black,” Harrison corrected, “And it itches, but I'm fine indeed.”

“I'm afraid I must ask some questions to understand the situation.”

Harrison sat down in the chair opposite of Dumbledore and nodded, “Go on, but do it shortly, I want to go rest. I didn't exactly expect to get attacked *In the safest school in the Wizarding World.”*

“ You were talking to Barty Crouch Sr when it happened, correct?” Dumbledore asked and Harrison nodded. “The man didn't show up to my scheduled meeting with him, I am deeply worried.”

“He didn't do anything when I got attacked.”

“Did you see the attackers face?” Dumbledore asked and Harrison shook his head no, he couldn't tell Dumbledore it was Crouch, not if Dumbledore had indeed asked the man to do it. They were both lying here, but breaking the lies and being honest would in this situation cause a bigger mess.

“I don't remember seeing a face, to be fair, he did hit me with a cutting spell on my face twice, there was quite a lot of blood.”

Dumbledore winced, “That must've been very painful for you.”

“Although, this isn't the first attack this year, so you might have to start looking for the one attacker.”

“You think this is the same attacker?” He asked.

Harrison nodded then sighed, “Can I go?” He asked and Dumbledore tried to stop him.

“No- I have more-”

“Headmaster, I'd like to lay down for a bit if that's okay with you.”

He could see the disappointment on Dumbledore's face as the man slowly nodded, letting him go.

~

“Manage to deal with the old bastard?” Harrison asked as he walked into Tom's office at Slytherin Castle. He only paused in the doorway as he noticed Tom wasn't alone, but was currently with Barty and the Lestrange twins. “Um, hi?” He said awkwardly as he realised he had been talking about Barty's dad when he said that.

“You're face looks good,” Tom said as a greeting.

Harrison snorted, “That's one way of welcoming me, Madam Pomfrey patched me up quite nicely.”

“The old bastard is in the dungeons.” Barty chimed in, it wasn't often a Death Eater dared to do so. “Quite a nice present.”

Harrison nodded, he genuinely liked Barty. “Tom's nothing if not fair in moments such as these.”

“You needed something?” Tom asked, looking at him *entirely* bored, but Harrison could feel the concern under the question. The man had quite harshly hit him with some cutting spells on his face, to be fair.

“I'm okay, I just wanted to-” He cut himself off and smiled, “All good.” He decided before sitting down on the couch in Tom's office. Tom smiled at him slightly before telling Barty that he needed the man out of his dungeon before the end of the third task, preferably dead. He then told the Lestrange brothers to help Barty with anything concerning his dad.

It didn't take long before Tom hurriedly dismissed them and Harrison gave him a questioning look, Tom just approached him and when he

was standing in front of Harrison, Harrison looking up to see the man properly. He moved his hand to hover just above the skin he had cut earlier, the skin Harrison could still feel itching almost unstoppable. “Can I?” He asked and Harrison didn't think he'd ever said no or Tom had ever outright asked for a confirmation.

But maybe it felt different now, now that Tom had caused it.

“Always.” Harrison answered and Tom looked relief as magic flowed between them the itch lifting for the first time in an hour as Tom's magic washed over the places Madam Pomfrey had healed. When Tom seemed satisfied he put his hand on Harrison's cheek, Harrison kissed the skin of his palm. “Thanks, love.”

“I hated doing that.” Tom said as he sat down next to Harrison.

“It was necessary.” Harrison said, “I told Dumbledore there was a third person there, who cursed me and apparently attacked Crouch. Or that's what I tried to explain vaguely.”

“Did he believe you?”

“Does it matter?” Harrison asked, “It's all about the story, about others believing us. I don't think Dumbledore ever truly believes us.”

“That's true,” Tom allowed. “Shit, I never want to hurt you ever. Don't make me do that again.”

“You know I can't promise that,” Harrison smiled sadly. “Besides it barely hurt, the healing from Madam Pomfrey, though, that stung.”

Tom actually managed a smile at that, “She did always have her own methods of healing.”

“I think we should spread the story of the attackers on you and Terence, connect that to this.” Harrison said, “It's the only way to make people thing Crouch would've just disappeared by an already existing problem, which is already something the aurors are investigating.”

“Everyone thinks that was a Death Eater attack,” Tom said, “You got a lot of shit for letting them get away already.”

“It works, though, and disconnects both of us from Voldemort.”

“You can use Rita, publish another article about the general problem

more so than the specifics of your attack, pose the question of it being the same attacker."

Harrison nodded, "I suppose she wants to interview me anyways, because of the whole final task thing."

Tom nodded and Harrison leant his head on Tom's shoulder then, he could feel the wave of uncertainty still and he just put his hand on top of Tom's. "I promise, I'm fine, you didn't hurt me any more than during our duels." He then quickly added, "And don't start refusing to duel me now."

Tom chuckled at that, "I'll trust your judgement about being fine." He said, "I'm just glad I didn't scar your face."

Harrison noticed Tom's hand tracing his own scar through his clothing and Harrison sighed, "I think your scar is badarse." He muttered, "Now stop being self-conscious it doesn't fit the whole Dark Lord act."

Tom managed to look shocked at that, even as Harrison shot him an innocent look before laughing.

~

Harrison did do an interview pretty quickly afterwards, Rita had indeed wanted to interview him as well as the other Champions anyways.

"So, Harrison Black," She said, "It is almost the third task and you're still in the lead."

"Surprisingly, no?" Harrison asked, with a smile. "It is truly unlike I imagined, as from the start my goal was simply to *get through* the Triwizard tournament."

"Ah yes, the mystery of your entry." Rita said, "I would say you're faring quite well so far."

"I am," Harrison admitted, "Of course, I am lucky with all my past experiences and therefore think I am quite ready for the third task as well, but I still feel weirdly bad about it. Somebody wanted me to compete in a deathly championship."

"If you put it like that, I can see why it would be nerve wrecking for you." Rita said. "Talking about weird experiences or anything like

that, I wanted to ask- if you want to share- about your attack. I think we all heard about it somewhere."

"It was truly terrifying," Harrison said, "Of course, a couple of months ago my mentor, Marvolo, got attacked with a cutting spell. Then my friend and now I got hit, luckily by weaker spells. The attacker seemed surprise by Crouch Sr. Presence. He managed to knock me out, when Cedric found me- he had been waiting for me to finish my conversation with Crouch- Both Crouch and the attacker were gone."

"I heard the spells were quickly healed," Rita said, "You were lucky to have no scarring."

"Indeed," Harrison agreed, "I do have to give my thanks to Madam Pomfrey for acting so quickly, the woman absolutely helped me in every way possible. Healing me in truly record time."

Rita listened patiently and nodded, "Well, let us move back to happier subjects." She said afterwards. "How do you feel going into the third task with such support from the people around you, compared to the first task?"

"I think I look at the whole situation more optimistic now, of course being forced into a tournament like this wasn't easy, but then people started blaming me for pulling the spotlight from the Hufflepuffs, which I truly had no intent in doing so." Harrison said, "I think now all of that cleared up, everybody realised that I wasn't doing this for more fame and, if anything, it only added quite some extra stress. So now, with the support of people and less misunderstanding, it definitely feels more positive, even if I of course, would rather sit in the crowd cheering on Cedric than compete, still."

"For what it's worth, I think we're all looking forward to seeing you compete again." Rita said and it felt definitive. The end of this entire mess, almost. "Do you have anything you'd like to say to my readers?"

"Just to stay safe, help each other, whether it's with facing a bully or something bigger. I probably wouldn't be sitting here right now had Cedric not found me."

Rita nodded, a serious expression on her face. "Thank you, heir Black."

~

His interview with Rita didn't front page, instead there was an article about the break in at Grindelwald, which Harrison thought was weird because last time they took a *finger* and if there was an article written about that break in, it hadn't been front page.

But apparently the Ministry was concerned about the safety of our high security prisons, as there had been three break in/break outs in the past few years.

Harrison almost felt bad for scaring the entirety of the Wizarding world, he would have thought so had it not been absolutely hilarious Tom and he were the cause of all three of them. The same people the entirety of the very same Wizarding world seemed to trust so fully.

“How does it feel to have something more important happening than your interview?” Blaise asked as he sat down next to Harrison in the great hall, sitting just a bit closer to him than others would. “I suppose this is about you as well, though.” He muttered then and Harrison snorted.

“I think it means that someone is finally sorting out their priorities and a teenager's life isn't one.” Harrison said, “It's a good thing.”

Blaise scanned the article and then put it away, “I suppose it makes your life easier, even if just for a bit.”

“I guess, although, we still have someone actively trying to curse me and my friends, as well as Dumbledore apparently still trying to turn me into a mindless slave almost.”

“Like Lily did last year.” Blaise said.

“Like-” Harrison said, “You think Lily and Dumbledore both might have been working with Peter? Even after Dumbledore carelessly gave her job to me?”

“Maybe not so much working together as Dumbledore being inspired by her work.” Blaise said, “Whatever, it doesn't matter, we just need to ensure you stay you. Otherwise we're all fucked.”

“I'm not like some atomic weapon, you know.” Harrison said.

“You could be,” Blaise answered, “The only person I know who could possibly overpower you, would surrender the moment you're taken, out of pure misery.”

“Tom wouldn't give up.” Harrison said, twitching his wrist to cast a privacy charm.

“He wouldn't give up on *you.”* Blaise agreed. “When that part is gone, he'll either slip back into madness or give up on everything.”

Harrison shrugged, “He's willing to do a lot for the Wizarding World, that's one of the reasons I managed to get his mind right again.”

“He'd burn us all to the ground for you.”

“That's true,” He sighed, “I won't lose my mind, though, I'll be more careful and now I have a whole group of people who I can alert if I have control over my core. They can take my mind, but not my core.”

“Lily tried.” Blaise said.

“She tried to steal my magic.” Harrison said, “That's a whole different problem. Whatever, don't get too scared, Blaise. Tom and I got it covered.”

“I'm not scared for me.” Blaise muttered and Harrison nodded, Blaise had always been just that much more protective over him, it came naturally to the boy, taking an almost parent-like position in their friend group.

Fred and George sat down opposite of them and with one look at Blaise, Harrison cancelled the privacy charm.

“There's no way it will stick, Freddie.” George said, “We would have to add this charm extra,” He handed Fred a paper with messy handwriting on it. “But I think that would cancel out Tom's spell.”

“Tom helped you, again?” Harrison asked almost afraid for what this team up could mean for the Wizarding World.

“He's such a great pranking partner.” Fred said, “Created his own spell and everything when we told him our plan.”

“And your plan is..?” Harrison asked.

“Well, we're a bit too late for our valentine days prank-” George said.

“- But the time is perfect to plan a birthday prank!” Fred finished his sentence for him.

“A first of April prank? You're planning almost a month ahead?” Harrison asked, almost afraid for what this could be.

“Sirius and Remus gave us some tips.” Fred waved him off.

“So Tom is in on this, Sirius and Remus are as well.” Harrison started, “But I'm not?”

“We thought you'd be too busy,” Fred admitted.

George nodded, “You're not exactly known for your free time.”

“That's true,” Blaise muttered and Harrison elbowed him in his side.

“But if you want to help-” Fred said, “You're more than welcome to, I think Tom would be more than happy to have someone to work with without having to explain every second word he uses.”

“I swore I heard him hiss under his breath,” George shivered and Harrison snorted.

“I'll talk to him.” He answered, “Now what's the plan?”

Fred and George looked at each other and then around the great hall, “Nice try, Harrikins.” Fred said.

“Not here.” George said.

Harrison chuckled, “Even if I cast a privacy charm?”

Fred and George looked at each other than shook their heads. “No way.”

“Alright,” Harrison sighed. “Later, then.”

~

Later, apparently was right after their Defense class, the three of them staying longer as well as Tom. Fred and George started drawing something on the board and only once they moved away did Harrison see a pillar of sorts, created by their drawings.

“This is a lot easier with you here Harrison, we dragged Tom into this because we needed someone connected to Hogwarts.” Fred said.

“Don't worry, it's not anything damaging, or even that much of a prank.” George said.

Harrison glanced at Tom who nodded in agreement, “I'll think you'll be amazed.” He said quietly.

“This pillar will have runes as well as charms to make the projection of the sky in the Great hall expand to the floor as well. It will feel as though we're walking in space.” Fred explained, “Thus, the problem we ran to today, we don't want to accidentally cancel out the century old spell in the great hall. Instead, we want it to add onto it. Tom created a spell close to Rowena's, but temporary, yet with that charm the charms would kind of.. Merge.”

“Besides that,” George then said, “We're using one of Sirius and Remus' old pranks,” He handed Harrison a book full of Remus' familiar handwriting, there were some notes in James, Sirius and one other person's writing. “It will make us float.”

“You want to create an experience of space.. In the great hall?”

“It would be an epic birthday stunt, wouldn't it?”

“And almost impossible,” Harrison breathed out, kind of amazed. “I'm not surprised you managed to pull Tom into this.”

Tom muttered a ‘hey,’ while Fred and George looked at him curiously.

“Why do you need someone connected to Hogwarts?” Harrison asked.

“The pillar would be connected to Hogwarts in such a way- only a Heir could change the runes like that, we knew Tom did it before-”

“-But this big of a change could do a lot.” Tom said, “I quickly noticed it would be hard for me, as a distant relative to Sal.”

“You, however have a connection to all of them.” Fred said.

“It's not dangerous in any way?”

“It's adding onto an already existing rune pattern in the very foundation of Hogwarts.” Tom said, “It's the first thing I checked, the only danger it has is that people will actually put one and one together and *realise* the heir of all four houses is indeed wandering through the halls.”

“I haven't tried to hide that in years.”

“It's a hard fact to accept.” Tom muttered.

Harrison looked at Fred and George, “You guys never do celebrations halfway do you?”

Fred and George just smirked in victory.

“Did you guys start creating the pillar?” Harrison asked and Fred and George nodded. “Can I see?”

After they got their creation, Harrison wondered how they would add the rune in such a way that the pillar could become part of the very foundation of the great hall, appearing only at their command. When asking this aloud, George announced loudly that they should get the founder portrait- the one with all four of them.

Tom sighed as he looked at his mess of a classroom, but nodded and not an hour later they had caught the founders up to their plan. Harrison could see the excitement in Rowena's eyes when talking about such a challenging task.

“It's easy little snake,” Salazar said. “Hogwarts isn't just a castle, it's a magical being- well sort of, think of it like that.”

“You have to connect its magic, the elves have been doing it for years, how do you think the food just appears?” Helga asked.

“Okay,” Harrison said, “Show me the charms you were thinking of using.” He said, as he sat down behind Tom's desk, the man not even batting an eye.

Fred handed him a notebook and Harrison quickly read over the quite large amount of spells such a trick would need. He read over Tom's spell creation, while Tom went over the spell in his head, a soft hum in the back of Harrison's mind.

“It's the runes in the pillar.” Harrison said, “The spells would cancel each other out because you didn't account for the new spell in the runes.” He said.

“But wouldn't the third sequence allow the charm to attach either way?” Tom asked.

“It should,” Harrison agreed. “But it also goes against the mixture of the other runes, the magic will latch into it, but it will not activate the right way.”

“It's repetitive?” Tom asked as he took a closer look at the pillar.

“What if-” Harrison said and he looked at Rowena. “We temporarily overlap the runes, while casting the spells?”

“It could explode,” Rowena muttered, in her usual interested tone. “But if it works it could be extraordinary.”

“I'm sorry-” Fred said, “We're not following-”

“This is exactly what we talked about, they understand each other.” George muttered.

“We could add an anti-gravitational mode to the whole castle, without draining the magic.” Tom said, as if he realised something. “It would be so much bigger.”

“You want to expand over the whole castle?” Fred asked.

“It could be a switch.” Harrison said. “We could bring the Astronomy classes to a new level if we reflect the sky.”

“Look at our son becoming an inventor!” Helga cried suddenly and Godric nodded in agreement.

“What is happening?” George asked.

“You two just started something that could change Hogwarts forever.” Harrison explained calmly. “A new era of runic magic and Astronomy, as you will.” He said. “The spells Tom created need a specific rune code that could potentially be overlapped with the other runes, if we can do that, it could be a permanent switch, one charged by energy rather than atmospheric magic, if you will. It could be the start of Astronomy classes by walking around the stars and experiencing things rather than reading. It could be the start of a more.. Economical era for magic, if you will.”

“The stone,” Harrison said suddenly, looking at Tom. “We could try and create magic- help magic more directly than the rituals.”

“Sent it to her- Energy to Magic?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“Perhaps.” Harrison muttered, then he smiled at Fred and George. “But let's start by ensuring this is done by the time your birthday is.”

~

As Harrison looked around Tom's classroom, Harrison was both glad Tom was actually *really* good at cleaning charms and wondered why they didn't think of doing this in the Room of Requirement.

“In my defence, I didn't expect it to actually explode that time.” Harrison muttered and Tom snorted.

“It's fine,” He said. Word had already spread about the new addition of a portrait of the *founders* in Tom's classroom, it wasn't unusual for a teacher to have portraits in their classroom, even talking ones. But no one had ever dared to claim a founder portrait and having it accepted by the founders, before Marvolo.

(Not for the lack of trying on the professors' sides, the founders just tended to leave their portraits and not return, when claimed by one single professor.)

“Fuck, you're bleeding.” Harrison said as he saw the stain in Tom's robes, he approached Tom, being careful around the pillar with the runes.

Tom glanced at his arm, shrugging it off, “It's fine, did you see how close we were that time?” He asked, an excited glint in his eyes and Harrison laughed.

“Really fucking close,” Harrison admitted, as he- not so carefully- sat down in Tom's lap and grabbed his arm to properly look at the wound. He lifted Tom's sleeve, muttering some words and slowly saw the wound close. “Next time will be it, I swear I saw the sky flickering around us already.”

“Move the other rune just slightly back and power the spell just a little less.” Salazar instructed from where he sat in the founders’ portrait. “I think it should do the trick.”

Harrison wrote Salazar's instructions in his notebook before he and Tom got to work again.

~

He wasn't exactly sure how much time he and Tom spent in Tom's classroom, all he did know was the amazement as the spell worked. He saw Tom's eyes light up as the stars surrounded them.

“This shouldn't cancel Rowena's spell, right?” Tom asked as he inspected what they had done one more time. “We should be fine,

right?”

“It's a projection.” Harrison said, “We should be fully okay.”

Tom smiled then so genuine and happy and Harrison couldn't help but mirror the expression as he looked at what could possibly be the first magical creation that used *energy* instead of *magic.*

It felt like the biggest step either of them had ever taken, even if for now it was only for something that Fred and George decided could be cool.

“Do you think Sirius and Remus’ spell will impact it in anyway?”

“We need to add a layer of protection for other spells.” Tom agreed, “Hogwarts could use some more of those, either way.”

As the spells faded around them, the air seemed to hum, the hairs on Harrison's arm stood upwards. He hadn't felt actual goosebumps due to magic in a while. But the air around them right now felt like progression and health for magic as a whole.

And it was everything Harrison and Tom dreamed of for a long time. Only, they had thought they would need a lot of people and even more rituals.

Harrison rushed to find Fred and George then, who had the spell Sirius and Remus created, so they could test it all together. They needed to be sure before they made changes to the very foundation of Hogwarts.

Tom seemed a lot less nervous about that than Harrison was, but then again the man had done so before- to place a curse on the very position he had right now, ironically.

When Fred and George were there they basically told them that it could feel *very weird* the first time you had an anti-gravity spell casted on you and then Tom activated the charms, leaving them speechless as they quietly casted the spells.

Harrison would be lying if he said this wasn't one of the best experiences he ever had.

It felt weightless, literally, of course. But, it also made everything they had to deal with on a daily basis feel less.. Dramatic.

It felt freeing in a way.

However, that might also be because Tom and Harrison both had barely seen the world outside of Tom's classroom, besides when there were classes. It was kind of bad, Harrison had to admit that much.

“And you two are sure you can cast this spell on the whole great hall?” George asked once they lowered to the ground and Tom cancelled the rest of the charms.

“It won't be too hard,” Harrison admitted, enjoying the magic-rich air once more. It reminded him of his time at the founders.

Never before had he noticed how big the difference in magic was between back then and now.

“Once we merge it, at least.” Tom added for him and Fred and George nodded.

“Our birthday trick turned into a whole lot more this year, didn't it?” Fred asked. “The future of the Wizarding World and all?”

“It is quite amazing what we could potentially do with this.” Harrison said, “But with people like Dumbledore around it will never fix the whole issue. It might strengthen magic enough until we properly turned everything around.”

“It's enough for us to make her that much stronger,” Tom said, “If we can turn this to something transferrable.”

“For what it's worth,” George said, “Thanks for helping us.”

“If this is the result of every time you ask for our help, we would be more than happy to help more often.” Harrison joked.

“And if not?” George raised an eyebrow.

Harrison looked at Tom and then back at George, “I suppose it has been a while since I toyed around with Magic like this.”

“You've done things like this before?” Tom asked.

“I'm Rowena's child, Tommy boy.”

“Hey!” Rowena shouted from their portrait, she was sitting reading a book and Harrison giggled.

“That was a compliment.”

“Sure it was,” She muttered.

“Point being,” Harrison said then, “The things you two come up with are quite amazing and if there's anything that you feel is worth the attention such as this, I'm sure we could find time to help.”

“You make us sound much more busy than we actually are,” Tom spoke.

“Speak for yourself,” Harrison said, “The tournament is taking up more time than I expected and we *did* both skip the last few Wizengamot meetings.”

Tom nodded, “I suppose you have a point there.” He said. “We'll attend the next one then, just to make sure the country hasn't gone to shit.”

“You're so lucky we can skip meetings because according to them we're both ‘stuck’ here and have to ask for permission to leave.”

“Even teachers?” George asked.

“If it's within school hours,” Tom said, “But Dumbledore has yet to say anything to us about it.”

“Perhaps ‘cause he thinks your Voldemort,” Harrison said, “Waiting for you to make a move outside of Hogwarts so he can gather the evidence to prove it.”

“Should we try it out one more time,” Fred said then, totally interrupting their conversation. “Just to ensure it works?” Harrison could hear the *because it's fun.* The excuse was weak, but yet no one said no and not minutes later they were once again floating through the Defense classroom.

Flitwick would be so proud of them.

Chapter End Notes

Guess what characters I've been obsessed with for the last month based on the last part of this chapter lmao

Chapter 77: And so the prodigy is powerless

Chapter Notes

I don't know if I like this one, but I hope you will :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As April rolled around the corner, Harrison and Tom managed to change the Hogwarts runes accordingly. The pillar now part of the very foundation of the school.

“Are you two ready to make some students fly?” Harrison asked, as he, Fred and George walked into the great hall on April 1 st . Just a little bit late for breakfast, to ensure they were the last ones to enter the great hall.

“Fuck yeah,” George grinned, and then opened the door to the great hall dramatically, activating the new runes in the foundation of the castle. Harrison waved his hand, making a ‘Happy birthday Twins!’ banner appear at the front of the great hall, before he and the rest of the hall started floating. The room around them changing to space.

There were a few surprised shouts, then a lot of laughter from students. Before Dumbledore said, “Deactivate it!”

The hall fell silent, watching the man as he looked around in a panic. “You do not realise how severe the charms-”

“Bullshit, Dumbles.” Sirius spoke up, “It's just a prank, one better than we ever managed to do in our time.”

“A prank that changed the fou-”

“With acceptance from the only true heir, calm down.” Sirius said and more students were laughing as they were ‘swimming’ around space now.

He heard some people gasp as they came especially close to a certain cloud of gasses or another natural phenomenon. And Harrison couldn't help but look around with a sense of pride and amusement as somebody shot a weak stinging hex at him.

“Warn us the next time, arsehole.” Daphne said.

“It's the Twin's prank, I couldn't betray them.” Harrison smirked and the girl rolled her eyes, somehow looking entirely smooth as she ‘swam’ around the sky.

It didn't take too long for the spell to deactivate and every student to slowly float back down, although some still managed to fall, stumbling over a bench while landing or whatever. But nobody seemed to mind, something about the active release of magic in the air calming everyone down and overall making them feel.. Giddy maybe even.

Harrison saw Fred and George high fives as some students stumbled over their feet to congratulate them and inquire about their new prank, how they had done it and if there was ever going to be a repeat.

Fred and George just listened, nodding along happily, before claiming, “A wizard never reveals its secrets.”

Meanwhile Dumbledore was actively glaring at Harrison, making Harrison wonder just how long it would take before he got another invitation to the man's office.

“I think that went well,” Terence said, “Something their brothers would be proud of.”

“Bill would absolutely love it,” Harrison agreed. “And this was a huge leap for our goal of helping magic.”

Terence gave him a curious look and Harrison wondered how people could possibly not feel the satisfying prickle of magic in the air. He wanted to say something about what he meant, but then Dumbledore cleared his throat, “I will talk with the students who caused this later, for now I would like everyone to take place at their house table so we can start breakfast in a proper manner.”

Harrison could tell he was slightly distraught as he narrowed his eyes at Harrison for the last time before sitting down again, Harrison sat down at the Slytherin table, Fred and George both sitting down on one of his sides.

“That was the prank of a lifetime, indeed.” Fred sighed happily.

“Sweet 17!” George agreed and Harrison laughed.

“Legal adults now, huh?”

“You know it Harrikins.” George winked at him.

“The world isn't ready.” Pansy said as she sat down as well, “For the Weasley twins finally being able to claim their lordship fully.”

“They could have done so already.” Blaise muttered.

Pansy shrugged at the boy and Fred and George just looked at each other, before they nodded. “We weren't going to claim the Wizengamot votes until we were out of Hogwarts.”

“As most do.” Fred added.

“Okay wait,” Tracey said, “I feel like we moved on from the *literal* flying without a broom too quickly.”

~

It wasn't much later that Harrison found himself sitting in the familiar Headmasters office.

Sirius had ‘apologised’ for throwing him under the bus before laughing at his misfortune to once again have to pay a visit to the headmaster. At least, this time Fred and George were also present.

“Changing the very foundation of the ancient runes that have been keeping us safe for century,” Dumbledore said disapprovingly, “I honestly expected more of you.”

“Frankly, Headmaster.” Harrison sighed, “Like I say usually, you truly have no idea what you are talking about and are just trying to convince me that I did something that could potentially ruin this entire castle, while all I did was add something to the foundation that is something positive for everyone now and the future.”

“You don't deny it?” Dumbledore asked.

“I feel no reason to lie.” Harrison said honestly.

“Dumbledore if we may?” Rowena spoke up and the headmaster looked at the painting that was still stuck to the wall, one of the last ones. He nodded. “Harrison asked for our permission and allowed us to guide every step of the way. If anything, you trying to punish him is the bad thing happening here.” She said sternly, in her no-argue voice that even scared Salazar away from arguments.

Not Godric, though, but that man has zero self-preservation.

“I think a detention for all three of you is suitable.” Dumbledore said.

Apparently, Dumbledore didn't have any self-preservation either.

“You'll help Snape from tomorrow for two full weeks,” Dumbledore said, “With cleaning after classes.”

“Of course, headmaster.” Harrison said. “But, I do want to remind you that in this castle, about the very foundation of it. You don't have a say at all.”

“And you do?”

“More than any other living person.” Harrison said.

Dumbledore sighed, “Harrison, my boy, I really thought we saw eye to eye for a while.”

Fred snorted, reminding everyone in the room that Fred and George were still there. “Why do you care so much as headmaster whether a student likes you or not?”

Harrison raised an eyebrow at him, but looked at Dumbledore.

“It's politics, my boy.” He said, as if that explained all. “You wouldn't know.”

“From what I've heard,” Fred said, clearing his throat. “It is more you trying to actively brainwash a child to do as you tell, because you know the child has more power than you ever will.”

“Okay, that's enough.” Harrison said, clearing his throat. “We'll leave you alone.”

“I'll assign Potter and Gaunt to the detention as well,” Dumbledore muttered, “I don't trust one person to watch all three of you.”

“Potter *and* Gaunt?” Harrison asked, the man was obviously trying to get a reaction out of him, getting Tom and his biological father to spent time with him every night for the next two weeks. “Might as well throw in Sirius and Remus as well at that point, no?”

“And put three out of four with the Twins?” Dumbledore asked and Harrison snorted.

“I don't know what you're doing Dumbledore,” He said, “But it's not

going to work.” Then he quickly left before the man could get another word out.

“That was strange.” George muttered.

“Potter I understand, he wants to piss me off.” Harrison said, “But there's nothing that will make it make sense that he wanted Marv there.”

“I mean he knows Snape is a Death Eater and-” Fred said and Harrison eyes widened in realisation.

“He wants James to see Marv act like Voldemort, because he'd have proof then.” Harrison said, “Or as close to proof as he can get.”

“That sounds stupid.” George said and Harrison nodded.

“And entirely something on Dumbledore's level.”

~

Harrison wasn't entirely sure what Dumbledore expected, but this was probably not it, He thought as he waved his hand lazily to clean up the next batch of potion supplies. Snape hadn't even argued against him doing it with magic, as he would normally do for detention.

Harrison had explained why they were all here and even James had thought it was foolish.

“Still thinks I'm Voldemort?” Tom asked and Harrison snorted.

“The man is slowly losing his mind, I'm telling you.” Harrison said.

James sighed as he leant back in his chair, they all knew they had to be here for at least an hour or two to make it believable, even if Harrison would have the cleaning done within fifteen minutes.

“Lily always thought you were suspicious.” The man said suddenly. “Something about your aura, she said.”

Harrison smiled sadly at the man, “Both of you truly thought I was capable of joining the man who ruined my chance of having a normal childhood?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if you had.” James said. “With everything that you're capable of.”

And there it was the unsureness that Harrison so often experienced with the man, somewhere he thought that the man could've easily redeemed himself, but he saw the world too black and white to allow himself to even get close to the greyness everyone else seemed to be trapped in.

“We're going to be here every night for two weeks.” Snape said, “Can we please not talk politics?”

Fred hummed, “Hate to say it, but I agree with the dungeon-bat.”

“Right sorry,” Harrison said, “That's kind of Marv and I's comfort zone.”

“I bet it is,” George muttered under his breath.

“How's Hope doing?” Harrison asked James then, to avoid an awkward silence that was about to fall over them.

“She's doing a lot better,” James said, “It was hard for her to realise that the last thing her mom did before she was taken was put a binding spell on you *and* her in a certain way.”

“Parental love works in weird ways.” Harrison sighed.

“How about you? Did you heal properly?”

“It took a bit,” Harrison said, “But I had people to look after me, I'm good now.”

“His magic generates quickly,” Tom said, “It took a week and a half before he decided he could start taking lessons again.”

“Lessons, political ones?” James asked, “Still taking those?”

“Sometimes,” Harrison shrugged, “It's more or less discussions now.”

“And back to politics,” George groaned, “You are absolutely incapable of not mentioning politics, aren't you?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, as he twitched his wrist one last time to clean the last of the supplies.

Tom got up from his chair then, walking to the chalkboard in the classroom and started drawing and writing in runes, some parseltongue within the text and Harrison laughed softly as he realised what Tom was doing.

He was further developing the reason why they were here in the first place.

“Sure that's a smart thing to do, prof?” Harrison asked, amusement clear in his voice as Tom looked over his shoulder and shrugged.

“Might as well use the time we got, right?”

“Oh god this might be even worse,” Fred groaned. “What have we done to ourselves, Georgie?”

“I have no idea, Freddie.”

“What are they doing?”

“They are inventing.” Fred said.

“Inventing?”

“Yes.” George nodded and Harrison could feel James eyes on him as he stood up and walked over to Tom.

‘ *I'm trying to annoy them.’* Was one of the parseltongue sentences, ‘ *Play along?’* Then a bunch of runes that wouldn't create anything really.

“Can't we put the stone in the centre of it?” Harrison asked, “Instead of trying to send it through the stone later?”

“You want to rebuilt it from the stone onwards?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“It will help more.”

“We're officially trapped in hell, Snape, please get us out.” George groaned.

“Huh?” James asked.

“Once Harrison and Marvolo focus on a magical challenge they will not pay attention to anything else, try to explain it to anyone else and they're just genuinely a pain to be around.” Severus explained.

“We might want to test that.” Tom agreed, as he smirked at Harrison next to him.

“Can't we just cut it short for tonight?” James asked and the rest

agreed, when they asked Tom he did his disinterested.

“Mh, yeah sure.” And then continued to say a whole lot of nothing to Harrison, who responded as though everything he said made sense.

Only when the door closed behind them, Tom quietly chuckled.

“That was quick,” Harrison laughed and Tom nodded in agreement.

“I can't believe Dumbledore forced us to do this.” Tom said, “I mean, he really doesn't expect a lot of *Voldemort* if he thinks I'd break so quickly.” The last part was said quietly just in case and Harrison shrugged.

“Insane Voldy maybe.”

“Just nine more times.” Tom sighed as he sat down in Snape's chair and stared at the nonsensical runes on the chalkboard. “Let's leave it there, I'm curious whether Snape will dare to erase it or not.”

Harrison just laughed and nodded, “I like your brain, sir.”

~

It had been four nights of detention and James had started grading homework once he realised he didn't actually have to pay attention. Which usually left Harrison, Fred and George to either do homework or bother Snape and Tom while they were doing whatever.

And it worked, none of them had fought with James yet, the man had behaved pretty much normal and Tom and Harrison only once more decided to talk about inventive stuff- but actually, instead of as a joke.

“You'd think that they'd have solved it by now, wouldn't you?” Harrison questioned, “I mean three open attacks and one pathetic try during a ritual.”

He had been talking a lot more about the attacks lately, as the absence of another real attack scared Harrison in what was to come.

“You've warned everyone around you to watch out for each other and contact you if something happens.” Tom said softly, “There's not much more you could do.” He looked up from some essays in front of him, “Besides, I think their next target may be you. More direct than before, remember in the break?”

James' head snapped up and Harrison could feel the man's curiosity in the air, yet he stayed silent.

"That's true," Harrison allowed, "God I fucking hope so. If Cedric is next, Terence will have my head for certain."

Tom snorted, "More so than when he got hit?"

Harrison shrugged and Tom nodded in understanding, he understood the hidden, *wouldn't you care more if it were me?*

" They were using my spell, correct?" Snape asked and Harrison nodded. "It is one of my biggest regrets that the spell became public knowledge."

"At least there is *a* healing spell that works." Harrison allowed, "It's impressive spell work."

Snape sighed and shrugged.

Tom and Snape just turned back to the essays they were grading then, leaving Harrison to do nothing as everybody around him worked.

"Don't you have anything to do?" Tom asked as he noticed Harrison leaning back in his chair.

"I could technically make the essay for your class tomorrow," Harrison said and Tom raised an unimpressed eyebrow, so Harrison just quickly started working on that as well.

~

"Well that was it," Harrison said, as he got up from his place. "Two weeks of detention served, learned anything suspicious you're going to tell Dumbledore about us, James?"

James looked slight taken aback at the directness, "I-" He said, "No?"

"Probably that we're boring," Tom said, amusement flowing into his voice. "I mean all we've talked about is magical theory and we spent over 20 hours together trapped in a room."

"Maybe that he should give you two a lab," George said, "So you have a place for your runic things, instead of using Snape's chalkboard, leaving the man to explain to his class that that wasn't important."

Snape shrugged, as Tom shot him a look and Tom just shrugged then.

“I wouldn't mind a lab, would you?”

“I wouldn't,” Harrison said, “Saves us from using the ROR or your office every time.”

James looked at Harrison with a *look* on his face, “A lab? Really? Why would you need a lab?”

“Are you aware of the things your biological son has achieved, Mr. Potter?” Tom asked, “He created multiple spells and potions now used daily by hundreds of people, managed to prove his worth in the wizengamot and taught a full course. He's been alive for only fourteen years.”

“Way to make me feel like a baby.” Harrison muttered and Tom shot him a look.

“So I think it's fair to ask for something to allow him further creation,” Tom said, “I'm not saying we were serious about that, but don't joke about it.”

“That's enough, Marv.” Harrison said and Tom took a step back. “Come on let's not argue over hypotheticals.”

“For what it's worth,” James sighed, “I am proud to see what you achieved, although we couldn't be there.”

“’Couldn't?’” Harrison asked, a calm voice. “More like wouldn't. You had a chance to be there through it all, but you wouldn't have let me do any of it. Because I didn't agree with all of your morals.”

“Lily-”

“That wasn't just Lily.” Harrison spat, “Look I'm happy we can talk normally now, but don't go blaming everything on your lost wife.” He looked around the room at the others awkwardly, “Like I said, I think that was it, can I leave, prof?” He looked at Tom, who nodded.

He left quickly, going to his dorm immediately, only slightly surprised when Tom appeared just thirty minutes later or so. He gave the man a questioning look as he literally just *appeared* though.

“Portkey in the diary works two ways.” Tom smirked, before sitting down next to Harrison. “You okay?”

“I didn't mean to react like that.” Harrison said. “It's just- they still *left*

me, you know? That was completely voluntarily. They didn't need to do it or anything, they just decided they couldn't have a kid like me."

"It must be weird talking to James like this now." Tom said softly, putting his hand in Harrison's hand, squeezing slightly.

"It is," Harrison sighed, "He changed completely. Maybe that's what grieve does to a person." He put his head on Tom's shoulder. "Either way, Dumbledore did it once again. Make me explode at James, exactly like he wanted, probably."

"You didn't give him any leverage, though."

"I wouldn't have." Harrison muttered.

Tom nodded, "I know." He asked, "What are you going to do with your free time now that you don't have to clean potion vials all evening?"

"I don't know, annoy you to death?" Harrison said, "The usual?"

"Should've expected that."

"You know what I hated the most about detention?" Harrison asked as he toyed with Tom's fingers in his hand. Tom hummed and Harrison looked up, "Sitting there watching you grade papers or work on something else and not being able to annoy you by jumping in your lap."

"You couldn't have done that anyway," Tom snorted softly.

"Oh?"

"It doesn't annoy me." Tom stated and Harrison snickered.

"Distract you then."

"You always distract me," Tom said, "I love it though, but darling believe me, your presence was distracting enough." He said, "I never realised how nice it was to be able to be able to hold you while doing something boring such as grading papers. I'm never taking that for granted again."

"Tom?" Harrison said softly, lifting his head to look at Tom.

"Mmh?"

“Stay here tonight?”

“In a twin bed?” Tom raised an eyebrow and Harrison shrugged.

“We'll make it fit.”

“You know I can never deny you such a thing.” Tom said and Harrison smiled at him.

“You'll have to sneak out tomorrow.”

“I'll go to Slytherin castle and floo to my office.” Tom said, as he kissed Harrison's forehead. “Don't worry about it.”

“Alright,” Harrison said, allowing his head to fall back on Tom's shoulder.

~

“We are at serious risk.” Harrison said, it was the first move they would make. He would do it, in this case. It seemed less irresponsible, because he was still a teen. He was allowed to be slightly frantic in his behaviour. “Three attacks, one with a large count of victims, two situated in Hogwarts.” He looked around the Wizengamot, “And now one of our own is lost, yet the Minister refuses to put any safety precautions in Hogwarts during the tournament.”

“It is hardly necessary,” Dumbledore spoke calmly over the room. “Hogwarts is guarded by ancient magics to not allow strangers in.”

“Yet we allow them in,” Harrison responded, “During the games no one looks twice at who enters and the magic is tweaked to allow it. Because everyone should be welcome, even the people you would usually guard your students from.”

“I understand that Lord Black feels this way,” Umbridge said, “Yet, we must understand that all the attacks were focused around him, maybe the problem isn't our protection.”

“It's focused on all of us.” Harrison said, “Lord Higgs’ son got targeted, Lord Gaunt got hit by a cutting charm at first and now Crouch has disappeared.”

“We need to continue the games as it is.” Minister Fudge stated, “We can't start excluding people from the experience now. We'll have some aurors in the stands, if that helps your feeling of saftey.”

“It doesn-”

“That's quite enough, Lord Black.” Umbridge interrupted him rudely. “You've stated your case and we've given you an answer.”

Tom grabbed his hand and slightly pulled, Harrison sighed and sat down, he just hoped his effort would end up in the Daily Prophet. It was important to install seeds of doubts in the minds of the public now.

If that hadn't been the case Harrison wouldn't have had to act like this to get a reaction out of the Minister.

Umbridge speaks for him. Tom's voice was loud and clear in his mind. Unlike the vague sentences he would catch of his overall thoughts. *That can't be good.*

Harrison shrugged, it really couldn't be. Umbridge and Tom had equal trust from Fudge just a bit ago. When the man sent him and Tom to different countries to convince the Ministries of a plan to work together.

“She's always here.” Harrison muttered under his breath, he knew Tom would catch it, though. “It's her full time job.”

Tom nodded slightly. It was hardly fair to fight someone for power when that person could spent all their time fighting for that power while you had two other full time jobs.

That was, if you counted being the Dark Lord as a full time job. Harrison honestly thought it was, Tom would agree.

It was only later, when Harrison and Tom were quietly talking among themselves, the Wizengamot meeting just finished, that one of the lower houses’ lords walked up to them. “You stated quite the case today, Heir Black.” The woman said, “And yet you dealt with their rejection so easily.”

“Sometimes there is no use in fighting those who are stubborn enough to believe a problem doesn't truly exist,” Harrison said, “Bringing up the case would then only be done to allow people like you to gain awareness of an ongoing issue.”

The woman laughed, “Perhaps I should ask Lord Gaunt to teach my kids some politics, if this is the result.”

Tom smiled, kindly. “Harrison had talent to begin with, I just refined it.”

“Guided me through using my talent of debate, mostly.” Harrison agreed with a small smill towards Tom.

“Well, for what its worth,” The woman said, “I am glad you brought this to our attention.”

Harrison nodded, “That's all I hoped to hear.”

Then she excused herself leaving Harrison and Tom alone in the now empty meeting room.

“I'm quite surprised by her straight forward approach in showing support,” Tom said, “It is rare nowadays in the Wizengamot, especially for smaller houses.”

“Maybe its motherly instincts,” Harrison joked, “Sees a motherless child and decides; I must show I support him, at the very least!”

“I sure as hell could have used that back in my day,” Tom agreed with a hum.

Harrison looked at the man and shrugged, “Wouldn't have made you half as interesting.”

“Trauma is all that makes me interesting?”

“Oh, shut up.”

“No, you properly hurt my feelings now,” Tom said, Harrison rolled his eyes in response.

“Dramatic much,” He muttered and Tom snorted.

“Okay, that's enough.” He said, “We need to get back to Hogwarts.”

“Can't we go back to-”

“No, there's class tomorrow,” Tom said.

Harrison just shot him his best puppy eyes and Tom sighed.

“Fine, we'll go to Slytherin Castle instead.” He said.

~

Over time, Slytherin manor had well and truly become his home. He would pick this place over the new, crowded and chaotic version of Hogwarts any day and even as he wandered through the halls he had only walked a couple of times before- such as the guest wings or other wings they generally didn't use, Harrison felt like it was his house, his home.

Much to the amusement of Salazar and disappointment of the other three Hogwarts founders, each of which tried to convince him to live in one of their properties.

But as Harrison sat here, it was no wonder that before he even had the choice to take a conscious decision, by looking at the different possibilities he got as a descendant of the founders, he found the one place he could genuinely call his home, even more so than Hogwarts.

And sappy and disgusting as it sounded, the reason was currently sitting right in front of him writing an angry letter to his so-called right-hand man.

“I still don't get why you didn't just fire Lucius.” Harrison said, sitting back on his chair. “I mean, genuinely the man is incapable of everything you've asked him to do ever.”

“It's for-”

“An image, yeah I know, influential Malfoy family-” Harrison sighed.

“You should stop thinking so loudly if you want to pretend like watching me work bores you.” Tom said smugly and Harrison felt his face flush just slightly. It was rare that he felt any form of embarrassment of Tom reading his thoughts.

Harrison just got up and slowly grabbed Tom's shoulders, trying to give him a massage, working the tense muscles in his shoulder, trying to give the man some release, while hiding himself from the intensive stare.

Tom snorted softly at the response- or lack thereof- but he relaxed in Harrison's hands nonetheless.

“I never said that I was bored of watching you,” Harrison muttered, “But he doesn't even slightly deserve all the attention he gets from you compared to some of the lower rank death eaters.”

Tom hummed in agreement, “He won't be my right hand anymore

once we take over." He said.

"He won't be?" Harrison asked, "You're not letting him give you advice once you're in charge?"

"No one will," Tom answered, "Give *us* advice."

Harrison smiled at that, "So what did he do now?"

"Forgot to deal with my Death Eaters for me," Tom said, as Harrison let go off his shoulders, to instead lean over them and read the letter, indeed it was about being more careful with where he talked to the Death Eaters and their tasks and reminding them that they needed to be laid back.

"What even happened?"

"An attack in a small town, with more rumours spread about Death Eaters." Tom answered, "Nobody died, but there's some people who are very loud about what happened, the only reason the news hasn't spread yet is because Fudge doesn't want anyone to know that there's actually a change of me returning, I guess."

"When did this happen?"

"This morning," Tom sighed and leant back in his chair. "They're getting restless."

"It's just another month or two until they can let loose a bit." Harrison said.

Tom nodded slightly, "That is true," He said, "They'll have to deal with that. However, I'm uncertain of how we control them once we allow them to let loose a bit."

"Maybe do what Voldemort did." Harrison said, "Get curse-happy." Harrison stood up fully again to sit back down on his chair. "It'll work for sure."

"It would feel wrong, would it not?"

"I don't know," Harrison shrugged, "You can be pretty curse happy now as well, you just have to enhance it a bit."

Tom chuckled, "Perhaps that is truly the course of action we should take." He looked down at the note on his desk and then back up at Harrison. "Do you want to duel?"

And there was no way in the world Harrison was going to say no to that question, so they quickly left Tom's office to go to the duel room. Harrison really couldn't think of a place other than this that he would call home.

~

Harrison stood in front of the maze as the task was being explained to the audience, they had just gotten their own explanation, he tuned the booming voice out as he looked at the maze with an almost scary uncertainty.

It wasn't often he felt bad about something.

“Is the tattoo working?” Harrison asked under his breath to Cedric next to him.

“What?” Cedric asked.

“Try sending me something.”

Cedric looked at him with confusion, but within a minute Harrison's core had an irritating spark, reminding him of danger, connected to Cedric's general direction.

“Okay, good.” Harrison sighed in relief.

“Why?” Cedric looked entirely confused with the situation.

“I have a bad feeling,” Harrison said softly, “No matter what happens, listen to me, okay?”

Cedric visibly swallowed before he nodded, “Of course.”

“Okay, champions, are all of you ready?” Bagman asked them.

“Ready as ever,” Krum answered in his thick accent as the rest of made some agreeing noise.

“Good, we'll follow the order of the standings, meaning that Heir Black will get released into the maze first.” Bagman said, “After that the rest will follow with intervals of 30 seconds, okay?”

Harrison nodded and Bagman counted down, the moment he entered the maze he heard a second count down start.

He dashed into the first left as some creature seemed to appear out of

nowhere, he fired some spells at it, one of them had to work after all and just kept walking through the maze.

In the distance, he could hear explosions and some shouts, but besides that the maze was eerily still, the mist floating just over the ground so that he could barely see his shoes through it. He took his time walking through it, knowing that sooner or later he would arrive at the cup.

It was because of this, that he was surprised when suddenly a vine reached out from the hedges, grabbing his ankle as he took a step. His head almost hitting the ground behind him harshly, but he managed to cast a softening charm quickly. His magic reacting quicker to the situation than the rest of him did, apparently.

“That's shit,” He muttered to himself as he cut the vine off with a simple cutting spell, the vine loosening around his ankle the moment it was separated from its ‘host’. It was only because he was laying on the ground that he saw the suspicious flash of red reflected by the cloudy sky, followed quickly by pained screams and the same disturbance in his core as when he and Cedric had been testing the tattoos just before he entered the maze.

It was only then that he realised he must've walked around here for a while and that the others had, indeed, already had the time to get this far as well.

And apparently Cedric was attacked directly now.

He forced himself up quickly, following the tug of his core as it guided him through the maze. He wished partially wished it could just tug him to the cup so he could finish this entire thing.

The sight he met when he found Cedric was worrying, Krum was standing there actively struggling against- well himself, for lack of another description- holding Cedric under a crucio.

Harrison surprised Krum, apparently, as his head shot in his direction the moment he came closer, before he could react however, Harrison used a simple incarcerous, binding the boy so he couldn't continue casting spells.

“Fuck, are you okay?” Harrison asked as he sat down next to Cedric, who looked properly distraught at the entire situation, and he had the right to do so.

“Peachy,” Cedric grunted out an answer, as he lifted his head to look

at Krum, laying on the ground, struggling against Harrison's bonds. Harrison sighed, casting a freezing spell on him as well, so that nothing could happen. “He wasn't himself; I saw the clouded eyes-”

“Imperius curse?”

Cedric nodded and then looked at Harrison, “Seems you were right, again.” He sounded pained and Harrison did a quick diagnostic scan, before casting a calming charm, hoping it worked on Cedric's body as well as his mind.

“Fleur wouldn't Imperio someone.” Harrison frowned.

“Bigger powers and all that,” Cedric agreed, as he sat up, Harrison tried to support the Hufflepuff where he could. “Krum said something about stopping me from getting the cup and staying with me as long as needed?”

“He didn't want the cup either?” Harrison asked, confused.

Cedric groaned as he moved his leg, trying to stand up. “I think someone wants you, I don't think that cup is just a cup.”

“It's a portkey as well, I know, because Tom made sure it would sent me to somewhere, make a disappearance of sorts.”

Harrison held Cedric up, once he was on his feet.

“I can walk, you know?” Cedric said, as he chuckled humourlessly. “You're still going to get the cup?”

“If someone wants me, I'm not getting anyone else in danger.” Harrison agreed.

“I'm coming.” Cedric said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“In this state?”

“I'm fine.” Cedric proved this by letting go of Harrison and, indeed, he walked pretty normally on his own. “Nobody would forgive me if something happened to you, Tom would probably kill me.”

“Stubborn fucking Hufflepuffs.” Harrison muttered and Cedric rolled his eyes.

“It's my Gryffindor side.”

Harrison snorted, following Cedric as the boy started walking. It didn't take long until they arrived at the cup, an acromantula being the only thing between them and the cup. Harrison wanted to kill the thing simply, but was surprised when Cedric did so before him, wand at ready the whole time.

“Quick reaction,” Harrison praised and Cedric smirked.

“I had an okay teacher.”

“Just okay?” Harrison asked and Cedric motioned towards the cup.

“Come on, let's not waste more time.” Cedric said, “Otherwise Fleur might get here and it'll be awkward to do a count down and all.”

“You don't think they somehow stopped Fleur already?”

“Perhaps Krum did before attacking me,” Cedric shrugged. “He was basically handing you the win, that's kind of unfair, no?”

Harrison watched as Cedric walked around the blue glowing cup, as he himself stood quietly watching the cup and the magic coming off its in waves. “It's definitely enchanted.”

“Are you ready?” Cedric asked and Harrison nodded, taking a step closer to the cup.

“Listen to me, no matter what I say, okay?” Harrison said and Cedric nodded slowly once more.

“Terence will kill you if I die.” Cedric reminded him, for the first time he showed a tiny amount of fear and Harrison was almost relieved that he wasn't the only one who was at least nervous for what was to come.

“Okay,” Harrison nodded, “Count down?”

Cedric nodded, starting a count down, both of them grabbed the cup at zero. Harrison allowed the magic to flow into his system and felt the warp of the world shifting around him.

~

It had gone according to plan, Harrison had grabbed the cup, with Cedric but that wouldn't change anything.

But now, he hadn't returned and it had been an hour, they had

planned on a total of thirty minutes. Tom looked around in worry, he was genuinely surprised at how many people were still there, watching as Krum and Fleur's wounded bodies were brought back to the Champion's tent.

The announcement of Hogwart's victory was clear over the field, yet neither of the two victors was there to celebrate yet.

And Tom would pride himself on being chill, or well- no fuck that, he wasn't at all. He was really fucking worried most of the time, Harrison brought that out in most of them. He knew that, because Sirius looked about ready to attack him from where he was standing next to him.

“If anything happened to them-” The man threatened and Tom let the feeling of having a threat directed at him flow over him, before he nodded in agreement.

“I'll take the responsibility, either bring him back or allow you to end me, okay?” Tom said, “I wouldn't live knowing I'm the cau-”

“Alright, pads.” Remus chimed in, “Calm down, Harrison can handle himself.”

At that moment a sharp flare went to his chest, above his heart, as Sirius looked down at his arm.

“Can he now?” Sirius asked and Tom tried to feel the location, but there was no sense in direction.

“Fuck,” Tom cursed quietly as he looked at Harrison's friends in the crowd, faces of panic, as well. Blaise was the one to seek him out and he motioned to the side with his head, an universal way of saying that they should leave and discuss.

Blaise nodded and turned back to the group.

“Come with me,” Tom said to Sirius and Remus, leaving no room for argument.

~

“This place is creepy,” Cedric said, as he looked around the forest they ended up in. It didn't feel like the obvious magic of the forbidden forest.

Not close to Hogwarts then.

“It is,” Harrison agreed as he heard a twig break behind him. “You should hide.” He said and Cedric opened his mouth to argue, but Harrison shot him one sharp look, effectively shutting him up.

“Harrison Black, at last.” A voice drawled, “I didn't expect you to need this much assistance to win a simple game.” It said, “After all, the entire Wizarding world praises your use of magic, don't they?”

“I had to make a show,” Harrison said, “These things are for publicity, right?” At a noise behind him, he quickly turned around.

“Exactly,” The voice agreed. “Publicity.”

Before Harrison could react to that or anything else, he found himself suddenly bound, held against a tree. The restraints not allowing him to use his magic for once. He immediately felt the shot of panicked, his reflexes immediately sending it out through his core.

“And so the prodigy is powerless.” A figure walked out from between the trees, wearing a black cloak. “Tell your friend to not attack, he might make it out of here alive.”

“I already told him not to.” Harrison said, he hadn't, but he knew Cedric wouldn't attack without him explicitly saying so, especially now, after hearing that.

“Good, smart boy.”

“Can I ask a question?” Harrison asked, following the cloaked figure with his eyes.

“A question?” A low chuckle, “In your situation?”

“I need to know,” Harrison said, “Was it you behind the attacks?”

“It was, obvious isn't it?” The man said.

“Why not attack me directly?”

“It would have been too easy.”

“Easy?”

“I was trying to get a reaction out of *him,”* It sounded like a snarl, “Everyone knows the moment someone attacks you he'll react. So instead I tried everything but that.”

“Marvolo?” Harrison asked and the man chuckled again, more angry now.

“Marvolo Gaunt,” He spat, “I despise that name. Tom Riddle.”

“You attacked him, though.” Harrison said, “He almost died.”

“He never dies.”

“Who are you?”

“I believe you met my father a while ago.” The man said. “My father always promised me that Tom Riddle would choose me to be his right hand man. That I'd help him to power and he'd lead our country, the entire wizarding world to greatness.”

“He did?”

“He knew he could never be Tom's most faithful, so assured me that once the Tom Riddle he once knew returned, instead of the insane, overly abusive version of him, he'd do everything in his power.” He walked towards Harrison in a slow stroll. “I don't blame my dad that he didn't expect an eleven year old to show up and steal the heart of said heartless monster.” He said, as he pulled the hood of his cloak down. “I do however blame the eleven year old for turning a man full of potential into a softie who tries to do everything *legally* and within limits.” He looked directly into Harrison's eyes. “When I first saw him, right after he made his first horcrux, I believed him to become the greatest man on earth. Now he's just another politician.”

“Lord Blume,” Harrison realised. “You're the son.”

“The one and only.” The man said, “And you ruined everything.”

He grabbed Harrison's jaw aggressively, "Luckily for you, I have no intend in killing you, as I know he will *never* just let you die.” He let go then, Harrison felt the phantom fingers on his jaw as the man took a few steps back. “Luckily I'm not all that against killing as a whole. And quite fairly, I'd like to force beautiful, amazing Tom Riddle back into the role he claimed willingly so long ago.” He laughed fully then, “I'd like to introduce you to my partner and your sister now, Black.”

Harrison honestly thought he'd misheard that for a bit, but then the woman he and Tom spoke to in the Wizengamot walked into the clearing they were standing in, Harrison still bound to the tree had to awkwardly crane his neck to see her properly.

And indeed, there was Hope.

“You have *no reason* to bring her into this.” Harrison argued. “She's just a child.”

“Except she's the only person who you have openly shown your dislike of.” The man said, “Crazy, abandoned child goes insane and kills sister, isn't that a beautiful headline?”

“Quite beautiful indeed.” The woman giggled and Harrison narrowed his eyes at her.

“This here is Donna, she had to analyse your magic, you don't quite notice your release of it when in close proximity with Tom.” He said, “She kindly agreed to help me after I explained my plans to her.”

“It was embarrassingly easy to distract you.” The woman said.

Harrison scoffed, “So that's your plan? Let the wizarding world believe I'm some master villain?”

“It'll be beautiful.”

“I have another question if I may,” Harrison said, watching Hope closly, the girl seemed uncomfortable and scared, as was natural in such a situation. Maybe that is why the man in front of him seemed slightly unnerved by Harrisons practiced calm. “You used sectumsempra, a spell created by an acquaintance of mine.”

“Every Death Eater knows the spell,” The man answered his unasked question. “My dad heard them use it sometimes. I didn't know the full power of it until I saw Tom fall to the ground, though.”

“It was quite a risk to use it on the person you seem to look up to so much.”

“As I said, he won't die.”

“You plan to get me into Azkaban, hoping it would anger Tom enough to return fully?” Harrison asked then as he saw Hope's eyes widen in realisation. If he somehow got them out of here alive, he truly couldn't let Hope remember.

“The girl dies,” The woman stated, “Now, I don't like his distractions.”

Lord Blume waved his hand, a signal for the woman to go on as she

wanted.

“Here's what's going to happen, Black.” He said, “We will hit your sister with the curse and disappear afterwards, your friend stays in place and your bonds will only let go when she has bled out fully. If either of you don't do as I say it will only cause more deaths, hear me?”

Harrison nodded slowly, watching as the woman pulled out her wand.

“Is Tom's anger truly worth the life of a fourteen year old he doesn't care about?”

“Don't question my actions, boy.” The man snarled, his wand suddenly in hand, a cutting jinx hitting his cheek.

“You're killing a Hogwarts student, one who is the only heir to one of the most ancient seats in the Wizengamot and you tell me to not question it?”

Lord Blume seemed hesitant for a moment.

“Would Voldemort approve?”

“Oh Merlin,” The woman groaned, “Are we truly questioning what that insane fool would have approved of after everything he did?” She casted the charm before either he or Lord Blume could reply. “Come, this is our time to leave.” She said to Lord Blume, pulling his arm.

It didn't take long for them both to apparate away, leaving Harrison to watch Hope as she fell to the ground. Opening her mouth in pain, but no sound coming out, a true silencing charm being cast on her.

“How did they even get to her?” Harrison wondered out loud, knowing Cedric was somewhere, listening, probably even watching. “Stay where you are, don't move.” He commanded.

He could hear Cedric's heavy breathing, “That's-” The boy stammered out.

“Fucking brutal,” Harrison finished for him, for once sounding distraught as he watched his biological sister bleed out in front of him, unable to move the slightest bit.

Harrison couldn't move his eyes away from the slowly stilling body on

the floor, at some point it stilled completely, the bonds around Harrison slowly loosing up a bit.

As soon as he was free from the tree, he rushed to the body that had stained the floor beneath it in such a red colour that Harrison hadn't seen ever.

Not from a body, at least.

He kneeled next to Hope, trying to find a sign of life, he could work with the slightest move, the faintest thump of heart. If she was still alive, they had a chance to save her.

“You can move,” Harrison muttered, as he dropped his hands from Hope's pulse points. “She's gone.” He said softly, “She's really fucking gone.”

“There wasn't anything we could have done.” Cedric said as he sat down next to Harrison, it sounded like he was trying to convince himself of that fact as well.

“Don't blame yourself.” Harrison said, “If you had moved, it could've easily been you laying here instead.”

“What happens now?” Cedric asked as he watched Harrison, an aura of grieve and uncertainty around Harrison that he barely saw ever.

“We face the people from Hogwarts,” Harrison said. “I need to talk with Tom.”

“We should heal your cu-”

“Leave it,” Harrison said, “I deserve it for not protecting her. God, I deserve way worse.”

“This is not your fault,” Cedric said, “You can't always save everyone.”

Harrison nodded, “I know- it's just, she got pulled into this without even liking me. She died as a consequence of my actions.”

“Stop that,” Cedric said.

Harrison nodded, wiping at his left eye suspiciously, but then looked straight at Cedric and said, “Grab onto my arm, follow my lead when we get back.” Cedric did as he was told and Harrison grabbed Hopes wrist, summoning the cup that was left discarded besides one of the

trees towards them.

The cup warped them back towards to Hogwarts.

~

Tom, Sirius and Remus had barely met up with Harrison's friends when a loud booming noise came from the field, they could just see three figures appear, two of them partially covered in blood. before a crowd appeared around them.

By the time they approached, they could all hear a genuine distraught Harrison. “He's back,” Was the whisper, “Voldemort.”

“What did you see, boy?” Dumbledore asked, it sounded as though he was judging Harrison.

Tom pushed himself through the crowd to be met with the sight of Harrison leaning over Hope's bled out body, his own arms and shirt covered in blood, he looked worried as well as very distraught. Tom could swear he saw tears streaming down his cheek. A very pale Cedric was sitting a bit further away, yet close enough to reach out to Harrison, would it be necessary.

Dumbledore was looking at the sight with shock, but also a wicked sort of intent in his eyes.

“Leave my son alone, Dumbledore.” Sirius said, before Tom could even think of saying anything. He'd hate to say it, but he was genuinely staring at the sight in front of him in shock.

“This is a serious problem, Sirius.” Dumbledore said, “A student dead?”

“And Harrison is probably scared shitless.” Sirius said, “This is no time to investigate, he-”

“My daughter!” Came the cry of James Potter. For the first time Tom genuinely felt bad for the man. James sat down opposite of Harrison, ignoring Harrison instead looking at the cut open body of his daughter.

“I'm so sorry.” Harrison cried, “I tried to stop them, give her more time-”

James looked up for the first time and for a second Tom thought he

would curse at Harrison, accuse him of murdering Hope.

Instead he just nodded, a soft, “We'll talk later.” Coming out of his mouth. Harrison shuffled back on his knees just slightly, allowing James to hug the corpse of his daughter.

“Okay, that's enough!” McGonagall shouted, “I want everybody who is not family gone. That includes you, Albus, you can talk to them later.”

Dumbledore looked at the woman in shock, but nodded, Tom had never seen anyone protest against an angry Minerva.

He waited for everyone around them to leave, only forcing Terence to stay with them of the friend group Harrison had gathered. Before approaching Harrison, knowing he wouldn't get sent away by the Transfiguration professor.

Terence seemed to understand what the purpose of letting him stay was, immediately running towards the Hufflepuff boy, who was still shakily staring at the corpse in front of him.

He sat down next to Harrison, looking over his shoulder to see Sirius and Remus following him as well, but Sirius just nodded at him, before they both stopped next to James instead.

The man probably needed some support now as well and they knew he could help Harrison.

“You okay?” Tom asked softly as he put a hand of Harrison's shoulder, for the first time he felt Harrison flinch slightly under his touch.

“I'm-” Harrison shook his head, “She died because of me, because of *us.”*

Tom wanted to ask what he meant, but he knew Harrison would tell him as soon as he felt was the right time, he pushed down his own curiosity and instead opened his arms, offering a hug, instead of just hugging Harrison.

Harrison took the offer gladly, “They- they bound me to a tree, I couldn't use magic.” He said softly. “Then they let her bleed out in front of me.”

Tom felt his anger spike, but he stayed still, rubbing circles into Harrison's shoulder with his thumb. “You don't have to-”

“I know,” Harrison said. “Sorry.”

Tom sat there for a while, he half expected Harrison to break down into full crying, but he didn't instead he felt Harrison slowly relax into the hug.

At some point, though, Harrison broke away from the hug, mumbling, “Cedric.”

“Terence is with him, as well as his dad.” Tom replied, “They went to the healer.”

Harrison nodded slowly and Tom looked at him, “Do we need to go to the healer for the cut on your cheek?”

Harrison shook his head, “I'm okay.” He said softly, “I want this blood off me.” He said, “No cleaning charms, though.”

Tom nodded understandably, blood often sticked to your skin a bit more, not allowing cleaning charms to fully clean it up, instead sticking to your skin even more.

“You should talk to Remus and Sirius first.” He said, “Afterwards we can go to Slytherin castle.”

Harrison nodded and looked at Sirius and Remus who were now sitting just a little bit away from James who was still crying next to the body of Hope.

“You should go already, I'll catch up.” Harrison said. “I want to talk to some others.”

Tom wanted to argue that he'd rather stay there, help Harrison however he could, but he knew Harrison was stubborn and he wanted to do whatever Harrison wanted of him right now, so he just nodded and when Harrison left his side, he got up and left to go to Slytherin castle.

~

Tom sat in one of the sitting rooms of Slytherin castle, the one he and Harrison used most often.

He didn't exactly know how long he had sat there, but it was for quite a while, he looked up as the door opened. Harrison walked in with a fresh change of clothes, looking a lot cleaner than before.

The cut on his cheek was also gone.

“How are you doing?” Tom asked softly as Harrison sat down next to him.

“I'm- well, processing.” He said, “I just didn't expect this, when we grabbed the cup, I knew we were going somewhere, as we had planned prior, but the moment I saw the forest I knew something was wrong.”

“Harrison, you don't have to.” Tom said and Harrison shook his head.

“I want to,” Harrison said, “Tell it, I mean, otherwise I would have just showed you.”

Tom nodded and Harrison continued, “I told Cedric to hide immediately, luckily he listened. This cloaked figure approached me and before I knew it, I was bound to a tree, unable to use any magic.” He sighed, “I talked to the man for a bit, he was quite an admirer of your work.” He laughed dryly. “He thinks I've ruined his idol, the true Tom Riddle who had the potential to take over the Wizarding World and turn it into a place worth living in or whatever.”

“What? Was it a Death Eater?” Tom frowned and Harrison shook his head.

“It was Mr Blume's son. Apparently, the old man had been feeding him stories for years and years during his childhood.”

“So he wanted to hurt you to get back on you ruining me?”

“Something like that,” Harrison said, “He knew killing me wouldn't work, but he wanted you to go back to your old aggressive way so his plan was to frame me for the murder of Hope, angering you enough in the process to return to your old, meaner version.”

“And so he killed Hope in front of you?”

“Tom,” Harrison said seriously then, “I was thinking,” He breathed in heavily, “I need you to promise me something.”

The sudden seriousness caused Tom to sit up just a little straighter, “Anything.”

“If his plan works,” Harrison said, “And everyone is against me, I need

you to agree with them, don't fight losing battles. You need to take over, not be accused of scheming with the next Dark Lord, okay?"

"Harrison, I'll always pick you over this-"

"Promise me." Harrison took both of Tom's hands in his own, practically begging the man. "If things are looking badly don't go looking for trouble."

"Okay, I promise." Tom nodded seriously, "But why?"

"Because if you go mad, you're giving Lord Blume exactly what he wants." Harrison said, "And I don't want him to think he won." He looked at Tom's hands in his own, "The woman who approached us after the last Wizengamot meeting was working with him, apparently she used the time speaking to us to properly analyse my magic to ensure the bounds worked."

"Fuck," Tom whispered. "I'm so sorry for getting you into danger."

Harrison looked back at Tom's face, "It's *not* your fault." Tom didn't look to convinced, so Harrison just sighed and then asked, "What happened to Krum and Fleur."

"They found Krum, apparently the Imperius wore off, he told them what had happened. Fleur was unconscious when they found her, but not in a state to worry about."

"Do you think one of them imperio'd Krum?" Harrison asked, "They had to get Hope from here at some point."

"Maybe," Tom admitted, softly. "Does it matter?"

Harrison shook his head, "No, it doesn't, I guess."

Tom pulled Harrison closer with his hands, turning to lean back against the armrest of the couch, Harrison allowed himself to go freely, allowing Tom to pull him so far that he was laying on Tom's chest.

"I didn't expect Hope to die," Harrison admitted softly, "I never expected her to die because of me. I knew that we were never going to get along, not with how different we were. But I always believed she could still have a happy life once the threat of Voldemort returning was back. That I could at least give her that, you know?"

Tom had moved one of his hands to play with Harrison's hair. “She was still your sister,” He said, Tom had never felt like he was good at talking, trying to help someone through a moment like this. In his past, whenever someone tried, he had either cursed them or sent them away to find someone else to talk to. Not Harrison, though, never Harrison. “You don’t have to feel bad for grieving her even though you two didn't get along.”

“I remember the night you tried to kill me,” Harrison said, he had told Tom before. “It's fucking insane that I do, but even as you shot the curse at me, I tried to protect Hope with my shield as well.” He buried his head into Tom's shirt, a barely comprehensible, “The one time she actually needed me to help her and I couldn't.”

“Harrison,” Tom stopped the constant movement of his hand in Harrison's hair, “It's not your fault.” He said, “If I'm not allowed to blame myself neither do you.” He added, light-heartedly.

“Harrison, love, look at me.” He said as the boy didn't move. Harrison did look up then, Tom half expected to be met with tear-stained cheeks, but Harrison just seemed disappointed in a way. “Don't blame anyone but Lord Blume, okay? Now we're going to do everything we can to ensure you won't be the one who gets blamed for this, afterwards we'll make Voldemort kill Lord Blume for killing his chosen-one or whatever.”

“I'll make his death the most painful one you've ever seen,” Harrison said and Tom smiled softly.

“I look forward to seeing it.”

Harrison sighed, “Thank you,” He said then, “For listening to me and-” He cut himself off, Tom chuckled.

“And offering to ensure you can kill him?”

“I guess,” Harrison agreed, “It does feel good.”

“No wonder Fate paired you up with me.” Tom joked, “You're just as deranged as I am.”

Harrison scoffed, “Going a bit far, Tommy.”

“I'll let that one slide because you've just been traumatised.” Tom said and Harrison huffed, sending a stinging jinx to Tom's face.

“That makes two of us, Tommy.” Harrison said, “I mean killing your *own* parents must have traumatised you in ways I can't even grasp.” Tom felt the worry spike over their link for a minute, Harrison feeling nervous that he crossed some unspoken line for a conversation that was actually kind of serious for once.

“You killed your mother as well, mind you.” Tom said, “Half-way there.”

“Oof, low blow, Tommy.”

Tom just laughed and pulled Harrison's face back down, Harrison going willing, resting his left ear right over the tattoo of his initials on Tom's chest.

Chapter End Notes

My notes for this chapter were:
- Cup is portkey
- Hope dies afterwards instead of Cedric
- Figure out how yourself, *Honestly an issue for future me*

So ehh yeah

Bye guys,
I'll try to be quicker for next post.
(Says me every single post)

Chapter 78: So you're innocent?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for late post I've been sick lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Viktor and Fleur couldn't have won if they had tried,” Blaise read out loud, “Outside forces taking them out of the game before they could even try to get to the cup, it is for this reason Dumbledore's stance seems unlikely, as under no circumstances would heir Black had the time to do that as well amidst the chaos.”

“Wow,” Harrison said, “She managed to make it look almost positive.” He sighed as he laid back on his bed.

“You're going to have to go to Dumbledore's office and face him at some point.” Blaise said almost softly, as if trying to calm him down.

He felt the slight release of Harrison's magic before Harrison did, apparently.

“That's what Tom said as well.” Harrison muttered. “I just can’t believe he tried to tell people I did this before even talking to me.”

“You're his biggest political enemy, besides Tom.” Blaise said, “He probably thinks if he takes you down, he'll take Tom with you.”

“Fucking hell,” Harrison sat back up, “Fine I'll go to Dumbledore and after that I'll stay at Tom's.”

“I'll tell people you're hiding in your room if they ask tonight.”

Harrison sighed, “Thanks, fake-boyfriend.”

Blaise smiled at him as Harrison forced himself to get off his bed and go to Dumbledore's office.

Usually he wouldn't mind going to Dumbledore's office, he would know exactly what to say to make the man feel ridiculous for blaming him. But, this time he didn't know what to expect from the conversation and the entire situation felt wrong and off.

That's why he took a slight detour, knocking harshly on the door of

the Transfiguration classroom, hoping to find Sirius there. It was after classes, so at least he wouldn't have to deal with students looking at him confused.

“Come in.” Came the voice of Sirius and Harrison sighed in relief, opening the door to find both Sirius and McGonagall looking at the door expectantly.

“Harrison,” Sirius said, only then Harrison realised he hadn't seen the man in a couple of days, since he had basically locked himself up to think about the situation, while letting everyone around him deal with the consequences.

He did feel bad about that one.

It wasn't like he planned that either, but he had felt so shit waking up the next day after the whole ordeal and apparently- according to Tom- his magic had lashed out in his sleep. So he stayed in and afterwards just kind of stayed ‘in’.

He had only moved to his room at Hogwarts when Tom returned to the castle at some point.

“Sorry-” He muttered. “I'm up to Dumbledore's office to talk about this thing and I want someone to be there while he accuses me of everything.”

Both Sirius and McGonagall got up in a second, looking at each other before nodding.

“That man is slowly losing his mind, I do apologise, Harrison.” McGonagall said and Harrison shrugged.

“I'm used to it.” He said, “Hope's death was just unexpected. How's James?” He added the question as an afterthought. He truly did feel bad for the man.

“James has locked himself up in Potter manor.” Sirius said, “But he's- well, he's managing best as he can, I suppose. Remus and I went by once just to check up.”

They walked to Dumbledore's office together, Minerva uttering another bullshit password to the gargoyle, as Harrison gathered his thoughts.

When they entered the office, Dumbledore barely looked up.

“Harrison, my boy.”

“Dumbledore.” Harrison answered.

“Please take a seat.” He said kindly, not even showing he noticed Sirius or Minerva.

Harrison took a deep breath to calm himself down, not start screaming at the man, before taking the seat the man offered.

“You didn't have to bring back-up, my boy.” There it was.

“It's Heir Black, sir.” Harrison said, “And since apparently you have claimed multiple times that I killed someone I thought it was only fair for me to bring some people, you wouldn't want to be alone with a murderer, would you?”

Dumbledore sighed, “You have gotten it fully wrong, Harrison.” He said, “I have only claimed that you and Hope were never friends and therefore you might not have-”

“Please-” Harrison cut him off. “Please don't give me that bullshit, Dumbledore.” He said. “I just lost the only person in my family who still felt like actual family, through everything. Hope was a child, so am I. Somewhere, I thought we could have made up when we were older, gone from the influences of this political war.” He looked Dumbledore straight in the eyes. “To be accused of killing my Twin sister is as if I accused you of killing Grindelwald.”

“I tried.” Dumbledore said softly.

“You couldn't.” Harrison sneered, “Even when you tried you had to get Newt there.” He shook his head, “And don't start accusing Cedric of shit now.”

“Where did we go wrong, my boy?” Dumbledore said sadly and Harrison felt Sirius put his hand on his shoulder softly.

“Around the time you stopped respecting my requests, Dumbledore.” Harrison said.

“You've sketched such a bad idea of me in your head.”

“You can't even call me by the name I asked you to.”

“Dumbledore,” Minerva said, “You've told the entirety of the teaching body at this school to be cautious around Harrison as ‘we don't know

what he's capable of'. Are you seriously suggesting this was not because you blamed him for what happened?"

"I-"

"Before you answer I must remind you, your case is still under review in the Wizengamot." Sirius said and Harrison hadn't even known the man went that far already.

"It is just suspicious; we all know how strong Harrison is." Dumbledore said, "Everyone with such magical capabilities snap at some point."

"I've seen Harrison snap." Sirius said, "Whenever he gets even close to losing control, letting power take over he ensures everyone is safe and he himself is usually the one who ends up hurting most in the process. So for Merlin's sake, stop calling my son a murderer."

"Please just lis-"

"No, you know what." Harrison said, cutting the man off again. "I don't care what you want to say. I'll see you in the wizengamot and I'll make sure to have all the evidence to show people how big of a lie it is then." He looked at Dumbledore expectandly, almost curious about the man's reply.

Maybe it was for that reason he felt disappointed when the man just sighed and said, "Very well, close the door on your way out."

Harrison nodded and turned around, he could see the shock on Sirius' face as well.

"You handled that quite well, heir Black." Minerva said as they re-entered the corridor where the gargoyle was standing proudly.

"Harrison, please." Harrison said, knowing that Minerva would switch back to calling him his official title in the next class.

"I think this was the smartest course of action," Minerva said, "Not letting him talk you into anxiety, submission, whatever."

"It helps that I know what to expect now." Harrison nodded and the female made an agreeing noise.

"I do wish you luck, it seems like there might be a trial." Minerva muttered, "I do not want you and Gaunt to lose your standing due to

this."

"We knew the triwizard tournament was a bad idea," Sirius sighed.

"I just expected it to be dangerous for us, not for others." Harrison said and Sirius nodded.

~

"I've changed my mind," Tom said slowly, as if he was still considering if he truly did change his mind. "I don't want the world to think I'm innocent if they see you as a murderer." He said, "I'm going to openly support you throughout the case and you can't change my mind on that, love."

Harrison sighed as he sat down next to Tom, "I knew you were going to take that promise back." He laughed. "You're predictable, Tommy boy." He said, "But I think I might need the support actually, open support, like Rita."

"Why take what you said back?"

"I didn't," Harrison said, "I still think you should agree with everyone if the worst happens, however, to prevent it from happening I could use the support."

"And you have it," Tom promised softly, putting Harrison's hand up to his face, kissing his palm. Harrison chuckled softly.

"Now, sir, were you *scared* of how I would react?" He asked, "You seemed quite hesitant."

"You never question anything I ask of you, I did not want to sound like I questioned your one request." Tom admitted, "However the thought of even pretending to hate you is sickening." He looked at Harrison's hand in his own, then back at Harrison's face, "Enough about this, how did the conversation with Dumbledore go?"

"About as well as you'd think, apparently because I am capable of hurting people with my magical power, I must have done it." Harrison sighed, "He thinks I snapped."

"It's always the sixth year he'll start being convinced you truly did kill someone." Tom mused and Harrison snorted.

"You actually did, though."

“You did as well, Love, just not the person they suspect you for.”

Harrison narrowed his eyes at Tom, “Touché.” He turned his hand in Tom's to entwine their fingers, “Either way, McGonagall and Sirius stood up for me and he told me that we'll let the Wizengamot decide, basically.”

“Do you think James suspects you?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“He's the only person I wouldn't fully blame for thinking about it being a possibility.” Harrison said, “The man lost his wife and daughter and I was partially at fault for-”

“Don't do that.” Tom warned and Harrison gave him a surprised look. “Don't blame yourself for Hope's death, not even partially.”

Harrison nodded, right no blame, neither of them. “You know how we used to talk about the Peverell lordship? But never acted on it?”

Tom hummed.

“I think we might need the extra seats in the Wizengamot soon, which sounds insane to say.” Harrison muttered, “I hope James doesn't know he could've claimed it, I'd feel bad for taking something else away.”

“We can wait till after your trial?” Tom said, “Give the man some time, claim it when the world is too busy with Voldemort's return to notice it.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “I wonder when Dumbledore decides he's giving the auror department his ‘evidence’.”

“Probably soon.” Tom said, “At least we'll have Amelia on our side.”

“Hopefully.”

~

The next day the letter came, Harrison was almost surprised by how quickly the Ministry acted, but he guessed that they wanted this to be over with when the Hogwarts year ended officially, which was really soon.

He got two days to prepare, in those two days he heard that apparently Dumbledore had tried to ban Tom from attending as he must be part of the scheme and apparently, Mr. Diggory had been his

biggest supporter after hearing the story from Cedric.

It all felt slightly surreal as he walked into the hall, guided by an auror who was not one of Tom's minions. All the faces looking at him felt like they were looking at him with a sense of disgust he wasn't used to facing.

“Harrison Sirius Black on trial for murdering Hope Lily Potter.” Fudge read out, “Before we start does anyone have any questions?”

The hall stayed silent and Dumbledore had a smug expression on his face when Harrison's eyes met his.

“This is how we'll go about it, any person is allowed to ask questions to defendant, within limits of the case we're talking about.” Fudge said, “Afterwards, we will vote and the auror department will vote separately.” He clapped his hands, the lights dimming except for the one above Harrison, it truly felt more serious than any of his prior trials. “The veritaserum, please.”

“Sir, how do I know I will not be poisoned again?”

Fudge hummed thoughtfully and turned to Tom, “Lord Gaunt, would you be so kind to scan the potion?”

Tom looked at him, but slowly nodded casting the spell that Harrison could feel came back normal, so Harrison motioned for the auror to continue.

The man looked at him skeptically but gave him the veritaserum shot anyways.

Harrison felt the moment his charmed bracelet mixed with the tattoo of Tom's initials on his thigh started working, the poition being fought against within second.

“Name?” The auror asked with an unsure voice.

“Harrison Sirius Black,” He replied, voice monotone.

The auror nodded, “The potion works.”

“Very well,” Fudge replied. “Let's start with Dumbledore, the accusant.”

“Right,” Dumbledore cleared his throat. “Heir Black, where were you after the cup took you away from Hogwarts.”

“A forest clearing,” He answered, “I do not know which forest.”

He nodded, “And who else was there?”

Harrison looked at Lord Blume who was watching him unsurely, but then looked back at Dumbledore, “A man and a woman, as well as Cedric and Hope.”

“Who were these people?”

“I do not know,” Harrison answered, still keeping his voice neutral.

“So what happened?”

“Hope died in front of me after the man and woman killed her.”

“Why did they kill her?”

“Return of the Dark Lord.”

“May I?” James asked as he stood up, Dumbledore had a dangerous glint in his eyes as he nodded, letting the man take over the questioning. “You were restraint, correct?”

“Yes.”

“And you did everything you could?”

“Everything, yes.” Harrison answered and James broke his eye contact with Harrison to look at Fudge.

“Minister, quite frankly I do not understand what we're doing here.” He said, “I've lost both my wife and my daughter in the past few months and now instead of mourning I have to show up to my biological son's trial to ensure he won't get thrown into prison for doing everything he could to protect said daughter even after all of us actively arguing with him and even sometimes having hurt him.” He stood up a little straighter, “I know many of you fear Harrison in some way, unsure about his immense and still growing power, and I of everyone know how that feels because more than once have I seen directly what this power is capable of- but not once have I seen him actually hurt someone with this power. Dumbledore's complaint against Harrison is made out of fear and I will not let you guys sent an innocent child to prison no matter how much I genuinely don't see eye to eye with said child.”

Harrison just stared at James in shock as the man continued, “A

couple of months ago, Harrison came to my place saying someone had cursed him and Hope, poisoning Hope's magic with his, I do not understand how it works and I will not pretend I do, however, he showed up at my place saying that this was hurting Hope more than him and I let him in, help us." He looked around the room, "Harrison stopped the curse, allowing Hope to get better from her sickness, he himself risking irreversible damage to his magical core because of the process. Afterwards he didn't wake up for two weeks, if I am correct?" He looked at Regulus, who nodded, as Tom slightly nodded as well, just less noticeable.

"And that, Minister, is all I have to say about Harrison." James said then, "He would not have risked all of that just to kill the same girl a couple of months later."

"Thank you, Lord Potter." Fudge muttered as Amelia whispered something in his ear from where she was sitting next to him, as head of Aurors. Fudge nodded and looked around the room.

"Did your core heal fully, Heir Black?"

Harrison was slightly taken aback by the question, but nodded, "Most of it, at least."

"Very well," Amelia nodded. "Are there any other questions for Heir Black?"

"Actually," A lord said, "I was wondering whether you were part of the sabotaging of the other three champions?"

"I was not." Harrison said.

The Lord nodded and whispered something to the person next to him, Amelia cleared her throat, "Now that that's cleared up, I would like to take a short break before we discuss the finalization of this case." She said, "Please administer the antidote."

Harrison felt the moment the potion was supposed to wear off and met Tom's eyes. Tom just smiled slightly and that was enough for him to say for sure that they would get through this.

"Why would you defend him?" Dumbledore whispered harshly to James, just as he was walking past them towards Tom.

"I want my daughter's murderer in prison, not the person you want to blame." James said, calmly a sense of sadness in his voice. He walked

out of earshot before he could hear Dumbledore's response.

“You did great.” Tom said softly. “We'll get you out of here without charges.”

“Easily,” Regulus scoffed, “Dumbledore has truly lost his mind.”

“I just heard him ask James why he'd possibly defend me.”

“I am surprised by how willing James was to defend you.” Regulus muttered.

“I just heard him say that he wanted to find the real murderer, not just blame it on someone.”

“In this case his sense of justice might've worked out for the better.” Tom said, “Even Dumbledore's most trusted can't go up against a father defending the suspect of the murder of his daughter.”

“Even when said suspect is his abandoned son.”

Tom nodded in agreement, as Amelia approached them. “I am truly sorry, Harrison.” She said, “But according to our rules you're going to have to leave while we discuss the case for a bit.”

“No issue,” Harrison muttered. “I'll see you all in a bit.”

“I'm sure you will,” Amelia muttered, “I don't think this is going to be one of those discussions that lasts hours.”

~

Harrison sat outside the Wizengamot, waiting, when he suddenly got cornered by Lord Blume.

“Seems like you might get away with it.” He said, Harrison wasn't sure if he sounded angry, disappointed or indifferent by the result of the trial.

“I'm innocent.” Harrison said, narrowing his eyes.

“You lied under veritaserum,” The man said back.

“So?” Harrison asked, “To expose that is to expose your own part in the murder.”

“I wasn't going to,” Blume said, “I think my plan worked just fine.”

“It did now, didn't it?” Harrison said, voice laced with sarcasm.

“Tom didn't look necessarily happy with Dumbledore.” The man stated. “Of course, having you locked up would have been a big plus, but if it works this way I am just fine with it.”

“Tom'll deal with you.”

Blume grinned, “I'm looking forward to it.”

Harrison scoffed as the doors to the Wizengamot meeting open again and Blume walked away the moment they did. “You can come back in,” Amelia said.

Harrison nodded and followed the woman.

“Heir Black, the Wizengamot has cast their vote.” Fudge said as Harrison took his seat in the middle of the room. “And we have decided on unguilty on all charges.”

Harrison nodded his thanks and Fudge seemed surprised by his calm exterior, he had just proven himself not guilty for murder, yet didn't even show emotion, such as relief when it was announced.

The man awkwardly cleared his throat, “Very well then, that was all we had on schedule for today.” He said, as he looked through some forms in front of him, “Dismissed.”

Harrison got up again as Tom and Regulus approached him, both looking slightly frustrated.

“There's quite a lot of people who vote against you, still.” Tom muttered and Harrison shrugged.

“I don't care; I didn't kill my sister.” He said, “And no matter what others think, I know that's the truth.”

“Heir Black!” Fudge said loudly from across the room, “Can you please come to my office? I'd like to talk to you.”

Harrison gave Tom a questioning glance, the man merely shrugging in reply.

Harrison just nodded and joined Fudge on the way to his office, leaving Tom and Regulus behind once more.

Once he entered the large office, he immediately noticed Umbridge in

the corner of the room and Fudge told him to sit down.

“I wanted to apologise for the stunt of today,” The man said, “I know this must be a rough time for you.”

“It truly is.” Harrison answered, as he kept watching Umbridge from the corner of his eyes.

“You stated something about Voldemort's return?” Fudge asked, “Are you certain that is what happened?”

“You don't make something like that up, sir.”

“Maybe you didn't make it up,” Umbridge said, “Maybe it is your brain filling the blanks, simply.” She let out a ‘Hmph!” in a high pitched voice and Harrison felt his disdain towards the woman in pink grow.

“I know what I saw.” Harrison said.

“We think you might be mistaken,” Fudge sighed, “Voldemort can't return, we're sure of it. Especially now, with your sister, the last link to the man, gone.”

“The man returned.” Harrison just stated once more and Fudge sighed.

“Please don't go spreading some rumour we can't confirm yet, you've caused enough chaos as it is.”

“I just said that the man returned, while under influence of a truth serum, is that not proof enough?”

“Not when one is as powerful as you are.” Umbridge said, “Not a word.”

“I don't lie to people.”

“Well you better make sure they don't ask, then.” Umbridge said.

“I'm leaving,” Harrison said, getting up from his seat.

Umbridge whispered something to Fudge and then said, “You make sure I don't hear anything about Voldemort again.”

Harrison shut the door behind him harsher than he intended.

Only once outside he allowed himself to grin. This was going *exactly* like they planned; it was all pure denial. As long as they tried to hide the fact of Voldemort's return or straight up not believe it, Tom and he could fully claim incompetency.

Even if the death of his biological sister and his trial for it might have caused a minor setback.

~

Harrison had somehow ended up in his room at Hogwarts, with Tom there as well.

He rested his head on Tom's chest feeling the comforting, steady heartbeat under his ear.

“So, what did Lord Blume say?”

“Told me he thinks his plan worked out just fine and is looking forward towards getting punished.” Harrison sighed, “I guess he thinks you punishing him means you getting more aggressive again.” He snorted softly, “Honestly, might be a masochist, he said he was looking forward to his punishment.”

He watched as Tom's nose scrunched up in disgust, “He wouldn't be the first one to *enjoy* it.” Tom muttered, “Honestly it's almost scary sometimes.”

Harrison sighed softly, “I mean, you're hot, though. Can't blame ‘em.”

“You're crazy, love.” Tom replied.

Harrison just laughed as he placed a kiss against Tom's collarbone, “Let's not get people off by torturing them.” He said against the skin, “Does that count as cheating?”

He looked up through his eyelashes meeting Tom's amused eyes watching him closely.

“Would you see it as cheating?”

“Nah, but only because you have zero ability to form any connection with people, no trust issues there.”

Tom just pulled him upwards with his robes, claiming his mouth in a kiss. “Maybe I could get you off with just torture spells.”

“Let's keep those fantasies to yourself for now, Tommy boy.” Harrison hummed and Tom laughed.

“I can't believe the first time I'm making out with someone in my Hogwarts dorm is now that I'm over 50-”

“Well, it was bound to happen sometimes,” Harrison whispered, claiming Tom's mouth in another kiss.

When they broke away from the kiss, Harrison looked at Tom, “First time, though, truly?”

Tom shrugged, “I never let anyone into my room, privacy and all that.”

“And you'd have to explain the dead body if someone touched a cursed object.”

“And that, of course.” Tom agreed easily.

“Well, for what it is worth, I am flattered.” Harrison hummed. “It's like a whole new high school experience for both of us.”

“That's one way to put it.” Tom said as he toyed with the hem of Harrison's robes. Harrison took the hint and took off the robes. Tom pulled him close again, sliding his hands under Harrison's undershirt. Harrison felt a chill run through his body when Tom's hand came in contact with his chest. The cold hand in contrast to his warm skin just on the edge of uncomfortable to give it a sort of pleasant under buzz.

“I can't believe we're doing this after the conversation we just had.” Harrison groaned and Tom snorted.

“You're the teenager.” He muttered and Harrison nodded in agreement.

“If I wasn't I wouldn't still be eager.”

“I feel an underlying insult.” Tom said, the closest thing to a joking pout on his face, Harrison kissed him and slightly missed the view immediately afterwards, it was rare Tom made himself look ‘sensitive’ in such a way.

“I love you for it.” Harrison said and Tom huffed.

“Such sweet talk.” He muttered, hooking his fingers in Harrison's pants. “Prove it.”

Harrison placed another kiss, this time on his jawline, “How would you wish for me to prove it, my Lord?”

The smirk and flow of amusement he got from Tom were enough to know the man thought this entire situation was just as funny as Harrison did.

“You're creative, think of something.” Tom said.

Harrison placed another kiss on Tom's collarbone before he popped open the next button of Tom's half unbuttoned shirt. The man was watching his every move closely and he knew it, maybe that is why he took his sweet time kissing every new part of exposed skin, fully enjoying the undressing part.

When Tom's shirt was fully unbuttoned, Harrison quickly took of his own, Tom still not having moved a bit, just watching him fully amused.

“I swear how do you even get a body like this.” Harrison groaned down as he once again saw Tom's bare chest underneath him, it wasn't often that that happened, but he would enjoy it every time. He absently traced the tattoo's placed over Tom's heart.

“You look like you know exactly how.” Tom whistled and Harrison laughed at the ridiculousness of this whole situation.

“Going full high school, huh?”

Tom shrugged and Harrison was about to place a kiss on the tattoo when Tom flipped them over, “My turn now, Love.”

~

For once, when Harrison entered the great hall it was quiet. It didn't happen often, even for him, that the mere presence of a person could silent the entire hall to the point where you could hear a pin drop.

By just walking in, that was.

He felt Tom's eyes on him heavy, ready to jump in whenever.

He saw Sirius almost getting up only to be held back by Remus, a few whispered words later the man sat back with an amused grin.

He noticed his friends slightly tense up.

It was only once one person got up, a brave Gryffindor girl, and asked, “So you're innocent?”

Harrison had to laugh at that question, “Newspapers didn't arrive yet, then?” He asked, “To answer your question, I'm standing here, aren't I?”

“So what happened?” Another person spoke up and suddenly the great hall explodes into it's usual chatter and questions.

Harrison raised his hand, gaining the attention back, “I'm asking all of you to wait for the newspaper, as I realise the seriousness of this situation I will try to answer any question honestly, only after we all had time to read the newspaper.” He said, “Tonight in the general common room, I'll be answering questions. Let's do this professionally and all stay calm until then.”

He then walked over to the Slytherin table, sitting down without another word.

“A Q&A, really?” Terence asked and Harrison shrugged.

“Had to do something, seemed like the easiest way out. It's one place, anyone could ask their questions and afterwards they're hopefully satisfied enough to go into the summer break without hundreds of questions.”

“Well, you have a week and a half to calm them down before we all leave Hogwarts again.” Terence said, “Let's hope that's enough.”

“How are your NEWTs going?” Harrison asked and Terence nodded.

“Actually, they're quite easy considering everything, I only have charms left, as well, so all is well.”

Harrison nodded, he had already kind of expected the answer as Terence was genuinely on top of his year and NEWTs, while known as the finals to really test you, they were generally perceived as quite easy.

“What are you going to do next year?” Harrison asked and Terence shrugged.

“I don't know, I feel like my life right now is really here and with Cedric, you, Fred and George here I don't know.” He shrugged. “But I know Marcus felt the same way last year, somehow I feel like it'll

work out."

Harrison smiled at Terence, "For what it's worth, I will miss you here."

"Stop being a sap, Harrison." Terence rolled his eyes and Harrison laughed as the attention in the hall shifted to the teachers table, where Dumbledore got up from his seat slightly.

"As many of you know, there's a tradition at the end of the Triwizard tournament, the price will be given and there will be a feast. Due to the circumstances we have not done this on the day it self, but since the Beauxbaton and Durmstrang students leave on saturday, we thought we might still do it as a goodbye on Friday night.

I expect everyone to be there, for fifth and seventh years you can also see this as a celebration for the end of exams." The hall busted out in cheers, the idea of celebrating something a well needed one after the almost depressive state the school had been in for the past few weeks.

"Seems a bit weird to celebrate right after someone's death, does it not?" Theo muttered under his breath.

"Well," Blaise sighed, "Perhaps it might be good to focus on something a little more positive for one night."

"You don't want to let the students from other schools think that this is what it is always like, too." Draco said, "It's a political game."

"Isn't it always?" Blaise said, "Especially with Dumbledore."

"I think it might be good," Harrison said, "Especially for the younger years, it will indeed allow them to get their minds off the situation, if only for a bit."

"Won't it only pull more attention towards you, though?" Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged.

"I can deal with the attention." He said, "Tom dealt with it for a while around this time in his time at Hogwarts." He muttered.

"How does it feel to be accused of murder, anyways?" Fred asked from a bit further down the table asking the question quite loudly to be heard.

“It's depressing to think people look at me and find me capable of killing my biological sister.” Harrison spoke slowly, knowing that the loudly asked question meant more attention from random people in the hall. “However, caring about someone and them dying makes you quickly point fingers and therefore I will not blame anyone who said I was the one who did it.” He said, “It's an emotional time, for all of us. But specifically the direct friends and family of Hope, of course.”

And the hall was silent again, listening to him speak with more attention than they had for Dumbledore just minutes ago. “I only wished that our own headmaster hadn't been so quick to point fingers, as I think blaming a student for a crime such as this in an event that you were responsible for is quite frankly insane and very damaging for said student as well, especially after having to see the potential rebirth of-” He cut himself off, but everyone could guess what he was about to say. And that was partially the point, he could see Tom nod slightly in the corner of his eyes as he looked at Fred from where he was sitting the redhead nodding along seriously.

“It does feel slightly irresponsible.” Terence allowed the words to flow out of his mouth, Harrison immediately wondering if the boy had gotten what he was doing now. He genuinely did feel bad for using Hope's death in such a way, somewhere the feeling that the girl did deserve just a bit better came bubbling up.

But Tom and he had planned this for literal years and a death would only make it more believable, like it or not.

So, he used it as he would have either way.

“But why suspect you, as a victim in the first place?” Another person asked and Harrison sighed.

“It is often the survivors who get the blame when people don't know who else to point at.” He said dramatically, “Enough about this, I'll answer more questions tonight, as I said earlier.”

~

“You ready for chaos?” Tom asked as he put the paper he had been reading down. “This impromptu Q&A is going to be the most insane thing that happened here in a while.”

“I feel like this is going to be more complex than the questions asked during the Wizengamot meeting,” Harrison agreed.

“No veritaserum, at least.”

“Will you be there?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded.

“Dumbledore actually asked Sirius and I to go there to ensure it won't end in any fights.” He said, “He rightfully thought his own presence wouldn't be appreciated.”

Harrison snorted, “Wow, Dumbledore actually managed to notice he wasn't wanted?”

Tom rolled his eyes, but Harrison could feel the way of fondness accompanied by the gesture. Tom got up from his chair and walked around his desk to where Harrison was sitting, placing a single kiss on Harrison's forehead. “I've got a class to teach.”

“Ah, the last few classes of the year,” Harrison said, “Especially this year without the exams, must be tough for you.” He joked and Tom gave him a blank stare.

“It's a lot more essay grading for sure.” He said and Harrison laughed.

“Do you mind if I just sit in your office and wait?” He asked, “I'll listen to your class through the door.”

It was Tom's turn to laugh then, “You can just sit in, it's just the fourth years.”

“Wait is it actually?” Harrison asked and Tom nodded slowly.

“Should’ve said that earlier, Tommy boy.” He said, “I'll totally sit in.”

Tom tipped his head up with his index finger, placing another kiss, this time on his lips. “That's what I thought.”

Harrison just hummed and then shrieked as Tom unexpectandly pulled him out of the chair, “Come on, sweetheart, don't want to be late now, do we?”

Harrison rolled his eyes another time, but followed Tom out of his office into the Defense classroom, where most of his friends were already waiting. He sat down next to Blaise, who shot him a confused look, before looking between Tom and him and muttering, ‘ah.’

Theo sat down on his other side, which Harrison was slightly surprised about, but when the boy started asking him questions about

a certain spell he had read about Harrison understood, Tom looked as if he didn't know whether to be amused or annoyed by the fact that people were paying so much attention to his story, that he couldn't get their attention until Harrison turned his attention to Tom, but Harrison thought it was hilarious and even in Tom's books that counted for something.

Especially in Tom's books perhaps.

~

“Q&A time?” Terence asked as he sat down next to Harrison in the general common room, not a lot of people were there yet and Harrison had told everyone to wait, not wanting to keep answering the same questions a hundred times.

That was why he was doing in the first place, after all.

“Almost,” Harrison said, “I'm almost afraid of what people will ask.” He muttered and Terence nodded in agreement.

“At least you have two body guards, apparently.” He said as just then Sirius and Tom walked in, followed by a group of students.

“Did you guys really stop all of them from entering?” Harrison asked loudly, gaining a couple of chuckles from the few that had already been inside.

“Actually we didn't, we were talking outside and they just didn't walk past us.” Tom said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“We might have been slightly in the way.” Sirius muttered.

Harrison snorted, “Alright everyone come in. Let's get this over with. Ask all your questions now, I'm done with the talks about it.”

A group around Harrison formed, people sitting down on the floor so that Harrison truly felt like he had a sort of audience looking up to him.

“We all heard your statement,” A girl said then, “Do we truly have to worry for the Dark Lord's return?”

“I saw the return of Voldemort, yes.” Harrison said, “But I do not think you have to worry yet, the state he's in now would be a lot weaker than before and the ability to get things done will be very low.

The reason I'm so loud about it, is because that is the way to make people hear your concerns, quite frankly."

I can't get anything done, huh? He heard Tom's voice clearly over the link, he glanced at Tom who was casually leaning against the wall, watching the situation his face not even slightly twitching.

He gave the man a dry look that said, *Really? You have to do this?* Before looking back over the group.

"So what happened to Hope?" A seventh year Hufflepuff asked, Cedric sat next to the guy and elbowed him, as his face turned white at the memory.

"She- Well- Cedric and I were kidnapped by two people, as well as Hope, they were hoping to get me blamed for murder so killed Hope in front of me. I was bound to a tree, very strong magical ties created specifically for my type of Magic, so I couldn't do anything."

"Let's not talk about the actual murder too much, people." Sirius said, "It was probably quite traumatising to watch."

"Aren't you supposed to be like the most powerful person ever? Or whatever the newspapers say? How the hell did they put restraints on you?"

"They apparently took a bit of my magic to research by standing close to me casting a spell sometime," Harrison said, "Which might sound like a hint to finding them, but I'm quite.. Open with my magic."

"Understatement." Tracey muttered, before asking. "What does this mean for us?"

"Not a lot, we might get some more protection at Hogwarts but that has already been there sometimes throughout the years." Harrison said, "You might notice it in a change of politics, though, but I wouldn't worry too much."

"Do you regret not becoming closer with-"

"Don't ask that, dude." Cedric said, cutting the person next to him off.

The boy raced his hands in a defensive way and Cedric rolled his eyes, "How have you been the past few days, Harrison?" He asked instead over the new found silence in the hall.

“It's been hard, processing and then getting suspected of murder and having to deal with that while somehow mourning a person I feel like was part of myself, even if I barely knew her.” Harrison said quickly, “But all things considered, I'm doing, well, okay.”

“Do you think this is connected to your mystery Triwizard tournament entrance?”

“I'm sure it is.” Harrison allowed the lie to fall off his lips easily. “To do something like this takes a lot of planning, I do think the person was there from the start, wanted me to win, too, probably so his plan could work.”

“You think Krum's and Delacour's situation during the last task are connected, then?”

“Oh, for sure.” Harrison said, “No doubt.”

“Is Gaunt in any way connected?” Someone asked then and Harrison gave him a questioning look.

“Marvolo?” He asked and the person nodded.

“It seems like there's never something you two are individually part of.”

He looked at Tom who cleared his throat, “While I'm not sure what you're trying to suggest, I was in no way involved.”

“Unless you mean in the making sure not all Harrison's friends freak out and instead stay semi-calm when he hadn't returned after a while,” Sirius said.

“Weird question, though.” Harrison added, Tom snorted.

“It's just because we're political partners, whatever, I trained you.” Tom said, “Whenever your mentioned in an event whatever it is usually together, I'll admit that.”

“It's what happens, you see the same with the Nott and Malfoy family.” Harrison agreed.

“It's your last year next year,” A girl spoke up, “Are you going to pick up the position of headboy?”

“I don't think it is truly a choice,” He looked at Terence, “I mean I'm sure they'll pick whoever is best for the position, but I think it would

be good for our Slytherin pride to have a Slytherin twice, right?"

"Damn right," Terence agreed.

"If they offered me it, I would accept, of course." Harrison said, "But fully honest, I would understand if they chose someone else, such as Cedric, since I tend to get into situation that make me unable to focus on prefect duties for a while."

"It's hardly your fault you end up in the hospital every other month, Harrikins." Fred said loudly.

"Yes, we must riot if they don't offer you the position for that reason." George agreed.

"And you two wonder why neither of you got prefect positions." Harrison muttered under his breath before moving on to the next question. It did feel good to be able to answer questions once instead of a hundred times, indeed.

~

"I think that went as well as I expected it to go." Harrison allowed as he laid down on Tom's bed. The man still changing as he watched Harrison through the mirror. "I mean the questions weren't too bad, but slightly uncomfortable at time. No one screamed murder and ran out. All in all, it went alright, did it not?"

"I think you're way braver than I have ever been for even suggesting something like this." Tom said, "You handled it very well." He said fondly.

"I couldn't have done it with my favourite bodyguard there-" Harrison laughed as Tom finally turned around, getting into the bed next to Harrison, wrapping an arm around his waist immediately." Don't tell Sirius I said that.

"I am going to gloat," Tom said as he leant on his elbow, kissing Harrison's nose softly. "You're my favourite, too, though."

"That's what I was hoping to hear." Harrison said softly. "I can't believe there is going to be an actual party thing still for the prices and everything. I mean, I agree with the thought process but it feels so out of place. After everything."

"I think it will be nice though." Tom said, "You'll have a night to just

feel like a teenager again and hang out with your friends."

"That's true," Harrison muttered.

Tom sighed, leaning back against the headboard of the bed. "Harrison, love." He muttered softly. "It's okay to not feel one hundred percent, you know? You don't have to pretend to feel normal, not with me for sure."

"I just didn't think it would hit this hard." Harrison admitted, "The death, of course, but also everything around it, it's a lot."

"And that's understandable." Tom said, he opened his arms, offering a hug and Harrison gladly got pulled into his warm arms. "I'm proud of how you're managing, though."

Harrison huffed softly, "Of course you are, you're smitten, Tom."

"You know," Tom said, "When I made my first horcrux I got so many panic attacks whenever I was alone, because the thought of having killed someone hit me that hard, especially because it was an accident."

"I've killed before though."

"You've never had to see someone get killed and be unable to help." Tom said, "Anyone would feel helpless afterwards, but you Harrison, are far from helpless."

Harrison nodded slowly, "I can't believe you had panic attacks."

" *That's* what you're getting from this?"

Harrison shrugged and Tom sighed, "You're so lucky I love you."

Harrison hummed in agreement, "The luckiest."

~

Harrison woke up to fingertips dancing over his back, soft scratches accompanying the pleasant buzz of the slight itch. He sighed melting into Tom's touch.

"Goodmorning, Love." Tom said in amusement, "How did you sleep?"

"Surprisingly well," Harrison said, "Better than in a while."

“Perhaps the Q&A was also a way for you to deal with your own feelings about the situation, then.”

“I kind of thought it would be,” Harrison said softly, turning around to face Tom, immediately missing the feeling of Tom's touch.

Tom instead pulled him closer to him with the now free arm, Harrison allowing himself to be pressed to the other man. “How did you sleep?” Harrison asked the question back and Tom smiled at him.

“I slept great,” He said, “I think I got flashes of your dream in my sleep.” He said and Harrison tried to remember just what he had dreamt of, but Tom's smile told him enough and he huffed.

“Infiltration of privacy.”

“You were already dreaming of me, me actually being in your dream consciously is the next step, sweetheart.”

“The step people usually try to avoid when dreaming of someone.”

“You wound me.”

Harrison snorted, “If only I could remember, I could show you that I didn't mind you being there for real.”

“I remember,” Tom said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

Tom kissed him softly, “Want me to show you?”

“That is a tempting offer,” Harrison replied.

“We have two more hours before we're expected somewhere.”

Harrison smiled, “You're a persuasive man, Tom Riddle.”

“Only for you, my love.” He replied.

“Show me then,” Harrison muttered and Tom smirked at him, before kissing him again, rolling them over just slightly, Harrison ending up laying on his back with Tom on top of him.

He kissed Harrison, slow, soft. It was passionate, but also lazy, it fit the morning. It fit them, and Harrison truly thought he might like times like these the most.

Then again, he thought those exact thoughts a lot of time, so he

wondered which time they were actually true.

“You're so beautiful,” Tom whispered, almost worshippy and Harrison just pulled Tom closer trying to get the non-existent gap between them just that much smaller. Tom chuckled as he kissed his collarbone, softly sucking on the skin there, a soft red-purpleish bruise forming under his mouth.

“Is that what I dreamed of you saying?” Harrison asked and Tom chuckled.

“I might have said something similar in your dream, but it was merely an observation.” He said, “You should see yourself love, absolutely divine.” He sighed dramatically, “No wonder all these deities are so interested in you, if you told me you yourself were one of them I'd believe you in a second.”

“Quite the statements your making, Tom.” Harrison gasped as Tom grabbed his thigh dangerously high, moving himself down the bed so he could kiss the skin around his V-line.

“All true, love.” He said, “If there was anyone in this world I would worship, it'd be you.” And that was said with full honesty that Harrison couldn't even tell if Tom was just saying things in the heat of the moment, quoting dream-Tom or these were truly his thoughts right now.

Or maybe a mixture of all of them, blending it into this dramatic but honest statement.

Knowing Tom, he knew exactly what Harrison was thinking about right now, as well. Probably did it with this goal, true or not.

“You're such a tease,” Harrison moaned as Tom pulled down his underwear at once, revealing everything to the cool air in the room, yet every part of Harrison felt as if on fire.

Tom smiled up at him, kissing the skin of his upper thigh, Harrison allowing himself to lay back and just fully feel. Tom had this tendency to take it really slowly, take his sweet time with teasing Harrison.

But apparently, something about today was different. Whether it was the dream or the fact that Tom for once didn't feel like doing the whole routine, Harrison had a mouth, softly sucking on his member within seconds. He moaned, as Tom pinned his hips to the matress, ensuring he had full control over the situation.

“Fuck Tom,” Harrison gasped and he could feel a wave of affection. Followed by a vision of his own dream, Tom doing the exact same thing in the dream as he was doing in real life.

“Holy shit.” He moaned, “You're amazing.” Harrison barely got the words out of his mouth, yet he forced himself to say something as Tom ensured every thing he did was something Harrison could get aboard with.

Tom could feel it when that was the case, which enhanced the experience at least slightly.

It didn't take long before Tom had rendered him completely speechless, even the their usual praise and talk not falling from Harrison's lips as he was reduced to a moaning mess.

He could feel how much Tom loved the power, and even as he came undone, not being able to warn Tom in any way, he could only feel the man's amusement, love and lust over their link.

“Your dream stopped before that part,” Tom chuckled, as he slowly moved back up the bed. “That last bit was improvisation.”

Harrison breathed, “Well you were always a star at that.”

“Let's go back to sleep for an hour, love.” Tom muttered, “I'll wake you up on time.”

“What abou-”

Tom kissed him softly, Harrison tasting himself on Tom's tongue. “You can make it up to me tonight, darlin'.”

~

Allowing people to ask him questions and answering them honestly seemed to have worked to kind of calm the air in Hogwarts down.

The grievance was still felt in every part of the castle, but it softened without the direct idea that the murderer might be one of the students walking around.

And so Harrison allowed himself to truly enjoy a day of classes for the first time since everything, even if the classes didn't do a lot right now- it was technically exam season, after all.

“I mean there's only so many ideas I could have at once,” Harrison

muttered, “It's more creativity than actual skill.”

“But how would you even go about that process, I mean it sounds like a lot of work, yet I've seen you change slight things while sitting next to you.

“Well, when creating a fully new spell, there is a lot of steps involved, of course.” He agreed, “Most of my spells are just tweaked already existing spells, such as my summoning charm. Any other spell there is a lot of checking for safety involved, ensuring you don't mix two elements of magic that can't be mixed without drastic results. It is a fun process, though once you get the hang of it.”

Theo nodded, “Sounds cool, honestly.”

“It's definitely worth trying out some time,” Harrison said, “I'll even help you ensure safety, if you wish.”

“So you've made up spells on the spot?” Tracey asked, sounding slightly impressed. “I was always convinced you prepared them at least.”

“I try to ensure I am somewhat prepared, but certain spells casted during a panic or even boredom usually aren't prepared at all.” Harrison shrugged, “Once you get a grip on your magic, though, once you're truly in tune with it, it will end up okay either way.”

“You always try to sound so casual about your superpowers,” Blaise muttered, “You do realise normal people don't have the control over their magic you seem to possess at any given moment?”

“You can learn to properly control it, though.” Harrison said, “It's not entirely something I was just born with, it was classes as well.”

“Not denying it was partially something you were born with, Har.” Blaise said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“I'm no liar, Blaise.” He said as some girls walked past them and ‘awwww’ed suddenly Harrison was reminded that he and Blaise were still technically fake-dating, the look on Blaise's face showed him that the boy had the same realisation.

“You tell a lot of white lies, Har.” He replied and Harrison scoffed.

“But-” Theo interrupted them, the boy always had been slightly more interested in specific magics than the rest of the group. Most of the

times Harrison actually talked to Theo was when they were talking about a specific magic type. “Would it be possible to teach us how to gain better control?”

“Are you really starting this again, Theo?” Tracey asked. “I thought we all agreed pulling Harrison into it would make it too serious?”

“I could teach you,” Harrison said, “What?”

“Theodore here,” Tracey pointed at the boy, “Fancies himself an inventor, he's been working on a theory for ages after hearing about your whole story.”

“And what is that?”

“Don't lecture me on the ethics, okay?” Theo said, “I was just interested because we all know time-turners have a limit of a few hours, yet Merlin could apparently do it for centuries. So I've been trying to change the limit make new magical items, I've made quite some cool things.”

“Just ‘cool’?” Blaise asked, “This dude is almost on Weasley Twins level of invention, I swear, our dorm is insanely full of bullshit- Draco hates it.”

“Draco hates everything,” Theo said and Blaise snorted.

“True that.”

Harrison knew he had told the Slytherins about time travel and exhausting Time, the deity, with it. But something about just looking at Theo, Harrison knew the boy wasn't planning on using it perse, it was interest and Harrison had never be one to demotivate interest in certain magics. Especially if said person had as much potential as Blaise seemed to think Theo had.

“When do you want to start?” Harrison asked, “During or after summer break?”

Theo looked up in surprise, “Are you for real? You're not going to tell me to not play around with time?”

“I feel like your motivation isn't something that would end up hurting Time, don't prove me wrong, and we'll be fine.” Harrison said, “So what do you say?”

Theo looked at Blaise who raised an eyebrow and then looked at Harrison, “Does Italy work for you?”

Harrison chuckled, “Summer in Italy seems just fine for me.” He said. “Might have to bring Tom, though.”

~

“Since it's the last class,” Sirius said, “I thought we'd do something fun, something a little crazy maybe. Something I would have loved in my time during Hogwarts for sure.” The man smirked, “You all have had 6 years of Transfiguration classes now and I want you to use it. You can team up or do solo, but I want all of you to make something absolutely insane by the end of this class.”

Cedric looked at Harrison at the same time that Fred and George did and Harrison thought this might be the worst idea ever, but, “How about all four of us?” He muttered.

Even Sirius groaned when he heard that expecting nothing but chaos by the end of this class. “You clean up afterwards, I'm not doing shit.” He said and Harrison laughed.

“We'll be okay, professor.”

“I'm sure you will be, I'm worried about the rest of us.”

And Harrison wasn't even sure how they got there but at some point, around thirty minutes later, Cedric was almost crying from laughing as Fred and George shouted at Harrison, “No! You don't get it, Harrikins, make the wing a bit straighter, otherwise the aerodynamics don't work.”

“Aerodynamics?” Harrison snorted, “What do you guys even know about that?”

“A lot of quidditch knowledge, I'm sure.” Cedric laughed and Harrison agreed immediately, until he saw Fred reach out to one of the birds.

“Don't touch that one! You'll set off-”

His words were cut off by a loud bang and suddenly his entire vision was obscured by glitter, covering the entire classroom, “- A glitter bomb.” He muttered.

It was at that point that Sirius said, “I think this is the opposite of

what I meant when I advised you to not make a mess, Harrison."

"This was not my fault." Harrison said, "We meant to set it off later, more controlled."

"You've checked the chaos box for sure," Sirius chuckled, "I'm so glad you stay out of the prank wars at home, we'd all be fucked."

"Remember that, Siri." Harrison sighed as he looked around the classroom, seeing everything covered in green and yellow glitter, even most of the students.

Sirius just laughed at his face and then said, "I think this is a good point to wrap up the class, I don't think it's a good idea to present the products, as it might all be slightly ruined by glitter now. I hope you all had fun at least." Then he looked at Harrison and smirked, "And if any of you have any issue getting glitter from clothing or skin, I'm sure Harrison would be more than happy to help."

"I'll try and get a removal spell for it," He said and it didn't take long before the four of them were left alone in the classroom, with the chaos they caused.

"I think it's safe to say we surprised them," Cedric muttered and Harrison chuckled, agreeing immediately. "How do we want to go with cleaning *glitter?* The stuff is impossible to clean."

Harrison laughed, "We don't have to clean it up, the glitter isn't real." He waved his hand and the room was suddenly clean, "It's an illusion charm. I just didn't want to say because this was funnier, honestly."

"Holy shit, Harrikins." George laughed, "You've officially outdone us for pranks this month."

"Just this month?" Harrison asked and George shrugged.

"Can't give you too much credit."

"Did all the glitter on their clothing just disappear, too?" Cedric asked and Harrison shook his head.

"I want them to try washing it off and realise it is not even slightly possible."

"You're mean." Fred muttered, in a sort of amazement Harrison hadn't heard from Fred a lot.

“It's just a harmless prank, is it not?” Harrison asked and Cedric chuckled.

“I'm so glad I'm on this side of the prank not on the other, because I'd be so annoyed if my clothing was covered in glitter and doesn't even get slightly clean.”

“Blame Fred, he moved the bird, I would say.”

“I didn't know that was going to happen!” Fred defended himself and Harrison laughed.

“It was supposed to be a surprise during the presenting of what we had done, but I made it slightly more sensitive, because I wanted to be able to trigger it even if the other magic didn't work.”

“Well we managed to trigger it,” Fred shrugged, “Look on the bright side.”

That was when Adrian walked into the classroom, still covered in glitters and looking around the clean classroom in confusement, before it clicked in his head.

“A fucking illusion?” He asked, “Get it off, please.”

Harrison chuckled, waving his hand, the boy losing all the glitters in a second, the particles merely disappearing.

“I thought it was a spell gone wrong and we were all stuck with some super glued glitter.” Adrian said, “I hate your evil, Harrison.”

“You have to admit it was funny.”

“It's funny now that I don't have glitter all over me anymore,” Adrian muttered and Harrison nodded.

“That's what I thought.”

Chapter End Notes

I've been obsessed with Theo lately (noticable by the sudden appearance.) Anyways, how cool is it that he actually made 2 time turners without limit in canon? Like wtf???

Chapter 79: You answer questions without dumb riddles.

Chapter Notes

> I know I said I would post on saturday, but the fanfic curse hit me and I totally destroyed my tibia. (well.. to a certain point- I couldn't walk- it's not fully shattered at least?) So I couldn't focus on writing due to pain
> fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a lot more casual than normal Hogwarts balls/parties would be. Perhaps it was the remaining grief or perhaps it was the anticipation for summer break that made people show up in normal, out of class clothing.

Or maybe it was the fact that nobody wanted to try, not after the sudden release of newspapers about Harrisons trial and Dumbledore's intention behind it.

It had been a day ago that suddenly owls came flooding through the hall of Hogwarts with multiple newspapers with statements of different Lord and Ladies that talked about how Dumbledore had accused Harrison of multiple things that seem to be untrue, how the whole situation felt sketchy and how Dumbledore had doubted even James about the situation.

So it was a casual, but angry atmosphere during this particular party.

"You ready to receive your price, Harrikins?" Fred asked as he put his arm on Harrison's shoulder, "What you going to do with the money?"

"I don't know," Harrison said, "Do you two still need money for the shop you wanted to open? You two can have the money. And if you need any more just ask me, I have some vaults with unnecessarily large amounts of galleons.

"That's what Sirius told us as well," George said, "Fucking rich people and their left over money."

"Sorry," Harrison muttered, entirely unapologetic, "But you're part of us now, so get used to it. Besides, I'm sure Rowena and Godric would

get a kick out of you guys' inventions, so if I get it out of their vaults it will feel fair as well."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Dumbledore's voice carried over the great hall effortlessly. "Thank you all for coming to this event despite recent circumstances. It is great seeing the unity between all three schools now, between different cultures and people in a time where perhaps the world feels a bit more scary than usual."

Harrison looked at the sudden movement on the side of the room, seeing a few Gryffindors muttering angrily to each other as Dumbledore continued with his speech as if he and this tournament had in any way made the current state of the world better than worse.

It was the first time Harrison agreed with these people, most of them the same group that would hang around Hope and curse at him for the smallest of things.

"Now as for the points, on fourth place we have Fleur Delacour!" Dumbledore announced and Harrison realised he had missed the rest of the speech, by curiously watching the group of Gryffindors merge with an angry group of Ravenclaws.

He clapped as the girl got up and thanked Dumbledore for his congratulations, before quickly disappearing into the masses again, not wanting to be the centre of attention at a place that was so fuelled with negative emotions towards the very person she was thanking.

"Next up.. Viktor Krum!" Dumbledore seemed a little bewildered himself by the short answer of the girl and even more so when Krum only nodded, tight-lipped instead of actually saying anything.

"And for our shared first place, as they got to the cup at the same time." Dumbledore sighed, "Harrison Black and Cedric Diggory."

Cedric got up unsure what they were going to do, whether they would follow the Dumbledore hating standard or something else, Harrison just nodded at him, before walking *towards* the stage Dumbledore was on. For a second, Harrison swore he saw a look of fear flash over Dumbledore's face before returning to his usual grandfatherly standard.

Cedric followed him quickly, always seemingly down for a bit of Harrison related chaos.

"If I may?" Harrison asked as he looked at Dumbledore the man

seemed bewildered, looking over the hall full of curious faces and nodded slowly.

Harrison cleared his throat, magically allowing his voice to carry over the hall in the same way Dumbledore's seemed to naturally do. "Hello, everyone." He said, "I understand a lot of you are shocked, confused, after reading the newspapers yesterday. You probably want to demand for answers from our Headmaster, and I'd be the first to admit that I, too, would like some answers. However, I think that we must remember that this place, this gathering of people, is much bigger than anything else. It is the first time in ages these three schools, their students, have been in one room. And I'd be lying if I said that I think it will happen again anytime soon. For this reason, I will ask all of you to try and enjoy it, while also stimulating everyone to speak up about your questions. Demand answers and please don't quiet down in the face of injustice." Harrison looked around the room.

"I almost got arrested for losing a person who was biologically so close to me that sometimes I thought, even after years of separation and genuine disagreement between us, I could relate to her just because she was her. I have a person to thank for my freedom that I never thought would stand up for me. In the face of possible danger, you must do what you think is right and that is why I'm telling you to demand answers. But please stay safe and help others." He chuckled dryly. "Sorry I'm shit at inspirational speeches, but my point is please enjoy tonight with each other, now that we can, and allow this experience to become something new and better. Let out school become something new and better, perhaps even our Ministry. Thank you all."

"Thank you, Harrison." He said, although he didn't sound thankful at all. "I'm sure I'll receive a ton of interesting questions soon." He muttered and Harrison shrugged. "Very well, you two can pick up your prize later. For now, let the festivities begin!"

"Quite the speech, Harrison." Cedric said as they walked back into the crowd together.

"Well, somebody had to tell them to calm down and live in the moment, if just for a little" Harrison said, "perhaps even more important, teaching them to find answers to their question, just ask whatever question you have."

"You sure did that," Terence muttered as he poked Cedric in his side, Cedric glaring at him, before his face melted into a soft expression.

“Sure Dumbledore appreciates it.”

“That’s not my problem.” Harrison said, “I would have told them to do the exact same thing if Marvolo was headmaster, allowing yourself to be informed is very important in a time of need.”

“Okay enough about stupid headmasters,” Terence said, “This is a party and I’m sure Fred and George have firewhiskey. Anyone with me?”

“I thought you didn’t drink?” Harrison asked, remembering Terence admitting his bad history with alcohol a while ago.

“I don’t,” Terence said, “But Ced gets super clingy when drunk and I’m sure as hell down to see what *Harrison Sirius Black* does when drunk.”

Harrison snorted, “Well, lead the way.”

~

It was somewhere between being tipsy and being full on drunk that Harrison got up from his spot on the grass next to the black lake, their entire group snuck out to ensure not getting caught, not that Harrison taught Dumbledore would actually do a lot. But still.

Somehow Viktor and Fleur had also found them, joining them in their quiet festivities with another bottle of some Hungarian drink Harrison didn’t even know the name of.

“I’ll be right back,” Harrison said softly to Blaise who was sitting next to him, who nodded softly but Harrison could feel him follow his figure with a questioning glance.

As he walked towards the forbidden forest, near the edge of the black lake, he realised he must looked drunk as hell, but he didn’t care all that much because he swear he saw something that he hadn’t seen since that day in the garden of the Slytherin Castle.

It was for that reason that he walked into the forest, not too far just far enough to find a rock to sit on, a place where he was visible from where the group was sitting, so they wouldn’t run after him in a panic and scare the majestic animal he saw.

It wasn’t long before the animal noticed him approaching him with caution as he let his magic form a cloud of comfort around him for the animal. He saw the animal relax, approaching him less hesitant.

“Hello, beautiful.” Harrison muttered to the unicorn. “Did you move with us?” He asked, remembering the very similar looking unicorns back at Slytherin Castle.

Being chosen by a unicorn was an honour above any other. And if an unicorn shows itself twice, you know you’re doing something right, especially when it allows you to pet it.

At least, that’s what Harrison had heard for years and now he felt a sense of comfort wash over himself that even with the recent obstacles, he was still on the right path.

The unicorn nudged him softly with the side of his face, demanding pets, and Harrison was more than happy to oblige. Allowing his hands to stroke the soft fur and feel the magic of the animal in front of him. “Fuck I really needed this.” He muttered to the animal, who snorted understandingly.

Or well, that’s how Harrison translated the noise.

He heard the whispers from his friends in the distance, probably watching him with a totally new sense of awe.

He stayed there for a while, just stroking the unicorn as he allowed himself to just sit there and think, relax, something he didn’t allow often.

Then he looked back over his shoulder and saw the group of people and sighed, “Well, I guess I should get back to them.” He said to the unicorn, who nudged him with its head once more before turning away, leaving Harrison alone.

He sat back down next to Blaise, who raised an eyebrow as Pansy shrieked, “What was that?”

“Unicorn, I saw it in the corner of my eyes.”

“Yeah, I noticed it was an unicorn, how do you just-“

“It’s Harrison,” Terence said, “I guess I know what you do when you’re drunk now. Attract unicorns and all.”

“I’m hardly drunk.”

“Vell, ve can’t have that now, can ve?” Fleur asked, passing him a bottle and Harrison laughed, taking a swig.

And as far as Hogwarts parties go, this one was definitely one of the best ones he attended.

~

“You saw the unicorn again?” Tom asked, “Are you sure you’re not super drunk?” Chuckling as Harrison tried to bury his face truly and well into Tom’s chest.

“No, you can ask anyone.” Harrison looked up at Tom through his hair, “Even the sober ones.”

“I trust you, love.” Tom hummed, “It is just insane for a unicorn to show itself twice, but following you? Unheard of. You’re sure it was the same one?”

“Like 99%, it felt super similar, the magic idk. It looked the same, just- I would be very surprised if it wasn’t the same one.”

“Well, it is probably a positive sign.” Tom decided and Harrison nodded.

“Fuck I missed you,” He said, “Parties aren’t nearly as much fun when you aren’t there to bully.”

“I was there, I was just chaperoning.” Tom argued softly.

“Don’t care,” Harrison muttered, “Should’ve been with me.”

“Right, love.” Tom said, a fond smile on his face, “I think it’s time for you to go to sleep, before you start muttering things you’ll regret saying in the morning.”

“Don’t think that is possible,” Harrison said, “Since you read my every thought, but fine. Sleep time.” He said as Tom pulled him into his arms fully, turning slightly to be comfortable and Harrison just sighed, relaxed and happy.

Right where he was supposed to be.

“Goodnight, Tommy boy.” He said softly and the man chuckled, letting his fingers run through Harrison’s hair once.

“Goodnight, love.” He replied and after that it was mere seconds before Harrison fell into a peaceful sleep.

~

This year around, the start of summer break apparently meant another meeting at Dumbledore's office, because as the man had stated at the winner announcement; they had to get their prizes in the man's office.

And all Harrison could think was how glad he was that Cedric actually had a reason to also be there.

He knocked on the door to Dumbledore's office, the door swinging open before his fist hit it for the third time.

"Ah, I presume you are here to collect your prize?" Dumbledore said and Harrison nodded. "I have to say Harrison, your speech got me quite a unnormal amount of letters. Did you really have to put this out there in such a way? I think it is a bit childish to try and torment me by causing spam letters."

"Torment you?" Harrison asked, "Hardly, headmaster." He answered, "I would've done this exact thing even if Sirius or Remus was the headmaster. I think transparency is truly important, we must inform the public of what is happening and to do that we must allow them to ask questions." He looked at the pile of discarded letters on Dumbledore's desk. "I do hope you are answering the questions."

"I'll get to that." Dumbledore muttered, quickly putting the letters in his desk somewhere before pulling out two heavy pouches. "There is the prize. Two of them, we didn't even split the gold, just doubled the amount." He handed one to each of the students in his office.

"Who funds it?"

"The Ministry." Dumbledore said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

"I wouldn't think the ministry thought it was of enough importance to actually sponsor it in such a manner." Cedric said, before Harrison could answer and Harrison nodded in agreement immediately after the statement by the Hufflepuff. It was indeed weird.

"It's an investment in international bonds." Dumbledore said and Harrison nodded.

"Sounds like a good excuse," He muttered, "What Tom and I did a while ago was an *investment* in international bonds, this is just you wanting to gain more importance for Hogwarts to ensure more say over the Wizarding World as a whole."

"You always have such a bad view of me, my boy." Dumbledore

muttered, almost sounding truly disappointed.

“You say that,” Harrison started, “But then also accuse me of murder. I might have a bad view of you, Dumbledore. But only because you decided to deem me the murderer of someone without any evidence for it. A blind accusation which was untrue and could have had any severe consequence for me, I managed to walk, because I know my own innocence, Dumbledore. Your whole game of politics isn’t working and I hope any time soon you’ll realise that, to then ensure that we will not have to play more deadly tournaments in the hope of you getting a better international status, most of which is bult up from lies of people who do not truly know you at all.”

“Harrison truly you realise you are being a bit dra-“

“I’ll see you in the Wizengamot, Dumbledore.” Harrison cut him off, nodding at Cedric to follow him, not wanting to leave the Hufflepuff alone with a frustrated headmaster.

The boy followed him without question, shooting one last glance at the headmaster as he sighed and sat back in his chair. Pinching his nose as if he was getting a headache.

“That was something.” Cedric said nervously as he glanced at Harrison once they left the office.

Harrison rolled his eyes, chuckling just slightly. “It’s always like that. I don’t think I’ve left there once thinking ‘oh we actually ended on a better note than we started off.’”

“Well, I’m glad I got to witness it at least once.” Cedric said.

“You can stripe that off your bucket list, for sure.” Harrison joked and the tension in Cedric’s shoulders released just slightly.

“I can’t believe you’ve taken Tom to meetings with Dumbledore, I’d think the man would explode with pure possessive protectiveness.”

“He knows I can handle myself,” Harrison said, “And it helps we can mentally communicate, I think he would’ve exploded otherwise.”

“I’d pay to see that happen.” Cedric muttered and Harrison snorted.

“Me too,” He admitted softly.

~

It was a spoon clinking loudly against a glass that alarmed Harrison that this would truly happen *again.* The Slytherin goodbye party was a tradition, the night before they all took the train everyone would get drunk and party together, say goodbye to the seventh years and to the school year.

This usually happened because *Marcus Flint* had been there, however now Terence proudly stood on the table, laughing as Cedric- who had snuck in somewhere during the evening, no one had looked up after Harrison welcomed him fully- whispered something to him.

“Dear- well everyone.” He said, grinning like a fool as Harrison shouted.

“You’re not fucking serious.”

“I promised Flint, Har.” Terence said, “If anyone is wondering what we are talking about, Marcus Flint, quidditch captain of years before, held a speech every year since Black joined our house in his honour. He often won us not only the house cup but also the quidditch cup. The last promise I made to the man within these walls was that I would take over the whole speech thing.” Terence winked at Harrison. “However, there was no quidditch this year. But I think this year we have Harrison to appreciate for a lot more. Starting with last summer break where he protected hundreds of innocent people by fighting off Death Eaters at the international quidditch match. But even throughout the school year, he always helps anyone who asks. One thing about Harrison Black, I’ve learned quickly, is that he is *never* too busy to help those who need it.

And nobody is too insignificant for his help. Harrison is one of the genuine kindest souls in this castle. Helping whoever he can, while also trying to genuinely do good for the Wizarding World. And as a Slytherin nonetheless. I think I can speak for everyone here when I say I am immensely proud of the person who I begun to consider a younger sibling and even with all the chaos he causes, I can safely say that the world feels that little bit more safe with him in it. So thank you Harrison Black for always doing what is best, not just for you but for all of us. Even when the better choice is the harder one. I speak for all of us when I say we greatly appreciate you and I am glad I get to consider you one of my bestfriends.”

“Wow that was genuinely sweet.” Harrison said, a little louder than he himself expected.

“Sorry, I can’t do Flint’s mean compliments.” Terence said, “So this is the next best thing.”

Harrison chuckled, “Thanks, Ter. I’m going to miss you here next year.”

Terence hopped off the table pushing himself through the crowd to hug Harrison. “I’m going to miss this place.” He said to the people around him, “I never expected it to truly feel like home in the way it does now.”

“Hogwarts isn’t going to feel the same without you.” Adrian said, he was one of Terence’s closer friends as well, besides being in Harrison’s year.

“At least I’ll be able to have a front row seat to the ministry take over, instead of reading it in the news papers.” Terence said, “It’s fucking surreal man.”

Harrison nodded, he himself was having a hard time wrapping his head around the fact that he only had one year left. He couldn’t imagine only have a day left. “Hold on, follow me.” He muttered to group of people around him, just his friends. He then just walked out of the common room, not entirely an uncommon thing to do during a party, perse, so nobody followed them or looked up strangely.

“Where are we going?” Terence said, and Harrison looked back at the people who actually had followed him; Blaise, Terence, Cedric, Theo and Adrian.

“Huh, I thought Fred and George would’ve followed, too.” He mused.

“They were too busy selling their anti-hangover cures?” Theo said, although it felt more like a question than a statement.

“I once promised you something that I am doing now, Terence.” Harrison said, “You can’t just leave the castle without seeing the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Are you for real?” Terence asked.

Harrison shrugged, “A promise is a promise. Let’s just hope whoever is doing rounds is a teacher that actually likes me.”

“I think you’re in luck.” A familiar voice said behind them, “How’s the party? Can’t be too good if you’re sneaking out to go to Sal’s bunker.”

“Tom,” Harrison said in greeting, smiling slightly. “Were you *waiting* for me?”

“I only *heard* your plan forming.” The man smiled back, glancing over the group, Harrison saw the moment his mask dropped just slightly when he realised there were no total strangers.

“Well,” Harrison said, “I guess you can tag along, if you want to.”

Tom’s lip quirked up just slightly more, “How could I say no to such an invitation?”

That’s how Harrison led the group to the entrance of the Chamber of Secrets, the excited whispers of the group merely a background noise to Tom’s quiet story of the staff meeting and Dumbledore’s anger.

When they stood at the familiar sink, Harrison whispered for the entrance to open, but didn’t ask for stairs, instead he smirked at Tom and said. “Who wants to go first? It’s a slide.”

“Salazar Slytherin made a *slide* the entrance of his chamber?” Theo raised an eyebrow and Harrison shrugged.

“I’ll go,” Cedric said, and without warning jumped into the hole, Terence quickly following afterwards. Only once all the others had jumped did Harrison kindly ask the castle for stairs so he and Tom could walk down.

“You’re a mean man, Harrison.” Terence said and Harrison snorted.

“The slide is part of the experience.” He casted a quick lumos to light up the darker pathway to the base of the chamber. Noticing the shed of the basilisk on the floor immediately.

“We truly have not been here for too long, *My love.”* The last part was hissed and Harrison looked at Tom and nodded in agreement.

“Don’t worry about the basilisk.” He told the others, “She’s in a separate part of the chambers and will not come here unless we invite her to.” He then motioned for the group to follow him to the door of the *actual* chamber, hissing another *open.*

The door hissed as it opened in front of them, revealing the grand hall with the statue of Salazar in the front.

“Woah,” Terence mumbled, “This is-“

“Amazing,” Blaise muttered and Terence nodded in agreement.

“This is just the showy part, there’s a full living quarters, library, potion lab anything back there.” Harrison said, “Salazar used it as an escape often.”

Tom hissed the sentence that opened up the next part of the chamber and Harrison laughed as the sudden opening of the statue earned gasps from the group.

“I cannot believe I am in Slytherin’s Chamber right now,” Terence breathed in awe as he looked into the next space cautiously, Harrison just rolled his eyes and walked in.

He screamed, “Sal! We’re here!” And was surprised to find Salazar already waiting for them in the first portrait right in front of the entrance.

“I knew you would take them here the minute you suddenly left after that speech.” The man stated, “You haven’t been down here in a while, Little Snake.”

Harrison groaned, “I know, I’ve been meaning too, it’s just been chaotic.” He then turned to the group, “I used to come here and sit in the library, researching old Slytherin family journals while talking to Salazar.”

“That’s where you always go off to?” Adrian asked as Theo looked interested at the prospect of a big Slytherin library immediately.

“That or Slytherin Castle.” Tom answered for Harrison. “Where he does the same thing sometimes.”

“It’s easy to keep me entertained.” Harrison muttered and Tom snorted.

“Right,” He dragged out the ‘I’.

“Well,” Salazar said, “If I were you, I’d give them the grand tour.”

Harrison nodded and told everyone to follow him as they wandered further into the chamber.

~

“I’m so hungover.” Tracey groaned, dropping her head on Harrison’s shoulder as she rubs her eyes.

“You didn’t take their anti-hangover thing?” Harrison asked nodding at Fred and George, who were smirking, that couldn’t be anything positive.

“They also created a certain drink that would get you drunk and ensure the potion didn’t work fully.”

“Why that?” Harrison asked and George shrugged.

“Business is business, Harrikins.”

“It was quite popular, too.” Fred added

And Harrison laughed, “Of course it was.” He said as the door opened up again, Terence walking into their train compartment.

“Well, this is it.” He said, “Last Hogwarts train ride.”

“You can always come back as a teacher,” Harrison said and Terence scrunched up his nose.

“Oh hell no,” He said, “I’ll leave the teaching to you. I could not deal with the first years.”

As the door opened up again, Harrison cast the same spell he always did for the train ride; ensuring enough room for everyone to sit comfortably even if they end up with twenty people in the small space.

“There’s no way that would work.” Theo said to Blaise who was laughing as he looked into a notebook, then looked back at Theo and just raised an eyebrow. “No, we are *not* going to create quills that cheat *for* you.”

“We’ve tried,” Fred sighed dramatically.

“McGonagall figured out within minutes.”

It was Theo’s turn to smirk at Blaise, who looked back at their notebook and gave it to Fred and George.

“Why are you guys even trying to create something like *that?* We have one pair of evil twins, isn’t that enough for chaos?”

“Fred and George are bad influence,” Theo muttered and Harrison agreed.

“No shit.”

“I thought I’d put Theo’s creative mind to work, it’s been restless.” Blaise said, “Safe to say we’re both excited to see what we come up with when you visit Italy.”

Harrison laughed, “I’m excited as well. I might use the opportunity to see if I can contact Time as well. It’s the last deity I haven’t spoken to.”

“You’re insane, you know that?”

“I’ve been told once or twice.”

~

“So you want us to attack Knockturn Alley?”

“And walk into Diagon Alley, don’t seriously harm anyone.” Tom said, “We need to make the Ministry scared, make them act frantically.”

“How many Death Eaters do you want on the job?” Rodolphus asked and Tom looked around the room.

“Just the inner circle, so all of you.” He said, “Otherwise I would have called a full meeting. I need it to be small and easily controllable. I don’t want one of our political allies to accidentally get caught in crossfire or seriously harm children.”

“And so the Dark Lord suddenly has standards.” Lucius said.

“Times change,” Tom said, “Plus the Hogwarts attack was done by someone who wanted me to act aggressively and I’m not giving anyone what they want.”

“What about the buildings?” Bellatrix looked at Tom, head turned just slightly, like a curious dog. “Can we break them? Leave them standing? Fire?” She asked the last word with such excitement that Tom actually pinched the bridge of his nose.

“We try to not leave any lasting damage, if for any reason the situation calls for it find a building that isn’t occupied by an important company.”

Bella nodded, seeming slightly bored after getting her answer.

“I think it’s a good plan,” Barty said, “It will make people see us again,

at the very least."

"That's the idea," Tom agreed as just then the door to the hall they were in opened and Harrison walked in.

"Sorry I'm late."

"I'm pretty sure you can't be late if you didn't straight up get an invitation." Tom deadpanned, but sent him a wave of affection mentally.

"Ha-ha." Harrison said, sitting down on a random chair in the almost classroom type of room in Malfoy Manor.

"Okay," Tom said, "Does everyone know what I expect of them for the attacks?"

When everyone made some noise of confirmation Tom nodded. "Very well, let's go over what else needs to be done in my absence." He then looked at one Death Eater that Harrison couldn't very well place from the back of the room. "Me being gone does not mean I will not know when you break some rules and if you do, you will be punished accordingly."

"Very well, I need you all to continue duelling sessions to keep everyone active and properly trained, as well as include the new recruitments; spread the plans for the next couple of months, and perhaps most importantly keep notes of everything going on in the Wizengamot, I want you to keep logs I can read when I get back, understood?"

When Tom got some nods as response only, he sighed and looked at Harrison, "Anything to add now that you're actually here?"

"I mean, no?" Harrison said and Tom snorted, Harrison felt a wave of affection over the link before Tom said.

"Okay well, dismissed then." The Death Eaters left quickly after that and Tom raised an eyebrow at Harrison. "That was almost endearing, love."

"Almost?"

Tom shrugged, "Could've been more so if you suggested something completely insane in front of the Death Eaters." Then he smirked, "Or brought them cookies or something."

“Next time, perhaps.” Harrison said, getting up from his chair, “You ready for Italy, love?”

“Of course,” Tom said, “Is your family coming?”

“Nope, they had something else.”

“Just us, then?” Tom said, his lip quirking up slightly. “How romantic.”

“We will be there to help Theo and Blaise with an experiment.” Harrison reminded Tom gently, but then walked towards Tom, “But I suppose we do have the villa.”

Tom chuckled, “Let’s hope this will be a bigger success than Asia.”

“Asia wasn’t bad, the elementals were just crazy.” Harrison said, “And I’m sure it will be. Thanks for coming with me.”

“As if I’d miss out on a vacation with you.” Tom answered softly, pulling Harrison slightly closer by his belt loops. “I love you.” Tom said softly.

“You’re so clingy.”

“Harrison.”

“Tell me I’m wrong.”

“Harrison, pl-“

“I love you too, Tommy boy.” Harrison muttered and Tom rolled his eyes.

“You ruined the moment.”

“It’s a gift.” Harrison said, before claiming Tom’s lips in a kiss.

~

“Did you managed to get settled properly?” Theo asked, leading them through their family manor in Italy, both Blaise and Theo’s families were originally from Italy and therefore the two were both often found in the country during any break. “Ready for some inventing?”

“Always,” Harrison laughed. “So you have actual time turners here?”

“Got it from family members, not legally probably.” Theo shrugged. “Either way I have some, I’ve used them once as a try out then I got fascinated by your history. If someone like Merlin does it, it will be hard, time travel. But possible. Time turners already have the core.”

“It is a smart start.” Harrison agreed, looking back at Tom, who seemed to be attentively listening. Theo opened a door to a big room, Blaise was sitting in the middle of the room, on the floor. Harrison looked back at Tom, raising an eyebrow and Tom rolled his eyes but nodded.

It wasn’t that Harrison doubted Tom could act normal about the boy who had been pretending to be Harrison’s boyfriend for months now, but he just had to make sure.

“This is the room they gave me for inventing, perks of being an only child I guess.” Theo spoke up, startling Blaise out of his concentration.

“You’re back.” Blaise said, “Hello Harrison, Tom.”

Theo said something in Italian to Blaise the other boy nodded, before getting up from “There’s three time turners in total.” Blaise said, “One we’ve completely split, one we’re adapting with what we found by the one we broke into pieces and the third one is so that we can see the original state.”

“Smart,” Harrison allowed.

“Sorry if you don’t immediately want to start- we get it’s also vacation for you.” Theo said, “And Tom.” He added then, “But we’re excited both of you would help.”

“Of course,” Harrison answered, “I mean there’s nothing we like more than fooling around with illegal magics, at least that’s what the papers would say.”

“That and that we bathe in muggle blood daily.” Tom said and Harrison chuckled.

“Right,” He agreed, “So we’re more than happy to help you two with the time turners immediately. Just be prepared for my magic forming a cloud in this room- and Tom’s as well. Our magic kind of reacts to each other.”

Theo nodded, leading them further into the room, showing them around the working places, the safety ruins and wards and lastly, the

storing places of the time turners.

“This is all done very professionally.”

“My family insisted.” Theo said and Harrison nodded.

“If I hear the explosions from Fred and George every now and then, it is probably a smart thing to have the precautions, indeed.” He said, he motioned to the time turners, “Can we?”

Theo nodded, “Yeah- of course go on.”

“So how did you two go about this so far?” Tom asked.

“We’ve been trying to study the magic within, that’s why we parted one of the three. We tried to figure out what triggered the cap on how far back you can time travel and found that a certain element stops publishing energy after four rounds.”

“Interesting,” Tom hummed as he looked at the time turner, Harrison now put on one of the work benches. “Which element?”

“The stone on the left side stops producing the magic.” Blaise said, “It spins slightly when you activate the time turner and stops turning when it stops.”

“How did you test that without sending yourselves back in time?”

“Small experiments with and without certain components.. Ensuring it doesn’t change anything, but also doesn’t sent you back in time. And it seems to work.”

“It gave the same result every time,” Theo added, “Of course that does not mean we are one hundred percent sure it works like this.”

“When did you two start researching this?” Harrison asked.

“Last summer,” Theo said, “I knew I wanted to try and told Blaise who was of course down to help immediately. We weren’t going to tell you at first, cause we weren’t sure how you would react to something like this.”

“Although over the year,” Blaise said, “I became more and more sure you would be fine with this due to the reasoning behind it.”

“Harrison is always up for Magical Experimentation, as long as you don’t break certain rules.”

“And the motivation depends,” Harrison added to what Tom said. “And the rules you can’t break aren’t necessarily laws.” He looked at Tom, then back at Theo and Blaise, “Show us the theory you’re working on, perhaps we can continue from there.”

~

It was somewhere after hours of small changes on a magical level- and with that a sort of class for Theo and Blaise on how to become more in tune with their magic that Tom nudged him in his side softly. “*I think the elements have a sort of feedback loop.”* He hissed, activating the dissected turner another time, while muttering something that makes the magic almost visible in a glistening way. “*They feed off of each other. The reason it stops is because that element takes more than the other can produce.”* He motioned to the two tiny elements that indeed seem to stimulate each other’s processes.

“*So we have to either make one more powerful or the other more energy saving?”*

“We both know energy saving will be the way to go.” Tom muttered, “*It’s probably the best for Magic in the process as well.”*

“Fuck, that’s going to be a lot of effort.” Harrison said, “How do we minimalize magic usage?”

“Minimalize it?” Theo asked and Harrison nodded, explaining what was probably the case.

“But-“ Blaise started, seeming almost unsure as he spoke up. “I thought the ministry put the limit on it for safety reasons, meaning that they ensured the higher magic usage?”

“Did they limit it?” Harrison asked, looking at Tom.

Tom shrugged, “I’ll ask Rookwood to look into it.” Tom said, “Do you guys have a floo fireplace?”

Theo nodded and motioned for Tom to follow him with relative calmness if you think about the fact that he would casually lead the Dark Lord through his manor.

When the door of the room closed behind them, Harrison looked at Blaise. “Is it weird?” He asked, not expanding, but Blaise seemed to understand.

He shook his head, immediately no hesitation. “He- well, I guess he feels human around you. I know he is, technically, but yeah. I talked to Theo about it- telling him that if he wasn’t sure about Tom he should tell you honestly, before feeling uncomfortable in his own house. And he told me that he honestly forgot he was working with the Dark Lord after the first hour.”

“I think Tom enjoys it, secretly.” Harrison said, “Being around people I trust and he does not have true control over- yet at least. It allows him to feel more normal, perhaps.”

“Yet, huh?” Blaise asked, although he nodded understandingly.

“I mean in the end all of you are connected to people that are Death Eaters.”

“And does it feel weird for you?” Harrison asked, “Not Theo.”

“I was afraid it would- since well, from what I’ve heard he has quite the possessive streak and this is a lot difference than at Hogwarts when I would jokingly call you babe and he’d just not react. But I mean- I guess it’s all silly anyways. He knows you couldn’t be interested in anyone else, truly. So that’s good.”

Harrison hummed, then to change the subject, “So you’re staying at Theo’s manor the entire summer?”

“Mom is trying to get another guy to marry her.” Blaise said, “Apparently, he’s playing hard to get. But I’ll probably visit mom somewhere towards the end of the break.”

“That must suck,” Harrison muttered and Blaise shrugged.

“It’s always been like this, it’s how she decided to live her life.” Blaise answered the unasked question. “However, she cares about me and ensures I am happy, have a nice life and the one time I liked one of her husbands, she actually tried, before divorcing him and only taking half.” He said, “It sounds fucked up and it is maybe, but she truly does care about me as a person and with that values my opinion about her and her lifestyle. She’s my mom, you know?”

Harrison nodded, “As long as you feel that way it doesn’t matter what anyone else thinks or says.” He smiled, “Besides, I can appreciate a cunning way to get through life.”

Blaise snorted, “She’d really like you.”

“Most people do.” Harrison joked, just then the door to the room opened again, Theo walked in.

“There was some problem with the Death Eaters.” He said as an explanation. “He got pulled into a meeting.”

“Is everything okay?” Harrison asked.

“Yeah- it’s fine, something with the Ministry?” Theo sounded unsure. “He told me that he could find his way back. But, at least Rookwood will look into the history of time turners for us.”

“It’s always something with those fucking Death Eaters.” Harrison muttered.

“Honestly,” Blaise said, “I was surprised that Tom dared to leave them behind in such a time, right after having you announce Voldemorts return?”

“It’s always a bad time to leave a group of blood purists who can’t think for themselves behind.” Harrison said.

The door opened again, Tom being back surprisingly quick.

“*You okay?”* Harrison hissed and Tom nodded.

“*I told Barty to deal with it, somehow that man is the most sane out of all of them.”* He hissed back. “*I have never been more relieved to see one of my followers.”*

“Must be the way his father raised him,” Harrison said, “There has to be a positive.”

Tom snorted softly, “Now how about we go and explore Italy while we wait for Rookwood?”

~

“1868” Harrison said, “They made the rule in 1868?”

“I didn’t even know these things existed back then.” Theo muttered and Tom shrugged.

“It’s the very core of quite some spells.” He said, “Time turners are probably way older as well.”

“That means we have to figure out how they produced the things over

a century ago?" Theo asked, "That sounds near impossible."

"Unless-" Blaise said and they all knew they were thinking the same thing, all eyes on Harrison, who shrugged.

"I'd like to talk to Time, if I have the possibility."

"You're insane, love." Tom said, "Are you certain?"

"I'm going to need the one without any changes made." Harrison said, "And just hope nothing happens to it."

Blaise looked at Theo, who nodded. "We can do that."

It felt almost natural at this point, sitting down in the middle of a room, an item in front of him and entering a state of meditation that even his meditation lessons with Salazar to strengthen his mental barriers didn't reach.

The release of his magic in the room felt almost relieving as he didn't have to keep it in check, something he did subconsciously every given moment, he sought out the item in front of him and before he knew it he found himself opening his eyes to complete darkness.

"We ought to destroy the original plan." A voice drifted through the nothingness. "Such power must not be found in a wrongs person's hands."

"Limiting our own power in the process, you realise."

"For the good of magic. We'll ensure the world only knows the version with a limit, as the minister asked us to."

The silence that followed the drifting conversation felt deafening and Harrison realised that perhaps there was one deity that would be more fearsome than death itself, the one thing that could possibly escape death.

Time. And the ability to bend it to one's will.

"You play with my domain now, child?" The voice sounded almost human, unlike the other deities who tended to make their voice either very harsh, booming or comforting in an unhuman way. The sheer power radiating from Time's voice was enough to still make it sound fearsome.

"Play is quite the word to use." Harrison said, keeping his voice steady

by pure will. “I want to realise how it was possible.”

“Your backstory?” Time questioned, “It was a collaboration with Fate and her favourite toy, Merlin. A gift of sort by me.”

“I have a question.” Harrison stated.

“You’re an interesting one,” Time mused. “Ask.”

“All the deities are impacted by the loss of Magic in the world in some way.” Harrison said, “Yet you sound unbothered.”

“I am impacted by my siblings hurt, yet the way I exist allows me to live in any time even before it all happened.” Time said. “If you’re looking for validation, I will say this only once; you are doing well.”

“And will you help us figure out the magic behind time turners?” Harrison asked, “We’re not using it, either way, we just want to understand.”

“Death gave you his gift,” Time ignored him, “Fate favours you and Magic ensured you are powerful, yet you are still asking for more?”

“Do you know Death’s gift?”

“It seems to be something you yourself decide, get all three and you can become a full necromancer, would you wish to. But you seem to be more magically inclined, if I see the way you contacted me. Perhaps even seer-like, Fate’s favour helps you.”

“You’re different.” Harrison muttered.

“I like to think so.” Time agreed.

“You are,” Harrison said, “You answer questions without dumb riddles.”

“I’m inclined to help you.” Time said, “Merely because of your connection to the one I favoured.”

“Merlin?” Harrison asked and Time nodded.

“And you are openly going up against the one who is manipulating my gift to mankind.” He said, “So I will help you.”

For a moment it felt like magic was caressing him, before he got the feeling of falling, into the depths of nothingness he had been standing

in the whole time.

It was such a full process he saw flash in front of his eyes, creating the elements from pure magic, magic Harrison had never seen before. Laying it carefully in a shell made of a material that stimulated the magic rather than stopped it.

“You ensured there was a limited amount of people who would have the ability to make it?” Harrison asked, “It is your gift?”

“It would do no good, had everyone have the ability to create it.” Time said, “I’ll grant you the magic, but only you. Not your pretty boyfriend or any of your friends. If there is any misuse I know who would have done it and then I don’t care how much my siblings like you.”

“You’ll give me-“

“Have fun figuring out a whole new branch of magic once more.” Time said, sounding way too happy to give Harrison any feeling of comfort.” Then he was sent through the depths of darkness once more, ending up back in his own body, in the present- at least he was pretty sure.

“Fuck,” Harrison said. As he opened his eyes, seeing Theo and Blaise watch him carefully as Tom approached him.

“You were talking here, too, that time, darling.” He said. “That was a first, we could hear it as a one sided conversation.”

“That’s weird.” Harrison said, “He granted me his gift, whatever the fuck that means. Another branch of magic, the ability to *create* time turners.”

“How does it work?” Tom asked.

“I don’t know, he showed me, but it was unclear.” Harrison admitted, “He sounded way too happy when he told me good luck with figuring it out.”

“Another branch of magic?” Blaise asked, “The powerful just get more powerful.”

“It didn’t sound promising, he told me he knew where to find me if anyone abused his power.” He said looking at the time turner in front of him, the thing seemed to light up and Harrison reached out to the

magic- his magic- seemingly covering the thing.

“It’s conjuring the parts,” Harrison said, “Creating it from scratch with this type of magic.” He looked at Blaise and Theo, “You two figured out the most important part, but just didn’t have the powers to further your research.”

“Well, at least we can say that we weren’t completely wrong, then.”

“Why do deities always insist on giving you some unheard of power and make you figure it out yourself?” Tom asked, “I can *feel* the switch in your magic in my own.”

“I don’t know.” Harrison said softly. “But in this case, I’m not quite as annoyed by it as when Magic granted me some thing close to the power of Death. Time expanded on that, too.”

“I was surprised when you said he answered your questions.” Tom said, agreeing to Harrison’s untold statement.”

“I’ll admit it was nice to get some answers,” He said, “Apparently the power I was given is truly something that could bloom into any way, he said the moment I have all three I could become a full necromancer, but didn’t expand on the three things in question.”

“The Deathly Hallows?” Theo asked, “Become the master of Death?”

Harrison looked at the boy, “That might be it, honestly.” He said, slightly surprised. “I didn’t think of that. Officially we own two out of three, just not the-“

“Wand, you’ll have to duel Dumbledore for that.” Tom nodded.

“Perhaps some day.” Harrison said, “Honestly right now ‘becoming necromancer’ isn’t on the top of my to-do list. Let’s go figure out how these elements work.”

~

It was literal days later that Harrison managed to figure out the feedback loop, Theo scribbling down everything he said in a notebook, while Tom tried to help where he could and Blaise ensured stability between the elements.

It was a careful process of using both Time’s magic and normal magic in an entirely different way than one would use it normally, making it

hard for Harrison to even describe what he was trying. Yet when a suspiciously similar orb to the one in the limited time turners they had was laying in front of them.

“Do we replace it?” Theo muttered and Harrison shrugged.

“We can try.”

And so they grabbed the adapted time turner and tried to carefully delete the element they were replacing, Harrison could feel the magic swirling around the element before seemingly disappearing the moment it was fully disconnected with the rest.

“Be careful with that.” Harrison muttered, as Theo tried to put the newly made element in. “I’m not sure how stable it is.”

Theo connected the element quite fast, and this time Harrison wasn’t the only one who felt the magic swirling through the air the moment the connection was made.

“Wow,” Blaise breathed as a purplish shimmer came from the elements, suspiciously close to the colour of Harrison’s magic when he released it.

“So now we just try?” Theo asked after a while and Harrison nodded.

“You’re sure it won’t activate fully?”

Theo nodded.

“Alright, go on.”

He activated the turner, the elements grinding against each other, feeding off each others magic, until there was a magic built up big enough to make the air feel like it was shaking, Harrison felt the elements continuing to grow stronger, use more, but produce more in the process.

It didn’t stop, that was for sure. At some point it felt like they themselves were in an entirely different plane, the purple spreading throughout the room quicker than the other element could use it.

Harrison stopped the turner by blowing the element he just created up into small shards.

And everything turned silent, the mist disappearing within seconds, each of them looking at the turner with a sense of awe and fear,

perhaps even.

Tom cleared his throat, “Well, it didn’t stop.”

“If this is what happens when it does not stop, I understand why they put a limit on it.” Harrison agreed, “Fuck, imagine we used the correct one, we’d probably be back in the founders time now.”

“You could say hey to your parents, at least.” Blaise joked, “At least we know how it works now.”

“That was absolutely insane.” Theo said, “I think that concludes our research.”

“Until we figure out how to make it balanced, ensure the input and output are the same, I agree.” Harrison said. “I’m sure there’s more things you two can show us here, right?”

Blaise and Theo looked at each other and smirked, Harrison felt scared immediately.

~

After another week of just relaxing in Italy, while still occasionally discussing how they could possibly even out the elements, Harrison and Tom returned to the UK. Fully ready to face whatever chaos the Death Eaters had caused.

“Sirs are back!” Tilly said excitedly, popping in front of them almost the moment they entered Slytherin castle. “Barty Crouch Jr. asked to give this to sirs.” The elf snapped her fingers, a news paper and a letter appearing on the table next to them.

“Thank you, Tilly.” Tom said softly, the elf’s ears flapping happily.

“No problem!” She squealed, “Tilly will take your baggage upstairs, sir.” The elf popped away, Tom looked at the note first.

“She’s so cute.” Harrison sighed and Tom hummed in agreement.

“Truly a treasure.” He agreed, “She’s good authority for the other elves as well.” He then started reading out loud, “The Ministry is dealt with, the moment Lucius decided to listen to me. They aren’t saying the name Voldemort or even accepting your prior existence, it is going well. The first attack was done in a small magical town, no people were hurt, except a man who we found that was trialled for

inappropriately touching a child. We thought you'd agree with us in that way of spiking more fear."

"Creative way of ensuring people will not loose all fear after realising the Death Eaters will not hurt anyone." Harrison admitted, "I like it."

"I agree," Tom said, looing at the newspaper under it, the front page was about the attack and it was indeed stated that everyone got out mostly unharmed except for the one man. "We have to be careful, though."

"I'll admit, putting Barty in charge was a smart move." Harrison said, "He took care of everything really well, it seems."

"Indeed," Tom said, "But I'm not praising him too soon, we'll see just how well they took care of it the moment we truly return to the Ministry. Who knows, perhaps it is still a complete chaos there."

"Mh," Harrison hummed, "So, what did you think of Italy?" He asked to change the subject, not wanting to get stressed about things the moment they got back from their retreat.

"I think-" Tom said, a glint in his eyes that told Harrison he agreed with what Harrison was thinking, Harrison could also feel the agreement flow over their link. "That you're officially the most powerful person that ever lived now, and somehow I don't mind since it is you."

"I think you're-"

"Time told you that each of them gave you a gift, even though their opinions are normally split on people, Harrison." Tom said, "When you created the element for a new time turner from scratch, I knew that not only are we on the right path for the world as a whole, we can do anything together." Tom paused, "You could do anything alone at this point, but I'm glad you so far chose me to be there every step of the way."

"And I'll continue to do so." Harrison said softly, grabbing Tom's hands in his. "Thank you for being kind to my friends the entire time, treating them as equals."

"I'd do anything for you." Tom said and Harrison knew he meant it from the way their link didn't waiver in the stream of love and trust that seems to be there at any given moment.

A slight tug on their joined hands made Harrison tumble into Tom's arms, colliding with his chest as Tom sighed. "Don't tell anyone I said that, though, bad for the image."

"Your eyes say enough, Tommy boy." Harrison said. "And your tattoo." He said, his hand resting over the tattoo, on top of Tom's shirt and the man smirked down.

"And you say I'm possessive."

"You are." Harrison said, "I never said I wasn't, though. Can I ask you something?"

"Always." Tom said honestly.

"A while ago, back at New year's you asked Sirius for his blessing, right?"

"Yeah, you managed to somehow wake up at the exact moment to ensure I could not keep it a secret."

Harrison chuckled, "Why ask if we both know the proposal won't come until after the ministry take over."

Tom smiled, ducking his head down to softly kiss Harrison, "Because I want to be able to surprise you with the timing. Both of us even, I want it to be a random moment that feels right. And then I'll just assume you say yes, no matter when I ask."

"Quite sure of yourself there, Tom." Harrison said, "I do hate to disappoint, though, so I guess I'll have to."

"Why are you asking?" Tom asked then, "That impatient to get tied to me?"

"I was just thinking about what last name we would get again, I still think keeping Riddle would be hilarious."

"Two of the most powerful having a muggle name, huh?" Tom smirked and Harrison hummed in agreement.

"The pureblood culture wouldn't know what to do with themselves." Harrison said, "A huge part of the Wizengamot chairs taken by people with a muggle last name? Insanity."

"The pureblood culture being my followers?" Tom asked, sounding entirely too amused and Harrison snorted.

“I guess so,” Harrison agreed. “At some point the truth has to come out, Tommy boy.”

“And what would this truth of yours be?” Tom asked.

“You’re not as big of an blood elitist as they think you are.” Harrison said. “Actually, considering everything, you are quite accepting of anyone with magic.”

“I’ll just tell them you rubbed off on me.”

“Once you announce we’re getting married that announcement will sound weird.”

“Doesn’t make it less true.”

Harrison chuckled, “I suppose you have a point there.” He allowed.

“We can also claim the Slytherin name and make people fear for a full Slytherin dark magic take over.”

“Hmm, too predictable, don’t you think?” Harrison ask, “Perhaps we do Hufflepuff?”

It was Tom’s turn to chuckle softly, as Harrison said, “Or Emrys, gives you that secret status of how the fuck are you related to Merlin?”

“Or we claim Peverell and use that.”

“So many options,” Harrison muttered, “Yet neither of us mentioned Gryffindor or Ravenclaw.”

“I’d change my name into Ravenclaw,” Tom muttered and Harrison snorted as Tom outright ignored Gryffindor in that sentence.

“Bravery not for you?”

“It isn’t so much the house or the founder as the people I would be associated with nowadays if I called myself Gryffindor proudly, I mean Dumbledore?”

“Touché.” Harrison said, “That’s one less choice, at least.”

“It’s a problem for later,” Tom said, as he softly backed out from the half-hug type of stance they had been talking in the entire time, “Come on.” He muttered to Harrison as he pulled Harrison along softly, through the door and then a hall. It didn’t take long before

Harrison knew exactly where Tom was taking him, a place where he walked to less than that he just apparated there.

“I missed this bed.” Harrison said as he dropped himself onto the bed of the master bedroom. “Nothing compares, truly.”

“Nothing compares to home,” Tom agreed, sitting down on the bed himself, Harrison pulling him, so that he was laying down as well. It didn’t take a second before Harrison was resting his head on Tom’s chest, half sprawled over him. Tom snorted softly, “comfortable?”

“You’re quite the pillow,” Harrison said, “One of the reasons why my bed at Hogwarts will never compare, truly.”

Tom slid one of his hands under Harrison’s shirt, tracing small shapes into his lower back as he hummed, Harrison could feel the vibrations of the sound in Tom’s chest- his pillow.

“Nothing stops you from sleeping here every night.” Tom said.

“But you are sleeping at Hogwarts as well, Tom.” He said, “This bed would feel empty without you.”

There was a wave of affection over the link and Harrison could almost imagine the soft smile on Tom’s face. “Nothing is stopping you from asking me whether I can sleep here every night too.” Tom muttered and Harrison looked up at Tom.

“I don’t know, professor, seems like quite the *unprofessional* thing to do.” Harrison said and Tom rolled his eyes.

“No one has to know, darling.” Tom muttered softly, playing along as he traced Harrison’s spine with his index finger, leaving Harrison to shiver.

“So scandalous..” Harrison chuckled, “We could live out one of those sappy teacher-student relationships books, with all the drama and the way too sexual detention scenes.”

“Love,” Tom said softly, “I hate to say it, but we have done all of that the last few months.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah,” Tom agreed. “But don’t worry it’s hotter when we do it anyways, plus there’s a side of world domination and magical drama

in our book.”

“Well, I suppose that might just save the plot.” Harrison sighed. “Not fully romanced based.”

“Life seems pretty romance based lately.”

“Woah, sappy.” Harrison snorted and Tom just wrapped his arm fully around Harrison’s waist now, turning them over slightly so he could properly cuddle Harrison to his chest.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! This chapter made me realise how much I like writing again :D

Chapter 80: You never just take vacation, do you?

Chapter Notes

It's still april so I'm not wayyyy too late ;)

“Bill is apparently temporarily situated in Romania,” Fred said loudly, waving a letter he was holding. “actually collaborating with the dragon sanctuary, they think an object he found is related to an old myth related to dragons? I honestly didn’t understand what he was getting at.”

“Point being,” George chimed in from behind Fred. “We can visit Romania and see both of them.”

Sirius looked at Remus who nodded. “Alright, we’re in.”

“I was planning to help around the sanctuary for at least a week again either way.” Harrison shrugged. “See the dragons again.”

“We’ll try and get a portkey for somewhere next week then,” Sirius said and then Remus muttered something in his ear, Sirius nodded seriously. “I think he’d like that.”

“Reggie?” Harrison guessed and Sirius nodded.

“Yep,” Sirius said, “He’s absolutely been burying himself in government work, it’d be nice to get him to see the world a bit more. You want Tom to come?”

Harrison sighed, “I do,” He said, “However, I’d have to see if he can leave his Death Eaters behind for another week. I’ll let you know tonight?”

Sirius hummed and left the room.

“Political war is picking up, huh?” Remus asked and Harrison nodded.

“You don’t know half of it.”

“I’ve heard some things, rumours mostly.” Remus said, “Is it true Umbridge is gaining a lot of power?”

And that was a hard question, because while not necessarily a

favourite in anyway, it is true that Umbridge was playing a smart game, becoming closer and closer to Fudge, allowing her more freedom in what she said and tried to do.

“In some ways,” Harrison answered, “She’s definitely a bigger threat now than we thought she would be.”

“Such mysterious answers, dear brother.” Fred said, throwing himself on the couch next to Harrison. “Speak freely, Harrikins.”

Harrison snorted, “I genuinely don’t know how much of a threat she will be, but I am worried she’ll put her nose in places we don’t want it in.”

“You’ve heard the rumours about her doing Hogwarts checks then?” Remus asked.

“Definitely.” Harrison shuddered, “The founders would’ve been so angry at even the mere suggestion something like that might happen. It’s a private school, was back then, still is now.”

“Can Fudge even sent Umbridge there without including the Wizengamot in the choice? Especially if it’s a private school.” George asked and Harrison shrugged.

“Not legally, I think.” Harrison admitted, “But them together? Enough people who are willing to follow their command without thinking, all working within the government. They are no better than Tom is, truly.”

“Corrupt governments,” Remus started, “No new thing, even for the Wizarding world.”

“Calls for revolution.” Harrison said dramatically and Fred and George looked at each other, before nodding.

“To the revolution then, eh?” Fred said and Harrison laughed.

“I guess so.”

~

“Of course I’ll be coming with you.” Tom said, as he looked at Harrison the moment he entered Tom’s office, putting the neatly stapled pile of files away. “You didn’t think I’d let you go to the dragons all alone, did you?”

“Reading my mind again, huh?”

“You make it very easy, love.” Tom said. “Besides, I do not want you to find out whether you still get extremely ill when not seeing me for too long by being out of the country without me.”

“I haven’t been ill since the last time.”

“The longest we’ve gone without seeing each other is maybe two days, and that’s a stretch.” Tom said, raising an eyebrow.

“Touché.” Harrison sighed as he sat down on the couch in Tom’s office. “Not too busy for another vacation?”

“Maybe, yeah.” Tom sighed, “But I’ll figure it out.”

Harrison smiled softly, as Tom got up and sat down next to him. “How are you feeling about Hogwarts after the break?”

“Honestly?” Harrison asked, “I think I’m ready for it to be my last year. I’m glad I didn’t skip until Seventh year two years ago, but now? I’ve got enough going on for me to leave Hogwarts behind- as a student at least.” He looked at Tom, “Why’d you ask?”

“Terence contacted me.” Tom said truthfully. “Sent a whole letter asking me how he could help without actively being at Hogwarts and how he would ask you but felt like you deserved to enjoy seventh year without thinking about the world outside of Hogwarts too much.” He shrugged, “Made me wonder how you were dealing with leaving Hogwarts behind, potentially.”

“It’s definitely weird,” Harrison allowed, “To know I have one more year and then I leave, but people around me are leaving as well. The fourth years will remain, but the rest is all gone, basically.” He raised an eyebrow, “Terence truly contacted you?”

“Yes,” Tom said, “So did Marcus Flint, who was wondering much the same, I think people are noticing the change, the balance shifting slowly.”

“I really should get the whole group get together again sometime.” Harrison said as he grabbed Tom’s hand. “How are you feeling about another year at Hogwarts?”

“I’m excited,” Tom admitted, “Teaching Defense still feels like finally getting to do my dream job, even though my goals are much broader

now."

"You're a great teacher." Harrison said, "Though, I may be biased. I like having you in the castle."

"You're not too bad of a student," Tom said, smiling. "Although, I, too, might be biased."

Harrison laughed, rolling his eyes, he then looked at Tom's desk and back at Tom, "I truly should let you finish the work you were doing, should I not?" He asked, "Especially if I'm taking you on another vacation."

Tom smirked, kissing him softly as he said, "I'd much rather sit here with you than do work." He said, "It can wait."

"As long as you're certain," Harrison muttered and Tom hummed in agreement, Harrison couldn't feel any uncertainty over the link. "How are the plans coming along?"

"Well the ministry is unsure how to react to the threat of Voldemort since Fudge denies its existence, while Dumbledore is telling everyone I will start killing anyone whose not pureblood right now. The seeds of doubt are planted in most of their minds, but we just need to figure out the right moment to strike."

"And then take care of the threat of Voldemort." Harrison said and Tom nodded.

"And that."

"Somewhere this school year, then?"

"Hopefully before yule, even." Tom said.

"Once we rule we can bring rituals back properly and help Mother Magic and all the other deities." Harrison sighed, "And then retirement, I suppose."

Tom laughed, "We'll have to ensure rituals come back internationally." He muttered. "Just here won't be enough."

"We'll figure it out." Harrison said, "The prospect of being able to truly help her in such a way excites me, though." He admitted, "It has been too long since this world has seen true magic. True magic, you can really feel it in the air at any moment. It's like walking through

golden glitters, you see it glistening in the sun and feel the power radiating off of earth."

"You make it sound very poetic," Tom said and Harrison shrugged.

"It is how I experienced it." He said. "The correct usage of magic is enough to bring back this power partially, but the school system refuses to teach us how to properly use magic in a healing matter instead of as some fossil fuel."

"We'll reshape education, as well." Tom seemed to note that down in some mental list, Harrison could feel the cogs turning in his brain, the man being truly ready to get up and take over any time soon."

"You'll truly be an amazing Minister, Lord Gaunt." Harrison said and Tom smiled softly at him.

"That is high praise coming from you, Heir Black."

~

"There's my favourite little brothers!" Bill shouted happily as he saw Fred and George, Charlie calling a 'hey!' from somewhere behind him as Bill embraced the twins.

Then he turned to Harrison, "And my honorary brother, of course." He said, also hugging Harrison. Charlie doing the same when he finally caught up with his brother.

"Okay, we're kidnapping Harrison for a bit, you can find your cabins, right? We got one bigger one this time since you are with one more." Charlie said, "Should be number 22, 24 and 26."

"Okay, thanks, Charles!" Fred said and Charlie rolled his eyes.

It didn't take long before Harrison was alone with Charlie and Bill, being led into Charlie's own, bigger cabin- it was his permanent home, after all.

"We read about the last task." Bill said, "You okay?"

Harrison glanced up in shock and Charlie chuckled, although there was no real humour in it.

"You're still surprised we genuinely care?"

"Yeah- no- sorry," Harrison said awkwardly. "I'm- I mean well, I had a

rough patch for sure. Especially all that happening and then going through a murder trial was really though, but I've got a great support system, you know? So I'm good." He laughed dryly. "Tom has been quite clingy, though, but I mean I don't mind- just really goes up against his scary Dark Lord act."

Charlie and Bill looked at each other and Harrison cleared his throat awkwardly, "Sorry, I know it must be weird- god, you two actually experienced him during his worst."

"Barely," Charlie muttered, "But definitely raised to fear him."

"He's proven himself in our eyes, though." Bill said.

"Older brotherly sign of approval!" Charlie exclaimed.

Bill nodded, "However, seriously, if you need *anything* come find either of us. I can't imagine how hard the past few weeks must have been."

"It was really shit." Harrison said softly. "Like especially the lying about the cause was *hard.* But it came out way too easy. It feels so bad, though, because she was my sister and I'm using her death for a political cause. To convince people their biggest fear is once more walking among us." He sighed, "She wasn't even supposed to be there. She wouldn't have been had I not been there. They did this to get a rise out of me and that truly makes you feel like a bad person, no matter how many people tell you it is not your fault."

"Shit- sorry." Harrison said awkwardly.

"It's okay." Bill said, "That must've been really shit."

"It really was." Harrison said, mentally applauding himself for not crying once more.

Charlie smiled comfortingly, "You need anything, find me, yeah? You can do therapeutic dragon cuddling sessions if you want. Or even if you just need a quiet place, anything."

"Thanks, guys." Harrison smiled.

~

"Charlie and Bill just thanked me for taking care of you?" Tom seemed genuinely confused as he walked into the cabin, Harrison was laying

in the bed, choosing the comfort of staying there over some drinks and whatever.

“They asked me how I was coping with the whole third task thing.” Harrison explained and Tom hummed.

“Ah.”

“And you do take excellent care of me,” Harrison said, as he watched Tom remove his shirt, getting ready to join him in the large bed.

“I do try.” He said.

Harrison shrugged, “I’d say your trying is pretty successful.” He followed Tom with his eyes as the man finally laid down beside him and then said, “I was thinking,”

“Oh no-“

“Shh,” Harrison said, “I was thinking we ask Bill if we can take a look at his project, we might be able to see something they can’t and I do think it’s interesting- something about a dragon god?”

“Those exist?” Tom asked.

“I don’t know, it might just be an elder dragon that started myths or even just myths, but it sounds like fun.”

“And then check up on the other dragons later?”

“We’ve got time,” Harrison said and Tom hummed in agreement.

“Alright.” He said, pulling Harrison closer to himself, kissing his forehead. “But first-“

“Sleep?” Harrison guessed.

Tom snorted, “I’m that predictable to you?”

“I can read your mind, darling.” Harrison said, stealing Tom’s line. “You’ve been quite open.”

“You asked me to be.”

“Yeah I know- I- well I didn’t expect you to actually manage to do it.”

Tom raised an eyebrow and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“You *know* what I mean.”

Tom just smiled, kissed the tip of Harrison’s nose and whispered, “You’re welcome, sweetheart.”

Harrison sighed happily, “Goodnight, Tom.”

“Goodnight, love.”

~

“So the Wizengamot just happens to sent you to explore something next to the sanctuary your brother works at?” Harrison asked Bill as they walked up the mountain.

Bill laughed, “No, I saw the project on like a list where they were looking for curse breakers and asked my supervisor to be temporarily moved to this team. With everything happening in, but also outside of our family it is nice to spent some time with Charlie and see the twins now that they’re visiting.”

“I can imagine,” Harrison said. “How did Molly take Lily’s death?”

“Thought it was horrible, of course.” Bill said, “But she doesn’t just like people, she *uses* them and Lily, being connected to the Potter house and fortune was very useful. I don’t know if much of her grief was real.” He looked over his shoulder, “Just like I can imagine that she mourns the chance to pair her youngest son with the Girl Who Lived now.”

“Was she always like that?” Harrison asked, curious about how a mother of so many children who seemed to have turned out alright, could act like that in a day-to-day life.

“I think it got worse around the time you returned.” Bill admitted, “To the Wizarding world. The boy who she had preached to be a sad orphaned child, but also the *brother* of the the Girl-Who-Lived so it was understandable that his parents couldn’t put in all the effort a normal parent should, wasn’t the boy she thought and that meant she wouldn’t be able to control him like she thought she could’ve. So she had to control the people around him and find control in that.”

“She wanted to control me? Not Hope?”

“Hope was easy, but far too confident. Controlling you meant controlling the family and the press that would’ve pictured you as the

sad orphaned boy either way."

"Molly Weasley was always an interesting person," Tom said from behind Harrison, "Never truly afraid, even while face to face with some of my old most faithful."

"Sounds like her." Bill said and Harrison could hear the sad fondness in his voice. "Either way, she totally lost her way over the past few years. Fred and George leaving, going to Slytherin, it must've been a blow." He chuckled dryly, "Not that they ever were her favourites, the treatment she gave them was terrible. She made them think they were stupid and annoying for their talents and hobbies. While in reality I think they have the best control of their magic and the most knowledge about creating with magic out of all of us. They just didn't have it in the form mom wanted them." He smiled, "I'm glad they manage to create freely with Sirius and Remus."

"They're the perfect children for people like Sirius and Remus, pranksters? Creators? I think that could've only happened in the marauders wildest dreams."

Bill stopped suddenly grabbing his wand. "Alright this is it." He motioned to the side of the mountain, a part of exposed rock. He muttered something under his breath and the mountain seemed to open up to a big hall with stone pillars and statues of dragons and men.

"Woah," Harrison said as he walked into the room.

"Be careful with touching." Bill reminded them. "I would say don't touch anything, but you never listen to me when I say that anyways."

"Tom knows his way around cursed items." Harrison said, "Half his castle is cursed."

Tom gave him a deadpan look and said, "I'll make sure Harrison doesn't kill himself."

Bill snorted, "Just be careful, guys." As he himself cast some diagnostic spells on the stone of the pillars and walls. It seemed to be to measure the strength and any weird signs of magic.

"So you and your team suspect a dragon deity?"

"A powerful being who felt especially connected to dragons," Bill said. "Calling it a deity would put it on the same level as Magic, Fate, Time

and Death which would probably be a very big mistake."

"Okay, powerful being then." Harrison allowed. "Do you think it's human? Or an ancient dragon?"

"Honestly, your guess would be as good as mine. It's hard to say." Bill admitted, "Although, you two changed my perspective on this whole thing- so if I had to say? A descendant of Salazar Slytherin."

"Because the Parseltongue?" Tom guessed, "Someone who has the intelligence of a human being, but could communicate with these beasts?"

"Beautiful beasts." Harrison added and Bill chuckled.

"That's what I assume," Bill said, "Charlie suspect a human with the ability to communicate with dragons is enough to control any dragon. Dragon have a sense of respect for humans who show them the same respect. Anyone who can talk to them, ask them things can pretty much control them, is Charlie's theory. Because Harrison could easily get the egg at the tournament, which would usually be impossible."

"I think any descendant of Salazar would be powerful enough." Harrison muttered. "But Romania? It doesn't make sense."

"There's more parseltongue speaking groups, though." Tom said, "Not in Europe maybe, but Asia? Perhaps they migrated, settled here with the dragons."

"Either way, I think it is a parseltongue speaker, or a group of them. No real god or deity that just happens to be connected to dragons."

"It would be strange," Harrison agreed. "I think Mother Magic would have warned me, at the very least, if there was some unknown deity connected to dragons."

He walked to the middle of the room, where there were lines engraved in the ground, leading to wing shaped holes.

"Blood sacrifices, we suspect." Bill said, motioning his head to the other side of the engraved lines where there was a sort of bath. "We don't know where the holes lead to, I think they want to start investigating that after we've taken care of the strong magical objects in this main area."

"Understandable," Harrison nodded. "Probably smart to do so as

well." He looked at Tom, then back at Bill. "If you want me to look at the history or anything just tell me."

Bill laughed, "I've told the team about your ability and they have been carefully waiting to jump the question on you, I suspect my leader might approach you soon."

"You told your team?" Harrison asked, amused and Bill shrugged.

"I mean most of them weren't even surprised about your connection to dragons or the ability, but more about the fact that I know *the* Harrison Sirius Black. I had to tell them multiple times that; yes, when I say Harrison I mean the same seventeen year old they read about in the news."

"Your impact reaches far, love." Tom hummed as he carefully looked at one of the statues, "There's a magic residue here."

"Is there?" Bill asked, "I thought we took most of the magical items into the shielded area."

"I mean, it is very faint." Tom said.

Harrison approached Tom and felt close to nothing, "How did you even notice that?"

Tom smirked, "Magic, sweetheart." He said and Harrison raised an eyebrow. "Okay, it's the gem." He admitted, only then did Harrison notice Tom indeed had the gem, around his neck like a necklace of sorts.

"It looks good," Harrison said and Tom snorted.

"You can say if you're just after my looks." He muttered, "Either way it kind of glowed when I approached this and then I noticed there was indeed magical residue here, but so faintly there is no way we would have noticed."

"Magical residue tracker?" Bill asked.

"Of sorts," Harrison said, "It's the gem that appeared after the first humans gained the gift of magic.. Or well-"

"Magic's gem?" Bill asked, surprised, in awe.

"One and only." Harrison nodded, "It was given to me, or well, offered in a way."

“Every time I think I got used to this,” Bill said, “That you can’t shock me anymore, you say something that shocks me more than ever before, it is insane.”

“I don’t do it on purpose.” Harrison muttered, “We should figure out what about this specific statue gives it magic residue. It has to be something right?”

~

“So it was a dragon scale?” Charlie asked, “And you want us to identify the kind of dragon the scale is from?”

“Can you?” Bill asked and Charlie nodded slowly.

“I mean, if it is a dragon we know. Considering the temple is probably centuries old, it might be a kind of dragon that doesn’t exist anymore, that we never knew existed.”

“Your ancient ones might know.” Harrison muttered.

“What?” Charlie asked.

“The ancient dragons, there’s dragons here that are 200-300 years old right? They might know, might even help identify it.”

“That is an insane idea.”

“That’s kinda Tom and I’s whole thing.” Harrison shrugged. “Dragons are usually more than willing to help those who ask, especially if it is about another dragon. A lost scale? It will probably be just as fascinating to them as to us.”

“It’s worth a shot,” Charlie shrugged and Bill sighed.

“I’ll talk to the team,” He looked at Harrison, then back at Charlie. “Don’t do anything stupid before I talked to them.”

“Aye, aye captain.” Charlie saluted and Harrison laughed but nodded in agreement. Once Bill was gone Charlie said, “He’s always been so good at acting fed up, I know deep inside he’s just as giddy at the prospect of working with a dragon as I am.”

“I don’t doubt that for a second.” Harrison agreed, “Otherwise he wouldn’t have come all the way here to chill with dragons.”

“And see me!” Charlie said and Harrison raised an eyebrow. Charlie

fake gasped, “You, Black, Are not nice at all.”

“You shouldn’t have expected me to be nice.” Harrison answered.

“Okay so now that it’s just us.” Charlie said, wiggling his eyebrows. “You have to give me something on this.”

“Relationship gossip, really?” Harrison asked.

Charlie shrugged, “The most gossip I get is who of the handlers fucks who and even there’s usually no drama cause well most of them agreed on some open thing- I don’t even know.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, “You don’t know?”

“Oi fuck off.”

“Okay,” Harrison sighed, sitting down on one of the chairs in Charlie’s cabin, “What d’ya want to know?”

“What is it like?” Charlie asked, “I mean I know it’s Tom and all- but *that’s Voldemort.”*

“I expected a more creative question from you.”

“Oh, so I’m curious about the Dark Lord, sue me.”

Harrison snorted, “It’s well- I guess it’s a lot more serious than any other relationship especially at my age would be?” He said. “Tom, he grew up hearing that he could never be loved or love something or someone. The moment this all started and he knew I wasn’t going to leave he’s all in. Like- usually when you date someone you can say forever as many times as you want but you know there’s always the possibility of something happening and you two breaking up, there might be someone after you, there might’ve been someone before you. Tom he loves once, I guess. He’s committed to the maximum and then you have the whole aspect of us being *literal* soulmates which kind of seals the deal.”

“Sounds- well, it’s stable, but it sounds terrifying for someone your age.” Charlie laughed, “I could not imagine committing like that at your age.”

“I suppose,” Harrison sighed, “But if I wanted to leave to experience teenage love? Tom would let me with the confidence that I would come back to him, that’s the whole fate aspect of soulmates, I guess.

He's offered a hundred times for me to 'explore' before committing, I just- it doesn't make sense for me, because it's like my magic, my soul, my whole being literally wants only him, it's in my life plan."

Charlie smiled, "No drama?"

"Never," Harrison admitted. "We've had disagreements, rarely, but yeah. We talk, respect each other, know where to trust one another and where we can challenge each other and we can *read* each others thoughts. Those moments where you're thinking about saying something and you don't so instead it turns into pent up anger? We don't have that. Those thoughts are the first to go over the link."

"Setting new standards for relationships," Charlie muttered. "Good for you, Har. Now is there anything about my siblings I should know?"

Harrison's eyes lit up, "Ginny, she recently started dating Daphne greengrass."

Charlie openly gaped at Harrison.

~

"I visited Willow," Tom said as he entered their cabin. "She's doing great."

"I'm glad to hear." Harrison said.

"I also noticed something," Tom said, an amused smile on my face, "You, my darling, were talking about me."

"You just noticed that?" Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

"Didn't close the link," Tom said, "I just heard my own name a couple of times, very lovey dovey, all positive, I hope?"

"Mhmm," Harrison hummed, "I don't think I've ever said a negative word about you."

Harrison leant back as Tom wrapped his arms around his waist from behind him, kissing his neck, "Is that so?"

"Well, I probably said some negative things to your face, but not behind your back." Harrison muttered, "And I never meant it."

Tom smiled, turning him around so he was facing Tom instead, "Somehow, I believe that."

“I’m a very truthful person.” Harrison said.

Tom leant down to kiss Harrison properly and Harrison allowed himself to melt into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Tom’s shoulders to pull him closer.

When he broke the kiss, Tom asked, “So why were you talking about me?”

“Charlie asked,” Harrison said, “And I will always take a chance to ramble about us, about this.”

“Sappy.”

“Says you.”

Tom just led both of them back to the bed, allowing Harrison to fall on top of him, before claiming his mouth in another kiss.

“It’s always on vacation that you decide to take your sweet time, making time for make out sessions and all.” Harrison said, not complaining perse, but allowing an edge of impatience to mix into his voice.

“It’s cause we have all the time in the world here, darling.” Tom said, “Nobody will care if we don’t show up for breakfast, we’ll get teased relentlessly later, sure, but we can get away with it. With the staying up way too late. With allowing me to slowly take you apart, taking my sweet time.”

Harrison groaned, “You are horrific. Truly terrible.”

“I’ll ask you your opinion in an hour again and see what you say then.”

“I hate you.”

“You just told me that you never mean the rude things you say to my face.” Tom kissed his forehead. “Nice try, though.”

“Fuck.”

“That’s on the schedule next,” Tom hummed, before turning them around, Harrisons hands already working on trying to get his shirt off, quite clumsily.

Tom sat back, helping Harrison before mirroring Harrison’s actions,

taking Harrison's shirt off.

"It is genuinely unfair how hot you are." Harrison said, "Aren't you supposed to be like 50? Look old and all?"

"You and I both know that even if I looked 50, I'd be a silver fox." Tom joked and Harrison groaned covering his face with his hands.

"You're terrible."

"You're lucky I'm not aging."

"*You're* lucky you're not aging." Harrison said and Tom snorted.

"You don't look too bad yourself."

"Alright, alright, flatterer, shut up and kiss me again." Harrison said and Tom smiled.

"Gladly."

~

"So once in a lifetime, huh?" Tom asked, Harrison groaned, as Tom pulled him close.

"You're shit at aftercare if you think teasing me counts as aftercare," Harrison said, "Did you genuinely hear that I said that?" He opened his eyes to look at Tom, who- much to his satisfaction- for once had 'bed' or after-sex hair. He had been going for that.

"I thought it was accurate though." Tom said, "You are my once in a lifetime."

"You *called me* sappy and then you say shit like that?" Harrison asked, "I'm supposed to let you get away with that?"

"You are if you want me to cuddle you to sleep."

"Worst boyfriend ever, 0/10, wouldn't recommend." Harrison said.

"Just kidding, my *eternity."* Tom said, Harrison could hear the teasing tone.

And yet he felt his face flush, he tried to quickly hide it by shoving his head into Tom's shoulder but Tom chuckled and he knew it was too late.

“I haven’t seen you react like that since the first time I called you my love.” Tom said, “Do you like that nickname, my eternity?”

“Oh my god, Tom, shut up.” Harrison groaned.

“Not happening, you’re way too cute.”

“You’re sappy as hell.”

“I’m not denying that at all.” Tom smirked, “Sappy and proud if I get to see you react like that.”

“You’re insane.”

“We’ve known that for ages.” Tom said, “You can tease me for being sappy and I’ll cuddle you to sleep if you let me see your face.”

“Ugh,” Harrison groaned, but looked at Tom nonetheless. “You’re annoying.”

“I don’t believe you.” Tom said, “You *do* look cute.” He said, kissing Harrison’s forehead before rolling them over so Harrison was basically draped over his chest.

“Whatever, I’m sleeping, goodnight, arsehole.”

“Goodnight, sweetheart.” Tom said back softly.

Harrison fell asleep in record time and Tom, when he woke up the next morning, didn’t even tease him about the smile he had on his face while falling asleep.

Honestly, Tom was a great boyfriend.

~

“Harrison!” One of the handlers shouted after him, Harrison wasn’t sure what the guys’ name was. “I’m so sorry, but Charlie asked to let you talk to our Hungarian Horntail, the one you talked to during the Triwizard tournament?”

“Right!” Harrison said, “I promised to try and heal her cuts.”

“The one’s under her wings?” The man asked, “We put our best healers on that and they didn’t even change it slightly.”

“Could you get Marv, he’s talking with Willow, I think?”

“You- I- Yeah sure,” The man seemed to give up. “Anything else.”

“Tell him to bring the gem.” Harrison said, “He’ll know what you mean.”

“Okay.” The dragon handler sighed, turning away, Harrison set out to find Charlie.

Harrison found him already with the Hungarian Horntail, the dragon looked up surprised when she seemed to sense Harrison.

“There you are.” Charlie said, “Do you need any help?”

“Tom is coming.” Harrison said, “Or he should be, I sent your colleague out to get him.”

“You sent Josh to fetch a person? He’ll love that.” Charlie said making clear how much this Josh would *not* like it.

“Huh?”

“He’s my supervisor, I had to explain to him that you would help for like an hour before he finally went and got you.”

“Shit.” Harrison laughed, “Well, he didn’t resist *too* much.”

“Of course he wouldn’t,” Charlie snorted, “You’re some kind of god around here.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “And whose fault is that?” He asked, motioning to the Horntail, “Can I?”

“’Course.” Charlie answered stepping aside.

“*Hello, great Mother.”* Harrison hissed.

“*I didn’t expect you to actually return.”* The dragon huffed, “*Humans tend to make promises they don’t keep.”*

“And yet you let me take the egg with a mere promise.” Harrison said, “*I do keep my promises for what it’s worth.”*

“*So it seems.”*

“*Can you lift your wing?”* Harrison asked, stepping back to allow the dragon to stretch its wings.

The dragon did as asked, once again revealing the wounds. "*How will you go about it?"*

"I'm waiting for my partner- my mate, I guess, he's got a gem that allows me to bend magic directly from Mother Magics realm."

"Pure?"

"I suppose as pure as it will get."

"It won't hurt Mother Magic?"

"It's still my magic, I feed into the stone."

"Is that how it works?" Tom hissed, suddenly behind him and Harrison looked over his shoulder.

"I'll know if I seriously hurt her." He said, "I'm sure Death would take me before I could."

"Wow," Charlie said, "That is not a nice sentence to understand."

"Don't worry," Harrison said, "We're just talking about Mother Magic."

"Not making me less worried." Charlie muttered.

Harrison slowly released a part of his magic, allowing his magic to feel the wound, Tom didn't seem to notice how his magic automatically mixed with Harrison and how the stone seemed to react to their magic.

"*Alright, I want you to get used to the feel of our magic, I know it can be sensitive."* Harrison muttered.

"*I got used to it during the competition."* The dragon said. "*I'm okay."*

Harrison sighed, "*You truly do want me to start healing now, don't you?"*

The dragon agreed and Harrison tried to redirect his magic through Magic's gem, before creating an almost protective shield over the wounds. "*This will tingle."*

The dragon huffed in reply and Harrison continued redirecting the magic, Tom staying close to him at all times. At some point, he tapped into the magic he received from Death and Time trying to recreate a Dragons skin with the help from three out of four deities.

He kept pushing his magic, until he literally collapsed from exhaustion, he could feel Tom quickly moving up behind him before he blacked out.

~

“He never knows his limits does he?” Was the first thing he heard as he came back, he was laying on a couch of sorts, not quite comfortable, but not uncomfortable either.

“He healed the entire wounds we spent months on healing and didn’t get an inch further, in one day. Of course he was going to collapse.” That was definitely Charlie talking.

“I don’t think it was quite magical exhaustion.” Tom’s voice said. “I can feel his magic, it’s fine. I think it was rather the way of using, I could feel him mix Death and Time’s gift, through Magic’s gem? Maybe you’re not meant to mix them all? I can’t imagine that would end well for any human.”

“I’m fine,” Harrison said, “Please don’t hit me with the ‘you were asleep for two weeks’ now, because I will break down.”

“You were asleep for twenty minutes.” Bill said, “You’re fine, everyone’s impressed by your magic.”

“It was glowing insanely bright, pup.” Sirius said, “I swear it was like a light show.”

“I didn’t notice.” Harrison said, looking at Tom who smiled softly.

“The light show only started when you started swaying on your feet.” He said.

“You caught me.”

“Of course,” Tom said.

The dragon handler- *Josh* from earlier walked in, “The horntail- it’s fully healthy again.”

“Told ya,” Charlie smiled, “Our Harrison likes doing miracles.”

“Even if it means fainting in the process.” Fred added.

George spoke up, “Some might argue that the fainting is a very important part of the process, looking at his history.”

“That was unnecessary.” Harrison said as Sirius chuckled.

“You do tend to worry us with your little stunts, cub.”

“Well if you are fine,” Josh said, “I would like to thank you, we were getting seriously worried about her condition.”

“It is my pleasure.” Harrison said. “Truly, she helped me quite a lot and allowed me to try a new form of magic which might just save magic as a whole.”

“She did?” Josh asked.

“Don’t question it.” Charlie said, “It’s a long story.”

“Which we can tell by just handing you the right newspapers.” George said. “Our brother, so famous.”

“I don’t doubt that,” Josh muttered, “Even here he appears in a newspaper at least once a week.”

“What do they even write about?” Harrison asked, “I haven’t been doing that much lately.”

“Alright, we’ll note down the amnesia-“ Fred said and George elbowed him in the side. “What? He is obviously forgetting.”

“Alright,” Josh said, “I’ll leave you all alone. Thanks again.” He said, leaving as Harrison nodded, as he sat up, Tom next to him in an instant, ensuring that he could help, would Harrison need it. Nobody even blinked at the immediate offer of help.

“For what it’s worth,” Tom said, “I’m also glad it was only twenty minutes this time.”

Harrison nodded, “Don’t get me started. If I get one more magical coma, I’m quitting magic.”

“As if.” Sirius said, “You don’t have the ability to *quit* magic, pup.”

“It might be the one thing none of us believe you have the ability to do, actually.” Regulus said, he had been quietly observing the entire time, but he seemed to enjoy the vacation and the dragons.

“Alright alright, it’s already tease Harrison O’clock?” Harrison groaned, “Can we please go do something? I can’t sit here for any longer.”

“Only you would say that after doing something impossible,” Charlie said. “How about baby dragons?”

“Harrison you have to meet the Norwegian Ridgeback that was born a couple of weeks ago!” George said.

Harrison raised an eyebrow and Charlie laughed.

“Baby dragons it is then?” Tom asked, looking at Harrison, who nodded.

“Baby dragons it is.”

~

Harrison didn’t expect a lot to happen with the temple, since it was the last day of their vacation and he still hadn’t been asked to look deeper into the history, he didn’t mind too much, because even without the temple his vacation had been eventful enough.

Yet that didn’t stop him from saying no when Bill did say that his team had last minutely requested if he could help them out by trying to look at the background of the main hall.

So instead of relaxing and playing with teen dragons he walked up to the temple again and listened to Bill’s team explain their plans.

“You never just take vacation, do you?” Bill asked.

“He’s always helping out.” Tom answered for him, as Harrison took the item the team had brought with them from the team, putting it in the middle of the room, sitting down next to it.

“Alright, everyone stand back.” Harrison ordered.

He would never get enough of the way all these professionals listened to a teenager without second thoughts, all taking steps back, until they were almost backed up against the wall.

Harrison met Tom’s eyes and he could see that Tom thought the same thing- he could also feel the amusement of the way they easily obeyed them.

“What about him?” One of them did ask, motioning at Tom.

“Wrong question,” Bill laughed.

“He’s my magical support,” Harrison answered, “Our cores are mostly merged. It allows my magic not to lash out.” Not entirely true but close enough to the truth.

“Magical soulmates?” One of them guessed and Harrison met Tom’s eyes once more, his lips quirking up slightly as he shrugged.

“That’s one word for it.” Harrison allowed, “Everyone ready?”

There were some affirmations throughout the room and then Harrison took the item- a statue of sorts, it seemed- into his hands, not quite lifting, but just resting his hands there. He let his magic spread throughout the room, searching for anything, until he also let his ‘gift’ free.

And he was still scared that something bad would happen, every single time. But it felt more comfortable now.

It didn’t take long until he heard a voice behind him, “Are you certain this will work?”

“They are magical.” Another voice answered, Harrison turned around slowly, revealing a woman talking to a man.

“Well that much was obvious.” The woman sighed, “Are you certain it is connected to the magic we humans bear?”

“Our Lord speaks to them,” He said, “The language of snakes, a gift from his home country, if we can communicate-“

“- We must be connected.” The woman said. “Very well, so all forms of magic are connected?”

“That is the theory our lord has, he has been speaking to what he calls ancient ones.”

“Don’t you-“ The woman said, before shaking her head, she shuddered, Harrison could barely see it, but it was a full body shiver.

“Don’t I what?”

“He’s too powerful, is he not?” The woman asked, “People are starting to call him more than our lord something larger than life.”

“He’s leading our way.” The man said.

“He is mortal, he bleeds just like the rest of us.”

“That is something *you* assume.” The man said quite harshly. “Now *stop* talking, before he changes his mind of letting someone like *you* into his higher ranks.”

“Someone like me?” The woman gasped, “You dare-“

“Shut up,” The man said, the sound of the loud, familiar flapping of wings interrupting him. “Our lord has arrived.”

The entrance of the cave like temple was suddenly lit up. “Today is the day,” Another man said, walking into the cave dramatically. “We will gift this place and make it into a magical place.”

“How will you-“

“Shh,” The man said, “I have been given a gift, he opened his hands to reveal a couple of glowing dragon scales. “We’ll bury them in the very foundation of our new temple.”

“A temple to whom, sir?” The woman asked.

“To me and the dragons, of course!”

“But-“

“Excellent!” The first man interrupted, glancing side ways at the woman, shooting her a meaningful look.

“You wanted to say something, my dear?” The ‘Lord’ asked.

“I just-“ The woman glanced side ways to the man and sighed. “Wanted to compliment your idea, it is truly one of a kind.”

The Lord smiled creepily walking up to the woman, Harrison saw how she almost flinched as he raised his hand, resting it on her cheek. “This is why I keep you around, dear.” Then he turned around, “Alright very well! I will sent a team up here that will ensure this place turns into a *spectacle.”*

The room around him faded back to original, no awkward black moments between it, Harrison had to blink a couple of times before he realised he actually got back to present that quickly.

“You good?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded.

“Yeah, yeah. Great.”

“So what was it?”

“Definitely just a wizard who could talk to snakes and dragons and got a huge ego *and* god complex from it. He buried the scales into different places to make this a magical hotspot, that’s the secret.”

“And you figured that all out from a statue?” One of Bills colleagues asked.

“And the room,” Harrison said.

“I told you, he’s good.” Bill said and the colleague snorted.

“Yeah, but ‘good’ and ‘I can tell you the answer to all your questions in fifteen minutes’ are whole different leagues.”

“Well, I mean it is kind of unfair, I got the whole gift.”

“At least you have your ego in check,” Tom muttered only loud enough for him to hear and Harrison answered by sending a weak stinging jinx into his side.

“Deserved.” He muttered when Tom hissed slightly.

“*Minx.”* Tom hissed and Harrison smiled at him innocently.

“Alright, I think Tom and I are going to finish packing, I’m glad I could help.”

“I’ll walk with you guys.” Bill said.

~

After a couple of invitations to come back soon, they had finally gotten back home. Harrison had excused himself immediately and told that he would probably spent the next couple of days- up until his birthday- helping Tom get his whole ‘dark-lordey’ business back in order.

Sirius had just smirked and raised an eyebrow, then told him to do what he wanted, as long as he was back for his birthday.

That’s how he ended up here, probably, sitting across from Tom, staring at a paper with meeting notes.

“Tell me why they went back to the giants again?”

“Apparently Dumbledore is hiding a half-giant in the forest? Kidnapped him. It’s insane.” Tom said, “Anyways they seem to like Megan.”

“Of course they would.” Harrison muttered. “I can see why you always say you can’t trust them alone. Because this rapport is the least comprehensible thing I’ve ever read.”

Tom laughed, “I’m glad you think so. Makes me feel better about complaining about it.”

“Hereby you have the right to complain, officially.”

Tom gave him another stack of papers, “This is a rapport on the attack they did on a small town.”

“Why is it like half a book?”

“Because apparently Rodolphus has aspirations to become a writer, it’s full of flowery descriptions.”

“This is insanity.” Harrison said, “So this is the paper work you’re always working on?”

“This and requests.” Tom admitted, “When I started the Knights of Walpurgis I quickly noticed that requests are hard to keep track of, so I made forms.”

“You did that as a teen?”

“You know me,” Tom said.

“So yes, definitely as a teen,” Harrison said. “I do know you.” He looked back at the papers in his hand, “So these requests..?”

Tom glanced up at him, and smirked, “Alright, you can deal with them.” He said. “Tryna steal my power and all.”

“Just helping out.” Harrison said and Tom’s smirk turned into a smile.

“Well there you go, sweetheart-“ He paused, “Or what was it? My eternity?”

“Shut up.” Harrison flushed.

“There’s the blush I love.”

“Focus on your work,”

“Where’s the fun of that?”

“The fact that we might have time before going to sleep.”

“Compelling argument.”

“Tom.”

“Yes, love?”

Harrison smiled and shook his head, “You’re ridiculous, sir.”

“Tell me if there’s any interesting requests.”

~

Harrison had come back to Grimmaulds place yesterday, a day before his birthday as requested. Tom had come with him, kissed him awake this morning before slipping out of bed and telling him he’d be ‘back soon’.

That had been like thirty minutes ago and Harrison was staring at the ceiling wondering what kind of absurdity he was going to walk into the moment he got downstairs.

“Good morning,” Tom said as he walked back in the room. “Sorry I was gone for so long.” He muttered as he leant down and placed another kiss on Harrison’s forehead.

“It’s alright?” Harrison asked more than stated. “I didn’t expect you to actually come back, what kind of madness is going on downstairs, do I need to prepare, look presentable?”

“Not yet,” Tom said, “But I think Sirius and Remus have reached out to everyone, even the people who left Hogwarts a year ago or so.” He said, “So definitely mentally prepare for that.”

“And act like I’m surprised?” Harrison guessed, Tom shooting him a amused smile that told him just how right he was.

“I thought you wouldn’t like it being unsuspected.”

“You thought right,” Harrison sighed, “Any stress for me getting up?”

“Not yet.”

“Well then, I know you’re all ready for the day, but it’s my birthday, so cuddle with me?”

“You’re ridiculous.” Tom said, softly, amused.

“But?” Harrison asked, small smile on his face and Tom’s lip quirked up.

“But I can’t deny the birthday boy of his wish, can I?”

“Damn right you can’t,” Harrison replied, satisfied as Tom sat back against the headboard, pulling Harrison into his arms, and started talking about *his* eighteenth birthday.

Harrison listened with a smile on his face and they stayed there until Fred and George knocked on the door. “Sirius wanted to say that you should really come downstairs right now, but he was too scared to see his son having sex.” Fred shouted through the door.

“We’re not even naked.” Harrison replied.

George shouted back, “I’m not testing that- just get ready.”

Harrison chuckled and Tom rolled his eyes. “Alright, sweetheart, you go get ready, I’ll make sure Sirius is somewhat calm when you come downstairs.”

“You’re willing to face my father for me?” Harrison asked, he sighed dramatically “True love.”

“Any time,” Tom smiled, Harrison *didn’t* whine when Tom carefully pushed him off. Tom chuckled softly, regardless, “Happy birthday, love.” He said placing a quick kiss on Harrison’s lips before leaving Harrison alone in the room once more.

~

“Wait so you had to sent her back to the highlands, because they’re angry at our entire species after Dumbledore fucked up?” Sirius asked and Tom nodded.

“Yeah,” He said, “I mean we’re going to have to clean up a lot of their shit once we take over, but this is a pretty good example, I’d say.”

Harrison smiled softly from the doorway as he looked at Tom trying to have a normal conversation with someone who wasn’t him- he was getting better at it, so Harrison had to give him some credits. But at

times he still struggled with seeing them as equal human beings and Harrison knew he would always see them as below them.

But he tried and he was managing so that was important.

Think you can hide your presence from me? It was clear as day in his head, without Tom even looking at him. Harrison smiled.

“Well, that wasn’t quite so dramatic as I was expecting,” He said, looking at the table with a simple cake and just his family sitting there. “What did Fred and George do with the cake?”

“Nothing you don’t deserve,” George said happily as Fred smirked.

“Alright so no eating that?”

“It’s fine, cub.” Remus said, glancing at Fred and George, Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t know if I believe you.”

Harrison saw Tom slightly twist his wrist under the table and then look at him, *I think it’s fine. Now it will look like you actually trust them, when you eat it without scanning.*

And I should trust you? Harrison asked back.

I’d never let you embarrass yourself, love. Tom said.

Harrison sighed, “I’m trusting you guys, but you won’t be ready for the payback if you’re lying.” He said, “Tom will help me.”

“Will I now?” Tom asked.

“Yes you will.” Harrison said and Tom shrugged.

So Harrison allowed himself to enjoy his birthday morning with his family, apparently not misplacing his trust, as it seemed that they wanted to prank him by letting him think the cake was laced with something.

Harrison thought it was kind of ridiculous, but he shrugged it off and told them that meant they failed, laughing at Fred and George’s sad expressions as they explained *Sirius,* a marauder, refused to let them really prank Harrison on his eighteenth birthday.

Harrison did pull Sirius aside and thank him for that.

“So what’s the plan?” Harrison asked, “Because there’s no way you all didn’t plan *anything.”*

“Well,” Remus said, “It is your eighteenth, but since we know you hate the big extravagant thing, we just invited friends of yours for a smaller celebration.”

“But still big as hell,” Fred added, “Because Harrison is mister popular.”

“Okay that is just not true, I’d argue any Slytherin could invite almost every one of my friends.”

“Because *you* included them in the friend group.” George said.

“You don’t know if the group would be there without me.”

“No way, not the whole multiple house shit.” Sirius said.

Harrison sighed, “Stop boosting my ego, I’m going to get an even bigger god complex soon.” He smiled, “Thanks, though, this is honestly great.”

“We’re glad.” Remus said as Sirius nodded in agreement.

~

“Harrison!” Pansy said as she was the first to arrive into their home, they were in one of the sitting areas of Grimmaulds place, a bit more casual than the normal parties in the ball room. “I love your birthday, it’s the one time we really all get together.”

“Perks of having a summer break birthday.” Harrison said, “How are you doing? How’s summer break?”

“I went to *visit* Blaise and he told me about your little adventure in Italy!” Pansy said, “You talked with time?”

Harrison laughed, “Well- I mean- it had to happen at some point.”

“You’re insane.” Pansy said, “Anyways Theo and Blaise are so thankful that you helped them as much as you could without crossing your magic law thingies.”

“I like those type of projects.”

Pansy laughed, “Yeah, no shit. It’s right up your alley.”

“What’s that sup-“

“Am I really early?” Terence asked, “That’s a first honestly.”

Harrison looked at Pansy, who smirked and then stood up, “Well, not first though.”

“Alright, alright.” Terence raised his hands in surrender. Then his face lit up as if he just noticed Harrison, “Harrison, my sort of brother! Happy birthday!”

“He’s old now,” Pansy scrunched her nose, before laughing. “I totally forgot to say happy birthday.”

“Thanks, guys.” Harrison smiled.

“Oi, don’t start the party without us.” Fred said as he walked in, he half hugged Terence before looking at him suspiciously. “Where’s your lover boy?”

“Told me he had to go home really quickly before going here.” Terence said, “All’s good.”

“Hm,” George said, “Suspicious.” He turned to Harrison, “I wouldn’t trust it, dear brother of mine.”

Harrison laughed, “Alright, alright, settle down, evil twins.” He said. “Talking about lover boys, where’s mine?” He asked Fred and George.

“Kitchen,” Fred answered, “With Sirius.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow, but shrugged. “Really trying the whole bonding with the fam thing lately.”

“It’s working too,” George said, not even trying to hide his surprise. “Sirius is genuinely starting to like him instead of just *tolerate* him for you.”

“He can be very charming.” Fred added.

Harrison smirked, “That’s what people used to say about him in high school before he made them kill for him.”

“Ah modern love,” Terence sighed dreamingly, sarcastically. “You and Tom are insufferable, Harrison.”

“But like in a good way.” Pansy agreed.

Harrison snorted, “I’ll take that as a positive then, huh?”

“You’ve been here before right?” He heard a voice in the hallway.

“Once or twice,” A girl answered and then the door opened, revealing Cedric and Luna.

“Sorry had to go get my favourite Ravenclaw.” Cedric said.

“Father wouldn’t let me leave alone,” Luna said, in her dream-like voice.

Cedric quickly moved to Terence’s side as Luna sat down next to Pansy.

“This house is very free of nargles, Harrison.” Luna said, “I can see why you think so clearly.”

Harrison smiled, “Thanks, little moon.”

After that the people kept coming until they were suddenly all there again and somehow it felt like the people who had left Hogwarts a year ago had never been gone.

“Harrison!” Marcus said, “Did Terence keep his promise to me?”

“Unfortunately.” Harrison answered and Marcus laughed.

“That’s good,” The boy laughed, “You know, I was at the last task.”

“You were?” Harrison asked, “That was a bad one, sorry I didn’t notice you.”

“No, no, it’s fine.” Marcus said, “But it’s good to see you again, it has truly been too long.”

“Must’ve been the tattoo day, huh?”

Marcus nodded.

“Hey! M!” Someone shouted, Marcus looked behind him and groaned.

“You,” Marcus answered as Oliver laughed. “Puddlemere finally decided to let you play, huh?”

“And I won from your team.” Oliver said proudly.

“Slytherin versus Gryffindor truly never ends, huh?” Harrison asked, amused as he watched the two old team captains bicker about a quidditch match they apparently both played in. “Weren’t you working at the Ministry, Marcus?”

“I’m a reserve as well, so I work at the Ministry part time and then do most of the trainings, it’s tough, but my parents didn’t want me to ‘throw my future away.’” Marcus said, “It’s nice though.”

“We have to talk about your play though, the weird pass?” Oliver said and Marcus smirked.

“I’m not sharing team secrets, Wood.” He said, “And you know you can’t convince me, since you never managed to do so back in the day.”

Someone pulled on Harrison’s arm, pulling him away from the conversation.

“So you come see us in Italy and then don’t even greet us at your party?” Blaise said, “As your fake-boyfriend, I’m hurt.”

Theo snorted, “We just arrived, don’t feel too bad.”

“Shh! Theo, we have to make him feel bad.”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “Well for what its worth, I am glad you two showed up.”

“You sound real enthusiastic.” Blaise answered. “How does it feel to be eighteen?”

“I don’t know, the same?” Harrison asked, “I guess it makes it truly sink in that next year will be my last year at Hogwarts.”

“I doubt it,” Theo said, “If you don’t come back as teacher, you’ll probably come back as some headmaster or something, you can’t stay away from that place.”

“You’ve really been watching us all for years, huh?”

“I’m observational.”

“I noticed,” Harrison hummed, noting that for future reference. Could be useful, would they still need it when Theo was graduated.

After that he got pulled into a bunch more conversations, but it was nice, chill, as Sirius and Remus had promised it would be and then-

“Guys!” Oliver said, still next to Marcus, “Whose down for quidditch?”

Harrison glanced at Sirius in the doorway and raised his eyebrow, Sirius smiled and nodded, a confirmation that yes, they could do this in the sort of backyard of Grimmaulds place- an indoor room with a bunch of charms.

So they went there and played a couple of quidditch games, at some point Harrison was banished from the seeker condition, so he decided to try for chaser- which he hadn’t really done before- and was also the first round their team lost.

That might have had something to do with Draco being the new seeker as well though.

As his feet his the ground for the first time in hours he laughed, “Alright, anyone else want to play a game of quidditch, I think I need a break.”

There were immediately a couple of people interested and Harrison gave his broom to one of them while offering the others other brooms.

Then he slipped inside and sat down next to Tom, who was sitting in the same sitting room everyone had been in before.

Tom shot him an amused look, “Let me guess, you’re getting too old to deal with the teenagers.”

“Something like that,” Harrison hummed, “You weren’t there.”

Tom smiled softly, “Our co-dependency needs to be studied, love, it isn’t healthy.”

“Ha-ha.”

“And for what it’s worth, I was watching at the start, you truly do look exceptional on a broom,” Tom said, “And I’m saying that as someone who never really cared a lot about quidditch.”

“High praise,” Harrison said.

“Are you enjoying yourself at least, besides the whole co-dependency-can’t be away from me for more than an hour thing?”

“Okay firstly, don’t act like it’s not something from both side, you’re just as co-dependent as I am.” Harrison said and Tom didn’t argue, he just smiled. “And secondly, yes, yes I am enjoying myself. This is

honestly great, to have everyone together, but also see people who didn't really get along too well before be friends now that the whole house thing isn't influencing their opinions too much anymore."

"The Hogwarts house system was truly created to make barriers." Tom agreed, "Not because of the founders, but the way it developed."

Harrison nodded in agreement, "Either way, this is great, I just needed some rest from all that."

"You *are* getting old." Tom accused jokingly and Harrison sighed.

"Old soul."

"Ain't that the truth."

"Talking about the founders, though." Harrison said, "I truly must talk to them all once more. It has been too long."

"They would probably love to talk to you on your eighteenth birthday."

"Tonight then?"

"You want me to come?"

"You've talked to them before."

"Separately and when this wasn't this yet." Tom said.

"Are you scared to meet my parents, Tom?"

"I'm- no."

"Salazar accepted you, that would've been the hardest."

"He was forced to, he's my ancestor."

Harrison laughed, "Alright, Tommy boy." He said, "Just please?"

"Of course," Tom sighed and Harrison stood up, kissed him happily.

"I'm going back to the rest, I love you."

"Love you too, darling." Tom answered, Harrison didn't see the sappy look on Tom's face as he walked away.

Chapter 81: Have you paid attention at all?

Chapter Notes

> Back for my now monthly update, I'll try to post more over summer :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison was about to relax for a bit, having been social almost the entire day, when Terence chuckled, “Not yet, Lord A-thousand-houses, it’s time for presents.”

Harrison blinked, “Right,” he said, having genuinely forgotten that that was indeed a normal part of birthday celebrations.

“And since I’m an amazing person,” Terence said, “I’ll gather everyone for you.”

“How kind.” Harrison said and then watched as Terence muttered to Fred and George that *they* should gather everyone. He snorted softly as Tom sat down next to him. “Gracing us with your presence, huh?”

“I’m always kind of afraid I’ll still make some uncomfortable with my presence, which I do not mean to do on a day such as this one.”

“You love making people uncomfortable with your presence.” Harrison said and Tom nodded, slowly.

“Yes, but not if it means getting in the way of you catching up with your friends.” He muttered and Harrison smiled softly, sending a wave of affection over the link, while grabbing Tom’s hand and squeezing softly.

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” *Besides, I’ll have you all to myself tonight.* The second part echoed in his mind and Harrison felt the blush spread over his face as he elbowed Tom in his side.

Stop being a tease. Harrison replied and Tom smirked.

“Alright,” Fred clapped his hands, “We have a very special, amazing, some might even say, gift.”

“Do you?” Harrison asked.

“Yes a Weasley special of sorts.” He handed Harrison a box and Harrison felt the excitement from both George and Ginny as well. He opened the box to reveal a locket of sorts, “It has a lot of magic woven into it, Bill and Charlie put some protective charms, the same things as their gift last time just a bit extra? I know it helped you once or twice so far with the whole tournament.”

Harrison nodded along as Fred rambled about the gift. It was true that the protective runes he had received had helped him during the tournament, even though he liked to pretend it was all skill.

“Wait that’s cheating.” Cedric said and George hushed him.

“You won together,” He said. “Anyways what Fred wanted to say, we put some pranks in there as well- not for you but you can use it as some different things such as our voice imitator.”

“So all five of you?” Harrison asked.

“Yep, Ginny was head of design.” Fred said and Ginny smiled.

“Hope you like it.”

“It’s amazing.” Harrison said as he handed Tom the necklace, he didn’t have to say a word before the man helped him put it on.

There was the usual gift giving after that, books, snacks, some pranks and other more ‘normal’ things. Harrison was thankful for all of them.

Then there was people like Terence and Cedric who got him some super cool magical item they had apparently ‘found’ somewhere.

And Theo who had given him a book full of old and new designs from his family, mostly runes. Things for protection to literal bombs.

“Thought you’d enjoy it.” The boy shrugged and Harrison thanked him as he flipped through the pages.

“You designed some of these?” He asked seeing the familiar scribbles from their time turner adventure.

“Yeah- I did.” He admitted.

“That’s really cool, Thanks T.”

Theo smiled, “My pleasure.”

They stayed there talking for another while after and then when everyone left, he quickly said bye to Sirius and Remus before going back to Slytherin castle with Tom.

The moment they arrived in the castle Tom turned around and kissed him, soft, slow and passionate. Harrison hummed into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Tom’s neck and- once they pulled back to breathe- he murmured, “What was that for?”

“Can’t a man kiss his partner?” Tom asked, a glint in his eyes, Harrison laughed.

“Alright, mister innocent.” He said. “Thanks for staying at the manor today.” He said then putting his head on Tom’s shoulder. Tom pulled him closer, hugging him against his body.

“Anything for you, darling.” Tom said and then whispered, “Come on, I’ve got something for you.”

Harrison looked up at the man and when Tom let him go slightly so he could start leading Harrison through the halls of the castle, Harrison followed willingly.

Tom led him to his office, telling Harrison to sit down and wait just a bit, before quickly walking away. Harrison knew this meant Tom was getting some gift he probably overthought for ages.

He sat down and leant back in the chair, allowing the moment of quiet to pull him into something that was suspiciously close to sleep.

It took quite a bit of time until Tom walked back, “Don’t fall asleep on me now.”

Harrison opened his eyes, blinking at the bright lights in the office, he saw Tom with a small box in his hand. “I was close to doing just that.” He muttered sleepily and Tom laughed quietly.

“We’ll go to bed in a bit, promise.”

“No work to catch up on?” Harrison asked, “Late night?”

Tom shrugged, placing the box on his desk, kissing the top of Harrison’s head. “Perhaps, but I couldn’t just let you go to sleep alone on your birthday, could I?”

“You’re the best.” Harrison said softly, “Now what’s that?”

“Okay this is stupid.” Tom said, he was pacing back and forth, something so unlike Tom that Harrison was watching him with a mix of curiosity and worry. “I was thinking about what to get you and genuinely I didn’t know for the first time in ages. I thought of just proposing, but that would make your birthday into something else and I don’t-“ He shook his head, finally standing still and he smiled at Harrison.

“And there is a couple of thing you care about so deeply and find endlessly fascinating.” Tom said, “Two of those are your friends and magic.”

Harrison nodded slowly.

“So I got you this, thought you could give Theo and Blaise the experience of their life, while also offering you the same perhaps.” Tom said.

“What is in that box?” Harrison asked, full of intrigue now.

Tom handed him the box, three bracelets in there, “It’s for entry to the Department of mystery. The full tour. Any magic you could dream of.”

“Wait are you for real?” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

“That’s insane.” Harrison said, “That *would* be the experience of a life time.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“You’re not coming with?” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

“I will if you want me to.” He said, “The man who checks entries has ties to the Death Eaters. They don’t allow visitors ever, I had to pretend- It doesn’t matter.” Tom cut himself off, “Conclusion, these bands are usually used for the intro programme, to let people in, saving it will give you, Theo and Blaise a high chance of getting accepted, would you want to work there later.”

“They will not believe this when I tell them.” Harrison said looking down at the box. “I cannot believe you thought to ensure my friends could join.”

“What can I say?” Tom said, “I’m a changed man.”

Harrison looked back up at him, smiling as he stood up and kissed Tom, “Alright, Mr. changed-man. Your gift was lovely, but I’m still tired, can we go to sleep?”

Tom grabbed one of his hands, kissing the back of it and Harrison didn’t even have time to blink before they were standing in the bedroom. He huffed, “Show off.”

Tom smirked, wrapping his arms around Harrison’s waist, “Happy 18th birthday, love.”

“When did everyone just decide I was turning 18, I thought we all agreed we didn’t know my exact age?” Harrison mumbled and Tom hummed.

“Since you being 18 or even 17 would make this whole thing feel a lot less illegal for me.”

“Alright then,” Harrison accepted, “Thank you for making my *18th* birthday awesome.”

Tom smile widened before he pulled Harrison towards the bed.

~

With the Hogwarts letter came a badge this year, the badge actually surprising Harrison. “Huh,” He said, “Thought Dumbledore would refuse to make me Headboy.”

He looked at the badge in his hand, the Slytherin sign with ‘HEADBOY’ under it.

“I’m sure Minerva fought for you.” Tom said, looking at the badge over his shoulder. “I still have mine.”

“You do?” Harrison asked, turning around to look at the man. “Didn’t take seventh year Tom as the sentimental type.”

“He wasn’t,” Tom smirked, “That badge, however, showed that he managed to trick the school into trusting him.”

“How awfully Slytherin of you.” Harrison said. “Well, I have a lot more responsibilities now, don’t I?”

Tom snorted, “Nothing you weren’t already doing.” He wrapped his arms around Harrison’s waist. “Does mean you can assist me with my Detentions now.”

“Hmm,” Harrison said, “I’ll consider that specific offer after I told Sirius and Remus that somehow the kid of two- or maybe three? Of the marauders got Headboy.”

“James was headboy in his time, Lily was Headgirl.” Tom said, “Not that special for the Potters.”

“Are you calling me not-special, Tom?” Harrison asked, “How do you even know that.”

“Times of war.” Tom sighed and Harrison rolled his eyes, pulling Tom down just slightly so he could kiss him.

“Alright, I’ll be back in a bit.”

Tom hummed, “Alright, darling.”

Harrison went back to Grimmaulds place then, he had been meaning to get back to Sirius and Remus for a bit anyways. He walked in on Regulus, Fred, George, Remus and Sirius sitting in the living room, talking in a rare moment of calm.

“Hey,” He said as he walked in, “What’s happening here, bad time?”

“Nope,” Sirius said, popping the ‘p’. “Just y’know, talking about the upcoming war, political or not.”

“Oh, fun.” Harrison said, unsure what to expect of that exact conversation. “Can I just stir the conversation away from that to say I somehow got headboy?”

“You did?” Fred asked, sounding entirely unsurprised.

“Who woulda guessed!” George said dramatically.

“Okay, okay.” Harrison laughed, “I get it, we all expected it.”

“Congratulations, cub.” Remus said genuinely. “That’s quite a big thing.”

“I’m surprised Dumbledore let you.” Sirius said and Harrison pointed at him, a big dramatic movement.

“That’s what I said!” Harrison half-shouted. “Like I’ve been doing anything to get in that man’s way.”

“Didn’t he make you a teacher two years ago?” Regulus asked and

Harrison shrugged.

“I’m sure he had some other motives.”

“Regardless of his motives,” Remus said, “I’m sure you’re going to be great, you’ve basically done a lot of the headboy duties already.”

“That I did.” Harrison agreed. “Now I heard something about a war?”

Fred and George looked at each other and launched into an explanation of war useful prank products.

Harrison was somehow glad that the conversation they had been having before hadn’t been one hundred percent serious, otherwise he would have to start being worried.

~

Harrison bumped into Pansy at Flourish and Blotts, she seemed surprised before excitedly hugging him and then immediately pulling him after her to a more secluded area. “Did you read the newspaper?”

“You know I didn’t.” Harrison answered and Pansy hesitated before nodding determined.

“Okay well, you’re not going to like this.” She said. “It was the front page this morning, apparently Fudge assigned Umbridge to look over Hogwarts next year.”

“But they didn’t say anything about that in the Wizengamot-“ Harrison started.

“That’s where the scandal comes in,” Pansy agreed, “Apparently he used a shit ton of loop holes to get her there without anyone knowing, *no one* had a say. People say he didn’t want to alert Dumbledore about his grasp for control over Hogwarts.”

“Hogwarts is a private school, not dictated by the Ministry.” Harrison said.

“And also one of the most influential places, it was bound to happen eventually.” Pansy said, “Especially since Dumbledore hasn’t been exactly.. collaborative.”

“He did the Triwizard thing.”

“*Against* the ministries wishes.” Pansy said, “Invited the schools before

notifying Fudge, Fudge had to pretend they talked about it to form an united front and only then let the Wizengamot vote for it."

"And we voted yes."

"A big enough part did." Pansy said.

"Fuck, there goes my chance of a relatively quiet last year at Hogwarts." Harrison said and Pansy nodded sympathetically.

"Thought you might want to know." She said, "My parents are enraged."

"Well," Harrison said, "For what it's worth, I did want to know and your parents aren't the only ones who are enraged."

Pansy seemed to have said all she wanted to, leading Harrison back into the general store area, where apparently Theo, Blaise and Tracey were waiting for her, as well as Sirius, Remus, Fred and George for Harrison.

"You going to tell Marvolo?" Blaise asked and Harrison nodded.

"He probably read the paper already either way." He glanced suspiciously at all of them, "Is this an intervention of sorts, you selected Pansy to break the news."

"Umbridge, she's a new kind of *bad* isn't she?"

Harrison forced a slight comforting smile on his face, "Nothing we can't deal with." He said, "I'll try to make sure your year is with normal just-"

"-When you tell us to do something, do so, no questions asked?" Blaise asked, finishing what he wanted to say.

Pansy smiled, the smile not reaching her eyes quite as they usually did. "You know you can trust us, Har."

"I know, just be careful." He said.

"Oh my god." Ella said, rushing from the back. "I'm so sorry y'all I didn't notice there were so many customers." She clumsily placed a pile of books on a table behind the register. "Can I help you-Harrison!"

"Hey, Ella." Harrison smiled, "Still working your post-Hogwarts job,

huh?"

Ella scowled at him, though he could see through her façade, "Well some actually enjoy *working for* the people." She said, "Nah, I'm just waiting for you to take over so I can be your PA or something."

Harrison snorted, "Well then, I'll keep that in mind."

"You want to sign some more books for me while I get all of your Hogwarts orders?"

"Really?" Harrison asked, "What's the defence book of this year?"

"Well, Marvolo assigned some heavy reading, I'm impressed." She whistled looking at her list. "Want to sign those?"

"Yeah and I'll do whatever Sirius, Minerva and Remus assigned."

"Thanks, Harrison." She smiled.

"Only the ones in the store though." He said as she turned her back to go get their Hogwarts orders.

"Of course, wouldn't want to use your ink for the orders, right?"

Harrison smirked, as Ella threw a quill over her shoulder, just expecting Harrison to catch it.

"Do you know everyone?" Tracey asked and Harrison shrugged.

"Ella was the store assistant the day I cursed Lockhart. Safe to say we bonded."

"Right," Tracey nodded as they kind of followed Harrison around the store, watching him sign books while Ella got their orders together.

~

"We're attacking Diagon Alley and Knockturn alley at night." Tom informed Harrison, "Put a hit out on certain Wizards, to kidnap them or maim them while leaving the rest safe to ensure it looks real."

"Criminals?" Harrison asked and Tom nodded.

"After this the Ministry will be totally in shambles," Tom muttered, "Then we can also talk about Fudge going behind everyone's back in the Ministry."

“And at that point do a vote of no confidence,” Harrison agreed, “Should cause enough chaos to get Fudge sacked, properly.”

“And then hope our influence is big enough to win a re-election. Especially since, depending on the situation, people outside the Wizengamot might also be allowed to vote.”

“Right.” Harrison said, “We’ll manage.”

“Do you want to help with the attack?” Tom said, “We can dress you up in a full Death Eater outfit and get a fake wand.”

“Too risky,” Harrison smiled, “Are you joining?”

“Nope,” Tom said, “I wouldn’t have when I was still insane, so I won’t now. I’m trying to do this with *Voldemort’s* standards.” He said ‘Voldemort’ full of spite and regret; Harrison had noticed this more often, ever since he got more sane, he even told his Death Eaters to address him as ‘Marvolo’, only in meetings- not in public, to ensure their connection to the Death Eaters wasn’t accidentally exposed.

Most of them addressed Tom with ‘my lord’ or ‘our lord’ anyways.

Harrison watched Tom as he put away whatever paper he had been reading, probably another stupid request by one of the lower ranked Death Eaters, “How are you feeling about Umbridge.”

“Apparently she tried to get the DADA professor spot, but Fudge refused to go up against me openly so instead appointed her as an ‘advisor’ or something.” Tom muttered, “Honestly, I think it’s going to be chaotic, but mostly between Dumbledore and Umbridge, those two hate each other.”

“I just don’t understand how we didn’t see this coming, no warning, nothing?” Harrison muttered.

“As annoying as that is, it makes our claims against Fudge more believable.”

“I guess that’s true.”

~

Harrison spent most of his last few weeks of summer break in Wizengamot meetings and trying to mentally prepare himself for Hogwarts, with Umbridge. And it would also be his last official year.

“I’m merely saying Mr. President, that you’re not only infiltrating a private school. You’re also making Umbridge act as Minister of Academics, which we do have in our Academic department, which you totally disregarded and even then these are decisions made in the Wizengamot, not by one individual.” Harrison said, “So you can say whatever it is to clear that up, but the fact is you are in no position to make calls such as those.”

“Harrison-“

“That’s Heir Black for you sir.”

“You don’t even vote-“ Umbridge started and Harrison put on a very sarcastic smile.

“Be happy that I’m not making you say my full title.”

“Well,” Fudge sighed, “Heir Black, I know you’re young, but sometimes decision such as these need to be made quickly to ensure a safe environment at Hogwarts, which we don’t believe it has right now, only looking at your experiences made us doubt the safety of the castle already.”

“Safety precautions should go through Ms. Bones, who you also secluded from this particular decision.” Harrison argued.

“And who are you to talk about the school?” Umbridge asked, Harrison heard Tom snort next to him.

“A student, a Wizengamot member.” Harrison answered, “And then you also have the fact that I’m technically the *owner* of the castle seeing how I inherited all four quarters of it from the fact that I’m the founders heir.”

“That’s impossible.” The woman said.

“I’ve been commanding their seats for years and you say that now,” Harrison laughed, “Have you paid attention at all?”

“I wouldn’t argue with him on this,” Fudge said to Umbridge, who made an angry noise but sat down.

“I can and will command the wards to kick you out if you make Hogwarts something it is not supposed to be, Umbridge."

"Sure you will." The woman said, but she didn’t get up to argue back

again.

Harrison also sat down and Tom leant slightly closer to him.

“That went well.” He said.

Harrison just smiled and nodded, knowing Tom would see his reaction.

~

It was with a lot more similar arguments and a couple of more ‘neutral’ Wizengamot members approaching him asking him to explain further what this was all about and how they could help that Harrison got on the train back to Hogwarts with an okay feeling about the year.

“Dude, the newspapers have been *loving* you lately.” Ginny said as she crashed on the seat next to Harrison. “Like absolutely obsessed with you. You’re quite the drama stirrer.”

Harrison smiled at the redhead, “Anything positive or just negative?”

“Basically only positive.” Ginny said, she herself sounded surprised as well. “A lot of people apparently agree that Fudge taking a decision like that and not informing anyone of it isn’t something a minister should do without at least talking to the connected Ministers.”

“That’s great.” Harrison said, genuinely surprised, “I have to go, though, I’m certain Fred and George will be here in a bit.”

“Right, Headboy.” Ginny said, she smirked. “Didn’t think you’d have it in you.” She didn’t sound serious at all and Harrison couldn’t help but roll his eyes at that.

“I didn’t either, quite frankly.”

“Alright,” Ginny said, “I’ll suffer here, all alone. Go and command your minions.”

Harrison stuck his tongue out at her, before walking away, hearing Ginny giggle behind him. As soon as Harrison entered the prefect carriage he saw a blonde Hufflepuff girl he had seen around, he thought she might’ve been one of Cedric’s Hufflepuff friends.

She looked up, “Harrison Black!” She said, excitedly.

“Hey,” He said, spotting the Headgirl badge on her Hogwarts uniform. “Sorry- I don’t-“

“It’s fine, don’t worry,” She smiled. “Everyone would know you, I guess this makes sense. I’m Temperence, all my friends call me Tammy, though.” She said. “I was just looking over the tasks we have to divide, I guess you don’t mind taking the lead too much? I was made Headgirl because of my way of helping younger student-“ She seemed a bit stressed, so Harrison interrupted her.

“Hey, Tammy.” He said softly, “Calm down, I’m just fine with doing whatever.”

Just then the door opened, Cedric walking in, “Sorry if I’m interrupting, thought I’d be a good prefect and be early for once.” He glanced at Harrison then at Temperence and smiled. “Merlin, they really chose well this year, huh? And here I was feeling hurt that I didn’t get the badge.”

“Do you know who got the Slytherin seventh year prefect badge now?” Harrison asked and Cedric nodded.

“Pucey, he was *ecstatic.”*

Harrison laughed, “I bet he was.”

“I did hear Draco got the fifth year one.” Cedric said, “Probably Lucius’ influence.”

Harrison shrugged, “We’ll deal with him.”

“Even better,” Temperence sighed, “We’re going to have to deal with goody pants Hermione Granger.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow at Cedric, who shrugged, “Your influence spread to the Hufflepuff house.”

“Right,” Harrison muttered, “Let me guess, Ron Weasley as well?”

Temperence nodded, “Yep. The new ones are Hannah Abbott, Ernie Macmillan, Anthony Goldstein, Padma Patil, Draco Malfoy, Pansy Parkinson, Hermione Granger, and Ron Weasley.”

“Whose the new Seventh year Hufflepuff girl prefect?” Cedric asked.

“You’re not going to believe this,” Temperence said, smirking and Cedric’s eyes went wide.

“No way.”

“I don’t know how she did it.” Temperence agreed.

“Huh?” Harrison asked and Temperence chuckled.

“Cedric had this little kid relationship in his first year with a girl named *Trisha.* She’s uh, weird, cheated on Ced with a first year when we were in our second year it was a whole drama. Safe to say, Ced became Hufflepuff’s it boy and she still-“

“She’s not over me breaking up with her because she cheated, five years ago.”

“Does she know about your-“ Harrison started and Cedric laughed.

“She didn’t for a while,” Cedric admitted, “Ter had the *best* time with PDA in front of her once I decided everyone could know.”

“How did she react?”

“She refused to believe Hufflepuffs it-boy could be gay.” Temperence said, “She’s muggleborn so it is kind of a shock to her. She doesn’t come from an accepting place.”

“And she got prefect?” Harrison asked, “Are we going to have issues with her?”

“No, I think you should be fine.” Cedric said, “She’s genuinely very helpful to younger years and her peers, it’s just a bit weird for me and my friend group I guess. There’s a reason we don’t go and out our past, she’s just very nice to everyone and everything.”

“Except for Ced.”

Cedric nodded, “And I wasn’t even the one who cheated.”

“Cheated?” Pansy entered, “Who cheated.”

“Hey Pans,” Harrison said and Pansy cheered.

“Oh my god, you’re my boss!”

Harrison smiled, “Didn’t knew you were a prefect.”

“Came as a total surprise, darling.” Pansy answered, “Thought it would be Daphne, honestly.”

“She’s got that icy exterior, though.” Harrison said.

“So do you.”

“Alright fair enough,” Harrison sighed, “I didn’t think you would be *early* either.”

“I had to know whether you were headboy or not.” Pansy said and then looked at Temperence, “What teacher is overseeing you two this year?”

“That’s what surprised me, *Marvolo Gaunt and Minerva McGonagall.”* She said.

“Oh, Marv pulled some strings, usually it’s just Minnie.” Cedric said.

“Well we do have his favourite student,” Pansy said and Harrison glanced at her then at Temperence who laughed.

“I can’t imagine having to go through political tutoring and then also having to deal with my tutor and political partner in Hogwarts.”

“Yes, well, Marv and I are good friends.” Harrison answered and Tammy nodded.

“I don’t doubt that.”

Then more of the prefects walked in, the fifth years all coming in together, except for Draco who stumbled in, looking quite pale as Tom entered behind him.

Really had to oversee us, huh? Harrison asked, over the link, Tom’s eyes quickly found his.

I actually didn’t ask. Tom said, sounding apologetic even over the link. *Minerva said she could use some help as she wasn’t sure where or how Hogwarts would end up with Umbridge and me being me, was the first person she thought of.*

Harrison smiled and nodded, *I don’t mind, you’re an easy supervisor.*

For you maybe. Tom answered and then someone cleared their throat.

“Is it just me or have they been staring at each other for way too long?” Padma asked the room, Anthony nodding in agreement.

Cedric laughed, “They do that sometime- it’s some occlumency thing.”

“Huh,” Padma said, “Interesting, are they like communicating as Legilimens?”

“You could say that.” Pansy nodded, “Part of Harrison’s political training, I guess.”

“That’s fascinating.”

Harrison cleared his throat, “Alright everyone, please sit down.” He glanced back at Tom, “That includes you, prof.”

Tom smirked, but nodded.

“Temperence and I were talking,” He looked at the Hufflepuff, who just nodded for him to continue. They would really do all the planning later, for now they just needed these people to check the train and ensure everything is good. “We’ll make the schedule later and then inform you all of a meeting to go through it *properly*. But for now, I assume- seeing how none of the older prefects changed, except for Adrian and Trisha being new- we’ll just have you do the usual, check on people, in pairs.”

“Yes,” Temperence said, “So how about we say Cedric and Adrian, right?”

They paired the rest up similarly, ensuring that the houses were mixed to show house unity. After that, once all the prefects were doing rounds in the train, Harrison sat down with Temperence and Tom.

“Okay, you two.” Tom said, “Minerva and I suspect that Umbridge will try and take over the school, Dumbledore will probably pretend to fight it, but in reality sit back as he usually does.” He sighed, “Sorry, political frustrations.” He muttered and Temperence smiled.

“Honestly I get it, I’m a big Newt fan, I mean Hufflepuff pride and all that- the way Dumbledore tells everyone he defeated-“ She stopped herself, flustered as she looked down at her hands.

Harrison cleared his throat, “We’re all on the same page then, can’t trust Dumbledore.”

“Yes, indeed.” Tom said, as he raised an eyebrow at Harrison. It felt like approval, his rant had been a test for Temperence. Harrison looked at the girl who was still looking at her hands. “So what we want you to focus on this year is ensure the *students* are okay and don’t turn against each other. It will be a hard job.”

“I enjoy a challenge.”

“So-“ Temperence nodded, “So do I.”

“Very well then,” Tom said, “How about I help you with that schedule. Because *that* can be annoying to do.”

“Thanks, Marv.” Harrison said and Temperence nodded.

“Truly, we would appreciate it.”

~

“Hey you guys,” Harrison said when he had time to just sneak out really quickly. The compartment full of his usual group, plus some extra Gryffindors. “Do you mind if I steal Blaise and Theo real quick?”

Daphne looked at him then at Blaise and Theo, “What did they do?”

“Nothing,” Harrison said, “I won’t take away any points, don’t worry.”

“Alright then,” Blaise said, “But don’t break up with me, because it’s weird to do that in front of my best friend.” He winked at Harrison.

Harrison smirked, “I’m a cruel person.”

Blaise and Theo followed him and Harrison let him to an empty, closed off part of the train- a part that was usually used for prefects to rest in, as well as their meeting place.

“Alright, now you’re almost scaring me.” Blaise said, sarcasm in his voice, but he still seemed slightly unsure.

“You’re not killing us are you?” Theo asked and Harrison snorted.

“Nope, just here to be an amazing friend.” He said. “Tom gave me my birthday present.”

“Are you sure we want to hear this?” Blaise asked and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“I can invite others too.”

“Invite?” Theo asked.

“He got me entrance to a tour of the Department of Mysteries and he got three, since after the whole time turner thing he thought you two

might be interested as well."

"What?" Theo said, "Are you for real?"

"Yeah."

Blaise seemed stunned, as well. "That's- Harrison, merlin, that's insane." He said. "You should marry that man."

Harrison chuckled, "So you two *are* interested?"

"Tell your future-husband we're very thankful." Theo said, "I wanted to say that we owe him, but it feels scary to say that to a Dark Lord- to *the* Dark Lord."

"Yeah, you probably shouldn't." Harrison agreed, laughing fully now. "But, I will thank him properly for you two."

Blaise groaned, "Get my mind out of the gutter."

~

"I can not believe you two got into a fight on your first task as prefects!" Temperence said pacing in front of Draco and Hermione with a frustration Harrison hadn't expected from the Hufflepuff. They were still in the train, almost at the station. "You weren't even paired up together."

"He made a comment!" Hermione exclaimed.

"A comment?" Temperence hissed, "So you slap him in the face?"

Harrison smirked, "What was this comment of his Ms. Granger?"

"He called me a mudblood."

That made Temperence turn to Draco, "You did what?"

"I can not believe Hogwarts has stooped so low that they make someone with *filthy* blood a prefect." Draco said, no regret, no anything. He did glance at Harrison, though.

"You're not getting support from me here," Harrison said, "You're a prefect, supposed to be here and welcome *all* students. Otherwise I'll take your prefect badge away and give it to Theo.. or Blaise."

"You can't do that." Draco said, "Father will-"

“He can’t, maybe.” A voice from the door said, “But I can.”

“Professor Gaunt!” Hermione said, “You will not-“

“Sit down Ms. Granger.” Tom said and Harrison could hear the distaste in his voice.

Hermione did so quickly and Tom sighed. “I wasn’t expecting drama between two of the brightest students of your year.” He said, “But I do have to agree with Heir Black on this one, we can not use words such as mudbloods when in a position of power.”

“That’s what-“

“But-“ Tom interrupted Hermione quite rudely and Harrison masked his laugh with a cough. Tom’s look at him screamed, *you’ll get punished for that later, darling.*

He might’ve actually heard the sentence in his head as well.

“That does not mean you can slap another student.” Tom said, “As I think Temperence said quite beautifully.”

Hermione’s whole demeanour changed, “I know, sir, I apologise.”

“I’m not the one you should apologise to.” Tom said. “Now get out of my sight.” This time everyone in the room noticed his distaste, Draco paled drastically, quickly getting up and leaving. Hermione followed suit not long after.

“They’re going to be trouble.” Temperence muttered.

“I vote Zabini.” Tom muttered, “He works well with Parkinson, isn’t shy, not a blood purist and we know we can trust him.”

“Yeah him or Nott.”

“I don’t think Nott would have interest in the prefect position, ask them, though.”

“Wait-“ Temperence said, “You are just going to *replace* Malfoy, just like that?”

“Draco Malfoy is not just going to change.” Harrison said, “That boy became who he is because of years of parental influence and promises of becoming the Dark Lord’s right hand.”

“That’s scary.” Temperence shuddered, “Do we truly have the power to do that?”

“Usually? No.” Tom said, “This year? I think so.”

~

It was after welcoming the new first years that Dumbledore announced Umbridge as a ‘Ministry representative’. The woman clothed in her usual pink clothes, that made Harrison want to tear his eyes out, got up and cleared her throat in an annoyingly high pitched way.

It was so fake.

Harrison looked at Tom who was already looking at him and raised his eyebrow.

She looks like one of those pygmypuffs puked all over her. Was echoed into his brain and Harrison snorted in surprised.

“You good?” Blaise asked and Harrison nodded, before he repeated what Tom said to him and Blaise chuckled as well.

“Thank you, Headmaster.” She said, too kind. “For those kind words of welcome. It is truly nice to be back at Hogwarts after all those years!” She looked around the large student body of Hogwarts. “And to see all of these smiling faces looking up at me!” Without looking Harrison knew that there was no one *smiling at her.*

“I very much look forward to getting to know all of you and become friends.” Umbridge said, Harrison looked sideways at Pansy who was already looking at him with eyes that screamed ‘do you believe this woman?’

Suddenly the disgusting fake smile was off of Umbridge’s face, in front of them was now the woman Harrison recognised all too well from the Wizengamot. “The Ministry of Magic has always considered the education of young witches and wizards to be of vital importance. The rare gifts with which you were born may come to nothing if not nurtured and honed by careful instructions. The ancient skills unique to the wizarding community must be passed down the generations lest we lose them forever. The treasure trove of magical knowledge amassed by our ancestors must be guarded, replenished and polished by those who have been called to the noble profession of teaching.” She turned around and dramatically bowed her head at each member

of the Hogwarts staff. Harrison could feel Tom's disgust the moment Umbridge turned towards him.

"Evert headmaster and headmistress of Hogwarts has brought something new to the weighty task of governing this historic school, and that is as it should be, for without progress there will be stagnation and decay. There again, progress for progress's sake must be discouraged, for now out tried and tested traditions often require no tinkering. A balance, then, between old and new, between permanence and change, between tradition and innovation…"

There was a dramatic pause, as if the woman didn't know exactly what she wanted to say and how she wanted to say it. She was saying a lot of words with little meaning, coming from someone of her position.

"… Because some changes will be for the better, while others will come, in the fullness of time, to be recognised as errors of judgement. Meanwhile, some old habits will be retained, and rightly so, whereas others, outmoded and outworn, must be abandoned. Let us move forward, then, into a new era of openness, effectiveness and accountability, intent on preserving what ought to be preserved, perfecting what needs to be perfected, and pruning wherever we find practices that ought to be prohibited." And then without so much of a thank you or bye, she sat back down.

"Thank you very much, Umbridge." Dumbledore said, as if he wasn't sure how to follow that up exactly. "That was most.. illuminating."

Theo tapped on his shoulder, "She's going to be trouble, right?"

"She is," Harrison sighed, "More so than I originally thought, maybe."

"That was the worst speech ever." Daphne muttered. "Disgrace to the Slytherin house that woman."

And Harrison, who would usually scold people for calling someone a disgrace to their house, saying the sorting hat didn't make mistakes and so they belonged-

Well he immediately agreed with Daphne on this one. "She would have been a disgrace to any house, though. It's shit it's our house though, worsens our already bad image."

~

Harrison snuck into the common room, meaning to get away without catching the attention of the new Slytherin first years.

“Not so quick, Harrison.” Pansy said, “You can’t just do the introduction every year but not the one year your friends are prefects.”

Harrison sighed, the new group of first years seemed younger and smaller than ever. “Well then, Hello, I’m Harrison Black. Although some of you might have known that, I used to be prefect since this year I am headboy as well, this means you can approach me with any of your questions or anything else. Besides that I want you all to know that within this house we have each other’s back, this means no airing out things outside the common room, no fighting, show up as one front. I’ve done my best to get house unity going, it’s going okay, but just be prepared for some prejudice. Slytherin’s however are the most awesome, so don’t worry your little brains too much.” He said, “The man in the portrait is Salazar, basically my ancient adoptive father, huh?”

“Way to introduce me, little snake.” Salazar said, “Welcome to Slytherin.”

“Salazar is quite nice, so don’t worry too much about him either.” Harrison said, “Anything else?”

Pansy shook her head, “Snape did his usual speech, we’re all good.”

“Perfect!” Harrison said happily, “Have so much fun everyone! If you need me just- you know, give me a shout.”

“He’s usually nicer,” Pansy said to the first years and Harrison snorted as he walked away. “Just a bit stressed, the wholeeeee world is watching him, always.”

“My mom told me I might meet him,” A girl said, “She said that boy will one day save the world.”

Harrison’s heart melted a bit as he stood against the wall listening.

“I fully agree, don’t you, Dray?”

Draco huffed, “He’ll make a difference, for sure.”

Okay, so maybe he had to talk to Draco about their whole unresolved awkwardness soon, but that could wait, he walked up the stairs to his

dorm, entering it to find Tom laying on his bed.

“That took a while,” The man said.

“I thought I was going to have to bother you.” Harrison said, “Why are you here?”

Tom turned his head, looking at Harrison, “I promised a punishment, didn’t I?”

“So you came all the way to punish me, sir?” Harrison blinked at Tom innocently, the man chuckled.

“C’mere.” Tom said opening his arms and Harrison did as ordered, easily letting himself get pulled into Tom’s embrace. “I can’t believe I once more have to clean up Lucius’ mess.” Tom sighed as he pulled Harrison close to him.

“And Granger.” Harrison agreed, “I’ll talk to Draco soon, at least. I’ve been meaning to.”

“We should just run away,” Tom said, so out of character.

“You, Tom Riddle, want to run away?” Harrison asked, “What happened to ambition.”

“Well,” Tom sighed dreamingly, “I met someone.”

Harrison chuckled, slapping him softly on his chest, before pushing him backwards with his hand so Tom rolled from his side to his back, pulling Harrison on top of him in the process.

“If only others could see you like this instead of some evil overlord.” Harrison sighed, looking down at Tom.

Tom hummed, “Is that really what you want?”

“Share this with others?” Harrison hummed, putting his forehead against Tom’s. “I couldn’t.” He whispered. “You’re not the only possessive one here, darling.”

Tom just moved slightly upwards, his lips meeting Harrison’s in a messy kiss. Harrison actually laughed into the kiss, moving so his knees were each resting on one side of Tom’s waist, pushing Tom back slightly, allowing Tom a more comfortable position.

Tom’s hand’s found the back of his neck, his fingers finding their way

into Harrison's hair slowly. He broke the kiss off smiling, at Harrison. "Someone's feeling dominant- for the lack of a better word."

"This doesn't feel like punishment," Harrison laughed.

"I'm at your mercy, sir." Tom said, his smile softening even more. Harrison just took a minute to look at the man beneath him. Tom's hand found his cheek. The biggest surprise to Harrison was that Tom seemed to *mean* his words, there was no underlying discomfort. He trusted Harrison completely that much Harrison knew, but never before had Tom just given Harrison the *power* so directly.

"Stop reading into it," Tom said, "Unless you don't want-"

Harrison shut him up by kissing him once more, opening the first few buttons on Tom's shirt during the kiss, revealing that beautiful skin, with his initials tattooed. "What do you want?" He asked Tom.

"Anything." Tom muttered, Harrison kissed Tom's jaw.

Harrison muttered, "Bold statement," Against Tom's skin, just as Tom's hands slid down his back and then up into his shirt, pulling the shirt upwards in the process.

Harrison made an amused noise and pulled back a bit to allow Tom to pull the shirt off of him slowly.

When he had done so Harrison continued to unbutton Tom's shirt, all while kissing down his chest, every piece of exposed skin getting the deserved attention. He kissed Tom's scar, just above the v-line. It was barely visible anymore, but still a reminder of the Sectumsempra he had been hit a little over a year ago.

"It's healing," Tom said, "I think you were on time with everything, I think the scar will disappear in a bit."

Harrison looked at Tom, the man was watching him, following his every move. "I think it will heal as well." Harrison agreed, putting his hand on the scar, allowing his magic to seep into the skin, their magic mixing even more than it does subconsciously whenever they were close to each other.

"That works," Tom hummed, as he felt the magic slowly pour over him, the scar fading a bit more under Harrison's magic. Harrison placed another kiss on it. "Thank you."

Harrison didn't reply, just continued downwards, unbuttoning Tom's pants as well.

He could see Tom was trying to stop himself from rolling them over, could feel Tom's urge to constantly be in control over their link.

Harrison hummed, placing another kiss on his abdomen. "You know as much as I like doing this," He said, softly. "I was looking forward to that punishment of yours, you made a promise."

"That I did." Tom said, his eyes darkening.

Harrison moved back up Tom's body and smiled, softly biting Tom's jaw, before whispering in his ear, "So punish me, my Lord."

"You sure- I-" Tom sounded like he was trying to stop himself from taking over full control.

"I appreciate you trying to do this, Tom." Harrison said, "But I like you on top of me, we can always do all this another time, with more time, a place that isn't a Hogwarts dorm perhaps?"

Harrison felt Tom's mind shift, as he rolled them over completely, immediately pulling Harrison into a bruising kiss.

A good start of the Hogwarts year, indeed.

~

Harrison knocked on the door of the new office in Hogwarts with a weird sense of nervousness, this meeting with Umbridge, Dumbledore, Minerva and Tom was to talk about their expectations for the prefects this year. Both he and Temperence had been invited with barely any information, the letter he received from Dumbledore only stating that the Ministry had new standards for the headboy and girl.

When he asked Tom about the meeting, the man replied honestly that he had gotten the same vague letter.

So that's how he ended up here, five minutes late to the meeting he was probably dreading most in his whole history of meetings, ever.

He entered the room and saw everyone sitting there, tensely. "Sorry I am late, I was helping a first year who was having a panic attack." He hesitated, "It wasn't pretty."

"Well, decorum wou-" Umbridge started, but Minerva interrupted her.

“Is the first year okay?”

“Yeah, she’s fine it was a Ravenclaw who couldn’t enter their common room due to the riddles after she forgot her charms books-“ He said, “She got in now, though, so that’s good. They really should change that entrance.”

“We’ll write that down, Mr. Black.” Umbridge said, she sounded annoyed. “Now sit down, we have a lot to discuss and have already lost five minutes, because of your- well, good heart, I suppose.”

“Just helping the students of Hogwarts.”

“You, Mr. Black have caused quite the stir.” Umbridge said and Harrison smiled.

“That so?”

“Yes, it is that what I wanted to discuss first.” Umbridge said as she cleared her throat in that annoyingly high pitched way again. “You made an unsupported claim that Voldemort returned last year, causing chaos everywhere.”

“Unsupported?” Harrison asked calmly, he felt Tom’s annoyance spike.

“If I may,” Tom said, “He returned with a student who was killed.”

“And he is the only one who was there, in our knowledge.”

“Are you once more accusing me of a murder, Umbridge?”

“She is correct to say we do not know what happened, Mr. Black.” Dumbledore said.

“I don’t have to sit here and listen to this after I went through multiple trials in the summer break.” Harrison said, calmly, composed and therefore in such a way that must have angered both Umbridge and Dumbledore. “Now You stated you wanted to discuss our changed duties and I showed up for that, but if you’re going to treat me like a murderer once more, I will leave.”

“Very well,” Umbridge said, unhappily. “I wanted to say that my first rule will be no more such claims in the hall of Hogwarts, we want students to feel safe, not feel like they have landed in a world of war once more. This means you two and the prefects will *punish* people

spreading these rumours."

"It's not rumours."

"Can you give us actual proof of Voldemort's presence, Harrison?" Umbridge asked and Harrison shook his head.

"Besides my memories? No."

"Memories can be altered, dear boy." Dumbledore said, it was the first time ever Harrison saw Dumbledore and Umbridge seemingly working together.

"Forbidding students to talk about something goes against our human right of free speech." Harrison said, "If you do so, I will bring *that* to the Wizengamot."

Tom smirked next to him. "And I will be right there to support my students claims."

"Harrison, my boy, don't you think that is a bit extreme?"

"Headmaster," Umbridge said, silencing him, then putting all her focus towards Temperence. "What about you, girl, you've been awfully quiet."

"I agree with Harrison." The Hufflepuff said, no hesitation.

"Do you now?"

"He's proven to do the right thing over and over again, compared to some others."

She's a tough one. Tom's voice echoed in his mind, Harrison nodded slightly, barely visible, but he knew Tom saw it. Temperence was proving to be a loyal ally so far.

Umbridge shook her head disapprovingly, "I was hoping we could all come to an understanding here and agree to keep this school chaos free and with that safe."

"Umbridge," Harrison said, "Keeping people safe isn't the same as *lying* to them."

"We wouldn't be lying to them, as we don't think Voldemort is back."

Harrison huffed and muttered, "So you did call me here just to bash

me?"

"I am merely trying to explain the rules you two should enforce."

"And I'm standing here telling you I'm not enforcing rules I don't believe in." Harrison said, "Which I believe is one of the reasons I specifically was chosen for this position."

"We can take your bad-"

"Actually, Umbridge," Minerva stepped in, "You can not take his or her badge away, it wasn't in the contract Fudge made us sign."

"We can change that."

"I can have you kicked off the grounds with a twitch of my wrist." Harrison said, Temperence's eyes widening at the obvious threat. "That counts for *everyone* here. The fact that I haven't done it yet does not mean I won't. So you better think before stepping out of line too much." He looked at Dumbledore and then back at Umbridge. "If I figure out any of you have hurt a student or taken away any rights that should be a given, I will do so, understand?"

"Don't threaten me-"

"I wouldn't do that," Tom advised, quietly, sternly, yet with a certain heat in his voice. He didn't expand either and Harrison could feel a sudden wave of hunger hit him.

Right, Tom and his weird turn ons, he raised an eyebrow and Tom just rolled his eyes, but Harrison could still feel the slight attraction, hunger, lust even, come from the man over their link.

"Are we done here?" Harrison asked and Umbridge sighed.

"Dumbledore did warn me you were impossible to have a conversation with."

"Did he now?" Harrison asked and Dumbledore shrugged. Harrison swore he saw a small smile on Minerva's face.

"You may leave, if you wish to, Mr Black." She said, Tom nodding in agreement. The Hufflepuff girl followed him out as he quickly got up.

"Holy shit," Temperence muttered as she closed the door behind her. "I totally get Ced now." She said.

“Huh?”

“At first, when everything happened, we wondered why he would go from Hufflepuffs it-boy, to just another person in your friend group, your *followers.”*

“They’re not my-“

“Don’t make me laugh, Harrison.” Temperence said, “That in there, that is why anyone would give up their power in front of you, you have a natural air of authority.”

“One that only Marvolo matches?” Harrison guessed, just as Tom left the room.

“Heard that before, huh?”

“He has, indeed.” Tom said, behind her, smirking and Temperence shrieked.

“We weren’t-“

“Don’t worry, Harrison here is just *obsessed.”* He said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“Shut up,” Harrison muttered and Temperence looked between them, raising an eyebrow.

“I’ll pretend nothing is going on here.” She muttered and then nudged Harrison in his side, whispering quietly. “Good for you, he’s the hot one.”

Harrison snorted, “Don’t find Teacher-student relationships weird?”

She looked between them and shook her head, “You two match each other, from what I’ve seen and the age gap doesn’t seem *too* big.”

“Don’t tell-“ Harrison said and Temperence giggled.

“I’m going to gossip with Ced, but besides that, you’re secret is safe with me.”

Harrison smiled at her and she raised her hands, “I’ll leave you two alone now, then.”

The moment she actually left, Tom said, “Thank god I casted a silencing charm the minute I saw you two still out here.”

“Teacher- student relationship?” Harrison said, “Not a big age-gap?”

“All the wrong tropes, truly.” Tom sighed, “Come on, darling.” He said, motioning for Harrison to follow him.

Harrison did so without a second thought.

They went to Tom’s room in Hogwarts, in the teacher wing, where Harrison often found himself to visit Sirius and Remus or Tom.

When Tom opened the door with a small smirk, Harrison raised an eyebrow, “I could feel your lust during the meeting, you know?”

“Did you now?” Tom said as Harrison entered and Tom quickly followed behind him, closing the door and immediately wrapping his arms around Harrison from behind.

Harrison leant back against Tom, “What did it for you?”

Tom kissed the top of Harrison’s head, “You’re pretty hot when commanding a room like that, you know?”

“Am I now?” Harrison asked, “If you told me at the start of this that the *Dark Lord* would get turned on by seeing someone else- his partner- be dominant and commanding, I would have called you crazy.” He said, “Always thought you’d be more into the submissive type.”

“If everyone around you easily submit, someone who doesn’t is a welcome difference.” Tom admitted, “That’s why you’ve always captured my interest.”

Harrison turned around in Tom’s arms, wrapping his own arms around Tom’s neck, pulling him down, just slightly. “Well for what it is worth, I’m glad I have this power over you.”

“Power, huh?” Tom asked, smirking as Harrison shivered, just slightly. He brought his lips down to Harrison’s jaw, placing a kiss there before standing back up.

Harrison sighed, “Tease.”

“You love it.” Tom replied, not even taking a second to think, he knew what Harrison was going to say and how he was going to reply, this was their usual dance.

“I can’t believe you’ve fucked me in my dorm the second we got back

to Hogwarts and now we're here, in your place." Harrison said, "It's as if you're trying to do it in every possible space in the least amount of time."

"Don't give me ideas," Tom said, "It *is* your last year."

Harrison chuckled, "Well then, we have a lot to do." He winked at Tom and Tom's eyes darkened slightly.

"I suppose that is true," The man allowed not letting go of Harrison for a second, even when Harrison tried to turn around to walk to the bedroom.

~

"Tem told me she knew your big secret and I genuinely thought you told her everything for a second," Cedric said, "But then she started all about this being the only acceptable Teacher-student relationship because you two just *fit."*

"Well, it isn't a total lie." Harrison shrugged as he cleared the table a bit so Cedric could join him. He had been sitting in the library researching the deities, Tom had signed his permission slip to get into the forbidden library.

"I suppose it isn't." Cedric allowed, "What are you doing? I don't remember this homework."

"I'm trying to inform myself a bit more about the deities and their history."

Cedric nodded, looking at the books. "I think of all the people who have ever lived you have the most direct experience, I don't think there will be a whole lot you don't know yet."

Harrison shrugged, "I have to do something while I wait for Umbridge to snap for the first time and do something that makes me want to get rid of her."

"Touché." Cedric said, "Although I don't think anyone would mind it, would you free us from the pink toad now."

"I need to know what Fudge is up to," Harrison admitted, "What the ministry is up to behind our backs. I have thought about just banishing her and keeping it at that, but there's something going on here, something that might ruin a lot for us. So I have to just wait at

least until I know what they're up to. Why Fudge wants someone from the ministry here."

Cedric nodded, then looked at his potions textbook. "I can't even imagine having to worry about all that, you're insane man."

"What?"

"I mean, you're over here ensuring every student is as safe as they can be, saving literal *deities,* all while ensuring our politics doesn't go totally to shit and meanwhile most of us are stressing about our classes and exams, which you are *also* doing. Then you're also helping us pass said classes." Cedric shrugged, "I don't know where you get the time from or how you act so casual about it, I would be stressed out if I were you."

Harrison sighed, closed his book and turned to properly look at Cedric. "I have a great support system. I mean I wouldn't do all of this if I didn't have you guys or Tom or Sirius and Remus, probably wouldn't do this if I didn't have the founders and the deities on my side. Fate is a weird thing, but when she's on your side-"

"You always help us, though."

"You guys cover for me, if I'm having an issue with anything you do what I say no questions ask." Harrison smiled, "You make me seem more approachable, especially *you* since a Slytherin who just hangs with Slytherins is just another elite one. A Slytherin with a Hufflepuff best friend? Total different story."

Cedric laughed and Harrison said, "What I meant to say is, don't measure whatever you are doing with what I'm doing. I had to go through all the coursework of Hogwarts as a child with the founders as my personal mentors, I think that's enough of a reason to explain why I have a bit more time to fill up."

Cedric smiled, "This wasn't me comparing myself, this was just me being truthful about how I see you for the first time. We all have it- Ter fucking gushes to me about it, how he can't believe what you do and how you do it. But when you're around we try to act calm because we feel like it'd be awkward to be truthful, perhaps. I don't even know." He said. "We feel like you need us as friends, not as just more fans. And truthfully, I can say that at least Ter and I truly view you as a friend we trust and know so dearly."

He thought back about Tom warning him they would keep looking up

at him, never truly seeing him as their friend, but somehow he didn't mind merely as much as he thought he would. As long as they trusted him and saw him as a somewhat friend, this was okay.

Harrison rolled his eyes, "Alright sap." He said, "I do know, but I appreciate you guys trying to make me feel more normal at times. It truly means the world, those quiet moments where I can pretend to just be a teenager."

Cedric chuckled, "We noticed, you always seem less stressed afterwards." He smirked, "Now tell me about this meeting with Umbridge yesterday cause I heard quite the stories from Tem."

"She was impressed," Harrison said, "I have a tendency to disrespect everyone in those meetings since I do them with Dumbledore at least once a year."

"Yeah, she told me." Cedric laughed, "You really threatened her again, huh? And straight out disregarded her rules?"

"I'm not going up against my values." Harrison said, "Everyone knows that and Minerva and Tom wholly agreed with me."

"Of course they did, they always do." Cedric said, "This school would be so chaotic without you."

"It is also so chaotic *with* me."

"In a safer way." Cedric agreed. "So what's next?"

"We're going to sit back and watch Umbridge until she steps out of line."

"What about the Death Eaters?" Cedric asked, "They've been busy."

"We're trying to show Fudge's incompetence." Harrison said, "That was the plan at least, but with Umbridge here, I feel like he doesn't need our chaos to prove it. Now, I feel like Umbridge will just act quicker with the pressure of unexplained attacks."

"And then you take over? Like your original plan?"

"Indeed." Harrison said, "Same plan, just a different focus, how about you? What are you planning after graduation?"

Cedric smiled, Harrison could see a slight blush on his face. "Terence and I are moving in together, most likely. He's looking for places. And

then just start the rest of our lives right? We'll help you wherever we can, of course."

Harrison smiled, "What's your dad thinking about that?"

"When he figured out I was dating a Slytherin pureblood connected to a family of purists, he wasn't too happy, of course." Cedric said, "Then I reminded him that most purebloods were connected to blood purists and just because his family thought something he did and then Terence came over a couple of times- I think dad really likes him."

"That's good, I'm happy for you." Harrison said, "If you two need any help just let me know."

"Of course," Cedric said, "Thanks."

Chapter End Notes

See you guys soon <3

Chapter 82: I don't understand anything Harrison says.

Chapter Notes

> I wrote 6k words today to finish this on time. But here you go :) Sorry if the writing gets worse at the end I didn't know how grammar worked anymore..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two years ago Harrison had said something he was maybe slightly regretting now. He looked over the *huge* group of Slytherins in front of him and tried to remember exactly how Flint had done these things.

Because Terence and he had told Flint they'd follow in his footsteps and become Slytherin's team captain, but Terence got off easy with the tournament.

"Alright," Harrison said, "We're looking for two new chasers, a keeper and some reserve team members. I'm only taking serious applications into consideration."

He made all the Slytherin students who showed up split up into groups based on the position they were interested in and gave them a bunch of exercises. He made potential chasers try to score by potential keepers while having Fred and George shoot bludgers at them and other things to test them properly.

After an hour he had a proper list of people he would actually consider and with that decided to end the try-outs. He got Adrian, Fred and George to discuss, as they were the only remaining quidditch team members.

"This is so annoying," Harrison muttered, "I wish Terence was here, he'd be able to deal with all of this."

"Okay, but am I the only one who didn't expect Pansy to try out?" Adrian asked, "She was *good."*

"All of them were good, but we can't just fill the team with our group." Harrison said, "Because Montague quit and now we have Bletchley trying out I'm saying we just put him as keeper."

“Miles honestly did a great job,” Adrian agreed, “And he’s in between our year and the 5th years so diversity and all that.”

“So we put Pansy and Miles in for sure.” Harrison agreed, “It’ll be good to have a girl in our team, talking about *diversity*. We’re the only house with no girl quidditch players.”

“I say we put a youngling- like 3rd year? As the third chaser.” Fred said.

George nodded, “The future of quidditch.” He said dramatically.

“Okay, so someone like *Alex Sykes?*” Harrison asked, “He made some solid plays on the field.”

“He knew his way with a broom.” Adrian agreed. “I think that would give us an okay base team.”

“Okay, I’ll just write that down, we can go over it again later. I’ll ask Tom to show me their grade lists, ensure we’re not getting in the way of passing grades.” Harrison said.

“No matter the team,” George said, “We’ll win with Harrikins here.”

“That’s not a lot of pressure at *all.”*

“You can take it.” Fred laughed.

~

“Got your grade lists,” Tom said, “I’m very much not allowed to give this to another student.” Harrison had been making a prefect schedule in Tom’s office, the man himself teaching a class in the classroom next to his office. The soft comforting hum of magic between them flowing freely allowing both of them to just let go of some stress.

Harrison smiled up at Tom sweetly, “I do love it when you go against the rules for me, darling.” He said as Tom handed him the files regardless of whether he was allowed to or not.

“I’m doing this for my Slytherin pride,” Tom said. “Not for you.”

“Whatever helps you sleep better at night,” Harrison winked at him. “I could’ve also asked McGonagall or Sirius or Remus.”

“I can’t believe you said yes to being quidditch captain.” Tom said, “I mean this in the nicest way possible, love, but perhaps you shouldn’t

keep taking up responsibilities."

Harrison glanced up at Tom, he could feel the actual worry over him over their link and he sighed. "It's my way of allowing myself to actual experience Hogwarts life a bit. Besides, don't tell me you don't enjoy my muscley quidditch bod."

"You're a *seeker."* Tom argued.

"So?" Harrison raised an eyebrow and Tom let his eyes drag over Harrison's body *slowly, purposefully*.

"I guess, I can appreciate your athletic body." Tom said, sitting down opposite of Harrison. "How's the schedule going?"

"Oh- yeah, right." Harrison said, "I'm trying to make the groups fun, scheduling myself with Ced and Ced not with the new Hufflepuff girl prefect."

"If you need any help, just let me know." Tom said, "Although I suppose you're just going to give it to Temperence after your first draft?"

"Yep," Harrison said, "She can finalize it."

"Okay, anyways," Tom said, "Bones sent me a letter, apparently Dumbledore and Umbridge are pushing to reopen Hope's murder investigation, not wanting to pass that and all the prior attacks of to Voldemort."

"Is that so?" Harrison asked, genuinely surprised, the legal part of the ministry had accepted the dark lord returning after investigating magic tracks and Severus' Dark Mark, which Tom had fully reactivated for that purpose.

"They're hoping to prove you were wrong." Tom said, "About me returning."

"I don't understand," Harrison said, "Umbridge pushing for it to be reopened is one thing, but Dumbledore has been trying to prove Voldemort was back since my first year, why would he try to say the opposite now?"

"I don't think that is what he's saying, I think he's not convinced Voldemort would murder Hope."

“Since he would destroy his own soul.” Harrison muttered in realization. “Which he wouldn’t do immediately, with the other horcruxes still there. Without being angered in a way that tipped him.”

“Him as in me?” Tom asked, amused. “Nice Psychoanalysis, love.”

“Sorry,” Harrison said, “But tell me I’m wrong.”

“You’re not wrong, but it is problematic that even Dumbledore is against the idea now.” Tom said.

Harrison hummed, “He believes Voldemort is back, just not the connection to Hope’s murder.” He said, “It just means we have to connect it in such a way that it makes sense for him.”

Tom nodded, “I think he won’t budge quickly.” He said, “He’s doing this to make a point.”

“That’s true,” Harrison said. “Bones?” He asked.

“She believes us over them, we have proven ourselves that much.” Tom said, “She won’t reopen the investigation for that particular murder, they do have a team on investigation on the return of well- me.”

“We’ll be fine then.” Harrison sighed, Tom came around the desk then, carefully half-massaging his shoulders as he stood behind him, dropping a kiss on his head.

“We will be,” He agreed. Harrison felt himself relax into Tom’s hands, totally willing to melt into any touch Tom offered.

“You should get your schedule to Temperence.” Tom said, after a bit, Harrison looked at the schedule he had made for the prefects, the draft version and nodded.

“I should,” He agreed, Tom chuckled.

“I spoil you.”

“I deserve it.” Harrison shot back, “You’re good with your hands, though.” He said, winking at the man, rolling his shoulders as Tom let go, Tom had somehow loosened knots that Harrison hadn’t even noticed yet.

Tom chuckled but didn’t reply, Harrison got up, pressing a quick kiss

to Tom's lips. "Thanks, love." He said.

Tom must've noticed the tension in his form when he first came in, when even Harrison didn't. It was nice to know someone noticed him. Especially because it was Tom.

Tom just pulled him a bit closer, squeezing him into a hug, before letting him go. "Goodluck with the forms." He said, nodding towards the grades lists still on his desk.

Harrison nodded, quickly grabbing them before walking out the door, Tom stopped him with a "Harrison."

Harrison turned around and saw Tom just looking at him, not having moved in the few seconds he had his back turned to the man. "I expect you in my room here tonight." He said, a question formulated as an order and Harrison snorted softly.

"Is that so?" He asked, "I could never say no to you, sir."

"Good." Tom said.

Harrison just laughed as he walked away.

~

Temperence glanced over the forms and snorted, "Wow, am I going to get any work with you being the headboy?"

"Sorry," Harrison said, "You should seriously check it and change it how you want to, though, it's kind of a draft."

"I'm sure it is." She said setting the papers aside. "What about Malfoy and Granger?"

"Fuck," Harrison said, "I'm sorry, I totally forgot to speak to Malfoy, he and I have some unresolved issues."

"And Granger?"

Harrison hesitated, "Actually, maybe you go speak to her? I think she could be an okay prefect, considering everything. Just give her some rules."

"Rules?"

"I'll have Marv make some."

Temperence said, “Alright, well go find your Slytherin friends then.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow and Temp smirked. “Just cause you’re super-powerful and work efficiently doesn’t mean I won’t boss you around, sir. I got headgirl for a reason.”

“Alright then,” Harrison sighed. “Whatever you say, milady.”

So he actually went and tried to find Draco first, but he already ran into Theo and Blaise somewhere on his way.

“Good!” He said, “I was going to try and find you two in a bit, you two busy?”

Theo and Blaise looked at each other, then Blaise spoke up, “Nope, what do you need us for, love?”

Right, they were still together to the public.

“You two are going to let me third wheel again, seriously?” Theo groaned, smirking and Blaise looked at Harrison then back at Theo.

“You can join.” He said and Harrison laughed as Theo sputtered.

Harrison led them to an empty classroom and chuckled as he realised how *that* must look to the students around them. He closed the door behind them, cast silencing charms and then said, “There’s going to be throuple rumours within a day, that hallway was busy.”

“Will your man kill me?” Theo asked and Harrison shook his head.

“You’re fine. He likes you.”

“The dark lord *likes* me?”

“As far as my friends go,” He shrugged, “No matter.”

“What’s up, Har? Why’d you drag us away?”

“Did you hear about the first prefect day?”

“Granger slapped Draco right?”

“Yeah after he called her a mudblood or something,” Harrison said, “Tom wants to drop Draco.”

“Already?”

Harrison nodded, “He does not like Lucius and he wants to show the man he and his family aren’t as untouchable as Lucius tends to think they are.”

“Okay, so what about us?” Theo asked.

“One of you will be the new prefect, we just wanted you two to pick who.”

“Oh god no,” Theo said, “I did not stay in the background for years to now become prefect.”

“We thought you would say that.” Harrison nodded, “So Blaise?”

“It’s going to look bad with you being the headboy and our relationship.”

“I don’t give a shit.” Harrison said, “Who else could we pick, Goyle?”

Theo laughed and Blaise hummed, “Fair enough, I’ll do it.”

“Why the disinterest in the position, though?” Harrison asked Theo.

“I like getting away with things, walking by unnoticed all that. The moment you get that badge, that is gone.”

“Fair.” Harrison said, “Good point.” He sighed, “Alright, this was the easy part, now I have to find Draco.”

“Want us to tag along?” Blaise asked.

“For finding him?” Harrison replied, “Sure. But not for the conversation, I think this needs to be just Draco and I.”

Blaise nodded, “Fair enough, we last saw Draco in the library.”

“Yeah like thirty minutes ago.” Theo agreed and Harrison hummed.

“Library it is then.”

~

Draco was sitting together with Pansy talking about some Charms project they were doing when they showed up. “Hey guys, mind if we sit?” Blaise asked and Pansy immediately grabbed her bags, to make space for Blaise and Theo.

Draco quietly made space for him and Harrison sighed, “Actually, Draco.” He said, “We should talk.”

The blonde boy looked up at him, “What?”

“Yeah, I thought I’d drop Theo and Blaise off at Pansy, so I could steal you.”

“That so?” Blaise sounded hurt, “I thought we had something special.”

“I’d choose Theo over you any day, darling.”

“You can just break up with me straight up instead of going around my back with my best friend.”

“I thought I was your bestfriend.” Pansy pouted and Blaise grinned at her.

Theo rolled his eyes, “The walls have ears, hear people gossip about Harrison and I cheating on Blaise tomorrow during breakfast.”

Harrison laughed, “Alright that’s enough, come on, Dray.”

Draco looked at Blaise and Theo, who just shrugged, and got up.

Harrison was glad that Draco followed him to a more private place in the large library of Hogwarts, he cast a privacy charm before sitting Draco down.

“Okay,” Harrison sighed, “I feel like we haven’t talked in ages and there’s this almost aggressive air between us.”

Draco hummed and Harrison almost rolled his eyes.

Almost.

“You don’t trust me as much as the others.” Draco said after a while. “And I can’t pretend to see you as an equal, like the rest does.”

“They don’t see me as an equal, but they treat me normally.”

“Harrison,” Draco sighed, “I was raised to comply to the Dark Lord no matter what, my grandfather was one of his first followers, my father is in the inner circle and I was told that I would follow in their footsteps for our generation, be the new right-hand. But you came along and took all that away by making him human.” He laughed, but it sounded forced. “Don’t worry, I’m glad you did, it’s just- Tom Riddle

is attracted to power, he raises his followers to be attracted to power, *his* power. Follow his command. You seem to carry his power so easily, maybe even more than he does. He loves you for it and any wise Death Eater would worship you because of that. I can not see you as equal. Not after hearing your back story, not after seeing how my Lord sees you."

"Why do you dislike me, though? Avoid me?"

"Avoidance, turning your head down instead of speaking up." Draco muttered, "Signs of submission, perhaps?"

"Dray-"

"No, it's okay, I've learned, I will never be the Slytherin prince my Father told me I would be." Draco said. "Not with you around. Nor will I claim my place as the Dark Lord's most trusted."

"Fuck," Harrison sighed, "I get it."

Draco looked up at him then, seeming fully confused himself.

"I took everything your father promised you from here. And you knew I would the moment I told you my backstory."

"I did." Draco confirmed, "Before that maybe even, but that just confirmed it."

"But Draco, you can't measure your value by your father's promises in a whole ordeal he has no influence of." Harrison muttered, softly.

"He has influence, the dark lor-"

"Tom uses all his followers, not caring about their input, only occasionally listens to them to ensure he keeps the Malfoy seats, in this case. Your not dumb, you know that as well as I do."

Draco didn't reply, he just looked back at the ground and Harrison allowed the silence to settle between them for a bit before he spoke up, "Why use the term mudblood?"

"Didn't you once say it was normal in the olden days?"

"You have to use words based on time spirit." Harrison replied, "Which means it's a slur."

"For muggle borns, the ones we're trying-"

“We are not, they are *magical.”* Harrison said, “We’re trying to heal magic not kill it further.”

Draco huffed and Harrison breathed in deeply, no point in getting frustrated.

“I know you’ve been raised with the idea that muggleborns are bad, but we need them to keep magic alive and Tom and I agreed on how we would take care of that.” Harrison said. “Which means all we need you to do is not act like a total blood purist.”

“But-“

“I know Malfoys *are* blood purists.”

“That was not what I was going to say.”

“Either way, Tom wants to have some other fifth year replace you as prefect.”

“What?”

“And I suggest, if it happens, you don’t complain to your dad about it, because Tom is getting restless and I’ve been the last thing stopping him from firing your dad.”

“Harrison-“ Draco almost whined.

“Draco, I swear to god, just for once listen.” Harrison said, “I’ll talk to Tom, but don’t be extra about this, don’t be *anything* about this. Take it as it comes, because acting out will not make Tom, make *your Lord* more willing to have mercy on your family.” He sighed, “You said for yourself that you will never see me as equal, would always see me as someone more powerful, so for this once act like you do and listen. I don’t warn just anyone. I’m only here because I genuinely do care for the way you were my first true friend here and the way your parents even helped me finding my way around when I came back to the Potters.”

Draco hesitated and Harrison was almost scared he was going to storm away and make a scene, but instead he just dipped his head slightly and muttered, “Yes, sir.”

Malfoy kids were trained from the very beginning to submit to those more powerful to them, that was their way of survival, of adapting and it had worked for centuries for them.

Harrison could see the way he had just activated this survival instinct in Draco and he was almost surprised to find that it didn't necessarily made him feel bad, rather it made him feel like he got the point across properly and he wouldn't have to deal with disobedience.

Which was nice.

He got up without another word to return to Blaise, Theo and Pansy who were silently chatting at the table Draco and Harrison had left them at. Harrison wasn't surprised to find Draco following him at a slight distance. He cast a silencing charm to not disturb the rest of the library as he sat down next to Theo.

"Harrison," Pansy said as soon as he sat down. "You're helping me with this assignment like right now."

"Am I?"

"I suck at runes." She said and Harrison snorted.

"Everyone sucks at Ancient Runes, you should have seen Adrian and I."

"We've *seen* you work on runes with your Loverboy," Blaise said, "Didn't look like something someone who *sucks* at it would do."

Harrison raised an eyebrow at him and then said, "Alright, I'll help."

Pansy batted her eyelashes at him dramatically, "You're the best, Har."

"Stop flirting with my boyfriend, Pans."

"I should have taken your offer of faking a relationship instead." Pansy muttered.

"No one in their right mind would believe Harrison Sirius Black is straight." Theo said and Blaise pointed at him.

"So true!"

"What is that even supposed to mean?" Harrison groaned as Pansy showed her Runes chapter to him.

Nobody answered his questions, instead they were all waiting for him to start explaining and Harrison looked at them all, "Do you all have Ancient Runes?"

“Yes,” Theo said and even Draco gave a little nod.

~

Harrison found himself pinned against a door, Tom looked down at him with a look of intent on his face and Harrison could feel the slight shudder running over his body.

Tom smirked, playfully, “So tell me, how did your conversations go?”

“I had a good conversation with Draco.” Harrison said, as he looked directly in Tom’s eyes trying to not be bothered by the press of Tom’s body against his at all. “I think he will be more understanding now.” He sighed and said, “Also spoke to Blaise and Theo, but I had to get them alone for the conversation, so if there’s rumours tomorrow of Theo joining Blaise and I for our *intimate* moments, just know that’s all not true, don’t scare the poor boy.”

“One fake boyfriend not enough for you, love?”

Harrison rolled his eyes, “You’ve been really horny since returning to Hogwarts.”

“Like I said,” Tom shrugged, “Gotta make the most of your last year here.” He smirked, “And you do have an excellent body, captain.” He said, as he placed a kiss against Harrison’s jawline.

Harrison chuckled, as he let his head fall back against the wall, exposing more of his throat for Tom, “You’re absolutely crazy, my love.” He said, “And I have an early class tomorrow.”

Tom pulled back, he got a look in his eyes that Harrison wasn’t entirely sure of. “We’ll make it quick,” He said and that was a compelling argument, if he had heard any.

Not that he would ever say no to Tom.

“Didn’t know you even knew what taking it quick meant.” Harrison whispered as Tom attached his mouth to Harrison’s skin once more.

I’ll take that as a compliment. The words echoed through his mind clearly and Harrison chuckled at the ridiculousness of the situation as Tom finally moved back, allowing him to remove his back from the quite uncomfortable push of the door.

Only for Tom to pull him to his bedroom and push him onto the bed,

carefully, as he always felt the instinct to be protective over Harrison even if just slightly.

The next few steps were calculated spells, losing his clothes all at once while prepping with spells as well. Tom casted them without a second thought and while for most couples the feeling of your significant other's magic *inside* you would always remain a weird and perhaps slightly unpleasant feeling, to Harrison and Tom it was a shield of comfort. Of their cores combining with simple spells.

Harrison smiled at Tom as the man also shuddered at the feeling of whatever was happening to Harrison, they had gotten better to using their link to make any experience in the bedroom, or in their case any other spot they did it at, as good as possible.

"You look practically divine right now," Tom said softly, as Harrison watched him right back. Tom's muscled body was on full display as well. "If you asked me to worship the ground you walked on I would kneel in an instance."

Harrison rolled his eyes, but smiled, "You're ridiculous."

"Am I?" Tom asked, "I'm serious, love."

"Just today?"

Tom chuckled as he ducked down to kiss Harrison. "Always," He muttered against Harrison's lips.

"Maybe I'll test it someday."

Tom just kissed him again and Harrison bucked his hips up, not even trying to hide how desperate he was to just have Tom in him or do *something* at all already.

And while usually Tom would take this as a sign to keep teasing, their limited time due to how late it was and Harrisons need to get some sleep at all, made the man listen to his silent request.

It didn't take long before Harrison found himself filled by *Tom,* thrusting with a slow tempo that wasn't enough to push him over the edge, but as Tom slowly kissed him, softly, and used whatever power he had over their link to sent Harrison every twitch of pleasure he felt, Harrison was starting to feel more and more like this was a experiment whether this could be enough.

Either way, within a short time he found himself gasping softly, feeling slightly light-headed as Tom sucked a bruise onto the connection of his jaw to his neck, and he didn't mind at all whether Tom was trying something new because it felt nice to just feel and let Tom and his own pleasure wash over him.

And despite his first feeling, he finished without Tom changing the pace too much and he sent a full wave of pleasure back at Tom, enough for the man to finish as well.

It was maybe one of Harrison's favourite parts, being able to kind of sent the feelings of his orgasm to Tom.

"I don't think giving me the student files is the worst rule you've broken today, professor." Harrison whispered into the darkness a while later, as he laid cuddled up in Tom's arms, cleaned up with magic.

Tom hummed, "Let's just hope no one finds out then, *Mr. Black."*

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tom just chuckled and kissed his forehead.

~

Harrison noticed the woman entered before anyone else did, her magical presence annoying him in a way not many could.

She cleared her throat, "Just continue as if I'm not here, Mr Black." She said.

Sirius' eyes narrowed, they were officially McGonagall's class this year, but occasionally Sirius would still take over the teaching, because he genuinely enjoyed teaching the higher years a lot more.

"*Of course,"* Sirius said, distaste clear in his voice. "As I was saying before I was interrupted, you see that I have given each of you a *king* chess piece, this is because today we are transforming *king to rook.* By the end of this class I want you all to be able to turn a king piece into a rook and yes I am talking about the bird." He said, before going on to explain wand movements and incantation, the part Harrison usually tuned out, because he didn't use a wand and he didn't ever speak while casting magic.

When Sirius let them practice, Harrison waved his hand and did the

transformation, this specific transformation feeling like second nature to him, because it was his favourite little trick back in the days when it wasn't in the curriculum yet.

Rowena had taught him the spell and he would use it to impress students whenever he could.

"So you let your students play around with magics in your classes?" Umbridge asked as she stood closer to Sirius, at least having the decency to talk quietly, not distract others too much.

Harrison twitched his wrist under the table to ensure no one but him could hear the investigation Sirius would get no doubt, the privacy charm strong, but unnoticeable even for the people it was cast on.

Cedric glanced at him as he noticed Harrison was totally not paying attention and muttered, "What's she doing?"

Just as Sirius answered that yes, the point of his classes was to actually learn the magic and therefore it was important they got to practice, Harrison answered, "Interrogation."

"Don't you think it causes unnecessary dangers when we allow our students free roam at magic?"

"There's runes in place to ensure we're okay and not in danger. Besides to truly teach your students, you must give them some trust as well. We need people who can actually handle themselves in the world outside these walls."

"I want to forbid magic within these walls."

"You want our magical schools to have no magic?"

"From students, at the very least."

Harrison got up so suddenly, his chair scratching the floors angrily as he controlled his magic *barely*. He approached Sirius and Umbridge, "This is no place for such a conversation," He said, "Come on."

He lead Sirius and Umbridge to the office connected to the classroom, they didn't fight it too much, but Umbridge did scowl.

"And why do you think you have any influence on my choices."

"Because I'm the one who has control over the castle more than anyone else." Harrison reminded the woman. "You have no fucking

clue what you're doing."

"Don't I?" Umbridge said.

"You are raising a generations of people who will feel insecure with their magic, unsure of passing it along, the end of the wizarding world if it continues. Forcing people to not cast magic through the most important developmental years of their lives causes magical handicaps. Think of our wands, when people started casting magic at a young age they could control it without wand, *everyone could."*

"We don't need strong Wizards or Witches." Umbridge huffed, "We need people who are easy to handle, to defeat. People who don't have enough power to let it go to their heads."

"Like your power went to your head?" Harrison asked, "You don't want me as your enemy, Umbridge."

"We'll see about that," Umbridge muttered, "Remember, Black, no wands next class." Then she turned around and walked out, leaving Sirius and Harrison alone.

"Fucking hell." Sirius sighed, "That woman is insufferable."

"I should just banish her already."

"But?"

"She's here in Fudge's name, who knows, the man might sent someone else."

"Shit."

"I'll fix this," Harrison said, "Just don't let her get to you too much."

Sirius smiled, "You telling me that, pup? Or yourself?"

Harrison chuckled, "Caught me." He said, "Sorry for immediately pushing myself into your conversation."

"I know, I know." Sirius said, "Main character, has to be involved in everything important."

"Now that's just disrespect, *dad."*

~

“So she wants to take wands away from a magical school?” Theo asked, sounding genuinely stressed. “Hogwarts is going to be a joke.”

“I know,” Harrison said, “But just listen to me, follow her direct commands and maybe I’ll find a way to work around them, giving all of you proper classes, even if it means teaching them all myself. I am going to ensure you all get good education.”

“Thanks, Har.” Blaise said.

Just as Fred said, “Wait, we have to *listen* to her?”

“Just to ensure you don’t anger her too much, I don’t know what she’s capable of. Just try to stay somewhat on her good side, alright?”

“Because you asked so nicely.” George sighed, “I can’t believe we’re going to be obeying a pink toad.”

“You know what this calls for?” Pansy said, “Restarting your little secret classes, inviting everyone, going up against Umbridge.”

“We have Tom here, though, there’s no way he’s going to listen to Umbridge.” Harrison said. “We’ll see how it goes.”

“What I don’t understand is why ban teaching true magic at one of the supposedly most dangerous times ever?” Blaise asked, “The Death Eater attacks have been picking up, I saw it in the news paper, another small wizarding town was attacked and burnt to the ground.”

“Wait what?” Harrison asked, “What happened?”

Blaise seemed to hesitate for a second, “Your boyfriend’s followers attacked-“

“Do you have the news paper?” Harrison asked and Blaise nodded, summoning the paper with Harrison’s spell, Harrison felt some pride at seeing the boy use it so easily, but that was quickly over clouded by a sense of worry when he saw the front page.

“You didn’t know?” Theo asked, softly, as Harrison scanned the paper.

“This wasn’t Tom.” Harrison said, “Fuck.”

“How do you know?”

“Because, firstly, Tom would never stage an attack without telling me, nor would he burn down a historical building.” Harrison pointed to a

certain paragraph in the article that explained the damage to an old castle that was the home of an important sorcerer decades ago.

“Wait so the Death Eaters are acting without telling their Lord?”

“That would be the more positive conclusion,” Harrison sighed, “The other one is, there’s someone trying to copy the Death Eaters work. I think I know who it might be.” He got up quickly then, leaving the common room they had been sitting in, ignoring the shouts of his friends.

He ran into Umbridge on his way to Tom’s room, the woman stopping him in his tracks.

“Heir Black,” She said, “Pray telling me what you are doing out of your common room this late, after curfew?”

“Just my head boy duties,” Harrison answered, “Now can I continue, I am looking for the prefect who’s doing rounds at the Charms classroom part.”

Umbridge narrowed her eyes at him, “You’re trouble, Heir Black.” She said, “Ensure I don’t regret it if I let you go your way now.”

“I promise.”

“Hm,” Umbridge said, “Go on then.”

Harrison nodded and then just walked away, for the first time he was truly happy with the badge on his robes.

When Harrison knocked on Tom’s door, Tom opened the door, confused, then even more confused as Harrison walked in.

“You didn’t have to knock, darling.” He said as he looked at Harrison. Harrison paused for a moment just to admire Tom’s bare chest, just a second before he crashed on the couch. Tom frowned, “What’s wrong?”

“Did you happen to tell your puppets to attack another random village?”

“You know I wouldn’t do that without telling you about it first,” Tom said, “Are you okay?”

“I know, fuck.” Harrison cursed, “We’re so fucked, Tom.”

“Harrison, love, what are you on about?” Tom said, finally sitting down next to Harrison now that he was sure Harrison wasn’t mad or frustrated at *him.*

Harrison just gave Tom the news paper he was still holding and Tom scanned it quickly before he muttered, “Fuck.”

“You know what the worst part it?” Harrison asked, “I think this might be Lord Blume’s work. He must be frustrated that you haven’t made an active move in punishing him or anyone else yet and that you’re back at Hogwarts as usual.”

“And so he does the one thing we can’t ignore, endangering others.” Tom said, “Did anyone die?”

“I don’t know,” Harrison sighed. “What are we going to do?”

“I have a very dumb idea.” Tom said, “But it might be fun.”

And that piqued Harrison’s curiosity, “Do tell.”

“We can pin everything on Lord Blume.”

“How do you mean?”

“Voldemort’s return, all the attacks.” Tom said, “We continue as it is, but I just convince Blume to get a mark, tell him he’ll be my most faithful, that he made me see things as it is and he is the only one I can trust. Everything his father told him he could be, we give him a mark *the old one.”*

*“*The one everyone will recognize in an instant?”

“Precisely.” Tom said, “I sent him on some jobs, make him attack some people, maybe let him kill some people who are guilty of sexual assault or whatever and then when we take over, instead of having to do the whole ‘Voldemort is dead’ show, we can convince people Voldemort was part of lord Blume, plant a fake horcrux, and give him a death sentence.”

“That’s insane.” Harrison said.

“We would need all the Death Eaters in on it, ensure no one snitches, but there’s no jealousy in the ranks either, we would need your friends, everyone we trust, to know and help where they can.” Tom said, “And we would need to convince him quickly.”

“You’ve lost your mind, Tom.” Harrison said, “But it could definitely work.”

“We can convince him that the moment I realised he had a point a broke you down,” Tom said, sounding smug. “Total submission, just a servant.”

“What kind of fantasies do you have, Tom?” Harrison asked, “You secretly want me to be your servant?”

“Oh god no,” And Harrison could feel the disgust at the mere thought coming over the link, “But Lord Blume would eat that shit up, plus it would allow you to still sit in at meetings with Lord Blume.”

“Ugh,” Harrison groaned, “I forgot that Lord Blume thinking you’re the old you would mean I can’t be in the picture like I am now.”

“You’d be my treasure darling, kept safe within the walls of my castle and Hogwarts, I suppose.”

“Until yule?”

Tom smirked, “You that desperate? I was thinking more ‘until I convince him to get the mark’, we can put an obedience spell on it.”

Harrison chuckled, slightly embarrassed and flushed as Tom kissed him on his forehead. “That’s probably a better idea.” Harrison agreed and Tom smiled at him.

“Are you feeling better about the situation now?” Tom asked him and Harrison nodded.

“Yeah, I- yeah, definitely.” He said, “Sorry, the moment Blaise showed me I just panicked. I even ran into Umbridge on my way here and made some stupid excuse about head boy duties.”

“I’ll confirm it if she asks me about it,” Tom chuckled, “I am kind of glad I don’t have to act like the snake man anymore, if this works.”

Harrison laughed, “It would have been funny, though.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Tom said, “Are you staying here tonight?”

“As tempting as that is,” Harrison said, “I think I have to go back, I kind of just got up and ran. My friends are probably worried about me.” He smirked, “But for what it’s worth, you’re the only person I would play a fully submissive servant for.”

“Minx.” Tom said, kissing him softly. “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Considering you’re teaching my class tomorrow, yeah.” Then, “Oh shit, I have to tell you about Umbridge.” And so he sat there for a bit longer telling Tom all about Transfiguration class, Tom listening and getting more annoyed every second, only after they had also properly discussed possibilities and solutions for that, did Harrison go back to the Slytherin common room.

He didn’t expect anyone to be there still waiting for him, but he also wasn’t surprised when he walked into the common room still seeing all his friends there with some others. Such as Adrian, who must have joined them after his rounds.

“Are you okay?” Pansy watched him almost hesitantly, not scared perse, but definitely careful.

“All good,” Harrison said. “Sorry for running out on you guys.”

“How angry was Tom?” Tracey asked, who had also not been here before, the others must’ve caught them up. “He can’t have liked that.”

“The thing about Tom is, he was angry, sure. But when I’m angry or irritated or scared, he’ll stay calm to ensure he calms me.” Harrison said, “So he was rational, turned our whole plan around, ensured he wouldn’t have to pose as Voldemort for some epic last battle.”

“Truly?” Pansy asked and Harrison nodded.

“We’re framing the dude who did this for everything,” Harrison said, “If what we think is true, it’s the same guy who killed Hope.”

“What? How does that make sense?” Blaise asked.

“He wants Tom to act, be aggressive, he’s a big fan of *Voldemort* but not *Marvolo Gaunt*. And this, this whole staged attack, would have definitely gotten Tom to act against his Death Eaters, Lord Blume himself and anyone else who stepped out of line.”

“How sure are you?”

“I don’t think there’s any other person who would do this and get away with it.” Harrison said, “It has Death Eater written all over it, yet breaks certain rules Voldemort had even at his worst, suggesting someone who knows about the Death Eaters, how they work, what spells they use, but not the depth of their rules.”

“And Lord Blume checks all those boxes?”

“As far as we know, yes.”

“Why do you get more enemies all the time?” Adrian asked, “Are we safe being your friends?” It sounded more like a joke, though, so Harrison had the chance to also jokingly answer.

“Perks of being almost god level powerful.”

“Alright, don’t let it go to your head, Harrikins.” George said, he and Fred were sitting on the ground creating some new product for their soon to be store.

Harrison smiled sweetly at them before he said, “But I’m feeling better about it so you all can stop sitting here in worry.”

“You can be scary, Harrison.” Theo said, “Who knows you might’ve accidentally killed someone because you thought that would help the situation.”

Harrison snorted, “Right, cause I have a reputation of killing people.”

Tracey shrugged, “You never know.”

~

“Hey seems the rumours finally spread,” Theo said as he sat down next to Harrison at breakfast the next morning, “I’ve had multiple people ask me how you and Blaise were in bed.”

Harrison blinked, “You’re kidding.”

Theo shook his head, “A lot of shoulder pats as well, ‘Good on you, Nott!’” He mocked some voice and Harrison chuckled.

“That’s hilarious.”

“You sure Tom’s going to not- you know- kill me?”

“I warned him this might happen.” Harrison said, “Don’t worry, just be prepared for a lot of attention, Blaise and I still have to stage a breakup.” He said the last part softer, so people wouldn’t hear.

“When’s that going to happen?”

“I don’t know,” Harrison said honestly, “I kind of like the fact that

people know I'm taken. I have less people approaching me with stupid date ideas or pathetic attempts of climbing the social ladder by interacting with me."

"I've seen Blaise glare at people when coming too close to you. He's great at the whole acting part." Theo admitted.

"That I am," Blaise was suddenly behind them, he sat down on the other side of Harrison, wrapping one arm around his shoulders. "How'd you sleep?"

Harrison laughed, "I slept perfectly fine, thanks for asking, darling."

"Of course he slept fine," Theo said, just slightly suggestive and Blaise chuckled.

"Oh, so we're playing that game, huh?"

"Keep it nice, guys."

"We're angels." Theo said, "Of course we're keeping it nice."

"You two are going to kill me someday." Harrison groaned and he swore Theo high-fived Blaise behind his back. "Are you two really committing to this story? How did Theo here even get to be part of our relationship?"

Blaise smirked, "He's hot."

Harrison snorted, "Okay?"

"And my closest friend." Blaise continued, "We both liked him, were charmed by his awkward genius. The only person our age who understands your rambles."

"I don't understand anything Harrison says usually." Theo muttered.

"No one does," Blaise waved in dismissal. "Either way that should be enough for people to believe, we just invited him along to a date." Blaise shrugged and Harrison supposed for teens it truly was that easy.

"Alright, sure, I'm down. Just don't have too much fun with it, we're going to break up within a year."

Blaise dramatically placed his hand over his heart, "You're leaving me? What do you mean with that, amore?"

“Truly horrendous to say such words to us now.” Theo nodded and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

Just then Fred and George sat down opposite of them, “So Nott, you’re dating our lil bro, huh?” Fred winked at Harrison and Harrison hated the fact that *everyone* was enjoying this so much.

“Should I be scared?” Theo said and Blaise laughed.

“Oh definitely.” He said, “You fear Tom’s reaction? The twins are scarier.”

“By a lot.” Harrison agreed.

~

Harrison walked into Tom’s classroom early, just taking a moment of calm before the rest of the day, Tom didn’t even look up from his lesson prepping, he just said, “Hey, love.”

“Apparently I have two fake boyfriends for real now.” Harrison sighed, “The Theo rumours spread around the school and just now Fred and George gave Theo the whole ‘hurt our brother and you don’t know what we will do to you.”

Tom chuckled, “I remember that speech.”

Harrison gaped, “They threatened you?”

“They were quite nervous about it, but did it nonetheless.” Tom said, “I just promised them that I would never hurt you and that they didn’t need to worry, but if I did, I would be fully at their mercy.”

“That’s insane.”

“I respect their protective instincts over you.” Tom said, “I expected Sirius and Remus, but Fred and George that was a surprise. When Bill and Charlie cornered me I was fully taken aback, though.”

“What?”

“They care about you, Terence threatened me as well, but that was after he had gotten more comfortable around me, still earns him some points in my book.”

“None of them have any sense of self-preservation.”

“I disagree,” Tom said, “They’re loyal, they’d defend you even in the face of danger. The tattoos prove that much. I might not exactly be the biggest threat to you right now, but they still wanted to remind me that they’re on your side not mine.”

“When you put it like that.”

“If I had half that loyalty when I was still in Hogwarts I might have never started the Death Eaters the way I did.”

“The Knights?”

“All out of fear and you know that.”

“I suppose,” Harrison said, “What’s the class on today?”

“We’re duelling.” Tom said, “In the hope Umbridge shows up.”

“That’s evil.” Harrison said, “Love it.”

“You, however, are going to be used as an example by duelling against me and then not duel against the others, since I don’t want them to be beat in like two seconds.”

“You’re taking away my fun, sir.” Harrison sighed as he sat down in a chair.

“Maybe we’ll do 1v5 or so.”

“You think it’ll go slower then?” Harrison asked.

Tom shrugged, “Probably not.”

“What are you even prepping then?” He nodded towards what Tom had been doing when Harrison walked in.

Tom smirked before standing up, stepping away from his desk, muttering something in parseltongue, suddenly the entire room shift around them, to change it into a proper duelling room.

“Room design.” He answered and Harrison laughed, slightly amazed.

“That’s amazing.”

“Says the guy who can do literally anything with his magic.” Tom teased, “I’m glad I can still impress you, my love.”

“You impress me daily.” Harrison said as Tom waved his hand to open the doors to the classroom, the first students- mostly the Slytherins- walking in first.

“Duelling?” Fred said, excitedly, “Don’t put me against Har, though, please, prof?”

“Nobody is going against him.” Tom said, “You’re all good.”

“You can just say you hate me,” Harrison sighed dramatically, the classroom was slowly filling up.

When the clock hit nine and it was officially the start of their class, Tom closed the doors with a wave of his hand and said, “Last year I made you all duel, the year before that Lupin did as well and I know three years ago there was a duelling club. This means we have seen all of you progress into duelling, so I thought today we would have *real* duels.” He smirked, “We’ll make it a house cup and before you argue, no I’m not allowing our Heir Black to win for Slytherin by a wave of his hand, he’s not duelling anyone but me, just to show how it works.”

“Still think you’re being rude.” Harrison said, loudly, performative.

Tom smiled at him, “Okay so here’s the rules: No unforgivable curses; it ends when someone is unable to cast magic to defend themselves; no serious harming or maiming; and lastly leaving the duelling area is an immediate loss. Now Heir Black, care for a demonstration?”

Harrison nodded, “As long as we put a timer on it, last one was at least two hours and I don’t want to force everyone to watch for that long.”

“Right, George, keep a timer of like five minutes.” Tom said and George saluted jokingly at him.

And so Harrison found himself immediately jumping into their usual middle-stage of a duel, the quick, almost unable to follow duel where they seem to predict what the next person would cast before the other even moved their hands. Neither of them had even grabbed their wand at all this time, Harrison wasn’t even sure where his was.

He rolled away from another spell of Tom, as his shield stopped most of the next spells, it was fun, exhilarating, especially now with an audience.

You’re enjoying this too much Tom’s voice echoed in his mind, enough

of an distraction to almost get hit by a bombarda Tom cast at him.

The next spell Tom cast was too quick and would have hit Harrison, until the world seemed to slow down around him.

"*You're welcome."* Came a voice Harrison had only heard once before, *Time.*

Harrison laughed as he side stepped Tom's spell, just in time for George to shout, "Time's up!" And for them to end in a draw.

"Thank you," Harrison whispered and Tom sent him a questioning glance, obviously the man noticed something happened just now, but Harrison waved him off and Tom shrugged.

"Something like that," Tom said, "Now how about we do Fred against Cedric?"

Harrison looked at his class for the first time in five minutes and was happy to see a woman dressed in pink in the crowd.

Umbridge was going to be so angry at Tom, he'd have to convince the man to let him be in the room during their little meeting.

The rest of the class Harrison and Tom were watching duels to ensure they were done safely while also keeping track of how many wins each house had, in the end Hufflepuff won, because Cedric beat Adrian in the last duel.

They won with one point over the Slytherins.

Tom gave Hufflepuff twenty points for their win and then jokingly asked if anyone wanted to form a team to duel Harrison. Harrison wasn't surprised when Fred, George, Adrian, and Cedric teamed up with a few others to try and beat him.

He was however surprised how well they worked together, it took him a full eight minutes to win from them and Harrison felt a sense of pride at seeing his friends this confident with their duelling skills.

"I think that wraps this class up." Tom said, "Next class we'll just continue as normal, but I have to say everyone here can be very proud with how they grew with duelling. All of you showed a lot of magical competency."

"High praise!" George cheered.

“Everyone leave the room,” Umbridge said then, finally making her presence known to the last few students who hadn’t noticed her watching the duels. Harrison stayed in the room and, when Umbridge tried to sent him away, Tom stopped her.

“He can stay.” Tom said.

“This is ministry business.” Umbridge argued and Tom smirked.

“Exactly why a lord of five ancient houses can stay.”

Umbridge sighed and narrowed her eyes at Harrison, he could feel the hatred coming off the woman, but didn’t say anything. He was glad Tom noticed he wanted to be there and had immediately stepped in.

“Very well,” The woman said, “I have to say, Lord Gaunt, I disagree with your methods at teaching.”

“Many would, just like many would agree.” Tom answered, “I don’t know why you think that is important enough to pull me aside after my own class.”

“You’re teaching these children to use their magic in dangerous ways, teaching them to use it to fight. When you look at the state of the world, do you really think we need more people who want to duel?”

“I’m teaching them to defend themselves in the face of danger, you know, the purpose of this subject?”

“I think you can do so without teaching them to bring others in danger.” Umbridge said, “I suggest you use this book and only this book from now on.” She sighed, “I do not want you getting into trouble.”

“Is that a threat, Ms Umbridge?” Tom said, “You truly think you can just threaten me with something and I’ll stop being a good teacher?”

“I have the power of the Ministry on my side, dear.” Umbridge said.

“No you have the power of a corrupt minister on your side.” Tom muttered.

Umbridge didn’t bother reply, she just shoved the book in Tom’s arms and said, “Read it and use it.”

Then walked away, her head held high, but her shoulders slightly sagged.

When she closed the door behind her Tom rolled his eyes, “She thinks she’s way more powerful than she actually is. I can’t wait to throw her behind bars.”

“If the founders knew what she was doing they’d actually kill her themselves.” Harrison muttered and Tom looked at Harrison.

“You said something on your birthday, I think both of us forgot amidst the chaos.” Tom said, “You said you wanted me to properly be introduced to the founders?”

“I did say that.” Harrison agreed, “I totally forgot.”

“We can go find a portrait?” Tom asked, “Or just go to Grimmaulds place?”

“Now, really? You’re not busy?”

“Never to busy to do a meet the in-laws.” Tom said, “Look, I’ve talked to most of them briefly, but I know they mean so so much to you and I want to do this properly for you. I can’t imagine what it’s like to have four or even five parents who lived centuries ago, which you can only communicate with through portraits, but I know that this is your reality and I want to be there with you.”

“Okay, fuck it, let’s go to Grimmaulds.” Harrison said and Tom nodded.

~

They found themselves wandering the halls of Grimmaulds not an hour later, Harrison let Tom to the place where he and Sirius had carefully put the portrait with all four of the founders next to Merlin’s portrait.

“Little snake!” Salazar said, “come to visit us once more?”

“Oh stop it, Sal.” Helga said, “We all know you see him daily. How are you Harrison?”

“I’m doing great, I’m just here to you know, let you guys meet my soulmate, properly.”

“Ah! The soulmate, in the flesh!” Godric said, “We’ve heard so much about you.”

The intrigued look Tom gave him would’ve made him blush months

ago, but now he just smiled. “Well, it isn’t just anyone who gets a soulmate from Fate.”

Rowena looked Tom up and down, “So you tried to take over the wizarding world, huh?”

“Not my proudest moment.” Tom admitted and Salazar seemed amused.

“Perhaps your methods aren’t something to be proud of, the ambition just shows your truly one of my family.” He said, “I am glad you’re finally taking the time to get to know the others.”

“I’ve been meaning to,” Tom admitted, “It’s just hard to truly take the time between everything.”

“Tom is going to run to be Minister of Magic, our current Minister is absolutely corrupt, he sent Umbridge- you know the woman dressed in pink all the time- to supervise Hogwarts as a ministry member.”

“Hogwarts is a private school the Ministry can’t meddle in it.”

“Dumbledore is an old fool who refuses to directly challenge the Minister.” Harrison said, “Tom’s doing everything he can, though.” He said as he looked at Tom, Tom was looking straight back at him and Helga actually let out an ‘Awe.’

“I like him, Sal.” She said, “I don’t know how he’s related to you, but that look, that’s pure love.”

“What is that even supposed to mean?” Salazar asked and Helga giggled.

“Okay, okay, enough of that.” Godric said, “What do you want from our son?”

Tom looked at Harrison, his eyes promised Harrison so much mischief and for a moment, Harrison was afraid for what the man would answer, but then, “Honestly, whatever Harrison is willing to offer me is enough for me. I’ve told him this many times before. Would Harrison choose we can’t be together for any reason at all, I would let him leave his life, knowing I’d still look out for him every step of the way. I’d try to overcome my jealousy for any other partner he’d might have, because his happiness is most important. What I want from him is him to be happy, whatever that means.

But if you ask me how *I* view our future, I'd say we're living happily, we'd have helped magic and the world around us would seem brighter, we'd lead the Wizarding world to a new sense of safety and all of that I could only do with Harrison by my side. I want to have a bonding ceremony, binding our magic that much more than it is right now. I want to spent my life feeling amazed at all the opportunities he creates and takes and wake up every morning wondering how on earth, I, someone who was supposed to never be able to feel love, got so blessed by Fate that she gave me the best soulmate of them all, who in the process taught me how to love."

"You're such a sap," Harrison said, affectionately. Trying to hide how much the words meant, Tom knew though, so did his parents.

"I mean every word."

"Okay how am I supposed to be the parent who warns their child to not get too committed and blah blah blah if that is their partner?" Godric groaned and Salazar smirked, obviously very happy with Harrison and Tom having found each other.

"You better have our portraits at your wedding, Harrison." Merlin said.

"Oh yes!" Salazar said, "I want to do a speech."

"I think you have our approval, Harrison." Rowena said, she smiled softly at him. That motherly smile. "Not that you needed it when you have Fate's approval, but I like him."

Harrison looked at Tom then back at Rowena, "We should get one of your portraits in the room we use for Rune inventions in Hogwarts, I think you'd love it."

"The one you also used to change the Runes of Hogwarts, which we defended you for against Dumbledore?" Helga asked and Harrison nodded.

"That does sound amazing." Rowena agreed.

"And you didn't even have to threaten him for my vaults!" Salazar said as the room turned quiet after Rowena's words. Harrison laughed and Tom shot him a confused look.

"Salazar told me to threaten you if necessary, since he really wanted me to be able to access his vaults."

“Well I’m very giving.”

“Oh my god, talking about giving.” Harrison said, “Rowena, Merlin, you two are not going to believe what I found and was then given for free just for me to give it to Tom as a birthday gift.”

“That was possibly the most confusing sentence you’ve ever said.” Godric muttered.

“Whatever,” Harrison said, “You have it with you?” He asked Tom and the man nodded, pulling the stone out of his shirt, still worn around his neck with a chain.

“Is that-“ Merlin started.

“Magic’s gem?” Rowena finished his sentence and Harrison nodded.

“How did you find that?” Salazar asked, “Even in our time that was lost, there were full expeditions to find it.”

“I went to the store to get Tom something special and the guy recognised me, said he might have something, he didn’t know what it was, he just felt the strong magical aura of it and gave it to me for free. Even after figuring out what it was.”

“I’m still kind of convinced Magic just hid it until Harrison turned up, because it was the same store I worked at for years.” Tom muttered.

“Either way, it helps for magic detection, healing of Magical creatures and I think at some point it will allow us to help magic heal.” Harrison said, “We already found a way to make ‘greener’ magic instead of using it, also replenishing it.”

“It’s something we’re working on.” Tom said.

“And you just gave that to Tom?” Rowena asked, “That proves the love if nothing else.”

“I mean, whatever is mine is also Harrison’s.” Tom said, “I always tell him that anything I have he can take.”

Harrison nodded, “He does say that a lot.”

“They’re already acting like a married couple,” Helga said. “I am truly so glad you found the time to talk to us, Tom. It is great to see Harrison found someone who cares so much about him. Who would do anything for him.”

“Harrison has a lot of people who would do anything for him,” Tom said, “That much his friends and family have proven, he’s hard not to care for. But I’m definitely the lucky one and I intend to keep it this way for as long as Harrison will have me.”

Harrison smiled at him, “Forever doesn’t sound too bad, love.”

“Forever it is then.”

Godric made a gagging noise and Helga chuckled as Salazar elbowed Godric in his side.

Chapter End Notes

See you alllll sooonnnn my loves <3

Chapter 83: What can I say? Three is a party.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harrison sat quietly on the couch in Tom's office, a transfiguration book he had read like four times already in hand as Blume was brought into the room.

Tom's face was stoic, the only sign of some sort of nervousness maybe even was the flow Harrison could feel over the link and the way his pen scratched the paper a little harder as he made some useless comments on a request that would get denied anyways.

"Lord Voldemort," Blume said, looking sideways at Harrison, "I was surprised by your invite."

"Well I want answers," Tom said, "Don't look at him, look at me."

"Does he have to be here?" Blume asked, an almost whiny voice and Harrison felt the irritation from Tom, matching his own immediately.

Tom however smiled, "My darling goes wherever I do," He said, "Don't worry he won't spill."

Blume scoffed, "Right."

Harrison heard the paper hit the desk, "So attacking villages?" Tom asked, casual, conversational and Blume stilled, Harrison could feel his fear hanging in the air.

"I didn't-"

"You used my trade mark attacking style, even the death eater mark in the air." Tom said, "Must've been a beautiful attack, bummer I wasn't invited. You know, Harrison over there told me all about your wishes, your view of me and I have to admit you had a point I have lost myself."

"What?" Blume asked, those words obviously having been the last he expected.

"You wanted to wake me up, realise I wasn't acting like I should, that I was going the hard way and you've finally managed to, the attack, it

showed sheer power. The fear we need in people's mind." Tom admitted, "You have the spirit in a way I haven't seen often."

"Sir-"

Tom held up his hand, only taking a second to quiet the man once more, "I have an offer."

"You do?"

"We'll do the official initiation, you'll be my new right hand man," Tom said, "Your father said you've waited for the opportunity and you've proven yourself fully. All you have to do is bear the mark and you'll be right there creating history with me."

"You want to go back to your old ways fully?"

"I think we need a mix of my Gaunt persona and Voldemort to gain true power over the people in this country." Tom said, "You'd be the person mostly in charge of attacks, if you accept. Working together with my excellent duellers. A range of power at your disposal that you couldn't have imagined."

"And all you need is for me to fully commit to being a follower?" The man asked, "To being one of yours?"

Tom shrugged, "See it as a formality."

"Can I think on it?" The man asked.

Tom sighed, he looked at Harrison and then muttered, "I'll give you a week, I need this to happen quick."

"Of course, sir." Blume bowed his head in respect.

"Alright," Tom said, "That was all for now, just sent a message to Lucius Malfoy when you have an answer. It's for safety of communication."

"Of course," Blume nodded, before quickly leaving.

"He's trained well," Tom noted, "Never accept an offer immediately, make the other doubt whether they have you where they want you. His father was all about that, I'm surprised he pulled the trick with me."

Harrison stretched on the couch, dropping the book, not having read a

single word. “I think considering everything that went really well, didn’t even have to crucio me to prove you lost your chill once more.”

“Would you have let me?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“Anything for the course, right?”

“I don’t know if my magic would let me crucio you.” Tom admitted, “There is certain defence systems between soulmates.”

“We’re not testing that one,” Harrison said quickly, “I don’t need to know.”

Tom smiled, “Want to get dinner?”

“What?” Harrison asked.

“We can disguise ourselves, go to Germany or the Netherlands, maybe even Greece or Italy if feeling fancy and go out.” Tom said, Harrison hadn’t noticed him getting up until he lifted Harrison’s legs and sat down next to him before dropping the legs in his lap. “Come on, I’ve got you for a full night, right?”

Harrison nodded, slowly. “Why the romance?”

Tom snorted softly, “Because I’m feeling sentimental?”

“Tom,” Harrison sighed.

“Because we’re getting close to a victory.” Tom muttered, “I can feel it and I couldn’t have gotten here without you. You saw my ambitions not my wrongs, that’s something no one had done for me ever before, even Dumbledore when getting me from the orphanage only saw my negatives, none of the ambitions, the fears behind them. You did, so yeah, I suppose I’m feeling sentimental.” He admitted, the words were almost whispered, as Tom grabbed Harrison’s hand in his. “But I’ve also got this really good looking guy who loves me and who I’ve only taken out properly once. Don’t get me wrong I love our nights in where we eat, cuddle, maybe fuck, for hours, but I want to spoil you.”

“You do spoil me.” Harrison said, “Anyone would tell you that.” He smiled softly, “But for what its worth, I could never say no to a fucking hot guy asking me to go to another country for a romantic date.”

“Our disguises are going to have to be *good* though.” Tom said and

Harrison shrugged.

“It’s like playing magical dress up.” He moved his legs, sitting upright, so that he could instead kiss Tom’s jaw. “For the record, I hope this night still ends with cuddling and fucking.”

“Naughty.” Tom said, turning his head so that Harrison’s next kiss was on his mouth, “But who am I to deny you, my love.”

“You *did* say you wanted to spoil me.” Harrison said and Tom chuckled.

“Ready to play some dress up?” Tom asked.

“Always.”

~

Harrison returned to Hogwarts the next day with a hickey in his neck that made Theo and Blaise look at each other and high five, which Harrison thought was hilarious especially when just two hours later he heard more whispers about their relationship.

“Taking credit for Tom’s hard work?” Harrison asked as the three of them found themselves alone in a corner in the library, a privacy charm around them.

“I bet it was *hard.”* Blaise said and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“Somehow you’ve gotten worse since Theo joined.”

“What can I say? Three is a party.” Blaise said and Theo snorted.

“Right, a very *fake* party.” He said and Blaise smirked.

“Are you calling our love fake? I’m hurt, darling.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Harrison said, “Either way, you two want to go to Hogsmaede this weekend? A public date of sorts?”

“Oh, an actual throuple date?” Blaise said as he looked at Theo, who shrugged.

“I’m down.”

“Great,” Harrison muttered, “That’s good.”

Blaise raised an eyebrow in silent question and Harrison sighed, “Tom’s going to do a fake meeting and I can’t be there, because I have to pretend to be some low servant to convince Blume Tom changed, so I need to fill my day with something else.”

“I thought you said you were pretending to be a low servant so you could be in the meetings?”

“Yeah, quietly and humiliating myself in front of dozen of Death Eaters. They don’t know the full extent of what we’re doing, cause we don’t trust them *that much.”* Harrison sighed, “Either way, a public date could be good for our image, since apparently we truly are a *horny, teenage* throuple now.”

“Tom’s okay with you telling us everything and us taking you out on a public date?” Theo asked and Harrison smiled.

“The man’s possessive, sure, but he likes a good act, besides I’ll make it up to him. Don’t you two worry about *that.”* Harrison said then pointed at the prefect pin on Blaise’s robes, “When did you finally get that?”

“Tom handed it to me yesterday, told me to see how long it took for you to notice he actually changed the boy Slytherin prefect.”

“A day is quite long, Har.” Theo said and Blaise raised an eyebrow at him waiting for an explanation.

Harrison didn’t bother replying.

~

“Lord Blume accepted, as I thought he would, he waited an acceptable 16 hours before accepting. Enough to show he contemplated it while still eager.” Tom said, Harrison was currently laying on top of the man in Tom’s quarters in Hogwarts. Tom’s fingers were slowly playing with Harrison’s hair.

“Mh, so this weekend is on?” Harrison asked, “You sure your Death Eaters are up for an acting task?”

“They will be,” Tom said, “You made plans with your *boyfriends?”*

“You know I did.” Harrison said, placing a kiss on Tom’s jaw, “Show me the memory of the meeting afterwards, yeah?”

“’Course,” Tom smiled, “It’s going to be weird not having you there.”

“I can still be there, if you really want me to.” Harrison said, softly and Tom shook his head.

“No it’s okay, I get you don’t want to in front of Death Eaters.” Tom’s hand stilled. “Besides you should take your moments with your friends this year, while still at Hogwarts.”

Harrison smiled, “You know, I’m feeling more and more ready to leave Hogwarts every day. Four years ago I wouldn’t have believed I could be, but now?” Harrison looked up at Tom, “Sappiness alert, but I just can’t wait till we can both live at Slytherin Castle and fall asleep and wake up next to you everyday, knowing that we have a permanent home like that.”

Tom smiled back at him, “I can’t wait either.” He sighed, a happy sigh for once, instead of the worried or stressed sighs he usually heard from the man. “I didn’t think I’d ever be this ready to live together with someone.”

“Don’t kill Theo and Blaise if we appear in the newspaper, okay?” Harrison said, changing the subject entirely. “They’re quite worried about your reaction.”

Tom chuckled, “I did always say you deserved to have some fun, experience a teenage relationship.” He said, but it sounded hesitant.

“But?” Harrison smirked and Tom snorted.

“But I feel like our relationship has gotten to this point where I would feel slightly hurt if you decide to experiment with others now.” He admitted, “I’m a possessive man.”

“That you are.” Harrison agreed, lovingly. “But not wanting me to put this on break to experiment has nothing to do with your possessiveness. More with you actually feeling human emotions, Loverboy.”

“Disgusting.” Tom said, jokingly and Harrison chuckled.

“I know.” He said, he felt Tom’s hand move down from his hair, wrapping it around his waist instead, pulling him closer.

“These moments are my favourite I think.” Tom said then.

“Oh! Voldemort *is* a cuddler. I knew it.”

“I just like how calm everything is, how we can both let our public masks drop fully.” Tom said, “And yes, the cuddling is nice too, but don’t tell the Death Eaters. Or anyone for that matter. I have a reputation to uphold.”

“I think there’s quite some people who would’ve expected it, Tom. Hate to say it.”

“You truly did humanize me for many, I’ve lost my edge.” He said it and actually managed to sound like he was mourning something, Harrison laughed.

“You can still be scary when you want to be, trust me, otherwise Theo and Blaise wouldn’t ask me if you’re okay with it every time I suggest something.”

“They should know by now you can make me say yes to anything.” Tom said, “Can’t say no to a face like that.”

“Anything, huh?” Harrison asked and Tom just tightened his arm around Harrison.

He then said, lowly, “Anything really fucked up you wanted to ask.”

“No, sir.” Harrison said, ignoring the chills he got, that he knew Tom must’ve felt, with the way they were laying.

“Bummer,” Tom said, “If you do come up with something, tell me. I want to see if you can actually come up with something I’d say straight up no to.”

“Is that a test?” Harrison asked and Tom shrugged.

“It could be.”

~

“Magic is strictly forbidden outside of classes,” Draco read the sign to the whole group, scrunching up his nose, “What are we, mud-“ He looked at Harrison who sighed.

“Denormalising casual magic use will hurt this generation of wizards.” Harrison agreed, “She can’t even do that, it’s a private school.”

“I think it’s truly time to restart the Harrison classes,” Blaise said,

“Allowing people a space to cast magic as she tries to apparently ban it.”

Harrison looked around the group and then nodded, “Fucking hell, spread the word. Every house, I want inclusivity. I’ll talk to Marv, Siri and Remus.”

“Aye, aye captain.” Blaise saluted him.

“When are you going to kick her out?” Pansy asked.

“When it won’t risk backlash involving our politics.” Harrison said, “She’ll be gone as soon as absolutely banishing her won’t destroy my reputation. So either we need solid proof of misdoing or wait until Marv takes over.”

“Well,” Daphne said, “You heard the man, spread the word, tell people to get to the ROR tonight if they’re interested, you got time right, Har?”

Harrison smiled at the girl, “Yeah, ‘course.”

“Good. Get to work people.”

The people around them- only fifth year Slytherins, all listened to Daphne in an instance and Harrison smiled.

“I’m glad to know there won’t be total anarchy when I’m gone.”

“Always got these,” Daphne showed the small tattoo of two entwined flowers on the side of her arm and Harrison nodded.

“That much is true.”

Daphne looked around, probably to check if everyone was truly gone, because she asked, “So how are you dealing with everything? Must be a shit ton of pressure.”

“You don’t know half of it,” Harrison chuckled nervously. He cast a privacy charm and said, “I’ve got Tom, though, so we’re dealing with it all together. It would have sucked for both him and I if we had to go through this all alone, but now? I feel like we are both dealing pretty okay.” He hesitated, before admitting. “We get nervous, though, sometimes, before the big important moments. Many wouldn’t guess so from looking at us but sometimes we have to like take ten minutes to collect ourselves before doing some important debate or whatever,

to ensure we play it exactly right. It is nerve wrecking every time."

"You're saving the world, of course it is going to be nerve wrecking." Daphne said, "But for what it is worth, thank you for your honesty."

"Yeah, whatever." Harrison waved her off, "Now go take your own commands and help the others, I'll go find the teachers we need."

"Your parents and your boyfriend?"

"Already notified the boyfriend," Harrison said, tapping his head, as to say he used his mental link.

Daphne hummed, "Right, good luck with the parents then." She said, "Shouldn't be too hard considering it's Sirius and Remus."

~

"Okay, but actually, why did you just accept it when he asked for your permission?" Harrison asked Sirius as they sat in the Room of Requirement waiting for the first few people to show up. It wasn't exactly often he was in his room with just his parents and his boyfriend, who happened to be the man that wasn't only *older* than his parents, but also tried to kill them when they were in Hogwarts.

And when you put it like that Harrison could almost understand people calling his life insane all the time.

"Well," Sirius said, "I wanted to say no at first, cause I mean I got to protect you right? Still your old man, somewhat. But then Remus gave me this look and I also know that if I said no Tom and you would've still gotten married, I'm not stupid, so really there was no point it was all niceties. Oh and the whole Magical soulmate thing, going directly against Fate sounds terrifying."

"Fate is pretty chill, to be honest." Harrison said.

"Sure she is." Sirius muttered.

Remus cleared his throat, "Well all that besides, what do you want to do today? With the whole secret club?"

Harrison grinned, "Well I asked the twins to make this." Harrison grabbed a piece of parchment, "We'll make everyone who wants to join sign it, gives them green patches or something when they snitch on our group, it's great for confidentiality."

“Because you can’t just use a spell to force them to stay quiet?” Tom asked and Harrison shrugged.

“Seemed a bit excessive, considering the amount of students that might join.” Harrison muttered, “Besides for teenagers? Ugly skin might as well mean death. Insecurities and all that.”

“Fair enough.”

That’s when the wall opened and a group of Ravenclaws and some Hufflepuffs walked in, followed by some of Harrison’s friends.

So they steered the conversation to safer topics, which they could include the students in, like what spells they were interested in learning during the club.

Tom suggested they also do some duelling during these sessions instead of starting a whole new duelling club, which most of the students seemed really enthusiastic about.

Only when a big part of the people they had expected to come were inside, did Harrison tell Fred and George to seal the entrance for now, as it would allow them to not be constantly on edge about someone else- someone they didn’t want to have there- entering and ruining it all at the first meeting.

Harrison closed his eyes and imagined the part Sirius, Remus, Tom and he were standing on being slightly higher to make it easier to see him.

“Hello everyone,” He started, “I am so happy to see so many of you here. As you might have noticed we have someone in the castle who wants to suppress our purpose of being here; namely, learning magic. Therefore I decided to restart these lessons and allow you all to learn from professors who are on our side for sure and me.” There was some clapping and Harrison almost laughed by the reaction which made him feel like he just did an acceptance speech instead of a welcoming one. “I’d like to thank professor Lupin, professor Black and professor Gaunt for being here to help us.”

“Due to the many professors and many different students here I was thinking we could cover many different branches of magic. So here’s what we are doing, first everyone who wants to join for real signs this paper here- it visibly jinxes you if you speak about this group to anyone outside, meaning this is just to ensure we can not be betrayed. After signing everyone will get a piece of paper where you can write

one suggestion of a spell or any specific branch you want to learn about, we will cover these as well as the class material of different years in the upcoming few months." He looked over his shoulder at Tom, "Anything to add?"

"We will also be giving out schedules of sorts, I guess, where we will just say what we are covering when, no point in sixth year students coming to a spell class they've had in their Fourth year."

"Right smart," Harrison agreed. "We'll figure out how exactly soon."

He then looked at Sirius and Remus who shook their heads without him having to ask anything.

"Alright then," Harrison said, "the paper is here, sign it, I don't want to see you back if you don't sign it for obvious reasons."

Then Tom waved his hand making a bunch of pens appear and they sat back watching the students line up to sign. Cedric was in front of the row, followed by Pucey.

"This is going great so far," Cedric said, "How are you feeling about teaching again?"

"I'm excited," Harrison admitted, easily. "I think sharing your skills is one of the only ways to make knowing a lot fun, that's what Rowena used to say at least."

Cedric smiled at him and then Adrian was suddenly by their side, "You need to do a class on wandless magic, Harrison. Try to teach it just a bit. You said yourself that knowing it slightly could be life or death."

Harrison smiled, "I was thinking about that actually, Marv and I were trying to figure out a way to do something like that for a while now, for his DADA classes as well."

"But it is proving to be hard." Tom said, "To find a proper way to allow students to experience it, once you experienced it, you know where it comes from in a way."

Harrison nodded along with Tom and then turned back to Adrian, "But, promise, I'll try."

"You better," Adrian said as he watched some of the other Slytherins sign the big paper sheet, "Either way, You're amazing for organising

this and finding a way to teach us real magic."

"That's what he does," Fred said, wrapping an arm around Adrian's shoulder, "Always helping out the students, our Harrikins."

They stayed there for a while talking as they watched all the students sign the sheet of enchanted paper, quickly after that and collecting the suggestions, Harrison wrapped the first meeting up, hoping they could take over the ministry quick enough to not have to deal with Umbridge much longer.

~

Harrison laughed at one of Blaise's bad jokes, tapping his glass nervously as he tried to get some sort of information from Tom. He could feel that the man's mood had been shifting over the past thirty minutes. From his usual confidence at meetings to an annoyance Harrison hadn't felt much more often.

"And so then my uncle just kind of gave up on me ever doing what he asked, you know?" Theo said and Blaise nodded understandably.

"Wait but he still gives you the supplies?" Harrison asked and Theo shrugged.

"I don't know why." Theo said and then he looked at Blaise, who nodded, and then back at Harrison. "Can you do your weird privacy charm thingy?"

He asked the questions softly, there were students all around them, who had been eyeing them on their 'date'. Obviously Theo wanted to talk about something other than his own family or Blaise's mother now. Something that was not as easily shared.

Although Harrison would argue that they both had shared very personal things so far.

"Can you tell us about what it was like?" Theo asked, "The founders? Like all of us heard about your Godric Gryffindor duel and read about the supposed kid of them all in history books. But what was it like for you?"

Harrison smiled softly, "Tom asked me the exact same thing when we were starting this whole thing." He said and Blaise's lips quirked up just slightly. "It was fantastic, truly. I think people don't realise how freeing it is to live in a time without well the gadgets we have

nowadays, in a way. But besides that, the founders themselves they were fantastic parents, strict and careful, but nice and allowed me to explore."

"Strict how?"

"They made sure I followed a strict lesson plan from the moment I showed interest in doing real magic, they each chose subjects and ensured I excelled in them. They made me go through the entirety of the Hogwarts courses before I turned ten. They were strict with the work, the respect you need to give your magic and all that, but they also allowed me to explore the subjects on my own. Rowena, for example, noticed my fascination with magic and told me all about her own spells, helped me start to create my own. Godric noticed my searching of danger, maybe, when working with animals and helped me do shit I'll never do again. It's why I feel so at ease around dragons, thestrals and all that. Helga she was amazing at herbology, taught me all about plants how to use them in battle, but also taught me how to do certain things without magic, like cooking in a muggle way, which is valuable all on its own. And Salazar was well, Sal did everything. He's the reason I'm here I think."

"How so?" Theo asked, he was listening to every word with such fascination and Harrison for once felt like he could tell people his own age about his experience without getting any negative or jealous reactions.

"Salazar found out about my ability to speak parseltongue on accident, but after that I followed him everywhere, I was his shadow. It was the moment the other founders realised they didn't stand a chance. He taught me about potions, darker magic, how to shield my mind, use it to my strength. How to properly use my core. He was also the parents who would teach me cursewords and then curse with me in parseltongue so the others wouldn't know. He supported me in every step. Every dumb childish idea I had, he thought would be the next big adventure. He was *my* parent, you know?"

Blaise nodded and then asked, hesitantly, "What was leaving them like? It couldn't have been easy."

"It was shit, I mean they never lied to me, from day one I knew I was there until it was time to go back, but when it was actually time to go back it was very painful. Especially the thought that they had to live their whole lives without me and then exist in paintings for hundreds more before I could find them again. Their last birthday gift to me was

a blood adoption by all four of them as well as Emrys, which I probably did mention at some point. That I think, no matter the 'trying to one up with birthday presents' thing going on, was the best birthday gift I've ever received." Harrison shrugged, "At the end of the day, they taught me all I know and allowed me to grow up in a supportive environment, which I wouldn't have gotten with the Potters or their family, so I'm thankful for it happening even with how shit it was to leave them afterwards."

"Do you ever wish you didn't have to leave?" Theo asked.

"At first? For sure. Now? God no, I love them, but they were all I had there. I was in the castle all the time with minimum interactions to not change the future here and I didn't really have a life outside of learning the ins and outs of magic with the founders. Here I have goals, friends, family, a soulmate. Hogwarts used to be my home and now I have nights where I wish I was at Slytherin Castle instead. No offense."

Blaise chuckled muttering, "None taken." As Theo nodded.

"Well, for what it's worth, I'm glad you found home in this time."

Harrison smiled at him in thanks, pushing another wave of Tom's annoyance down, but shooting a quick '*You okay?'* to the man over their mental link, hoping he'd get it over this distance.

Blaise tilted his head slightly sideway, "How's Tom?"

"How did you know?" Harrison asked.

Blaise smirked, he seemed way too proud of himself, "You got that look on your face."

'*I'm sorry,'* Tom replied, quickly a wave of pain hitting Harrison as he did so, '*These fucking incompetent fools.'*

'Not okay then?'

'The marking went fine, but I'm in a meeting with my inner circle and they are jealous of the fake- high command Blume is getting.'

'What the fuck.' Harrison said, rubbing his forehead against the pain.

"Are you good, Harrison?" Theo asked and Harrison nodded.

"Yeah, just Tom's annoyed and cursing people."

“And that makes your head hurt how?” Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged. “You dumbass, ask him to stop.”

“But he’s in a meeting-“

“He wouldn’t forgive himself if he knew he hurt you.”

“Fuck.” Harrison said and then, ‘*Tom?’*

‘Mh?’ How the fuck did the man even manage to sent a noise?

‘*I love you, but can you stop whatever your doing, it fucking hurts.’*

~

Tom lifted the crucio as soon as those words floated into his head. “Stay there.” He said to Bella, who was about to run to her husbands help. “None of you move.”

He felt his annoyance fading into worry as he sent Harrison, ‘*I’m sorry, I don’t know what I did.’*

‘It’s all good, lover boy.’ Harrison’s reply was quick, that was good at least.

‘*I think I lost control.’* Tom admitted, over the link as he looked at his Death Eaters. ‘*I know the marks tend to burn when I get too angry or frustrated and I don’t control myself, I can’t imagine how much a horcrux would feel-‘*

‘Hey, Tom.’ Harrison sent a comforting wave to him. ‘*It wasn’t that bad. Just wanted to let you know.’*

‘It was good that you did.’ Tom said, ‘*I’m sorry.’*

‘I love you, loser.’

‘I love you, sweetheart.’ Tom said, he didn’t even care about the slight smile now visible for all inner circle death eaters to see. ‘*How’s your date going?’*

‘Would’ve been more fun if you were here, but I’m dealing.’

‘I’ll finish this meeting quickly, see you in Hogwarts in an hour?’

‘I’ll try.’

‘Don’t rush your date.’

‘Go back to your Death Eaters, but don’t get too annoyed or try closing the link or something.’

Tom rolled his eyes, looking at the scared Death Eaters in the room, “Now where was I?”

He was happy to say he still could play scary Dark Lord cause the begging started *immediately*.

~

“All good now.” Harrison said and Blaise nodded.

“Was that the first time that happened?”

“Yeah,” Harrison said, “But this link thing, it is crazy, it has so many layers and different connections that sometimes it just adds some new thing into the mix that we both have to figure out about on accident. It still changes everyday.”

“You can still hear what he’s thinking now?” Theo asked.

Harrison nodded, “Yeah, sort of, sometimes. It’s complex.”

“That’s insane to me.” Theo muttered and Harrison shrugged.

“You get used to it, believe me.”

“At least you don’t have to fear him cheating on you, since you could literally feel it.”

“Even if I couldn’t, I don’t think I’d have to fear that considering he is *Tom Riddle.”*

“Fair point.” Blaise said. “Now what I want to hear about is how you explained to Gringotts that you were Heir of all the founders.”

Harrison snorted, “It’s an underwhelming story, truly.”

~

Harrison heard the door of his room open and muttered, “Professor sneaking into a student dorm, huh?”

Tom chuckled, it sounded dry, humourless and Harrison lifted his

head to look at the man, “You okay?”

Tom smiled at him, shortly. “Yeah, I’m fine.” He sat down on Harrison’s bed, next to where Harrison was laying and Harrison immediately sat up, leaning against the wall to look at Tom, “What’s up?”

Tom looked down at his hands, “I can’t believe I hurt you.” He admitted, it was whispered words, but they hung heavy in the air. “And I didn’t even notice.”

“Hey,” Harrison said, taking one of Tom’s in his hands, “Don’t be like that. You didn’t mean to, I *know* you didn’t. Neither of us knew that this could happen.”

“But it *did* happen.”

“Tom-“

“No, it’s, I’m chasing this dream of immortality and I hurt you in the process. Having you as my last horcrux-“

“Don’t finish that sentence.” Harrison said, “Don’t say you regret making me your horcrux.” He hated hearing his own voice crack, hated the way Tom immediately looked at his face for the first time, eyes wide.

“I don’t.” Tom said, “Fuck, I wish I could, but us living forever together still sounds amazing, but not if it means hurting you on accident, Harrison.”

“You know how I get sick when I’m not close to you for a while?”

Tom nodded and Harrison sighed, “It feels nice, somehow, because it gives you a reason to stay with me, forces us to talk instead of suddenly ignoring each other- not that I think we would do that otherwise, but you know. The pain I felt was only there cause it was some reflection of your irritation. Tom, I would feel that pain any day as long as it means you feel comfortable letting me in one hundred percent like you do now.”

“Harrison-“

“No, I mean it, Tom.” Harrison said, “At first I wasn’t even going to tell you about the pain, but Blaise noticed and told me to tell you.”

“Well, I’ll have to thank Blaise then.” Tom said, “Masochist.” He added, as an afterthought almost.

Harrison laughed, “Don’t kink shame when you’re the one profiting from it.”

Tom also chuckled, this time not dry, but full of love. He moved his hands to cup Harrison’s face. “I love you.” He said, “Sorry for being bad with emotions and all that.”

Harrison turned his head just slightly to kiss Tom’s palm, “You’re getting better.” He said, “I love you too.”

Tom smiled, “You still want to see the memories of the Death Eater’s meeting?”

Harrison’s eyes lit up immediately, “Do you even have to ask?”

~

“Front page, ha!” Blaise waved the newspaper in Theo’s face, Theo quickly snatched the paper out of Blaise’s hands.

“New addition to famous couple (throuple)!” Theo scrunched his nose up, “Is that seriously the best they could come up with?”

“They’re really uncreative, Harrison always complains about it.” Daphne said, reading over Theo’s shoulder. “How does it feel to spend four years trying to blend into the background to get pulled into this whole mess?”

Theo shrugged, “Won’t change too much, I’ll just get some jealous looks.”

“The one’s who literally ask if I’d be okay with them asking out Harrison are my favourites,” Blaise said, “I always tell them to ask for my amusement and they turn white as paper.”

“Harrison is a scary man.” Daphne nodded, looking over at Harrison where he was sat surrounded by students both from Slytherin and other houses, he always seemed so comfortable talking to whole groups. “Good for you two, though.” She winked at them.

Just then Sirius walked up to Harrison, tapping on his shoulder, Theo watched as he whispered something in Harrison’s ear, the boy frowning up at Sirius, then saying something back.

Sirius shrugged in reply to whatever Harrison had asked and Harrison stood up, clearing his throat. “Madame Umbridge?” He said, his voice loud enough to be carried over the entire great hall.

The lady dressed in pink sitting at the teacher’s part of the hall looked up, “What is the reason for this disturbance, heir Black?”

“I need a signed list from the Minister with every thing he wanted you to take over within Hogwarts,” Harrison stated.

“Mr Black, you have no right to-“

“We’ll talk about it later,” Harrison held up his hand, “I’ll come by your office later today, ensure to have it, before you embarrass yourself further by fighting me on this.”

“Mr Black-“

“I suggest you listen to him,” McGonagall said, “Considering he *owns* this place and the ministry truly has no business to take over anything in this castle. You are overstaying your welcome already.”

Umbridge huffed, but sat down and Harrison smirked, whispering one last thing in Sirius’ ear, the man nodded and then Harrison got that look in his eyes, that suggested he was communicating with *Tom,* the dark lord and Harrison’s soulmate. Something Theo still had to wrap his head around fully.

“Well, something is happening, that’s for sure.” Daphne said, Blaise nodded in agreement.

Fred, who had been sitting next to Harrison- George was sitting on the other side of the boy- stood up then, walking over to their group.

“Harrison wanted you guys to know that he wanted to meet up with us to discuss something tonight, just like his inner circle- that’s what he called it.” Fred shrugged, “I think him and Tom are moving to the final parts of this take over- whatever that means.”

~

“You’re more trouble than it’s worth, Heir Black.” Umbridge said as Harrison stepped into her overly pink office.

“That’s funny,” Harrison replied, “Considering I was going to say the same about you.”

Umbridge made a disgruntled noise, “You really should show some respect for your elders.”

“Must’ve missed that part of being raised during my childhood,” Harrison said, considering his childhood was quite a known spectacle- nobody knows where he went, just that he wasn’t with his parents. “Did you request the files I kindly requested?”

Umbridge grabbed some papers from her desk and handed Harrison them.

Harrison scanned the paper, having to physically stop himself from laughing out loud, because all permissions granted weren’t even things the Ministry could demand of Hogwarts.

“You know what worries me most?” Harrison said, “Your newest suggestion for a rule. The one that forbids any student of different genders to come close to one another?”

“Considering what I read about in the newspaper,” Umbridge looked disgusted by even the thought of a gay person, even in the quite acceptive wizarding world. “I didn’t think that would be an issue.”

“You’re taking away the freedom of exploration of sexuality for one, but also forbidding any friendship between people of different genders.” Harrison said, “Two things which I consider highly important, especially for people of my age group.”

“Of course you would say so.” Umbridge said.

“Don’t get me wrong, Umbridge, you won’t be in your position much longer. The question is do you want to get kicked out of this castle with your dignity intact or not?”

“Is that a threat, Heir Black?”

“A question, Ma’am.” Harrison replied, “Be easier on the Magic rule for classes and don’t put through this rule and might consider letting you leave without leaking your incapabilities immediately afterwards.”

Umbridge didn’t say anything and Harrison looked her in her eyes.

“Oh and? These papers?” He waved them in her face, “Don’t mean anything cause they were signed today and full of permissions the ministry can’t grant.” The paper lit up into flames right in his hands,

right in front of her face. “But nice try, Umbridge.”

Harrison actually saw the woman get paler then and he smirked, “Now I must leave, I’m afraid I do have another important meeting, but I hope I’ll notice we’ve come to an agreement after this conversation.”

Umbridge nodded, but didn’t say a lot else, Harrison just left the office quickly, leaving Umbridge to think about everything he said.

~

Harrison found himself looking up at Tom, giggling at something dumb the man had said as the first people entered the room, he didn’t make a move to remove his head from Tom’s lap, even as his friends surrounded them- they were meeting in the general common room, empty at this time of day.

‘You look dumb like this.’ Tom smirked down at him and Harrison sighed, finally moving.

“Well fuck you too then.” He said and Tom just sent him a wave of affection.

He then looked around for the first time since his friends had gotten there, “I think this is everyone.” Harrison nodded, “I just had my beautiful meeting with Umbridge- she’s absolutely ridiculous, but that means it will work even better.” He held up the same papers he burned before in Umbridge’s office- a little trick Rowena had taught him back in the day, a simple burn, but duplicate trick. “This here is papers she handed me, signed today, therefore the big spectacle in the great hall. I needed proof that the papers were only made after requested and now I have hundreds of witnesses, including you all.”

“Reason being, we’re going to finally try to prove Fudge’s incompetence, with lack of handling with the Death Eater attacks, the inserting himself in things that are out of the Ministry’s hands.” Harrison said, “We want as much proof as possible, which is why I thought we could come together and talk shit about our Minister for a bit, if any of your parents has anything on Fudge, please tell me, because we could really use it. I have people in the Ministry working on this constantly. But Tom and I will take any help.”

“So it’s finally time?” Tracey asked, “We might get a competent leader?”

“Well, hopefully Tom wins, so yes.”

“What are you going to do with Umbridge?” Daphne asked.

“For now?” Harrison asked, “Keep her here, close to us, rather that than have her somewhere else we can’t watch. I’ve given her an ultimatum I think she’ll take, just because she’s not totally *stupid.* She recognises power enough to realise it is dumb to go up against me.”

“Fire her as soon as we take over, of course.” Tom added quickly and Harrison nodded.

“So we should expect to see more Death Eater attacks in the newspapers?” Daphne asked next and Harrison nodded.

“Just for a bit, shouldn’t truly wound anyone, though, just convincing enough so we can frame Blume properly.”

“Do the ones outside of Hogwarts know?” Cedric asked and Harrison nodded.

“Ter is digging up so much dirt on Fudge for me.” Harrison said, “So yes, you can talk to him about it, he’s known for a couple of days.”

~

“So Severus and Barty are accompanying Blume for the attacks this weekend,” Tom said, “They’ll try to ensure everyone stays as safe as they can be with Blume not getting suspicious, as well as killing the actual criminal, since the man I’ve put them on deserves that much.”

Harrison looked at Tom, the man looked exhausted, he looked like that a lot lately, spending most his time not at Hogwarts, but in Death Eater meetings to ensure the Death Eaters wouldn’t screw this up for them. “What did the man do?”

“Child rapist.” Tom sighed, sitting down next to Harrison on the couch in Tom’s quarters in Hogwarts, Harrison had been spending a lot of his free time there. Tom dropped his head in Harrison’s lap, giving him a small smile as he laid down.

Harrison’s hand quickly found Tom’s hair, it wasn’t often Tom allowed him to play with his hair like this, but now the man just sighed, closed his eyes and allowed himself to enjoy the feeling. “You should sleep.” Harrison said, “You’ve been overworking yourself.”

Tom scoffed, but it had no real negativity behind it. “Says you.” He said, “You haven’t rested a day in your life.”

“Perhaps,” Harrison agreed easily. “But you’re our future president, can’t burn yourself out before getting the title now, can you?”

“I can take care of myself, you know?” The argument was weak, half-hearted. Harrison could feel Tom’s urge to just give in, but even now there were still things Tom didn’t allow himself, one of which was rest, unless Harrison needed rest and wanted Tom to stay with him.

“I know,” Harrison smiled, “But I want to take care of my hot dark lord boyfriend sometimes.” He said, he could feel Tom’s defences crumble, he poked Tom in his arm playfully. “Plus you’re practically already asleep on my lap right now.”

Tom just muttered, “Whatever.” But Harrison felt the affection over the link, the steady reminder of their happiness and love for each other.

Harrison just kept combing through Tom’s hair with his fingers, softly, carefully. He sat there and felt Tom melt into his touch, slowly, his breathing getting slower as he drifted off. Harrison just sat there, happily watching Tom as the man got his well deserved rest. At some point he felt himself drifting off as well, he allowed the feeling to take over, until he fell asleep as well, the weight of Tom grounding and comforting him more than he’d admit.

~

Harrison looked at Tom as the man paced, they were waiting for the mediwitch to come back with news on the injuries Severus had gotten.

“I should’ve never fucking let Blume lead them.” Tom muttered angrily, Harrison wanted to say something, anything, but he couldn’t get the view they had stumbled onto just an hour ago out of his head, either.

Tom and he had been sitting in Tom’s office, discussing some new law they were going to propose to distract the Wizengamot for a bit while they got ready to take Fudge down, while waiting for Blume, Barty and Severus to return with news on their attack.

However Tom had felt a slight itch in his mark and immediately knew something was up, he took Harrison’s arm and immediately apparated them to the place where the attack was bound to happen, they walked

up to the three only to find Barty fighting with Blume and Severus on the ground, a pool of blood gathering below his body.

Harrison saw Blume's eyes narrow on him before Tom *exploded,* demanding answers as Blume's smirk only grew and grew. For the first time he had come face to face with the Dark Lord he had wanted to find.

The man explained how he had seen Severus leading away *Squib* children that lived in the town, to save them from their wrath, as Tom- unbeknownst to Blume- had ordered him to.

He sounded so proud while explaining that he had therefore hit Severus with his own spell, reducing him to the unconscious body he was now- in Blume's words.

He had expected pride from Tom, that much was obvious, but instead Tom cast a binding spell on him and told Barty to take him to the dungeons. Then he took Severus to St. Mungo's as quickly as he could.

Now they were waiting to hear whether Severus would make it.

It was the first big injury on their side since Harrison had joined the war and Tom had gotten sane again. It being someone like Severus made it sting just that much more. Severus, who had assisted Harrison when he wanted to make a potion for his werewolf father, who had always done anything he could to assist even when not ordered at all.

Severus who was Draco's godfather.

"Fuck." Harrison whispered, it was the first he had spoken since everything happened, just watching everything happen.

Tom looked at him and sighed, he stopped pacing and sat down next to Harrison instead, grabbing his hand. "Are you okay?" He asked and Harrison nodded.

"I just- I guess I'm somehow still surprised Blume is this much of an arsehole, I know he killed Hope and all, but this, he was *so proud.* He expected fucking praise for it."

Tom kissed his temple, "He'll be gone in no time, darling."

"Draco is going to be devastated." He said, a way of deflecting how much he didn't want Severus to be next. The man had been a huge support system during the first few years back in this time, as much as

Harrison hated to admit it, because the man could be a huge arsehole as well.

“That’s the risk of war, my love.” Tom said, “I’ll do anything to ensure Severus survives.”

Harrison tried to smile at Tom, Tom’s reaction proved how much that was working. “It feels so wrong to say this, but at least we can turn this on Blume really easily, since Severus was already outed as a spy when you died.”

“Thinking like a true Dark Lord you are,” Tom said, “It’s not wrong to try and take the positives out of a bad situation, darling. First lesson of survival.”

Just then the mediwitch came out of Severus’ room, there were some blood spatters on her white clothing, but she didn’t have the face of someone who was about to tell people the patient had died.

“He might pull through,” She said, “It will take a while for him to get better, we have him in a magical coma right now to replenish magic and blood levels, but he’s stable for now.”

“Thank you,” Tom said and the mediwitch waved him off.

“No, thank you, Lord Gaunt.” She said, as she smiled at Tom slightly. “If you hadn’t brought him here so quickly he’d have died already.”

When Tom didn’t reply, she seemed slightly disappointed, but turned to walk away nonetheless.

“Sometimes I forget that Lord Gaunt is some sort of phenomenon with tons of fans, some of which would really like to be-“

Tom raised an eyebrow at him and smirked as Harrison immediately fell silent, “Jealous, love?”

Harrison huffed as he stared at the door of Severus’ hospital room and then muttered, “You’re lucky Blaise is doing a damn well job at playing possessive boyfriend, cause you wouldn’t be able to deal with the flirting.”

Tom snorted, “I suppose that is true.” He said, “You want to actually see Severus before we leave?”

Harrison nodded, he knew Tom was thinking the same thing as him;

they needed to check his magic and any trace of a curse for themselves, before they leave and realise too late that Blume had done something else to the man.

~

Tom had two death eaters who were working full time on changing Lord Blume's memories so that the man would, even under influence of veritaserum, admit to having acted like the Dark Lord, while also using magic to transform into something that looked like the man.

That he was the one to make Harrison believe the Dark Lord was back and kill his sister for a ritual, not that that part was totally a lie.

Meanwhile, Tom sent a letter to Rita to write an article about some fucked up shit Fudge had done, told her to not mention him, but just write about the facts and then sent her a lot of proof to back everything up.

It was mostly financial shit of years ago, but it was enough to at least make people hesitate if Fudge was right for this position of power.

It was after a week of waiting for the article to be released and getting the message that Lord Blume's memories were as realistic as they could possibly get that Harrison got an unexpected invitation to Dumbledore's office.

Unexpected, because the letter sounded almost nice and desperate and it also had Umbridge's name at the bottom of it.

Harrison showed the letter to Theo and Blaise, who then passed it along to Fred and George. All four of them were just as curious about the meeting as Harrison was and made him promise to tell them exactly what happened as soon as he was back.

Harrison told Tom about the letter, the man sitting next to Sirius at the breakfast table, so he asked him to tell Sirius as well and when he went up to Dumbledore's office there were suddenly a dozen of people waiting to see exactly what he was going up for.

He knocked on the office door and Dumbledore opened the door, Umbridge sitting in one of the chairs in the office.

"Harrison- I mean Heir Black," Dumbledore said and Harrison raised his eyebrows, surprised at the usually stubborn headmaster correcting himself like that.

“You two need something,” It was a statement rather than a question.

“It is to our biggest regret that your potion teacher has gotten a serious injury and is incapable to teach right now.” Umbridge said, “As you may have noticed with your cancelled classes.”

Harrison nodded slowly and then Dumbledore cleared his throat, “There’s not barely enough teachers and the one teacher I had in mind that could possibly take over is staying at a hidden place, if I want to find him, I’ll not be able to do it as quick as we’d like.” Dumbledore looked at Umbridge, “I’ve convinced Dolores that you were the only logical replacement for the time being, not only have you scored nothing less than O’s on every single subject, you also have teaching experienced, worked closely with Professor Snape and created several potions yourself. Minister Fudge has therefore given us the greenlight to allow you to teach.”

“Me? Teach Potions?” Harrison asked and Dumbledore nodded.

“The students need a teacher, Heir Black.” Umbridge said and Harrison took one look at her slight smile of disdain and knew she was trying to win him over. She knew he had all the power here, but she didn’t know Tom and he wanted her here so she couldn’t intervene with their Ministry plans.

“And why are you not willing to teach the subject yourself?” Harrison asked the woman. “All you do is walk around and tell others how to teach, but you yourself haven’t proven you’d be a good teacher.”

“Dolores Umbridge never got the chance to complete her potions NEWTs,” Dumbledore said and even the man sounded smug while saying it. Dumbledore still didn’t like Umbridge either, that much was clear. “She didn’t get in the programme, even under Slughorn.”

“I-“ Umbridge said and Harrison interrupted her.

“Very well then, but I want in on the teacher meetings *and* freedom of actually using magic during my teaching, I’m not teaching them theoretical bullshit that doesn’t make sense if you don’t have a cauldron in front of you.”

Dumbledore looked at Umbridge and Umbridge hesitated, “Only the magic absolutely necessary for the practical parts of potion making,” She said and Harrison nodded.

“Fine,” He said, “I’ll do it, sent me Snape’s schedules.”

“Oh Harrison? You can skip any overlapping classes, as long as you do the coursework.” Dumbledore said and Harrison nodded.

“I’m aware sir, it’s not the first time you turned to me as a last resort.”

“There’s one more thing,” Dumbledore said, “Head of House, Umbridge suggested she take over the role, but I think it would be *unfair* since she’s controlling the rules of the castle right now it might suggest favourism.” And for once Harrison wanted to thank Dumbledore. “Will Marvolo and you be up to sharing the role, we are aware Marvolo is quite busy with the Wizengamot, but it might be more bearable with-“

“We’ll do it.” Harrison said, immediately. “Don’t worry.”

~

“So you’re really doing this again?” Blaise asked, “Teaching?”

“I mean potions professor is a shit ton better than teaching people about history they don’t give a shit about.” Harrison said.

“I’d say you made it quite interesting,” Theo said and Harrison shrugged.

“I sure as hell tried to not sound like the fucking ghost.” He said, “Besides, all this Ministry shit is stressing me out especially because there’s not a lot I can do about any of it right now, so I might as well distract myself.”

They were sitting in the common room, Harrison, Theo and Blaise were sharing the biggest couch, Harrison was sitting against the arm rest, his legs resting in Blaise’s lap, Theo on the other side of Blaise.

The room was filled with Slytherin students, most of whom were working on their homework.

Draco sat down opposite of them, “How’s Severus?” He asked, softly, uncertain and Harrison sighed.

“You’ve seen him in the hospital, right?” Harrison asked, not rudely, just to make sure.

“Yes,” Draco muttered and then added, “But I trust you to be more straight up than the mediwitches there.”

Harrison put his feet back on the ground then, sitting up slightly, so

he could look at Draco properly. “He lost a lot of blood and got some damage to his core, we know he was hit with sectumsempra, but there was something else we didn’t know about. I think what the mediwitches said is true, he will pull through, the question is just if he will ever return fully or if it did permanent damage to his core.” Harrison looked around and then said softly, “Tom will do anything he can, he genuinely cares a lot for Sev.”

Draco nodded and then got up and left at once.

Harrison sighed and got up as well, “I’m going to bed, can you two check on him?”

Blaise raised an eyebrow, but nodded. “Yeah, ‘course. He’s our roommate.” He said, “You okay?”

Harrison nodded, “Apparently I have a *potion* class early tomorrow and no idea what to teach, so you know, going to get up extra early and hope Severus had some sort of class planning.”

“Goodluck darling,” Theo said, dropping his head on Blaise’s shoulder and Harrison smiled.

“Goodnight,” Harrison said, they echoed his words.

Harrison entered his own dorm with the idea to immediately crash in bed and sleep, but as soon as he walked in and saw Tom sitting on his bed that thought changed.

“Hey, love.” Harrison said and Tom looked up from the book he was reading.

“Hello, professor.” Tom replied, a small smile on his face.

“What brings you here?” Harrison asked as Tom waved his hand, making Harrison’s bed that much bigger, so they could at least comfortably lay in there together.

Tom shrugged, “I missed you.” He admitted, “I haven’t seen you all day and as much as it goes against my image, cuddling is quite nice when trying to fall asleep.”

Harrison joined Tom in the now bigger bed. “Rough day?”

Tom sighed, “The progress on Lord Blume’s memories is slow.”

“How far along are they?” Harrison asked.

“Far enough, we’re cleaning up after ourselves now, ensuring there is no traces in older memory suggesting differently than the planted memories.”

“Oof, that’s a tough job.” Harrison said and Tom nodded in agreement.

“It really is.” He smiled then as he wrapped an arm around Harrison’s waist, “But, congratulations on the teaching position once more.”

“Thank you,” Harrison said. “I did agree to us being head of house together.”

“I heard,” Tom said, “Our influence is getting greater by the day.”

“Interested in some dumb teenager gossip?” Harrison asked, “Well, not really but just something I’ve been noticing.”

Tom nodded, “Always.”

“I think my two fake boyfriends are crushing on each other.” Harrison said, “I think all that was going on even before this all happened, but pretending to be in love isn’t making it less perse.”

“Nott and Zabini?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded. “That’s two powerful families.”

Harrison smiled, knowing that was Tom’s way of saying he could see it too, that they could be good together.

Then Tom asked, “Are any of your friends straight?” And when Harrison immediately laughed, Tom just said, “I mean Daphne and Ginny, Cedric and Terence, now Blaise and Theo.”

“I’m pretty sure Luna and Neville are together, but just trying to hide it.”

Tom chuckled, “That’s one.”

“I don’t exactly discuss relationships with most of them often,” Harrison said, “Most of them see our relationship as something so stable that there wouldn’t be drama, but also weird enough to not get any actual useful advice from me.”

“They’d be right about that.” Tom said softly, “Weren’t you planning on sleeping early? Don’t let me stop you from getting a goodnight of sleep.”

“You’re the one who just appeared in my dorm.” Harrison said and Tom pulled him closer.

“To cuddle you to sleep,” Tom said.

“No other motives?”

“You think I’m some kind of monster?” Tom said, dramatically and Harrison laughed softly.

“I know you, love.”

“Tonight? No other motives.” Tom promised, kissing his forehead, “Go to sleep, I’ll be here when you wake up.” Then he seemed to hesitate for a moment. “I can help you with your lesson plan tomorrow.”

Harrison looked up at him, “Would you?”

Tom smiled, “’Course, all you had to do was ask, you know.”

Harrison smiled back at him, “Didn’t think about it.”

“Goodnight, darling.”

Chapter End Notes

See you all soon!

Chapter 84: That sounds awfully convenient.

Chapter Notes

FINALLY DONE HOLY FUCCCKKKKKKK

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The fifth years walking into his classroom felt like a gift to Harrison, especially when his Slytherin friends claimed the first row, getting confused looks from the likes of people like Hermione Granger, who would usually sit there.

“Alright everyone sit down quickly,” Harrison shouted as people tried to find a spot in the room. When everyone finally sat down he said, “Welcome everyone, as many of you might have noticed Professor Snape is on a temporary leave due to unforeseen circumstances. Dumbledore asked me to step in as teacher temporarily. Now all of you are sitting your OWLs at the end of this year, even with all the chaos we currently have in the school, so I will be doing my very best to ensure everyone goes into the OWLs feeling confident in their ability to talk about ingredients and potions.” He smiled at the class and said, “Now today we are going to be talking about mandrakes as a potion ingredient. Does anyone know what mandrake is mostly used for?”

A few hands went up in an instance and Harrison scanned the room, “Neville?” He said, noticing the confidence with which the boy seemed to know the answer.

“Mandrake is often used for a restorative draught, which can bring people who are cursed or petrified back to their original state.” Neville answered and Harrison nodded.

“Very good, ten points to Gryffindor.” He said, “Anyone can recall an event we talked about during our History classes that required this specific draught?”

“The swarm of petrified students last century, for one.” Hermione answered.

Harrison nodded, “Very good, Miss Granger, now next time do raise your hand. Five points to Gryffindor for the answer.”

“Mandrake is also used for other process, such as the process of

turning into an Animagus, where the leaves are used for the potion." Harrison said, "And of course, mandrakes themselves are fascinating plants. Because of all their interesting components, mandrakes are a favoured part of the curriculum by the people who create your OWLs, as such I want you all to properly read up on mandrakes, both from a side of herbology and potion making. Next class we will be using mandrakes to brew a restorative draught."

He casted a quick tempus to check how much remaining time they have and then smirked. "Now, if you all think you can manage to write a report on that as homework, I believe we can take some time to give all of your magic an out. You see, I have a deal that I would only teach if I was allowed to use magic in my classes and I do believe it is an opportunity for me to help you all with the spells Umbridge forced you to only learn the *theoretics* of." He knew that quite some students weren't part of the group of students he would teach in the ROR, but he still wanted to help them however he could.

And so he spent the rest of the class helping people with random spells, knowing damn well that this would get him in trouble eventually, but hopefully not before Fudge wasn't Minister anymore.

At the end of class when everyone left the classroom, to go to their next classes, some of the Slytherins stayed back. Blaise was one of them, of course. He was the one to approach Harrison and show him a newspaper, "Front page." Was all he said, he seemed happy and Harrison looked at the newspaper.

How Minister Fudge got away with scamming the Ministry for over a decade.

The title was big, immediately caught your attention would you see it just lying somewhere.

And it was a perfect start for a road of distrust.

"This is perfect," Harrison chuckled. "Having Rita Skeeter on your side is truly an amazing thing."

"He won't take this lightly, Harrison." Daphne said and Harrison nodded.

"Oh, I know." He said, "I hope he doesn't. I hope he'll try to figure out who's behind it all, spiral into madness over his reputation."

"Alright, professor." Tracey muttered, "Stop with the evil speeches for

a second and tell us what the plan is."

"We hand Blume over to Bones." Harrison said, "When that's done, the world knows Fudge wasn't ready to properly react to Voldemort being back, knows he and Umbridge have been trying to ridicule Marvolo Gaunt and I for no reason and then we'll try to get the Wizengamot to vote Fudge out."

"All of that before Christmas?" Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged.

"We have a couple more weeks." He said, "Otherwise we do it straight after."

"Well, I for one, can't wait." Daphne said. "It'll be nice to have a ministry that actually cares for our future."

~

"How do I do it without seeming suspicious?" Tom asked, quietly, almost as if he didn't mean to say it out loud. The man was leaning against the bedrest, reading some reports Harrison probably didn't even want to hear about.

"Do what?" Harrison asked.

"Handing Blume over." Tom said, "I can't just say I figured it all out and hand him over to Bones."

"So have your Death Eaters do one last attack and make sure they find him and only him, disguised partially as your snakey form."

"We'd have to kill more people." Tom said, but it didn't sound like disagreement, more like a test of sorts.

"So?" Harrison answered, "We're not the light side, we're 'morally grey', according to most. A couple of deaths isn't a lot to give to help magic."

Tom smiled at him, "What did I do to deserve you?"

Harrison kissed his jaw, "Ask Fate."

Tom put the reports in his hand to the side, they were once again in Tom's quarters in Hogwarts and Harrison could just tell that Tom was loving Harrisons now almost permanent move to here as much as he was. "How was your first day of teaching?"

“I used quite a bit of time to help them with other spells, since I told Umbridge she could not stop me from using magic during my classes. So half potions, half different. I’d say people liked it so far.

Tom hummed, “You’re not worried about potion grades?”

“I’ll just see if they can keep up and otherwise I’ll lessen the amount of time spent on other things.” Harrison said, “But people we can’t get into the ROR classes, due to the fact we can’t trust them with secrecy still deserve to be helped.”

“You’re too good to them.” Tom said, “I’ve genuinely never met anyone who cares as much about people getting the education they deserve as you do.”

“I was raised by Rowena Ravenclaw.” Harrison said, “Anyone raised by her would be like this.”

Tom hummed, “So if I plan a Death Eater meeting tomorrow to plan an attack, will you be there?”

“Do you want me to be there.”

Tom’s look screamed, ‘What do you think?’ and Harrison chuckled.

“I’ll try to make it.”

~

Tom commanded a room in such a way that reminded Harrison why he had come so far, even when he was insane. The moment he spoke up everyone just stopped whatever to listen. He noticed it during classes, the way Tom never had to try to get the attention from the class, he just always had it.

And he noticed it in moments like these, where he was carefully giving all his followers tasks to ensure this raid would go perfectly.

It was all about killing the right amount of people, planting enough evidence and ensuring no one saw them place Blume there, instead of Blume being a part of it.

Tom had gathered his best, most trusted ones. Most of which were completely and utterly insane, as was especially noticeable when Bellatrix clapped her hands, “We should cut him up, make it seem like the muggles got to him!”

Harrison's lip twitched up, as Tom said, "Bella-"

"Actually Tom, giving him some battle wounds isn't too bad of an idea, I'd say." Harrison interrupted, Tom looked at him.

"That so?"

Harrison shrugged and Tom sighed.

"We'll give him the wounds *before* the attack, I don't want another point to stress about."

Bellatrix actually cheered in reply.

Harrison knew he was going to hear about this later, but he didn't mind. He spoke his mind, wasn't scared to speak up, that is why Tom appreciated him being at the meetings, a voice that wasn't scared to say something was a dumb idea instead of only praising whatever Tom said.

Maybe that is why it was so surprising when Tom did ask him about it later, but only said. "I am a bad influence on you, aren't I?"

"How so?" Harrison asked, looking up to see Tom standing in the doorway of the room Harrison was sitting in.

"In the past three days you've said that killing people for magic sake isn't that bad and torturing someone is a good idea." Tom muttered.

Harrison sighed, "I was never *against* using certain methods."

"I know," Tom said, "You are the one to usually talk me out of them, though."

"Are you worried?" Harrison asked, somewhat surprised as he finally recognised the emotion over the link.

Tom looked down, at the floor and Harrison didn't have to ask further, "Come, sit with me." Harrison said.

Tom did as told, "I don't want to influence you badly." He said, immediately and Harrison smiled.

"You have a lot of influence on me, Tom, but I don't think any of it is bad." Harrison said, "Killing and torturing are things we can use, just not in the measures you did when you were insane. So yes, maybe I was the voice of reason often. But you didn't make me more up for it

than I was. Or maybe you did, but if so then fuck it."

Tom snorted, "I do like the fact that you openly agreed with Bellatrix, she will *not* shut up about this."

"Does she finally like me?"

"She's complex," Tom replied, "Never hated you, she's just jealous and kind of wary."

"You feeling better?"

Tom nodded, "I tend to over worry about things when stressed."

"A very human thing for a man with your power." Harrison joked. "But seriously, I love it when you get a little protective *but* not at the expense of your own self worth or whatever."

"Many call protectiveness to this extent a toxic trait."

"Well many aren't bound by fate and trying to save everything, so let them say whatever." Harrison said, "I love you."

"You know what else many would find toxic?" Tom asked.

"Hm?"

"Thinking it's hot when they're boyfriend talks about murdering or torturing so casually."

"Well then we are both toxic." Harrison muttered, "I remember getting turned on by you torturing someone that one time."

"That was more than *once*, my love." Tom replied and Harrison chuckled.

"Okay so? You should see yourself covered in blood."

"Harrison?" Tom said and Harrison stopped laughing then.

"Yeah?"

"I love you too." Tom said.

Harrison just pulled Tom close to him to kiss the man aggressively.

~

“So why today?” Theo asked, as Harrison led him and Blaise through the Ministry.

“Because soon this place will be chaotic as hell and I wanted to do this sooner rather than later.” He stopped walking right before one of the elevator, reaching into his pocket to pull out the bracelets of sorts Tom gave him for his birthday.

An entrance to the Department of Mysteries.

“You two ready?” Harrison asked and Blaise nodded as Theo muttered affirmative.

Harrison got into one of the many elevators, he wasn’t even entirely sure what they would see in the Department of Mysteries.

As soon as they arrived on the right floor, one of the lowest ones. He got greeted by a man, who was about to stop them when he saw Harrison.

“Harrison Black?” He asked, “We’ve suspected you’d visit soon. Who are your friends?”

“Theodore Nott and Blaise Zabini.” Harrison answered, as the man glanced at their wrists.

“So a tour?” The man said, “Unusual, I’ll go get someone to guide you.”

Harrison smiled and nodded, “Thank you. Did Marvolo arrive yet?”

The man looked down at his left arm, lifted his sleeve slightly to show Harrison the mark underneath, Harrisons eyes widened, he remembered Tom telling him this man had a *tie* to the Death Eaters, but apparently that turned into being full on Death Eater now.

“The Lord isn’t here yet, do you wish to wait?” He asked, “You can sit down and wait for him while I go get someone?”

“Of course, thank you.” Harrison muttered, just then the door opened and Tom walked in.

The Death Eater hurried away in an instance and Harrison raised an eyebrow at Tom.

“He was there during the last session of crucio’s.” Tom said, out loud, in English.

“That something that happens often?” Blaise asked, the boy was slowly losing his true fear for Tom, just like Terene had after a while.

“Occasionally,” Harrison answered for Tom. “This place feels weird, Do you know what to expect?”

“Well, we’ll get to see the hall of prophecies for one.” Tom said, though he seemed concerned. The last time Harrison kept saying a place felt weird they were actively stealing their magic. “You okay?” He asked and Harrison nodded.

“There will be a lot of forbidden magical inventions as well, from what I’ve heard.” Theo said, just then a man returned.

“You four are touring?” He said, before he caught sight of Tom and said, “Ah.”

“It has been too long.” Tom replied and the man nodded.

“Well, we have a total of seven rooms in the Department of mysteries, each of which I will show you today, but firstly I must ask you to sign some forms, for secrecy reasons.”

The man went to a cabinet and grabbed some visitor forms, it were basic clauses about not talking about the rooms with anyone who hadn’t seen them and that they were not liable for any injuries or deaths within the department of mysteries during a tour.

Harrison watched Tom sign it and only then signed it himself, just to be sure, Blaise and Theo following suit afterwards.

The man gathered the papers and then told them to follow along, leading them into a long hall with doors numbered one to seven.

“The first room is what many call the brain room,” The man spoke, “It is where we study magical brains and their ability to live even without a host. There have been many employees who donated their brains to this room after death.”

He opened the door, the room was lit dimly green from the liquid the brains were sitting in, there were shelves full of just human brains, different sizes, some of them broken.

“How do you know they’re living on?” Harrison asked as he looked at one of the jars.

Theo and Blaise were also looking around and the man nodded.

“Good question, Mr. Black.” The man said, as he walked over to the back of the room to retrieve something. “We measure brain waves.” It was a screen of sorts, just white, but as he put it in the liquid certain waves appeared on the white. “Some of our best scientists are hoping to be able to decode this and allow us to understand the brains. It would truly be a jump in our knowledge of everything, the smartest, but most secretive of men could be explored fully after Death.”

“That sounds unethical.” Blaise muttered and the man chuckled.

“We don’t deal with ethics here,” He said, “We explore possibilities and report to those above us, if we were to figure out *how* to do this, we wouldn’t use it, we’re merely the inventors in a grander scheme. But we get to do the fun part, the exploring of magics, of human bodies. Of the four greater ones.”

“Four greater ones?” Theo asked.

“Time, Death, Fate, and Magic.” The man answered, “This is the place where you get closest to them, we have a room dedicated to each of them, as well. Two to Lady Fate, actually.”

And Harrison could feel that they were closer to them right now, it had been evident the moment he walked in, the weird feeling.

Tom seemed to have made the same connections to Harrisons earlier statement.

They looked around the brain room for a bit longer but then quickly moved on to the next room, the first of the rooms dedicated to the art of lady Fate. The room of prophecies.

“For this room, everyone knows what it is.” The man said, “But I always like to allow my guest to find their own names, almost everyone has at least one prophecy about them. Some are silly things about love or luck, others are about world changing things.” He looked at Harrison and Tom, “I feel like we will be in luck today.”

“So everyone has at least one prophecy recorded about them sometime?” Theo asked and the man shrugged.

“No one knows how.”

“It’s lady Fate, she puts her own prophecies here sometime,” Harrison

spoke, before he knew what he was saying. “She has a plan for everyone and she wants everyone to know she’s at their side. Some of these aren’t spoken aloud, but rather directly from her- most of these, even.”

“How’d-“ The man said as he watched Harrison, his eyes were kind of weirdly lit, brighter than usual.

He blinked and muttered, “That was weird.”

“She spoke to you?” Tom asked, “Again? You didn’t even release your-“

“Through me?” Harrison muttered, questionably. “Probably cause they’re closer.”

Tom hummed, “It’s not like possession is it?”

He shakes his head and Tom sighed, relieved.

“He speaks to our great four?” The man picked up out of their conversations and Theo nodded.

“It’s kind of a Harrison thing,” He didn’t expand, Harrison felt kind of glad and Tom raised an eyebrow to the man as if to say ‘just continue as usual’.

But the man was looking at Harrison like he was a prize.

He cleared his throat, “Very well- we’ll just start alphabetically, last names, so Black.”

“Won’t it be Potter?”

The man shook his head, “The system follows your legal- or I guess, Magical last name. You have many, but Black is your main one, no?”

Harrison nodded and the man said, “Black it is then.”

He lead them through the hall full of prophecies and said, “There have been many Blacks, many Harold or Harrison Blacks even, so it might be a while.”

Blaise said, “Isn’t that one you?” He pointed at a Prophecy that seemed to *sing* to Harrison.

“One of the many, I’d guess.” The man said, “You can listen to it or

leave it a mystery."

Harrison reached out to the prophecy, grabbing it.

It was a voice, clear as day telling him about a saviour whose decision would forever shape the world for worse or for better. The words 'light and dark' were said a lot and Harrison sighed. "Can I break it?"

The man seemed surprised, but the question wasn't directed at him, rather at Lady Fate, who knew he had made his decision long ago.

"What is it?" Tom asked.

"All about my decision between light and dark and how it would change the world forever."

Tom chuckled, "Way to state the obvious."

Harrison put it back on the shelf, as he didn't get a reply from lady Fate. "I don't need to hear more, let's go to the next person."

They walked through the hall, stopping every time they found one of their names, both Blaise and Theo had prophecies about family, decisions of loyalty and love. Tom's prophecies were a lot darker, as expected, he stopped listening after two, telling them they should probably just continue.

"This hall changes magically with amount of prophecies. It is the hall we work in least. It is more of a storage, yet sometimes we do work with Centaurs for example or the government to see what prophecies can tell us about bigger threats." Their guide explained.

He led them to the next room, "This is the *Love room"* He said, "Many would think it silly because of its name, but this place- for many of us- is our biggest fascination."

The room was lit in a soft pink, there were potions, bottled magic, a bunch of books scattered around the place, a sort of experimentation rooms, some animals and human dummies.

And then there was the rumoured Amortentia fountain.

"What exactly do you study here?" Blaise asked and the man sighed.

"A lot," He said, "Many people, like you probably know, think love is the greatest form of magic. We study the power of magic, from accidental protection placed on people who survived things they

shouldn't have to actual rituals that use magic or sex as a source of power." He said, "That's the baseline of our research, but over time we started researching hate as motivator as well, emotion based magic. We just never derived from the name." He looked at a certain part of the room, "And then we decided to look at Fate, soulmates, which is a big part of our research now. We believe soulmates unlocked a sort of deeper, almost inhuman connection that allows them to sort of.. merge."

"How so?" Harrison asked, quickly, maybe too quick.

The man chuckled, "Field of interest, huh?" He said, "We believe there have been soulmates that gotten to a point where they were so entwined their core was one, their feelings were always similar, pain for one meant pain for another. We know that if a soulmate loses its other part, they will become depressed and ultimately, most likely kill themselves. It's why there's not many of them, but there haven't been enough soulmates who lived together happily for long enough to allow us to measure what happens when they embrace their bond. It is our one true mystery. We have some examples from the past, written, but it is unsure what was fantasy and what is real. We assume at the start it will be similar to magical twins, talking without really talking, understanding, finishing sentences, but it will be deeper at some point." The man sighed. "I am afraid I'm not allowed to say more right now."

"Do you guys have a way to know if someone is a true soulmate? If we were to claim to be soulmates, would you know?" Theo asked and the man nodded, slow.

"We've proven it by simply asking lady Fate in the past."

"That is truly fascinating," Tom said, softly.

The man nodded, "That is what many think." He looked at them and said, "We even have reason to believe the lifespan of soulmates is longer than that of a normal witch or wizard, when spent with their soulmate- up to twice as long even."

"How come?"

"They can stabilize each other." He chuckled, "Like I said, truly a fascinating thing unlike anything else. We have bonding rituals made specifically for soulmates here, we hope to one day witness one here."

"What makes the bonding ritual special?" Tom seemed interested in

that and Harrison chuckled as the man answered, poking Tom in his side.

“Lady Fate will be the one to bless you- so *everything.”* The man seemed unsure about what he was allowed to say.

“Is it like a wedding ceremony thing or-“ Harrison asked and the man raised an eyebrow. “We’re just curious- it sounds well, interesting.”

“It can be done in a wedding setting,” The man said, “Or in a more casual setting, more magical setting, as long as you follow the steps of the rituals.”

“Is it a difficult ritual?”

“No, but if you’re not true soulmates, lady Fate will not only deny the request, but probably break down your whole hope of a proper relationship, just because you dared pretend she matched you.” He laughed, “I am afraid we should move on, truly, because I think I have already told you things I’m not allowed to.”

Harrison nodded, “Thank you for telling us so much, it is truly fascinating.”

He leads them to the next room, he stopped in front of the door, “This is the door to the Death chamber, I must urge you to be careful, as we are not responsible for any fatalities or injuries in this room, as was stated in the document you signed. The document was mostly for this room.” He said, “I will not stop you from approaching the veil, but be careful, once in, there has been no one to return.”

He walked into the room and Harrison could feel Death’s presence as soon as he walked in, it was like a pressure, on his shoulder, watching over him, but also ensuring he doesn’t go to far.

He grabs Tom’s arm to stop himself from falling over, before steadying himself.

“You okay?” Tom asked and Harrison nods.

Harrison looked around, they were on a sort of rock in the middle of a pit, the veil of death on the rock, on the highest part, looking both entirely attractive to get close to and very fucking dangerous.

“We should get closer,” Harrison said and Theo and Blaise seemed unsure.

“It seems dangerous,” Theo muttered, Blaise nodding in agreement.

Harrison sighed, “I’m going closer.”

“Harrison-“ Tom said, but he shook his head, letting go off Tom and walking closer to the veil.

“I hear voices.” Harrison said after a bit, loud enough for everyone to hear, even if he was now closer to the veil than to them.

“What?” Their guide asked. “I’ve never heard-“

Harrison sits down right in front of the veil, he heard screams, whispers, conversations, children playing.

He heard souls.

Then suddenly a figure appeared in the veil, a figure Harrison recognised immediately, but the rest saw for the first time.

“Death,” Harrison breathed.

The others took a step back, except for Tom who rushed to Harrison’s side.

“I should have expected you to come here at some point.” The figure said, “It is those who carry my gift who will keep on finding me and those I take.”

“What?” Harrison said, feeling a sense of relief as Tom reached his side and helped him up.

“You’ve done a lot,” Death said, “Helping us, I’ve come past my hesitance, I believe it is time for you to claim the title as my ‘master’.”

“The Deathly Hallows.” Harrison stated, “I had a vision about those a while ago.”

“You have the stone and the cloak, both of which I’d consider yours.” Death said, “All you need is to take the wand from the damn fool, who believes he has the right to use it right now.”

“Dumbledore.”

“A smart one, he is.” Death said.

“Why do you care who has your hallows?”

“I don’t care who the master of Death is. I care about the goddamned items being in the possession of people actively destroying the Magical world and my siblings. As much as I don’t want to throw all the power to one fifteen year old- No I don’t care about Magic’s little maturity stunt- We all know you’ll help, we know you genuinely care and we know you’ve seen the core of the problem and what the world could be like. So yes, I need you to have the wand made from my elder tree and become the master of Death. It will mature your gift further as well.”

Harrison nodded, “What is the veil?” He asked, softly, “Why could I hear them-“

“It’s the pathway to the other side. You’re closer to me than others, you carry part of me, so you hear the deceased through it.” Death answered truthfully.

“Those are real people I heard?”

“Souls,” Death said. “Recently passed, most likely they’re closer to this world.”

“I heard children.”

“Children die.” Death said, even he sounded regretful.

Harrison nodded, he knew that of course, but it was still surprising to hear them.

“You must continue.” Death said, “It was good of you to visit this place, Harrison.”

“Was it?”

“It brings you closer to us.” Then Death disappeared, leaving Harrison to stare at the empty veil.

“Was that real?” Theo asked, slowly.

“That has never happened before.” Their guide said, sounding in awe.

“You okay?” Tom muttered, “I was scared you were going to walk in for a second there.”

Harrison nodded, “Yeah, I’m good.” He said, “Death sounded really insistent on me getting the wand from Dumbledore.”

“We’ll deal with that later, if this is anything to go by, you still have to talk to time and Mother Magic.”

“Alright so we.. continue?” The guide seemed unsure now.

Harrison nodded.

“The next room, I must warn you, is a room of nothingness, with a zero gravity charm, we’ll be floating.”

“Cool,” Theo whispered and Blaise nodded, although he seemed slightly more unsure.

Harrison and Tom quickly rejoined the group and then the man opened the door, revealing a room with their solar system.

“This is a real time replica of what’s happening in our solar system. We use it to study space and hopefully we’ll be able to predict something like the next big asteroid before it hits, maybe even avoid it from happening. We have astronomers- even Muggles who work in the secret Magical department of the Muggle ministry- use this room to figure out everything about our solar system. And we have a group of skilled wizards trying to make another room with a broader range.”

Stepping into the room felt like stepping off an edge without the expected fall, suddenly there was just nothing under your feet and you were floating in a room literally created to feel like space.

“There’s many limits to magic,” The man continued his story, “But there’s two which we will never be able to beat fully. Time and Space. Time isn’t very giving with his gift and as far as space is concerned, the barrier is our knowledge of everything in space. From matter to other living things. We don’t know enough about space to use it for spells or anything.”

He allowed them to float around for a while, looking at the separate planets from close by before moving on, stepping into the next room felt like suddenly being glued to the floor.

“The time room,” The man said, the room was long, covered with clocks and different type of time-turners. There was an orb giving a sort of glow at the end of the room, with small offices on the right side of the room. “Another thing a lot of people find fascinating to study. The question of how time works and how we can manipulate it to our will is the main question for this room. There’s too many risk involved in time travel as it is and we try to both lessen the risk and research

things that suggest time travel in the past. Time's magic is a scarce one, as I said, and not many are able to understand the manipulation- even those who understand can often not wield the magic required."

"What is the orb?" Theo asked.

"It's a chamber of sorts, whatever is in there will become younger and younger until it returns to its pre-born state, at which it will start to grow again. Truly fascinating."

"You found many signs of time-travel?" Harrison asked and the man hesitated.

"Most of our.. theories are based on people in important positions suddenly disappearing, such as a minister back in the 18th century, his name has been wiped from the History books." The man muttered, "And a supposed child of all four founders, who has been described in multiple books and diaries from students in Hogwarts at that time."

"A child?" Harrison asked and the man nodded.

"It is just a theory, of course."

Harrison hummed as he looked around the room, seeing sort of gold threats between clocks, he reached out to one of them only to see the clock stutter and the world slow for a second.

He pulled his hand back, remembering Time giving him his gift.

The man noticed it, though, his stroking the air. "You have been given the gift."

"I have." Harrison muttered.

"You have a connection to each of the deities."

"It's in all the prophecies," Harrison muttered, "It wasn't entirely true, but he was sure most prophecies about him were about his power."

"Right," The man muttered, "Guiding you through here has been a learning experience in it self."

Harrison laughed, slightly uncomfortable by the way the man was looking at him, like he wanted nothing more than lock him up to study this further.

Tom put a hand on his shoulder and Harrison relaxed a bit.

“Now all time-turners have limits on them, to prevent Time’s wrath and ensure we don’t end up with people taking big risk during their travels. Only approved time-turners are given out. To people with good reason.”

“How do you ensure it’s used correctly?”

“Of course we can never be certain they are used correctly. But there’s a long application process to actually getting a time-turner and all the time-turners we do give have a limit that is fitting for the task it was requested for.”

“I don’t think we were ever supposed to touch time like this. Use his gift and manipulate it.” Harrison said and the man shrugged.

“There’s many things we weren’t *supposed* to do. But we can’t stop now that we know what’s possible.” He narrowed his eyes at Harrison as if challenging him to disagree.

“Right,” Harrison muttered.

“Isn’t there better ways to regulate the usage?” Tom said, “I’ve heard of people requesting one and then letting others use theirs.”

“That is most worrying.” The man muttered.

“You must know that happens.” Blaise said, “It’s quite common in pureblood culture.”

“I-“ The man hesitated, “We’re doing everything to stop it, we should continue to the next room, I do believe it is time to finish this tour.”

Harrison raised an eyebrow at Tom who shrugged.

As they walked into the next room Harrison could feel her presence immediately, the room was lit by a huge- well core, for the lack of better words.

“This is the magic room,” The man said, “The core here is a visionary of Mother Magic’s strength. It was created after we noticed her weakening, so we could keep eye on her progress. There’s rituals here often to strengthen her. We believe because this place is closer to her, it’ll have greater impact, but of course, with laws and muggleborns going up against her existence, it is hard to make a real difference.”

“How long until it is-“ Harrison doesn’t have to finish his question,

they're all staring at the same thing. The place suggests that when built the core was huge, but now it seemed almost sad, reduced to a small lighted orb floating in the room.

"Without any changes?" The man asked, "Maybe five years until there's nothing."

Harrison looks at Tom and Tom nods, that was a lot worse than any of them had thought and it meant they really needed to ensure their plan to take over went well.

They didn't stay in the room for long, a sort of depressive air hung in the room, leaving them with a lot to think about as they saw how weak Mother Magic was. Harrison had known she was weak, but five years was truly very little.

Only once they were in the hall of the Ministry Theo spoke up and said, "That was really fascinating," And then he added, "But there was a lot of small things making me doubt the way they work in that place."

Harrison nodded in agreement, "I don't know if it's the unspeakable that gave us the tour, but yeah, the Ministry definitely needs to find a better way to regulate certain things, such as the Time turner thing- it felt off."

"We'll put it on the list." Tom said, softly.

Harrison smiled at Tom, "Thanks for the great birthday gift, that was really cool."

Tom just gave the slightest of smiles back, "You're welcome." Just the look in his eyes told Harrison how badly the man wanted to kiss him, but they were in public and- hopefully- close to elections for a new Minister they couldn't.

"You think it'd be something for you?" Harrison asked Theo.

Theo thought for a moment. "If you manage to take over? Merlin, yes."

Harrison smiled, "We'll do our best then." He said and Theo nodded.

"I have two and half more years to go anyways."

~

Harrison watched Tom as the man paced, waiting for any news from one of his most trusted, today was the day they had been waiting for, where they would frame Blume for being the one committed all the recent crimes that pointed at Voldemort, a real threat. After which Tom would call on a vote of confidence on the Minister- which should to Fudge getting fired after getting labelled as a fraud.

“It’s going to be okay,” Harrison said, dumbly. He was just as nervous as Tom was, yet his words seemed to have some influence, Tom’s posture became slightly less tense.

“Sorry,” Tom muttered, “I just need some news.”

“Why didn’t you join them?”

“Couldn’t risk it, being seen.”

Harrison sighed, leaning back further into his chair. Just then Barty appeared, “Job’s done sir. Blume is planted right at the crime scene- all the Death Eaters have fled and the fake memories have been tested.”

“Thank you, Barty.” Tom answered, relaxing a little.

“There is one wounded on our part, we have brought them to Narcissa.”

“Who?” Tom asked.

Barty inhaled sharply, seemingly nervous. “Bellatrix, sir.”

“Is she okay?”

Barty shrugged, “She was bleeding really badly,” He said. “She jumped in front of the cutting curse for one of the new Death Eaters we took on the mission, under your command.”

“She did?”

Barty nodded, “Got hurt fighting, that woman. Not that I expected it any other way.”

“Any news on Severus?” Tom asked.

“The hospital says he’s stable, but still asleep as well.”

“That’s two out of the inner circle.”

Barty nodded sadly and Harrison watched Tom calm himself by tightening his fist by his side, slightly.

“You may leave Barty.” Harrison said and Barty looked at him, then at Tom, then back at him and quickly nodded and left.

Harrison got up and walked to Tom’s side.

“You okay, darling?”

Tom nodded, “Just not used to the losses, I have never lost one person of my inner circle in battle. Not really, anyways.” He said. “And somehow now with Blume it’s two in minimal time.”

“They’re going to be fine,” Harrison cupped Tom’s face.

“I know,” Tom smiled, he turned his head and kissed Harrisons palm. “And we’re going to win this war.”

Harrison nodded, “So what now?”

“We wait until Bones tells us she thinks she caught your sisters’ killer.” Tom said, “And then we bring it to the Wizengamot.”

Harrison nodded, “So we wait?”

“It’s all we can do.”

~

It didn’t take too long until Amelia Bones indeed summoned them to the auror’s office in the Ministry.

“Please sit,” She said as they walked into the room. Harrison sat down quickly and Tom followed, Bones sat down opposite of them. “We have recently found a Lord Voldemort impersonator, a weak appearance changing charm cast on the form of Lord Blume. He has confessed to the murder of Hope Potter.”

“You just found him?” Harrison asked.

“He was hit by a bombarda and incarcerous.” Bones said, “Next to a murder scene of a family with a squib. Everything matched up with past attacks, some of which he described under great detail with veritaserum.”

“Lord Blume?” Tom asked, “Isn’t that a Grey house?”

“We belief his father has connections to Death Eaters, he himself might’ve been a Death Eater as well or worked closely with Lord Voldemort.”

“That sounds awfully convenient.” Tom muttered and Amelia nodded.

“That’s what I thought, but his appearance, but his memory was exactly the same as Harrison’s memory from after the forest, people can lie, but that much control over memories would require the best legilimens on earth and even then it’d be a hard task.” She sighed, “We compared the memories, every second of them and they are all exactly the same- it’s impossible to fake *that*.”

“The Blume family is also a quite weak family- magic wise.” Tom muttered.

“Exactly what I thought.” Bones said, “Fudge has been trying to get me to keep this under wraps, not reveal anything.”

“The public deserves to know.” Harrison argued. “They no longer have to live in fear.”

Amelia agreed, “I know, which is why I’m holding a press conference. I’d like you to be there, Heir Black.”

“What?”

“You’re the only person who survived one of his attacks,” Amelia said.

“I’m not- the attacks from before, Terence, Marv, they were all Blume as well, he told me at the graveyard.”

“Right, but he said he wasn’t trying to kill then, if I remember correctly.”

“That’s true.” Harrison sighed, “When would this press conference be?”

Amelia hesitated and Harrison shook his head, “You’re kidding.”

“We have thirty minutes.”

“What?”

“I had to plan it as soon as possible before Fudge intervened!”

Tom looked at Harrison, “You can do this, just tell them the truth.”

“Thanks for the advice, teach.” Harrison said, dead-pan.

Amelia chuckled, “So you’ll do it?”

Harrison sighed, “Yes, yes I’ll do it. Because I agree it is important for the public to know the truth.” He said, “But you’re not stopping me if I tell them that Fudge wanted to keep it under wraps.”

“Oh please do,” She said, “I’m not allowed to involve politics, but you’re a Lord five times over, so you’re kind of expected to involve politics.”

~

“Today I am here to announce we have caught the man responsible for the attacks that happened recently as well as the murder of Hope Potter, I will answer any question for the next fifteen minutes and have invited a witness to answer questions as well,” Amelia announced. “You can ask me or Harrison Black any questions now.” She finished her announcement, looking out over the dozen of reporters that came here to her press conference, Tom was standing, watching next to the stage they were on.

“Ms Bones, do you believe the man you captured is the only one responsible for all that has happened?”

Amelia thought, “I believe this man is closely related to Voldemort or even in a way Voldemort’s consciousness, which means that no, I do believe he was working with followers or even the Death Eaters, but the capture of this man itself means we are one step closer to capturing the others.”

“You believe Voldemort’s return?”

“Yes,” Amelia said.

“Voldemort’s return is something that happened for sure, this man was disguised as Voldemort when I watched him kill my sister.” Harrison said, “Or even Voldemort himself who started disguising himself as a man to walk among us unnoticed.”

“So the Ministry believes in the return of Voldemort?”

“Our Minister would tell you no,” Harrison said, “He is trying to hide all of this to keep the public calm and keep them out of the loop in one of the most dangerous times of our society, trying to hide the biggest threat to all of you.”

“Will you release the name of the killer?” A reporter asked then.

Amelia nodded, “As soon as I got the okay from everyone involved in the case we will be releasing everything we deemed necessary to the press, including the identity of our murderer.”

“Harrison you spoke of a ritual during your sisters murder?”

“Yes, he used the murder to make himself powerful enough to keep walking.” He answered, the lies easily slipping out.

They continued answering questions for a while, both of them letting through how unhappy they were with how the Ministry had dealt with this whole thing and because of that Harrison wasn’t even surprised when two days later the first newspaper with ‘Fudge’s biggest blunder!’ On the front page.

“Your doing?” Theo asked as he sat down next to Harrison and Harrison smirked.

“What do you think?”

“Right,” Theo said, snatching the paper out of Harrison’s hand, reading over it. “Many think Cornelius Fudge is no longer someone we can trust to be honest with this country and the people living in it.” He read out loud. “Damn, good job.”

“I don’t know this writer,” Harrison said, “But whoever it is, they could give Rita a run for her money.”

“Who could?” Blaise asked, suddenly behind them. Theo gave him the newspaper in reply. Blaise put the newspaper down immediately. “Harrison Dumbledore is looking for you, by the way.”

“He is?”

“He said something about needing to talk to Professor Black, Potions professor, not Harrison Black.”

Harrison was surprised for a second before nodding, “Alright, then I’ll go there open-minded.” He said before getting up and Blaise immediately took his place next to Theo, taking the newspaper again to finally read over the article.

Harrison went up to Dumbledore’s office and knocked on the door.

The door opened to reveal Terence.

“Wha-“

“Hello, Harrikins.” Terence said and Harrison groaned.

“One, you’ve spent too much time with my brothers. Two, what are you doing here?”

“Good to see you, too.” Terence laughed and Harrison did hug him then.

“The reason I called you here is because Terence has offered to help you teach Potions,” Dumbledore said, “He finished his NEWTs with an O and thought maybe you’d appreciate the help, since your also in your NEWTs year, but he didn’t want to teach alone. He’ll help you with the potion supply for the Hospital wing as well as class preparation and practical classes.”

“I’ll still teach all of them?”

Dumbledore nodded, “We’re confident in your teaching ability.”

Harrison nodded, “Welcome back, Ter.”

“I couldn’t leave you to cause chaos alone here for too long, Harrison.” Terence said and Dumbledore interrupted them then.

“Terence has the teachers quarters next to Sirius’, they are currently empty, would you mind showing him to them? You are the only student who comes there regularly.” Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling in that way that makes Harrison doubt everything. “Bring Diggory.”

“Okay,” Harrison said, leading Terence out. As soon as they were outside Harrison laughed, “I don’t trust that man at all.”

“Ah, no changes since I left, I was thinking you were a little too nice.”

“You know where Ced is?”

“Right here.” Cedric said, from around the corner.

Terence smiled at him, “Waiting for me as always, *swoon.”*

Cedric laughed, “You know what this means?”

“Harrison isn’t the only one dating Hogwarts staff anymore?”

Harrison snorted, “I *am* Hogwarts staff.”

“That doesn’t change anything.” Terence argued.

“It doesn’t, you’re still a student.” Cedric said.

“I teach more than follow classes.”

“It’s true I lost my class partner.” Cedric pouted.

Terence laughed, “Harrison is cruel like that, he’ll just leave you behind the second he has something more interesting to do.”

“Alright, alright, that’s enough, come on, let me lead you two to Ter’s quarters so you can get rid of that sexual tension.” Harrison muttered and Cedric almost choked as Terence just snorted.

“How sweet, you’ll visit Tom’s quarters to do the same then?” Terence said and Harrison laughed.

“I woke up there,” Harrison said, “Wake up there every morning, I don’t need to do a quick visit after breakfast to do morning sex.”

“Don’t they miss you in the dorms?”

“Harrison has a private dorm.” Terence said, “Even if he didn’t, the Slytherins would cover for him.”

“Of course he does,” Cedric muttered, clearly amused.

Once they arrived at the room Harrison quickly left them alone, he had to prepare for one of the few classes he could actually attend the class of anyways, a Defense Against the Dark Arts class.

He walked into the classroom a bit late, quickly saying, “Sorry, Dumbledore requested my presence, Cedric will also be absent of class today.” He added the second part as an after thought, before slipping into a chair next to George.

“Is Mr. Diggory okay?” Tom asked.

“Yeah, he’s fine. Just something came up- why Dumbledore requested my presence.”

Tom nodded, quickly starting his class, only after class did he ask Harrison what was up.

“Terence was hired to help me with the potions classes in Snape’s absence.”

“Ah,” Tom said, not asking him to expand further. “He’s teaching?”

“Nope, just helping with the preparing and the potions for the Hospital wing.”

“I forgot Snape did all of that.” Tom muttered, “Have you been-“

“No, he made quite a lot of spare potions, but they’re slowly running out, I’m glad it’s not fully my responsibility now.”

“Did you read the paper this morning?” Tom asked then, changing the subject totally. Harrison nodded.

“Fudge is in a lot of trouble, when do you want to do the Wizengamot meeting?”

“Friday.”

“This Friday?”

“No point in waiting longer than needed,” Tom said, “We need them right now, emotional and angry over the way he’s been ruling, it’ll help us.”

“I can’t believe we’re really doing this.”

“When we saw Magic’s core thing at the Department of Mystery, it just confirmed the need to act quickly. So as soon as possible, we’ll change everything and with it the fate of this world.” Tom smirked, “And I can’t wait to see the shock on everyone’s face when they hear that we’re together.”

Harrison smiled, “Is that going to be part of your acceptance speech? ‘By the way I’m together with Harrison Black.’”

Tom chuckled, “Maybe not quite like that.” He hummed, “But I can’t wait to take you out on a proper date, not disguised, not in some other country, but just- us, here, whenever we want.”

“I can’t wait either,” Harrison admitted, “Just a bit longer.”

Tom nod, “Just a little bit.”

~

Harrison sat next to Tom, waiting patiently until they called on Tom for his motion. There had been countless of politicians with dumb

requests or new potential laws, but none of them had passed today, it was a slow day in the Wizengamot.

“Next up, Marvolo Gaunt.” The woman announced.

Tom squeezed Harrisons hand, before getting up to address the room. “The capture of Lord Blume made me realise something, something I now wish to share with all of you, the way the government works right now isn’t adept to mass murderers or moments of crisis. Months of danger for everyone in the Wizarding World and our Minister thought the best course of action was to not say anything? Even deny its existence.”

There were already murmurs throughout the room, people feeling what was coming. Umbridge paled every second and Fudge was looking more and more confused- this being one of the meetings he decided to attend after many which he didn’t attend.

“It is of course harsh to be the face of a country, of a nation as powerful as Wizarding Britain during such hard times, but keeping millions of people in the dark of dangers, not even mentioning a danger as big as this one to other nations either, it seems like he wanted to wish it out of existence.” Tom continued, looking around the room, more and more people seemed to agree with his words. “It is for this reason as well as many other mistakes I would like to hold a vote of no confidence. I have given you all a full list of reasonings why I wanted this vote, which you can find in the file in front of you. Please read it carefully and make your own decisions, as this is for the future of our nation.” Tom said and then smiled, a polite smile fitting his Politics Persona perfectly. “That’s all.” He said, nodding at the woman leading todays meeting.

The woman seemed unsure on what to say, “I guess this calls for a break, let’s take an hour before voting.”

People nodded and Harrison had never seen the Wizengamot go from full to completely empty in such a short while.

Tom sat back down, “That good enough?” He asked Harrison, almost playfully and Harrison laughed.

“We’ll see in voting.” He flipped through the document. “You made quite the case.” He said, “Forty-seven pages full of Fudge mistakes.”

“I only picked the biggest one, it was one hundred seventy when Rookwood handed me his first draft.”

“You overwork that man.”

“He does it all happily, the unspeakables have apparently suffered as well under Fudge’s regime.”

“I noticed when we visited.” Harrison muttered, “It felt very ‘ask no questions just do what I say’.”

Tom got up then, “Want to grab some food? We have an hour.”

Harrison nodded.

~

Harrison watched Tom as the man sat down, seeming almost nervous as the room once again filled up with people.

When it was full the woman got up once more, “Before our little break Lord Gaunt put in a vote of no confidence, the break hopefully allowed us all to look through the information he offered. Does anyone have something to add?”

Amelia Bones got up, “After we caught the murderer, Fudge told me to keep it under wraps, which I think is important information considering, looking at all the accusations made, Fudge is known very well for holding back information that is important to the public.”

There were a couple more people who spoke up then, touching on topics such as Fudge trying to take control of Hogwarts through Umbridge, even though Hogwarts was a private institution and some money scandal from months ago.

Every word said in the room sealed Fudge’s faith more; he was in no way competent for the job he had been elected to do years ago and Harrison could see and feel Tom’s nerves being replaced with a sort of smugness as he listened as well.

It took another thirty minutes or so before the woman said, “I think it is safe to say we are ready to vote.” But even before the vote everyone knew what would happen.

“Everyone against the vote of no confidence, who wishes for Cornelius Fudge to remain the Minister of Magic?”

One single wand went up, Umbridge’s wand.

“Everyone for the vote of no confidence, wishing for new elections to

come so we can get a new Minister of Magic?"

The room lit up with all the wands and Harrison still felt a sense of relief come over him, even though he sort of knew they had this. They would win this.

"So be it, Cornelius Fudge the Wizengamot kindly asks you to resign from your position, if you do not resign on your own accord, we will be forcing you out of office within the next month."

"What- but that isn't-" Umbridge started.

"It is what the book says, a protection measure from our founders." The woman said, "And with that we will conclude todays session, all remaining items on todays agenda will be moved to Mondays meeting."

Harrison smiled at Tom, "We did it."

"Yeah we did." Tom said back. He sounded like he almost couldn't believe it himself.

"So regretting taking the politics route yet?"

"It's more efficient for sure."

"I did not expect that to happen today." A voice said, Regulus.

"Hey Reg," Harrison replied, "Had to do it when they least expect it." He joked.

"Right." Regulus said, sitting down next to Harrison as the man next to him got up. "The news is going to have a field day- again."

"Magic Britain is saved." Harrison said dramatically, "Lord Gaunt steps in!"

Tom rolled his eyes and Regulus chuckled. "Risky move to just drop that on everyone unexpected, but I'm glad that somehow worked."

They talked for a while, Harrison hadn't seen Regulus in a long time, due to the fact he barely spent any time at Grimmauld's place and Regulus was slowly building up his own life again.

After that they went back to Hogwarts, they just caught dinner and Harrison sat down with Theo and Blaise, watching Tom sit next to his fathers.

“So?” Theo asked.

“So what?”

Blaise groaned, “Come on, Harrison, did it work?”

Harrison smirked, “Yes it did.”

“You actually did it?”

“I mean Tom did, but yeah.” Harrison smiled softly, watching Tom talk to Sirius. “He did it.”

“Thank Merlin,” Theo muttered softly. “About time.”

“Now we have quick elections.” Harrison said, “I know we will win, but it still feels a bit nerve wracking.”

“No shit,” Theo answered, “You’re literally trying to get him to become Minister, it’s going to be nerve wrecking no matter what else happens.”

“At least Umbridge will be kicked from this goddamned school.” Harrison muttered. “I can not wait to see her face when she gets told she’ll no longer have power, that she won’t be able to influence the Minister so easily.”

“She wasn’t supposed to have the power in the first place,” Terence said, suddenly next to them, some people were shocked, apparently not having seen Terence yet in the school. “Hey.”

“Hello, my favourite older brother.” Harrison said, smiling as Fred and George shouted their arguments.

“I begged Dumbledore to let me sit with the students instead of having to join the old people table.” Terence said, referencing to the staff table.

Harrison made place for him to sit, “Not joining the Hufflepuffs?”

“Slytherins are more fun, just happened to meet one good Hufflepuff.” Terence joked. “No, actually Susan Bones is cool, too.”

“Any family of Amelia Bones is immediately cool in my book.”

Terence nodded in agreement, “So the Ministry has trembled under the hands of Gaunt and Black?” He asked dramatically.

“Not yet, we still have to do the elections.” Harrison said and Terence chuckled.

“Your man has enough charm to convince anyone of anything, I think you’ll be fine.”

“I’ll tell him you said that.” Harrison smirked.

Terence chuckled, “You do that.” He said, “I was thinking, we need to discuss the whole potions thing and what exactly you need me for.”

“Pepper-up potions?” Harrison said, no hesitation and Terence nodded.

“That of course, yeah, that was literally in the application.”

“Was it?”

“Yeah, apparently they are really worried about their Pepper-up stock here.”

“No doubt,” Harrison said, “It’s a solution to most of the things people land in the hospital wing for here.”

“Suppose you have a point there.” Terence said, “Now I heard something interested.”

“You did, huh?”

“Something about the Department of Mysteries.” Terence said, “And a three way relationship as well?” He seemed way too amused and suddenly Fred and George were next to them as well.

“You heard totally correct, Ter.” Fred said.

George nodded seriously. “Our little brother’s heart got stolen.”

“Terrible really.”

“You knew about Blaise of course.”

“But then little Theodore Nott sneaked in and took both their hearts.” Fred said, hand over his own heart.

“Love story of the century.” George agreed.

“Never seen before.”

“You two are absolutely ridiculous.” Harrison laughed and Terence smirked.

“I missed this place.” Terence said, “How did that even happen?”

“I’ll tell you later.”

Terence nodded, knowing that Harrison usually did actually tell him when he said that, at least he had in the past, even if others complained that he didn’t.

“And the Department of Mysteries?”

Theo spoke up then with Blaise’s input, telling Terence about their DoM experience and the different rooms- everything they were allowed to say. Terence listened with a smile and Harrison could truly see how much the ex-Slytherin had actually missed this place.

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to be quicker next time xx

Chapter 85: Duck, George

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Elections in the Wizarding world were strange, at the very least. While technically the Wizengamot had the responsibility to elect any upcoming Minister, there were times where the whole election was skipped over, simply because only one candidate made sense. Or maybe because it was the logical follower to an already trusted Minister. Someone the Minister itself had trained or worked with closely.

Then when the Wizengamot did vote, people from houses could elect friends or colleagues working at the Ministry, have a small campaign before the pureblood houses decided who was next to lead their country.

And then, there were rare cases such as this election, where the world was found in so much chaos, a good figure was needed to create an atmosphere of calm, and the government had proven to be entirely corrupt.

These moments were the moments where the country folk were called upon to vote.

However, only high-level ministry workers or people from the Wizengamot could be elected.

And thus, there were full campaigns.

Harrison walked into Tom's office, the man was talking to some Death Eaters and other people who were helping him through the election.

"You should use Hogwarts as your main area, you're a respected teacher." One of the women said, "And everyone in Wizarding Britain has a connection to Hogwarts on some level."

Tom looked up as Harrison entered. "Hey."

"Bad moment?"

Tom shook his head, "Come join us, as far as I know you're excellent at influencing people."

“One of my many talents, you might even say,” Harrison joked. “Who else is going to try to become Minister?”

“Umbridge, of course.” Tom muttered, “Surprisingly no one directly connected to Dumbledore.”

“No one?” Harrison asked, “Is there anyone besides Umbridge and you?”

“Some smaller houses, nothing we should be concerned about, Tom has already won as far as we’re concerned, but you always have to put effort into things like these.”

“Of course,” Harrison nodded in understanding, “Can I help with anything?”

“Well, just openly supporting our Lord will already help his case greatly. Many people see you as the hope of the Wizarding World.”

“Many do not.”

“You’ve got more in your favour than against you, especially since James Potter defended you about the murder on your biological sister, and you openly bashed our corrupt Ministry before the fall.”

“People trust your opinion now.” Tom said and Harrison nodded, in understanding.

“I mean, I was planning to openly support or even help your campaign.”

Harrison could see and feel that Tom hadn’t doubted that for a second, of course he hadn’t they had talked about this a lot.

“Alright I think that’s enough for today, finalize the Hogwarts plan.” Tom said, sending his followers out of his office.

Harrison waited until the door closed before asking, “Who was the woman? didn’t recognize her.”

“Lower ranked Death Eater, but excellent with these things.” Tom answered, “I’ve been including everyone with any experience.” Tom sighed, leaning back slightly further into his chair, Harrison could see his political persona fade, his dark lordy persona fade, just leaving behind Tom.

“I’m so ready for this to be over, to not have this stress anymore.”

Tom said.

Harrison nodded in agreement, “Do you have any plans for Dumbledore yet? I keep thinking about what Death said, but I don’t know how I could fucking go about stealing the Elder wand without like killing Dumbledore.”

“I need that man gone as soon as we take over,” Tom said, “He might not necessarily seem like the biggest threat now, but he is influential and he’ll always say the opposite of me, so keeping him here, in the open- well, that is just a dumb idea.”

“Bind his magic and throw him into the castle with Grindelwald.”

“There’s risks involved in putting those two together, but it is genuinely quite a good idea.” Tom muttered, quickly writing something down in a file full of meeting notes and important things happening.

“Or you could finally just kill him.” Harrison said, it was a soft suggestion, almost as if it was something they hadn’t spoken about until now.

“It would sent a weird message.”

Harrison smirked, “Well you are the Dark Lord taking over the government.”

Tom snorted, “Come here, you.” He pushed away from the desk and Harrison immediately took the chance to sit down in Tom’s lap. As soon as Harrison does that, Tom leans his forehead on Harrison’s shoulder, his arms around Harrison.

Harrison just held him tight, not asking questions, he could feel Tom’s underlaying stress, because while the man admitted to being stressed, he never said just how stressed he was.

They sat there for a while, Harrison didn’t know how much time had passed, just that at some point Tom pulled away slightly and kissed him once, softly.

“You okay?” Harrison asked.

Tom smiled, “I am now.” And Harrison could tell that was the truth.

~

Tom's campaign was running smoothly, the man was front page more often than not, doing a bunch of exclusive interviews and public appearances.

It was so unlike Tom and yet he did it all perfectly, all while still teaching his classes with the same commitment as always.

"Hey boyfriend," Theo said as he sat down next to Harrison. "Did you see the front page today?"

Harrison shook his head, "What did he do now?"

Theo showed him the news paper and Harrison almost laughed, because he knew there was no way it was true.

Lord Gaunt reveals plans to strengthen the Wizarding World.

"According to the news paper he just made some promises about better education, pointing at renewal of the courses offered, raising a new population of powerful witches and wizards."

"And that's attractive to the general public?"

"Apparently." Theo said.

"I did know he was going to say that, I just didn't imagine them to word it as 'strengthening the Wizarding World." Harrison snorted.

"It is quite dramatic."

"Understatement."

"Harrison!" Terence said, "I got the pepper up potions ready and-" He dumped a bunch of papers in front of Harrison. "Graded those for you."

Harrison blinked, "You didn't have to do all that."

"I know," Terence said, "But you were with your Loverboy all day yesterday, so I decided to be my nice self and do this for you to spare you the stress and the complaints from your fifth years." He glanced at Theo.

Theo said, "Hey!"

"Am I wrong?"

“Okay no, we are very impatient.” Theo sighed.

“Thanks, Ter.”

Terence smiled, “No problem, *professor.* It’s what I’m here for.”

Harrison narrowed his eyes at Terence, the boy being too nice. “What did you do?”

“I might have helped Fred and George with one of their pranks.” Terence said.

“Okay?”

“And they might have ended up with one week of detention because I snitched on them afterwards, I thought it was funny.”

“To who?” Harrison asked.

“McGonagall.”

“Okay, that *is* hilarious.” Harrison chuckled. “You thought I was going to be annoyed because of that?”

“No, I was just hoping you could scare them enough into not killing me with pranks?”

“Are you kidding me? You’re on your own.” Harrison laughed, “The payback is part of why it is so hilarious.”

“Please,” Terence said, “I’m terrified of them.”

“You should be.”

“Fuck,” Terence muttered.

“Welcome to the family.” Harrison said, “To the prank wars.”

“Yeah, yeah, I hate you.” Terence muttered, “Never doing shit for you again.”

Harrisons smirks, “Sorry I don’t include myself in prank wars, otherwise I’d be stuck in one for *life.*” He said, honestly. “But you could always ask Remus and Sirius for help, they’d *love* this.”

Terence suddenly looked hopeful, “You think they’d help me?”

“Any chance to have a prank war with the twins is a yes for them. But it gets messy and once you’re in, you can’t just decide your done.”

“I feel like I am already in, since I told McGonagall,” Terence muttered.

And Harrison couldn’t argue with that, so just said, “You definitely are, I would commit to the prank war and go find Remus and Sirius as quick as possible. You never know what and when to expect something with the twins.

“You know where they are?”

“Sirius has a Transfiguration class after this and Remus is probably in the History office. I’d try finding Siri first and then ask Remus afterwards.”

Terence nodded, “Thank you, you’re saving my life.” He muttered before quickly getting up and leaving to go find either Sirius and Remus.

~

“Honey, I’m home!” Harrison shouted as he entered Tom’s classroom, thirty minutes before his class. Tom looked up from where he was sitting, opposite of Sirius and Harrison shot them a look, confused. “What is this?”

“Tom’s helping,” Sirius said, “With the pranks.”

“He is?”

“I helped Fred and George before, so Sirius blackmailed me, giving me an out for free.”

“He did, huh?”

Sirius smirked, “I *can* be nice, pup.”

“I don’t know, blackmail?”

“Hey, *I’m* helping the guy who adopted you as his little brother.” Sirius said, “We were actually at peace for once.”

“You were, huh?” Harrison asked, “There’s no peace with you four, peace just means you all are scheming for bigger things.”

“That’s not-“ Harrison raised an eyebrow and Sirius sighed, “Okay fine, but-“

“For what it’s worth I’m glad you two are *bonding* or whatever.” Harrison said, it wasn’t often one of his parents spent time with his *soulmate* one on one. They usually still kept a safe distance, to be sure. “Anyways, Tommy boy, love of my life.”

Tom seemed entirely amused, “Yes?”

“I will be attending your class today, but I won’t pay attention at all, just pretend not to notice, please.”

“And why’s that?” Tom asked, in his professor voice.

Harrison laughed, “I’ll probably spent the hours trying to come up with test questions for the first years. Nobody told me I’d also have to do *that.”*

Tom nodded in agreement, “Worst part of teaching for sure.”

“McGonagall does it all for transfiguration.”

“Lucky,” Harrison huffed. “Umbridge told me I couldn’t reuse Snape’s exam questions, because they were for our *old* teaching system, even though I haven’t changed anything.”

“Wasn’t Umbridge supposed to leave the moment Fudge left office?” Sirius asked and Harrison nodded.

“Well yes, that’s what we thought, but apparently they stated in the contract that she’ll only leave as soon as a Minister dismisses her and Dumbledore signed it, only forgot to mention.”

“He what?” Sirius asked, “I thought the man hated the toad as much as we do.”

“Probably one of his ‘for the greater good’ decisions.”

“That man-“ Sirius huffed, “Absolutely incapable of doing *anything.”*

“That is something we can all agree on at least.”

Tom glanced at a clock on his wall and said, “Let’s finish this prank of yours, quick.” To Sirius, the man nodded, he also had a class to teach. So Harrison sat back and listened, not helping even when Sirius shot him a pleading look, he would *not* get involved in this.

And so he sat with them, listening until five minutes before the start of the class, at which point Sirius left and Harrison took a place in the back of the classroom for once, Tom leant on the table in front of him, so they could quietly talk until the first students arrived.

Fred sat down next to Harrison and muttered, “Where did you hide Terence?”

“I didn’t hide anyone.” Harrison answered and George gave him an unimpressed look from next to Fred.

“Told him I don’t get involved in your prank wars.” Harrison said. “You know that’s true.”

“Fine.” George muttered.

“You sent him to Remus and Sirius for help!” Fred realised, “You’d never leave *Terence* to face our wrath alone.”

Harrison smirked and then Tom cleared his throat, everyone immediately went quiet and listened to Tom as he introduced today’s subject.

~

Tom had an interview at Hogwarts today, something about his campaign once more, that much Harrison knew.

He just didn’t expect the interviewer to look for him afterwards.

She found him sitting in the courtyard with some of his friends.

“Heir Black!” she said, “Could we have just a moment of your time for a couple of questions?”

Harrison looked at his friends, then back at the interviewer and nodded slowly. “Yes, I suppose.” He got up, “Where to?”

“Maybe a place with less audience, these things are often a better sale if it isn’t announced in public.” She said and Harrison had to respect her commitment, so nodded and led her to a classroom he knew would be empty.

“Don’t worry, these are just some questions about what working with Lord Gaunt is like, everyone is very enthusiastic to talk to *him* but I thought talking to the only person we know he always works with could give us more insight on what he would be like when potentially

leading Wizarding Britain.

The woman in front of him was quite young, so he had to ask. "Hoping it'll be your big break through?"

She shrugged, fully unashamedly. "What better time than now, huh?"

"Alright, I'll actually try to give you useful answers then."

The girl nodded, she relaxed slightly, a bit of the nervousness she caried with her faded, "I can see you work together with him a lot, he told me the same just an hour ago."

Harrison smiled, "So do you have questions or was this an idea on the whim?"

"It was a suggestion by Lord Gaunt, actually, he said something about people always wanting to hear your voice, yet nobody asking you to state your opinion."

"Huh," Harrison said, he smiled slightly, of course Tom would sent an actually respectful interviewer to him, they were still trying to get a way to make Harrison involved, but not too involved in his campaign.

"Everything you say from now will be on record," She said, "Are you ready?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, so you've worked with Lord Gaunt for a while now, would you like to tell us how that started?"

"He's a mentor in a way, I met him through some friends of my parents and when he noticed my interest in politics, he took it as a chance to finally have someone to mentor in this world, as he spent a large part of his life obsessed with it."

"Yet he never joined the Wizengamot relatively late?"

"Yes, he moved here from another country," Harrison said, "He went abroad to study other magical cultures after school and just didn't return until a couple of years ago."

"Many people see Gaunt and your biological parents as enemy of sorts, did your bond with Gaunt cause more strains on your relationship with your-"

“Does this have to do with the elections?”

“No I guess I was just curious.”

“I don’t think my bond with Gaunt changed anything, as he didn’t pressure any beliefs onto me, my disagreements with my parents aren’t on a political level, but rather about the fact that they chose to abandon me for very important years of my childhood.”

She nodded, “Could you tell us something about what it’s like to be taught by Gaunt, not in Hogwarts, but in a political setting?”

“What many people think is that he taught me how to think, what to think. But that is the biggest misconception, not once has he shared his ideals with me while teaching. He used to give me certain issues brought into the Wizengamot in the past and asked me for *my* opinion without stating his and during those classes he taught me how to defend it with research and debating.” Harrison lied easily, “Many Hogwarts students would say he is one of the least bias teachers, the same counts for his teaching in politics, it’s just a different skill set he taught me.”

“And how did this change when it became more of a partnership than a mentorship, what we have been seeing lately?”

“I think it didn’t change at all, we still have the debates, he still asks me for my opinions, but he knows now that he can also tell me his opinion without influencing mine immediately. We respect each others opinions fully and try to understand each others view. In many way we ensure we have a shared understanding of any subject that comes up in the Wizengamot to ensure you have that united front you see often with us, not unlike many other Lords that work together. The difference for us is that perhaps it feels more natural since it grew from this mentorship.”

Harrison hesitated for a moment and then said, “I think the thing people have to understand about Marvolo Gaunt is that he is truly fascinated by magic and the world we managed to create from it, the creatures, the art, the communities. Therefore he might have very strong opinions on certain matters, but he respects the magical community as a community more than anyone I know and he will *always* listen to someone else’s opinion, their thoughts, and seriously consider them, not only because it’s the right thing to do, but because he honestly wants the best for our community as a whole and he is in no way ashamed to admit that he wasn’t always in the right.” He

sighed, “Which is why he spoke up about Fudge before anyone else could, he knew that man was in no way the best for the Wizarding World and wasn’t afraid to say that exact thing.”

“How would you say a future with Marvolo Gaunt as minister looks?”

“I think he’ll help us remember to embrace our magic, reassess our schooling system to ensure better taught witches and wizards, stop with the outdated things. I think the government will be more open about troubles. And most importantly, he’ll put our country back into our deals with other Wizarding communities, which we have lost by the likes of Fudge and Dumbledore over the years. I know for a fact that the ministers of the Scandinavian, the German, Dutch and many other Wizarding Communities have already talked to Marvolo, because I was there during their talks, they all agree that they would be willing to work together again to ensure safety for the Wizarding World if we don’t have a ministry like the one we have now.”

“When did these talks happen?”

“When Minister Fudge sent us out to see if we can gather allies again, believing our country to no longer pose a threat. The countries all said they would think about it, but for it to be unlikely while we have our current ministry. Many however, did promise to help, would Marvolo need it personally, that on its own is a feat to show what a future with Minister Gaunt could be like.”

“Very impressive indeed,” The interviewer agreed. Then she looked down at her notes. “I think I can work with this, thank you so much for your cooperation.”

Harrison nodded at a girl and let just a bit of his magic out, just enough to feel slightly threatening, but not strong to the point where she might realise it was meant as a threat and then he said, “I trust I’ll see my positive view of Lord Gaunt back in the newspapers soon?”

“Yes-“ She said immediately, as she straightened a bit. “Of course.”

“Good, I look forward to reading it.”

“Thank you again, this might really be a big break for my career.” She said and Harrison waved her off.

“It is no problem.” He smiled, friendly. “Anytime, really.”

She nodded and left after that, not quite rushing, but not entirely calm

either.

~

Harrison and Temperance had all the prefects gathered in the shared common room, “Thank you all for coming.” The Hufflepuff girl said. “As you all know, politics is kind of messed up right now and we don’t expect the new Minister- whoever that may be- to truly enter office until start winter break.”

“Are we seriously here to talk politics?” Granger asked, surprised and Harrison felt a wave of annoyance.

“Yes, now listen, or I will get you kicked off the team like Draco.”

“Wow, harsh, Har.” Cedric laughed, although it was understanding, Hermione had been the other half of the problem they had with Draco, but she hadn’t been kicked off the team, yet. Both Tom and Harrison truly wanted her gone.

“Okay,” Temperance laughed awkwardly. “The reason we wanted to discuss this is because of Umbridge, who has lately been using her power to make prefects carry out her rules, but, well I’ll let Harrison explain.”

“But,” Harrison continued for her, “She never had the power to make rules, however the minister believed she did and so it could have had repercussions not listening to her, now however, with no Minister in office, you do not have to listen to her at all, and I am asking all of you to not enforce her rules on any students and sent anyone who got in trouble with Umbridge to me directly, so I can protect all these students, it is of utmost importance that we take care of this carefully as Umbridge is dangerous in some ways. I want to kick her out of the castle, however I am afraid we’ll have to wait for the next Minister, as it could have political consequences for me if the next minister disapproves of my next move.”

“And Marvolo does he support this?” Adrian asked and Harrison shot him a look that said ‘*what do you think?’*

“He does fully,” Temperence said, even told us if we got into real issues, we could call on him, too. As well as Professor Black, McGonagall, Lupin and of course, our very own professor Black. We have five professors on our side, so don’t be afraid to help these students.”

“Okay that was that part of the meeting- now let’s go over the schedules until Christmas break, you can ask for any changes now directly.”

~

Harrison woke up to an empty bed, which was relatively normal considering Tom liked to take his time to prepare his classes in the morning, but when he looked up he saw Tom sitting in the one chair he had in his bedroom, reading the daily prophet.

“Good morning,” Tom said as soon as he noticed Harrison was awake, the man sounded way too amused.

“Since when do you read the paper?”

“Since you did an interview about me.” Tom hummed, moving back to the bed, sitting down, leaning against the headboard, Harrison immediately cuddled up to him, his head resting on Tom’s chest as he looked at the paper with Tom. “This woman definitely had some crush on you, she described you like a fucking saviour and that your good opinion on me must be proof that I am the only correct choice for the Minster seat.” He snorted, “Here; *I approached Harrison Black after my interview with Lord Gaunt, Heir Black was sitting with his friends when I approached him but kindly gave me his time to talk about the current matters and gave me insight into the political situation and the type of person Lord Gaunt is in a way only the boy genius- who proved himself capable of protecting anyone last year during a Voldemort attack- could.”*

Harrison scrunched his nose up, “Her writing is-“

“Horrible for newspapers? Hard agree.” Tom chuckled. “Maybe she should write love stories instead. Write all about how irresistible you are, how you saved the world by charming the Dark Lord until he was swaying right into your arms.” He put the newspaper down on the nightstand, to pull Harrison on top of him fully.

“I’ve missed *this.”* Tom said then, “I feel like I’ve forgotten about this part lately, the slow mornings-“

“It’s a busy time, I understand you don’t exactly have time for this slow laziness.” Harrison said. “We’ve got forever to make up for it afterwards.”

Tom smiled, “Damn right we do.”

Harrison kisses Tom's jaw, before resting his head back against Tom's shoulder, "Would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Sway right into my arms?" Harrison said, trying his best to not laugh as Tom shoot him a look.

Tom sighed, "Always, I already did, didn't I?"

Harrison wasn't sure whether that was sarcastic or not, so he just said, "Damn right you did." Then he muttered, "Don't you have a class to teach?"

"It's Saturday."

"Is it?" Harrison said, he genuinely hadn't realised that.

Tom snorted, "You okay?"

"I'm perfect," Harrison said, "So I've got you all morning?"

"You planning something, Heir Black?"

Harrison kissed Tom, "Multiple somethings."

Tom smiled into the kiss, "You've got me all day if you want."

~

Umbridge tried to push for a bunch of dumb rules afterwards, some about forbidding boys and girls to get close to each other, which made Harrison very dramatically sit down between Daphne and Pansy the next day, listening to their gossip as if he was *always* there, so Umbridge glared at him the whole meal.

Somewhere halfway through that meal, Ginny approached Harrison, making Daphne make grabby hands at the Weasley girl, which was so unlike Daphne that Harrison couldn't help but chuckle, as Ginny stood next to Daphne so Daphne could very dramatically half-hug Ginny from where she was sitting.

"I need to talk to you," Ginny said to Harrison, "Or, well, show you something actually- and you should probably bring your *boyfriend."*

"Oh?"

“Just meet me close to Hagrid’s hut tonight, it’s important.”

Harrison nodded, “Alright,” then he got up so Ginny could sit next to Daphne, he went back to his usual place a couple of seats further down the table.

“Anyone else and you would’ve gotten detention for a month because of that little stunt,” Terence said, still refusing to sit with the teachers.

“The rule is absolute nonsense, but I suppose at least it won’t bother their or our relationships.” He nodded at Daphne and Ginny.

“Suppose not,” Then he looked at Theo and Blaise, who were talking about something, completely unaware of everything around them. “What’s up with that?”

Harrison cast a silencing charm. “I think they’re crushing, but unaware, since they are already pretending to date.”

Terence nodded slowly, “Must be weird,” He said, “Especially if the fake relationship is as big as theirs with you is. Everyone knows and watches constantly.”

“I do feel a bit sorry for them,” Harrison said in agreement. “It’s not exactly what I had in mind when I asked if any of them would be interested in being my date to the yule ball and Blaise said yes.”

“But here you are.” Terence said.

“Here I am,” Harrison agreed, “I’m kind of glad, the trying to guess who I’m dating thing was getting old and this made them believe they had no reason to try and guess, since they knew it was just a classmate.” He looked at Theo and Blaise again. “And I think they’re managing fine, maybe they’ll realise once the fake breakup happens and they’re suddenly like ‘huh, I really don’t want to leave you.’”

Terence snorted, “Craziest get together story.” He said, “Imagine if they get kids and their kids ask them about it and they have to tell your kid that they were pretending to date the guy who’s ruling the world so that he could get a break from the press.”

“Ruling the world?”

“Give it a couple of decades,” Terence smirked and Harrison rolled his eyes.

“I’ll be some trophy husband, I don’t even want to take Tom’s place at that point.” He muttered, “Just let me teach some classes and I’ll be fine.”

“Really? I think you’d enjoy the politics of it more than most.”

Harrison had to admit he was probably correct but he also never imagined himself as the one who takes over, so he just shrugged, “I guess we’ll see where the future takes us, huh? I’ve got an eternity left.”

“Damn, I always forget about that part.”

Harrison nods, “I do too, often, but this eternity is just ‘for as long as we want’.”

“Yeah and Tom would be okay with you wanting to end it after a while?”

Harrison smiled, “Yeah,” He said, “Maybe not now, but in a lifetime or two? He’d die for me, if I wanted to say goodbye to this place.”

“Okay, romantic.” Terence whistled, “Makes me wonder if I should make promises like that to Ced.”

“Nobody beats the Dark Lord in the romance department,” Harrison said and Terence laughed.

~

Harrison and Tom met Ginny at Hagrid’s hut, as promised, she seemed almost relieved they showed up.

“I overheard Hermione and Ron talk about this and when I went to look for myself and found it, I knew I had to show you.” Ginny said.

“What?” Harrison asked, confused, but very curious. He could feel that Tom’s emotions matched his own.

“I remember you telling me about the whole giant thing and then I heard this and-“

“A giant?” Tom interrupted, obviously shocked.

Ginny hesitated, “Half-giant.”

“Take us there.”

The red head nodded, “Yes,” She said, motioning for them to follow them.

They walked through the forest for a bit, Ginny leading them through some paths Harrison had never noticed before, until they arrived at a place with a sleeping half-giant.

“He’s supposedly Hagrid’s half brother.” Ginny whispered.

Tom nodded, slowly approaching the sleeping giant. “Why is he chained to the tree?”

“I suppose so he doesn’t hurt anyone,” Ginny muttered.

“They chained him to a tree?” Harrison asked, although he wasn’t really surprised, giants tended to get the image of being very dangerous, it was one of the reasons Tom tried to negotiate with them and protect them so much, as they aren’t nearly as dangerous or dumb as people tended to see them as.

“We’re breaking him free.” Tom decided within a second, no hesitation.

Harrison blinked, “You can’t do that during the elections, what if it gets connected to you.”

Tom smirked, “We’ll find a way to frame Umbridge for getting it here.”

Ginny leant over to Harrison, “He’s scary.”

“I know, he’s the most feared Wizard of our time for a reason.”

“Of our time?” Tom asked, “And here I thought I’d get the forever title by now.”

“You’ve got to work a bit harder for that, love.”

Tom rolled his eyes, “I’ll get Megan on this, she’s become quite the expert on giants after I asked her to do the mission a while ago.”

“She really doesn’t do anything half way.” Harrison muttered, “Doesn’t surprise me she became an expert on this after being asked to do something in a team once.”

“Truly one of the best people to have on our side.” Tom agreed, immediately. “And the whole magic reading thing has been quite a bit

of a help as well with dark creatures. She can see when they might get aggressive or scared before anyone else could."

Ginny cleared her throat, "Eh- I think he's waking up." She nodded towards the giant on the ground.

Tom turned around and, indeed, the giant was slowly blinking awake.

He slowly walked back to Ginny and Harrison, "We should probably not disturb his sleep more than we already have." He said, softly, looking at the confused giant. "I'll notify Megan tomorrow."

Ginny nodded, "So will you two walk me back to the Gryffindor common room, I don't want to deal with Filch." She said and Harrison chuckled.

"Yeah, we will." He said, Tom nodded.

"It was good of you to notify us on this." He said.

And then they all walked back, leaving the giant to fall back into a sleep. Tom and Harrison dropped Ginny off at the Gryffindor common room, before they walked back to Tom's quarter.

Until they heard an annoying clearing of the throat, one very familiar.

"Pray tell what you two are doing here?" Umbridge asked and Tom tensed, realising immediately that it was weird for a student and teacher to walk here late like this.

Luckily Harrison felt less panicky, turning around, "I was doing rounds."

"You sent me the schedule and you weren't on the list tonight."

"Adrian had to deal with some personal issues so I took his shift, is that a problem, Umbridge?"

"We had to assist a student, Mr Black got me, because the youngest Weasley was distressed." Tom said.

"Is all well now?" Umbridge face turned into faux concern and Harrison nodded.

"We took care of it." He said, he felt Umbridge's annoyance as she couldn't do anything, she had no power over Tom or Harrison and she knew it.

“Very well.” She sighed, before turning around and walking off, Tom whispered an *obliviate* after her, just to be sure.

Once she turned the corner Tom breathed a sigh of relief, “That was close.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, “Let’s go, *quickly.”*

~

“Thank you all for coming once again,” Harrison said as he stood in front of a large group of students, “We’ve focused largely on DADA spells lately, however with the current threat of an immediate attack gone, I thought we might catch you up on some other classes as well, practical parts. So I’ve invited Professor Black, McGonagall, and Flitwick.” Harrison said, the Room of Requirement was large. “We’ll make groups and put the groups with a different teacher each time, the teachers have prepared practical spell exercises for each years.”

Everyone seemed surprised that the teachers- aside from Sirius- were there, but McGonagall and Flitwick had heard about him helping students and had asked whether they could assist, in secret, away from Umbridge’s eyes.

They make the groups and Harrison kept overview as the students were each taught in their own, smaller group by the professors who really ran this place.

It was about halfway through that Tom entered the room of requirement, “She’s onto you,” He said, “Be careful when you leave. Ensure no one is seen.”

Harrison nodded, “Thank you.”

“I think she’ll be interviewing students soon, she’s been speaking about that, “ Tom muttered, “Trying to get answers, once again sticking her nose in places it doesn’t belong.”

“Just a week and a half until elections.” Harrison said, “After that, we’ll be good.”

Tom nodded, there was one thing all politicians in the elections agreed on, Umbridge needed gone from a place full of children, the future these kids will have to actually experience got zero preparation in Hogwarts with Umbridge here.

“How can we make the leaving work?” Harrison asked then, realising it might be hard to get a group as big as this to leave without being seen.

“I don’t know, just hope for the best, the room might even help,” Tom said, because hoping for the best was actually the only thing they could do right now. They didn’t know if there were some students watching them for Umbridge or whether she was going to be outside a door they open herself.

Tom stayed and watched the rest of the time, helping the other teachers where he could, once again showing everyone his magic knowledge went far beyond his own subject.

Harrison also spotted some of his friends helping younger years with their essays and other homework- it was something that didn’t happen too often, but now with a given time and space everyone seemed willing to do what they could to ensure the damage Umbridge did to their school system stayed minimal. Helping each other grow magically in ways the Hogwarts school system couldn’t right now.

A while later Harrison and Tom gathered everyone to try and discuss a method to get everyone out of the room without being seen, they told them that they didn’t know who might work with Umbridge and that they expect them to not mention this class during any other point the upcoming few days, even to each other, to prevent anyone from overhearing accidentally. They also reminded everyone of the contract everyone in the room had signed when starting the classes.

After that they snuck out in small groups, checking if the hallway was clear, letting some students leave with the teachers, while others- older ones, prefects, left in small groups themselves, until it was just Harrison and Tom.

“So what are you doing about the giant in the woods?” Harrison asked Tom, quietly and Tom smirked.

“I asked Megan what she thought, she and some others are coming to retrieve it without anyone else noticing, hopefully.” Tom sighed, “It’s a lot more boring than framing Umbridge, but unfortunately it is the responsible thing to do with elections, so I decided it’s probably the smart thing to do.

“How responsible,” Harrison teased.

Tom nodded, “I know, it’s horrible, truly, where did all the fun times

go?”

“Winning the elections would be the fun time,” Harrison said, quietly. “You’ve got to make sacrifices sometimes, although it would have been *fun* to see Umbridge react to a half giant in the forbidden forest.”

“The idea of the scare Umbridge would have almost makes me reconsider.” Tom agreed, “But, yeah, I really want to win these elections, otherwise everything we did, all the dirt we got on Fudge and all the missions, it would have been for nothing.”

“Not nothing, it would have still helped us built a certain amount of influence.” Harrison said. “I don’t think you should worry too much.”

Tom hummed in agreement, he truly wasn’t that worried, ever since he met Harrison, and Harrison convinced him to do it this way, the more legit way, every small step felt like they had reached a goal rather than always feeling like he hadn’t done enough. “We’re such a corrupt government.”

“Mh?”

“We just dug dirt up on the Minister to get him fired the moment we knew we’d be popular enough to be the next elects.”

“Shh,” Harrison smirked, putting a finger to Tom’s lips, “We ignore our faults and focus on the good we will do- besides, we do all of this to save magic, that makes any corruption almost worth it.”

Tom just huffed, but he couldn’t disagree.

~

Harrison walked the long halls of Malfoy Manor to go to Narcissa’s make shift hospital wing, he greeted the woman and then he spotted Bellatrix.

He and Bella had never really been close in any way because of Bella’s obsession with Tom, however when asked if he could try and heal the wounds a bit more, he couldn’t say no.

“The scarring is quite bad, I tried my best, but the wound was so deep, so-“ Narcissa seemed almost apologetic for the somewhat messy job.

“It should be fine,” Harrison hummed, “Did you give her blood replenishing potions?”

“Of course I did.”

“Good,” Harrison hummed, it wasn’t so much that they didn’t trust the work Narcissa had done, it was more or less the fact that he had gifts from Magic, Time and Death which might help, he had never tried directly, but there was no reason to believe they couldn’t help, considering all the things they did already help with the past few months.

Harrison just tried his best to heal the woman, still in some magically induced coma- to help her heal. He let his magic go over the scar first, trying to mend it just a bit, a soft hum filling the air between him and Bellatrix as his magic did the works. He didn’t understand the magic he was using, didn’t know whether it came from Mother Magic, Death, Time or maybe even Fate. All he did know was that suddenly the scar was lighter, so it did something.

He was hoping it also worked on inner scarring tissue, that he wouldn’t see mend right in front of his eyes, but there was no way to know, so he just continued mending the best he could.

Narcissa watched the whole thing, the faint glow of his magic seeping into the wound like nothing he had seen before. When her Lord suggested she let Harrison Black give it a try, she had been hesitant. It was her sister and she had wanted, with her everything, to be able to be the one to help her.

But seeing this once again reminded her that her Lord also wanted Bellatrix to heal as quickly as possible and he would never suggest anything that would hurt her sister and the state her sister was in more. And so she stopped standing so ready to stop Harrison and instead sat down and watched his magic, magic in its purest form, it seemed at times, do exactly what Harrison wanted with it. In this case, heal her sister.

It didn’t take much longer until Harrison lowered the hand that he had held above the wound and turn to her, “I’d try to wake her up tomorrow or so to see if she can manage while awake, give her something to kill the pain a bit and let it heal naturally.”

To Harrison it felt like that had been whispered into his ear by some greater power watching over them, their side. It was like he was just delivering the message, feeling like they were closer to him, much like they were back in the Department of Mysteries.

Narcissa just nodded, “Thank you.”

“We’re family,” Harrison shrugged it off.

Then he left, leaving Narcissa to stare at the faint mark that had still been a deep red when Harrison arrived, wondering just how that magic could have worked like this. How it could have healed a wound this charged with magic, usually not mendable with magic known to current healers.

She sighed and got up, looking back at her sister one last time before also leaving the room.

~

In the Wizarding World, voting was done by calculating magical prints on certain areas, it was an old complex magic ritual that relied on everyone coming to the Ministry and casting a spell, this happened over a full weekend.

“There has to be an easier way, you'd think.” Tom sighed as he and Harrison sat in the Ministry, watching as the last few people went into the ritual room. “I mean forcing the entirety of Wizarding Britain to come to London just feels kind of counter-productive.”

Harrison nodded in agreement, it truly did feel counter-productive, however, at least with a spell as complex as this one, no one knew enough about it to manipulate the votes in their favour.

“At least they have the results immediately.” Harrison sighed, in an hour or two the Wizengamot and any candidate not in the Wizengamot would be called into the room, where they would reveal who would lead the country from now on.

Tom sighed, leaning back further into his chair, “This process is making me realise just how impatient I am.”

“The whole Wizarding World is impatient right now,” Harrison muttered, “You got a speech ready for when you got the job?”

“Kind of,” Tom said, “Just some bullshit about new hope, less boundaries, magic for all. You know the campaign.”

“Harrison Black!” Someone shouted as they spot him, another reporter from a smaller newspaper.

Harrison looked at them, “Yeah?”

“Have you casted your vote yet?”

Tom snorted as Harrison nodded.

“Yeah, the first day.”

“So did you truly vote for Lord Gaunt?” The reporter asked as if Tom wasn't literally next to him right now. Harrison scoffed.

“Yeah, I meant everything I said in my past few interviews about Lord Gaunt, and I truly believe he is the only option for this community now.” Harrison laughed.

“Very well,” The man said, “He does seem like the most popular choice so far, how much of those credits will you be claiming?”

"None,” Harrison said, “Marvolo could have gotten every single one on h-”

“Not true,” Tom cut in then to the reporter, “I am forever grateful for the sheer amount of trust Harrison has shown me, I am absolutely certain that Harrison could have made any candidate most likely to win, just purely based on how well known he is for being straight up and genuinely helping us, our school system as well as seeming never ending power. So his vote of confidence throughout this entire process is something that truly means a lot to me.”

“Hey-“ Harrison said and Tom shushed him playfully. At that point the reported seemed so confused that he just left and Harrison turned back to Tom. “Dumb move, asking us this now, by the time he has an article written, the result will be here, and it won’t matter who I wanted to win anymore.”

Tom nodded in agreement, “Yeah, I was wondering about that too when he approached.”

They sat there talking for a while, and then suddenly some Ministry worker saw approached them and said, “You two are expected for the reveal.”

That was how they now found themselves facing a speech by some lower ranked Ministry Official who had obviously been picked for this job without necessarily wanting it.

“After a full weekend of voting, the people of Wizarding Britain have decided who they would want to continue as Minister as Minister

Fudge has been fully rejected for any trust and power within this building after this month. We expect whoever was chosen will follow the set rules and improve this country in a way that satisfied all voters." The man said, "Of the five candidates actually accepted for election, 3 got less than one precent of the vote, ruling them out entirely. This leaves us with Madam Umbridge and Lord Gaunt, I do have to say that in the entire past of Wizarding Britain a party has never won with a higher percentage than this, a solid 64 percent of voters voted for the same person."

Harrison looked at Umbridge who was smiling confidently, wondering how the woman could still think that *she* won this.

She actually cleared her throat, loudly to get the attention of everyone in the room, before the man stopped her by raising a hand, "Sit down Umbridge, before you embarrass yourself."

"But-" The pink toad started, however the man interrupted her.

"Lord Gaunt," The man announced, sounding every bit as bored as he did before. "You are expected to step up and be the new Minister of Wizarding Britain."

Tom seemed surprised for a moment, before regaining himself, squeezing Harrisons hand once before getting up and saying, "Thank you all, I hope I'll be able to make all citizens and visitors of this country feel safe, try and repair magic. As my first act as official Minister- wait I can do that now, correct?" He asked the man who had announced this, the man nodded and Tom's smirk widened.

"I'd like to remove Umbridge from having any power at Hogwarts, these students deserve someone who actually wants to teach them about current magic as well as old ones, but also someone who doesn't illegally push new rules on them and use threats to ensure they follow rules. So yes, as Minister I will first remove Umbridge from the school and undo any rule that Umbridge has forced upon the students of that school."

There were some people who cheered or clapped in celebration, approvement of his statement, and Umbridge seemed absolutely furious.

She got up and left the room. Even Dumbledore was clapping politely now, seeming relieved at this turn of events.

"Well, now that that's done, let's celebrate to a new era of politics."

Tom said and then sat back down, as the room filled with more applause. After a bit the man cleared his throat, “Thank you Lord- now Minister Gaunt.” Then he said some last words before dismissing the room, sighing in relief when his job was over.

“Told you you could do it,” Harrison whispered and Tom rolled his eyes.

“I suppose you did,” He smiled, softly, before schooling his expression back into a neutral one when some Lords approached to properly congratulate him on the win- it was very obvious that everyone here, in this room, was very relieved with the results of this specific election.

Harrison stood a bit away from Tom for a while, watching as the man is thanked countless of times. After a bit Regulus joined him, “Actually did it, huh?”

“Yeah, I knew he would, but honestly I still feel a bit relieved, that we actually did it, that this whole election process is done.”

Regulus nodded in understanding, “He’ll be busy as Minister.”

“He’s always busy, we’ll manage.”

“The plans you two have for magic, it borders on the thoughts of Dark Wizards,” Regulus said, it wasn’t judgemental, Regulus knew it was because it was best for magic. “There’s going to be people who do not agree with those thoughts. The fight is not over because you won the elections.”

“We know,” Harrison sighed, just then Tom put a hand on his shoulder. “We’ll manage.”

Tom watched them and muttered, “You ready to leave?”

“Yeah, you done with talking to your fans?” Harrison teased and Tom shrugged.

“Don’t know, but I am ready to not be in the Ministry anymore.” He said, “We have been here for hours and quite frankly, I will be spending way too much time in this place soon.”

“Sorry,” Harrison apologized to Regulus.

Regulus waved him off, “Don’t be,” He said, “By the way Sirius *is*

expecting you two for dinner tonight to celebrate, he told me very pointedly that that was happening if Tom won and that he didn't care if you had other plans."

"Duly noted." Tom said. "We'll be there."

~

It took a while for them to actually leave the ministry, though, because Tom got swarmed by reporters the moment they entered the main hall of the ministry. Harrison mostly stood behind him, waiting patiently, but at some point some reporters approached him as well, realising they might have more luck with him than trying to get through the crowd in front of Tom.

"Yeah of course I'm proud of him, I mean the moment he started mentoring me I noticed how much of a genius he was and how good for this country he is. To see him now as representative of this part of the Wizarding World? It will ensure stronger bonds for Wizarding Britain as a whole." Harrison repeated the same lines over and over and over again, so every media source had the quote they wanted, before Tom finally told the reporters he'd talk to them more the next day, dismissing them.

Harrison sighed in slight relief as he followed Tom, back to Slytherin Castle.

As soon as they were there Tom wrapped his arms around Harrison. "I have never been this glad something is over." He said, "Campaigning was not it."

Harrison chuckled, leaning into Tom, "You did it." He muttered, "The proper way, not by mass murder."

Tom's lip twitched, "Bummer, though, could have been fun."

Harrison rolled his eyes, but kissed Tom all the same. "Does this mean I'm a trophy partner now?"

"You couldn't be if you tried." Tom smirked, then groaned slightly as he noticed the times. "We have to go to your goddamn family dinner thing." It was obvious he had been hoping for other activities, but Harrison just chuckled.

"Later?"

Tom nodded, “Yeah, later.”

And so they changed into *slightly* less formal clothing, as the Wizengamot election robes were not practical or comfortable in any way, before they floo’d to Grimmaulds Place.

“Harrikins!” Fred said, running past them. “Duck!”

Harrison quickly ducked and just then a spell flew over his head.

“I’ll get you!” George shouted after Fred before turning to Harrison and Tom. “So we’re officially in-laws of the minister now, huh?”

“Duck, George.” Tom dead-panned as another spell came hurling towards them and George grinned as he did so.

“Ha! Missed, Freddie.” He shouted down the hall.

They could hear Freds groan from around the corner.

“Not in-laws quite yet.” Tom said then, “But soon.”

“Soon, huh?”

George wiggled his eyebrows at Harrison, “Sounds like a promise, Har. You should ensure he follows up on that one.”

Harrison rolled his eyes and just then Sirius entered the room, “Pup!” He enthusiastically hugged Harrison, as if he hadn’t seen him in months, while in reality Harrison had been in his transfiguration class yesterday.

“Hey Siri,” Harrison hugged the man back. “Since when do you host dinners?”

“Since you two actually managed to do all this and we have to celebrate, I didn’t think you two were going to plan anything-“ Then he cut himself off, “Actually I don’t want to think about how you two would celebrate otherwise. Let’s just say this is safer for your old man’s heart.”

“And less likely to want to burn his brain purely by the visual it brings up.” George added, smirking.

Harrison snorted, “Fair enough.” He hesitated, “I hope ‘properly celebrate’ doesn’t mean you invited like 500 people?”

“I invited Terence, Cedric, Theo and Blaise, I didn’t know whether I should invite anyone more in Tom’s circles, but Bella seemed like a bad idea, considering her state.”

“This is just fine,” Tom reassured. “Thank you for organising something, I truly wouldn’t have thought of it between the election and all the press.”

“It’s been a busy few weeks.” Harrison said and Sirius nodded understandably.

“Come on,” He led them to the dining room, where indeed, Harrison’s friends, Remus and Regulus were already seated.

The rest of the night was spent quietly celebrating the huge win for their side. The upcoming few days would be chaos, with the last few days of class before the Christmas break, interviews, Death Eater meetings, and most importantly of all, planning which steps to take first.

But for now, this small dinner was a perfect celebration.

~

Perfect in the way, Tom lowkey had been waiting impatiently to get home, which was obvious in the way Harrison found himself pulled closer as soon as they were in Slytherin Castle.

Tom was kissing him, more heated than their kisses had been in a while. “I can not wait to shock the Wizarding World with the fact that we’re together.” He hummed, “The scandal.” He hummed.

Harrison laughed, “And how will you break the news?” He asked as Tom apparated them to the bedroom.

“Accidental slip up in an interview maybe, or a very public kiss, or a softer way of showing it, holding hands? No comments.”

“I didn’t expect you to enjoy this this much.”

“I don’t want to hide anymore,” Tom said, “We’re soulmates, chosen by fate, saving the world and all that, I think we deserve the privilege of being open with this.”

And Harrison couldn’t help but agree, lately they had been getting closer and closer to a slip up. He could feel it whenever he would be

interviewed about Tom's win, how he almost spoke too fond about the man to be strictly platonic, how he sometimes had to catch himself before he said something dumb like 'It's amazing to see my partner getting so far' or what not."

"I'll talk to Theo and Blaise to see if they want a break up spectacle or want me to just go to the press and say it was a stunt to get some privacy, yeah?" Harrison said, "As soon as I have that figured out you can do whatever to make this public."

Tom kissed his nose, "'Course. Take your time." He hummed.

Harrison claimed Tom's mouth in another kiss, "I love you."

Tom smiled at him, letting Harrison pull him with him until Harrison fell back on the bed, pulling Tom so he fell half on top of him.

"You still want to celebrate this properly?" Harrison asked and Tom didn't even answer, just pulled Harrison into another kiss, which was answer enough.

~

Hogwarts was chaos, the celebration of Umbridge leaving the school, as well as Christmas coming and one of the favourite teachers becoming the new minister.

Overall, it was a generally happy atmosphere that the school hadn't felt since before the last task of the Triwizard tournament.

Harrison dropped into a chair next to Blaise and Theo in the quiet Slytherin common room, casting a quick silencing charm.

"Oh, god, here it comes." Blaise smirked, "It's not us, it's you?"

Harrison snorted, "Sort of." He muttered, "I'm thinking of just telling the press that this whole thing was a stunt for some sense of privacy during my school years." He looked at them, "Depends on what you two prefer."

"You mean we can get out with no drama and no awkward avoiding each other phase?" Theo asked, "That, any day. I want to flex that I fake dated the Harrison Black for a while, not have to pretend to be the angry ex of the *first gentleman."*

"First gentleman?" Harrison snorted and Theo shrugged, smirking.

Blaise nodded along in agreement, “If it’s also what you think is best and you don’t think it’ll be like a hit to your reputation, I’d also prefer that.”

“I honestly think my reputation will get out fine either way,” Harrison said, “But I don’t really care enough anyways, however I do think this will anger people less, cause it won’t seem like I moved on from you two within a week.”

“Tom’s going to expose it so quickly?” Theo seemed surprised and Harrison nodded.

“Honestly, we both almost slip up way too much, especially with all the interviews recently, it is just safer to out it our way and not have to damage control afterwards.” Harrison said, “What about you two? Still keeping this going on?” And that was definitely just him being curious, because he had seen that something was happening.

“Eh-“ Blaise muttered first and looked at Theo unsure, who was slightly blushing, barely noticeable, but definitely there.

Harrison smiled, “I’ll leave you two alone.” He said, obnoxiously and Blaise flipped him off as Harrison walked out of the common room, he had to meet Adrian in the library for some Ancient Runes homework in a bit anyways.

“Harrison!” Terence shouted from behind him, a big box full of pepper-up potions in his hands.

“Hey,” Harrison said, as he waited for the man to catch up. “Pomfrey put you to work, huh?”

“She wants to be prepared for February flu season.” Terence said, “Had me brewing hundreds of these, but this is the last batch before going home tomorrow.”

Harrison smiled, “Your presence here is truly a gift,” He said dramatically, “I could not imagine having to do that on top of everything.” The last part was filled with real gratitude, because brewing hundreds of pepper-up potions was truly an annoying job.

“It is my pleasure,” Terence said, then jokingly “But I do expect to see it back in my Christmas present.”

“Shit, I keep forgetting I still have to go Christmas shopping.” Harrison groaned. “And then right after is Tom’s birthday, I feel like

it’s getting harder and harder to do better than last year. I mean *Magic’s stone?”*

“That man has everything he wants,” Terence said, the words feeling similar from what he had said last year. The words ‘*Mostly you’* go unsaid.

“You have any ideas what to get Ced?”

“I got him professional quidditch try-outs.” Terence said, “I’m not sure how he’ll receive that one, but I reached out to a bunch of teams and secretly invited them to the Hogwarts matches.”

Harrison’s eyes go wide, “Damn, boyfriend of the year award goes to you.”

“He even has his pick of try-outs.” Terence rolled his eyes, “I swear most of those recruiters wanted to invite him immediately after the game they watched, I had to stop them and explain this was a surprise.”

“I’m sure he’ll love it,” Harrison muttered and Terence nodded.

“I hope so.” Then they split up, Terence to the Hospital wing and Harrison to the library.

Chapter End Notes

> I think I should stop promising monthly chapters.. I'll post when I post, I swear uni's killin me

Chapter 86: Merry fucking Christmas

Chapter Notes

> I was so set on finishing this around christmas (I don't remember what happens in here, I hope u enjoy tho)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harrison smiled at Rita, “I understand many would be confused by that announcement, of course, I mean it is basically me admitting to a lie of like a year now.” He sighed, “I, however, chose to do this with two of my close friends, because it allowed me a small sense of privacy, before this lie, I’d get questions about possible relationships every day.” Rita nodded in understanding.

“Why come out with this news in this way?”

“Because I want people to know the truth now, not hate on my friends for breaking my heart or wonder why I’m still so close with my exes. I want to be straight up and just admit that this was a lie to keep the small sense of privacy I could still have during those Triwizard tournament days. And I am so thankful to Theo and Blaise for doing this with me.”

“I guess the question many of us are wondering now is the addition of Theo quite late on in this relationship, how did that happen if there were no real feelings involved?”

“We were joking around in the library and some student heard us, spread a rumour and since he was one of both my and Blaise’s good friends anyways, we just decided to go along with it. That’s all, really, the Hogwarts rumour mill going crazy.”

“Times truly do not change, do they?” Rita laughed, then she asked him about some other subjects, such as Tom’s recent win with the elections and some general stuff about what he was planning in his near future and willing to share.

Once they wrapped up the interview, Rita sighed, “You truly give me the best front pages, I mean ***Lord Black’s fake relationship*** Makes anyone curious.”

“That your running title?” Harrison asked and Rita laughed at his disgusted face.

“No, but it would work, you see?”

And even Harrison couldn’t argue with that.

~

One of the main issue with becoming the Minister right before yule, was that your presence was expected at a lot of different events.

Another issue was, that if Tom took Harrison to every single one of them it would quickly get suspicious.

“We could just do it, you know?” Tom said softly one of the first nights of the yule/Christmas break, his arm wrapped around Harrison as he traced shapes into Harrison’s bare skin. “Show up, you as my plus one, over and over again.”

“No matter how we do this, we need to prove this is a soulmate situation, no wizard can argue Fate.” Harrison said, as he rolled on his side, so he could look at Tom properly. “But if you want me to come to the events, I will.”

Tom hummed, “No matter when or how we do it, people will disagree, the only think we have going for us is that I look like I’m 25.”

“Nearing 30.” Harrison joked.

“My point being,” Tom cut him off, “No one would guess I’m old enough to be your granddad.”

“Never say that again.”

“You tease me with it all the time.”

“Yes and it is totally fine when I say it, but when you do it, it sounds all creepy.”

Tom shot him a deadpan look. “Right.”

“I mean you’re the one who fell in love with a *child*.”

“Harrison-“ Tom warned and Harrison laughed, even as Tom tightened his hold on Harrison slightly. “You are so lucky I’m absolutely head over heels for you.”

Harrison smiled and kissed Tom softly, “I love you.”

Tom softened a bit, “You’re so annoying, you should be nicer, you know?” He said into the kiss, but then pulled Harrison closer entirely ruining his point in the process. Not that either of them gave a shit.

Harrison rolled on top of Tom, straddling him, “Once more, back in the honeymoon phase.”

“Shh, this is our first victory phase.” Tom said, “We’re supposed to celebrate.”

Harrison laughed, but even he couldn’t disagree, the feeling of complete and utter content had been all that he felt over their link for days now, locked in their own little bubble as the ministry officials prepared for a new year. They still had the occasional meeting at the Ministry and all had attended one event so far, but a large portion of their days were spent in this little domestic life they had built over the past few school breaks.

Harrison leant down to kiss Tom’s jaw, “Just my luck to get to do this with the new hotshot minister.”

“Hotshot?”

“You didn’t read that article?” Harrison chuckled, “It was hilarious.”

“What article?” Tom asked.

“There was this guy who called you our new hotshot minister, who might be the future to a new, magic positive Britain, but it was written like you were some hero in some warrior fiction.”

Tom seemed both confused, disgusted, and intrigued at the same time.

“I’ll show you tomorrow.” Harrison said, “For now, you’re mine.”

Tom chuckled, “You switch so quick,” He muttered, “But yes.”

Harrison grinned at him before kissing him once more.

“How impatient are you right now?” Harrison muttered against his neck, as he started kissing downwards.

“Are you asking me whether I should prep you or if you should let magic do it?”

Harrison hummed affirmative.

“Let me,” Tom answered, “Been a while.”

And it had been a while that they did it the long way, so Harrison just hummed.

“Anything for you, sir Minister.”

Tom pulled him up and kissed him, rougher, more passionate, before rolling them over, all Harrison did in response was wrap his arms around Tom’s neck and pull him closer until there was barely any place between them.

“This okay?” Tom asked, because he always checked, even if he could see that it was fine, more than fine, he didn’t run on assumptions, he had to know, for sure, that Harrison was fine with their situation.

“Perfect.” Harrison replied, not a moment of hesitation.

Tom smiled softly, caressing Harrison’s face with his hand, before pulling him into another kiss. Harrison started running his hands over Tom’s back, exploring every familiar piece of skin, every familiar muscle he felt under his fingertips so many times before.

Tom, meanwhile was slowly kissing down Harrison’s chest, looking up at him with eyes full of affection, which was echoed over their link.

Harrison pulled Tom back up to kiss him once more, just as Tom’s hands started going downwards. “Fuck.” He gasped as he finally felt Tom’s hands suddenly very close to where he wanted Tom.

“Hips up, love.” Tom muttered into the kiss, Harrison didn’t hesitate, immediately lifting his hips to allow Tom to rid him of the last piece of his clothing.

“Your turn,” Harrison smiled cheekily and Tom huffed out a laugh, but did follow the silent command and got rid of his own last layers of clothing as well. As soon as he did, Harrison pulled him close again, Tom reached the nightstand, grabbing the lube. “Oh we’re going full muggle, huh?”

“Complaints?” Tom quirked an eyebrow up, a small smile on his lips as he felt Harrison’s excitement over the link.

Harrison shook his head, “Go on.”

Tom kissed his jaw as he spread the lube on his fingers, “Ready,

sweetheart?"

"Yes," Harrison breathed, as he felt Tom's finger circling slowly.

Tom kissed his neck, Harrison tilting his head back slightly, granting better access. "I missed this part a lot." Tom hummed, "You look absolutely perfect like this." He could feel Harrison's growing desperation, the pleasure adding to his own as he slowly worked him open, not even trying to resist the urge to tease him to the edge of madness.

"*God- fucking-*" Harrison hissed, the normally seen as muggle curse just slipping out, Tom added another finger the moment he did that, Harrison arching into his every touch like he couldn't help but chase the feeling of Tom touching him. "Feel so good." He muttered as Tom flipped them over again, Harrison immediately straddling him again.

Tom pulled him down into a kiss, "You always make me want to give up control." He said, harshly, as if he still, even after all this time, wasn't quite sure just what he had to think of that. But still, more and more often did Harrison find himself in this position, above Tom, looking down at him, total and complete control over the situation.

Tom removes his fingers, Harrison only breathing in a slightly more needy way at the immediate way he felt complete and utterly empty. "You're time to blow me away, love."

Harrison smirked down at him, "You ready?"

"Absolutely." Tom answered, sure as always and Harrison didn't waste another moment, he lined Tom up and just sat, Tom's hands gripping his hips as he slowly started moving, a torturously slow rhythm to start with.

"*More,"* Tom groaned, in parseltongue, the noise unlike any Harrison had heard before in the language of snakes.

And maybe because of the way he said it so desperately, or maybe because Harrison himself was feeling fucking desperate. Or maybe a combination of both, desperation and pleasure flowing freely over the link. But whatever the reason, Harrison followed immediately giving more, as Tom reconnected his lips with the sensitive skin of Harrison's neck and jaw, nibbling softly, to hear the gasps Harrison led out as he moved more desperately on top of Tom.

The room quieted, even the whispered curses, or each other names

turned into desperate gasps and groans as their feelings entwined fully, in a way it only did when they were in this situation. Because like this, when totally lost in each other, that link was something to cling onto, feel each others pleasure, and amplify your own in the process.

“I’m going-“

“Just a bit longer,” Tom groaned, “Please.”

“*Tom,”* Harrison groaned and the man’s grip tightened in the process, so on edge. It didn’t take long until Tom came undone, Harrison following as Tom gave a whispered ‘Come for me, now love’. He collapsed on top of Tom.

“Holy shit.” Was the only thing that left his mouth, Tom wrapping his arms around Harrison.

“I love you so much.” Tom said, “You’re absolutely- you’re everything, my eternity-“

Harrison only chuckled, totally spent on top of the other man. “To you and your new job.” Harrison muttered, and Tom smirked.

“We should celebrate more often.” He hummed softly and Harrison chuckled, the way his entire body felt absolutely exhausted evident in his soft chuckle.

He didn’t disagree, though, instead he let out a noise of agreement, “Sleep first, though.”

“Sleep first,” Tom agreed easily, as he slowly pulled out, leaving Harrison absolutely empty. He cast the cleaning charms for them, allowing them to feel somewhat clean before falling asleep, although both of them would agree that they still definitely need a shower tomorrow – preferably shared.

“Goodnight, my love.” Tom kissed his forehead.

“G’night.” Harrison murmured into Tom’s chest, as he nestled into Tom’s side, fully content to spent the night just like that, in Tom’s arms, keeping him close, allowing the link to flow freely.

Tom turned slightly, so he could pull Harrison into his chest more.

They fell asleep just like that, wrapped up in each other, feeling the

full bliss of spending this time together mixed with Tom's victory, which for once truly seemed like a good start of bettering Magic's situation.

~

The article was released only two days after the interview, Rita taking the time to write it all properly and checking it multiple times with Harrison before sending it to the Daily Prophet, who immediately accepted it as their front page.

Harrison visited Hogwarts that day, as both Blaise and Theo opted to stay there over holidays rather than going back to Italy, for Theo, and wherever his mom found herself now for Blaise.

"You're braver than I would be." Theo said, "I mean just straight up telling them, 'I lied because you all fucked my privacy at a young age', I mean beautifully done, but the nerves."

"I'm just hoping people will react okay," Harrison said, as he sat down in the Slytherin Common Room. "I mean this is a make or break, truly, people will either applaud the honesty and agree with the need of privacy or hate on the fact I've been lying for a year and use it to convince others I'll lie over political points, too.

Blaise nodded, "That's a good point actually, you think it'll be received alright?"

"I think for you two, regardless of the result, this is the best way. There isn't any backlash or research of how you treated me and all that after a huge break up." Harrison said, "So I wouldn't worry too much."

"And for you?" Theo asked, softly.

"I'll be fine," Harrison said, "I mean, people will hopefully understand the want for privacy, but even if they don't they will hate for like a month and then move on, cause it is not all that entertaining to start with."

"It's Harrison," Blaise said, almost comfortingly to Theo. "His reputation gets out of everything unscathed, I wouldn't be surprised if this somehow got him even more famous and loved, I mean have you ever seen people hate on him for any reason at all?"

"That is actually a really valid point." Theo hummed. "I think you will

be more than fine."

"Guys please, let's just accept the fact that no matter what the outcome was, this was a damn good and funny year and I will forever be immensely grateful that both of you decided to help me with this dumb idea. It truly brought a big weight off of my back.'

"That was sappy as hell," Blaise muttered, "I mean, immensely grateful, really? Tom must really be rubbing off on you cause that sounds like something the *minister would say*.

"But when Tom says it for his new job, it is usually something so politics related even I would rather have absolutely nothing to do with it. I mean leading the Ministry? That is where I draw the line." Harrison said and Theo laughed.

"So basically you're just sappy as hell? No minister boyfriend involved?"

Harrison looked between them and groaned, "Just wait until you two get into a relationship." The with each other was on the tip of his tongue, but left silent. However, Harrison did notice Blaise glance at Theo, just for a second and smirked.

"Right cause you're the relationship expert with your single relationship that's based on a soulmate bond." Blaise muttered and Harrison chuckled.

"You know what? Touché. I deserved that one."

Blaise snorted and after that they moved on to different subjects, like how the fuck Tom was planning to manage teaching both DADA and being minister.

~

"I went to Diagon Alley and got bombarded with questions, cub." Remus said, "I mean everyone is curious what this means for your relationship status. Asking me whether this sudden reveal means you're revealing a real relationship soon or if you just decided you no longer wanted to play pretend."

"What did you say?"

"I said there was no way I was going to spill about my son's love life if he didn't say anything about it himself before, I'm not dealing with

interviews about your love life." Remus muttered

Harrison nodded, "Understandable." He said, "So you got to see how the people replied to it?"

"Yeah, it was mostly positive and understanding, but some older people think this whole privacy expectation is bullshit."

"I guess they didn't grow up in a time where celebrities were quite as important as they are now in the Wizarding world. I know no one in the founders time gave a shit about people who got famous just for existing, you had to do world changing things, weekly or maybe monthly, thus the many spells of witches like Rowena Ravenclaw, which were mostly made to keep their popularity up- and then for Rowena specifically get more kids to sign in for Hogwarts."

"Did it work?" Remus asked, sounding genuinely curious about that specific recruitment strategy.

"Some kids or parents were awestruck about getting a chance to go to the school of Rowena Ravenclaw. School was really something for rich kids then, or parents who really wanted an academic future for their kids, it wasn't like now where everyone gets a letter."

"I thought Rowena created the letter sent system?"

"Yeah, for all those already part of their school, it tracks addresses, ensures the letters get sent on time, automatically and all that, but the whole a kid getting registered immediately if it's magical? That's something more recent."

"Huh," Remus muttered, "That's actually really interesting."

Harrison laughed, "Little fun fact, I guess." And Remus chuckled in response.

~

"I'd advise to take charge of the narrative, don't let them thrash talk you and force you to apologise." Rookwood said, "A soulmate bond is super rare and any respectable wizard won't fight it, so if you're truly asking *me* for advice, I'd say, get a small room of reporters and tell them the full truth, especially seeing how Harrison's break up article was received pretty well, they seem to appreciate the honesty here." The man explained, "And let's not forget that you won a campaign that was only there cause you argued distrust of the Minister."

Tom nodded, seeming tired already with just the complexity of making this work so that it was received in the best way possible.

“If I may sir?” Barty spoke up, “Aren’t there rituals that leave undeniable marks on soul bonded?”

“You’re suggesting an early full bonding?” Tom asked, glancing at Harrison to see his reaction.

“I-“ Barty seemed nervous to answer that particular question.

“It’s not the worst idea.” Harrison muttered, “Real, solid proof. We get Rita and some more trusted journalist and show them everything.”

“There will always be people who disapprove, a teacher and a student, all that. But, most important is that the powerful families agree.”

“The ones that aren’t on our side already, that is.” Harrison muttered to Tom, “There isn’t as much pressure as we think.”

Tom nodded slowly “That is true.”

“And it shows the start of the way to your goal, revive magic, the belief of something like soulmates reconfirms the necessity of rituals, since it can only happen with Fate intervening.” Rookwood added, as an afterthought.

“So we get the soulmark the rune in our skin, do a press, and use that as a start of pushing our goals after new years?” Harrison asked.

Tom seemed genuinely surprised when he said, “That doesn’t even sound like the worst plan.”

“And what’s the timeline in this?” Harrison asked, “It’s Christmas in like three days and just planning all of this, it would take longer.”

“Do it on the 27th.” Rookwood said, “You can have public appearances and still be early enough to fight the big news that would get released after Christmas anyways.”

“That’s, well, really smart actually.” Harrison said and Tom nodded.

“Very well, you’re all dismissed.” He said, to the few Death Eaters- it was only Rookwood and Barty this time.

Once they had left Tom pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You okay?” Harrison asked.

Tom sighed, “Yeah, I’m okay.” He muttered, “I just didn’t want to rush us- you into anything as serious as a bonding ritual.”

“It’s not like we weren’t going to do it anyways.”

“I know we were,” Tom sighed, “It’s just supposed to be something special and now we’re basically getting forced into it for politics, just to ensure the Lords and Ladies can’t fight our decision to be together.”

Harrison nodded, getting up from his chair to stand behind Tom’s. Hugging the man from there, “You could see it like that.”

“How do you see it?” Tom asked, softly, almost as if afraid.

“I think, ‘damn, I want to be properly bonded to this man, no matter what the circumstances are.’” Harrison hummed, “A proper wedding can happen later, but this bonding? I want it, and if you do too, I see no reason to not do it to ensure our victory is truly safe.”

Tom leant back, looking up at Harrison. “You mean that? You don’t mind bonding for politics? Doing a none bonding ceremony wedding instead of what we’ve been planning for like forever?”

“It was never about the wedding or the bonding, Tom.” Harrison said, taking Tom’s hands into his. “It was about this, about us. And regardless of what happens now, I know one thing for sure, we will always be like this. Together, happy, and truthfully that’s all I need.”

“Sappy.” Tom muttered, soft, teasing.

Harrison snorted, “Perhaps,” He admits, not even going to pretend to be offended by that after the words he just said, out loud. “But it is the truth and I know it is true for you as well.”

“I guess we’re bonding before Christmas then.” Tom said, not even commenting on Harrison’s comment, they both knew it to be true, no point in fighting.

“Or we do a Yule bonding ceremony, the most spiritual time of the year. We might even actually make it a small happening, if you still want some people there.”

“Your family and friends?” Tom asked and Harrison nodded.

“They’ll be free, since they usually all come to whatever ball is

planned that Yule."

"Ah, right, Narcissa took over planning again this year, trying to keep her mind off of Bellatrix for a bit."

"We can probably do it after the main part, the Malfoys won't argue about us using their ritual room for this after already using it for the Yule ritual."

"They wouldn't," Tom agreed. "So we're doing the 27th?"

"I'd say so, the timeline seems good and it gives us enough time to do this all properly."

~

Christmas came quicker than ever before, with all the events they went to it felt like they barely started their break before Christmas came rolling around the corner. They were at Grimmaulds place and woke up together in Harrison's old bed.

Tom, like usually, found himself awake first, watching Harrison as he slowly became aware of his surroundings.

"Good morning, my love." He hummed as Harrison blinked, "Merry Christmas."

"Right," Harrison said groggily, still pretty much asleep. "It's Christmas," He said, content, pulling Tom closer so he could properly rest fully on the man. "Merry Christmas."

Tom chuckled at the obvious sleepy state Harrison found himself in, "Ready for tonight?" He asked softly, as he traced the shape of Harrison's cheekbones with his thumb, caressing, with his hand cupping Harrison's cheek.

Harrison opened his eyes once more, looking at Tom with a soft smile, "I don't think I've ever been more ready for anything in my life." He said, no hesitation found in his voice. He turned his head and kissed Tom's palm. "The one thing I was certain would happen no matter whether we won this whole thing or not."

"But first we must survive the Malfoy ball." Tom sighed, softly, "With all the politicians."

"Only two more days until we'll be open about this." Harrison

muttered, “That’s easy right? After months, or even years, truthfully.”

“It *is* easy,” Tom answered, “I’m going to take you out that night, somewhere *very* public.”

“The article won’t be printed yet.” Harrison said and Tom shrugged.

“It’ll be close enough that the people who wish to question it will receive answers within twenty hours.”

There was a soft knock on the door, “Oi! Lovebirds, get your arses downstairs.” That was definitely Fred, they also heard George cackle further down the hall.

“We’ll be there in a bit!” Harrison shouted back.

“Right,” Fred didn’t sound convinced at all, “Just make it quick, Remus and Siri are waiting.”

Harrison groaned and buried his face in Tom’s chest, “Don’t want to get up.” He said.

Tom chuckled, “Come on, I know you can do it, easy.” He said as he slowly shifted so that he himself could sit up and put on some clothes.

“You’re no fun.” Harrison huffed, but he still followed suit and got up from his admittedly very comfortable bed.

They get downstairs five to ten minutes later, joining the rest of the family.

“Merry Christmas!” Sirius said, cheerily as they joined the- well, it was safe to say the lunch, definitely too late for either breakfast or brunch.

“Merry Christmas, Siri.” Harrison said back, before repeating it for the other three he hadn’t seen yet today.

“You ready for your big night, cub?” Remus asked and Harrison nodded, slowly.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.” He said, “Although I am glad we left all the planning, even the rituals to the Malfoys this year, because it’s been fucking hectic.”

“Understatement.” Fred said softly.

Sirius smirked, “Narcissa got Regulus and Remus on the Yule ritual,

said she was not touching those runes."

"Smart woman," Harrison said, "It's a wormhole, you don't get out until Yule is over."

"Don't get us started," Remus muttered, as Regulus walked into the room, rubbing at his eyes.

"Started on what?" The man asked and Remus snorted as Sirius grinned.

"Runes."

"Oh Salazar."

"Please don't use that-" Harrison muttered and Tom chuckled.

"I love yule," George snickered to Fred, just loud enough for Harrison to catch.

Harrison pinched the bridge of his nose and then they all started laughing at the pure amount of chaos currently in the room.

After their eventful breakfast, Harrison dismissed him and Tom for the rest of the day.

"Where are we going?"

"We're doing something I forgot to tell you to do last year."

"And what is that?"

"Visit Mr. Borgin." Harrison said, "He asked to see you when I got Magic's stone for you, but it fully slipped my mind in the chaos."

"He wants to see me?"

"He made the connection between Tom Riddle and Voldemort very quickly after you quit, apparently."

"Right, well that doesn't surprise me that man was always too smart." Tom muttered, just as they got outside, out of the anti-apparition wards.

Tom grabbed Harrison's arm and apparated them there.

They walked into the calm shop, Knockturn Alley pretty empty for the

fact that it was Yule morning.

A man rushed into the front of the shop from the back, “He- oh.”

Tom’s lip twitched, almost invisible, but visible enough for Harrison to catch the movement.

“Mr Borgin.”

“Tom Riddle,” The man said, “Or do I say Marvolo Gaunt now? Minister?”

Tom smirked then, “Tom’s just fine.”

“Come, come.” The man led them to the back of the shop. “I didn’t expect to see you again, ever, actually.”

“Neither did I.” Tom said, glancing sideways at Harrison.

“Ah.” Borgin said, eyes full of understanding. “I have to be honest, I never expected to see this happen.”

“What?” Tom asked, eyes flickering back.

“The affection is written on your face, Tom.” Borgin said, “When you worked here I always knew there was good in you, even if you stole my most precious artefacts, I never told, never let you know I noticed, because I trusted Fate had a plan.”

Tom seemed surprised, “You knew?”

“You worked our inventory, you know how organised I was.” Borgin raised an eyebrow, “I almost lost hope during the worst moments of *Lord Voldemort.”*

“But you didn’t?”

“I always openly helped known Death Eaters, because while I wouldn’t bear your mark myself, I still trusted your vision for our world, even if I saw you loosing your mind slowly.” Borgin said, “But now, I think I might not have been wrong, Fate does have a plan for you. It just had to show you how to not act first, to ensure your second try was done properly.”

And that he said, while glancing at Harrison.

“I never knew you- well, thought so much,” Tom muttered, almost

dumbfounded, Harrison could feel his whirlwind of emotions, almost as if eighteen year old, fresh out of Hogwarts Tom was sitting beside him, talking to his boss. Instead of Minister Marvolo Gaunt, who would make this world a way better place.

Borgin laughed, “You always saw yourself as the only intelligent one in every room your in.”

“He still does.” Harrison said.

Tom raised an eyebrow, “That’s not true, I call you semi-smart a lot.” That was definitely teasing and Harrison nudged his shoulder, Tom’s expression softened.

“It couldn’t have been easy for you.” Tom said and Borgin shrugged.

“It wasn’t hard, you genuinely made business do very well at your time here, such a charismatic, young, smart and let’s not forget conventionally attractive man working at my shop, I had people come in at your days off asking if you were working, and buying things they wouldn’t have even looked at otherwise.”

“I took my innocent act very seriously.”

“Oh, I noticed.”

“I can’t believe you always knew.” Tom said, and Harrison could tell he was genuinely shock, and that was something you didn’t see a lot with Tom.

“I kept faith it would go well,” The man said, “You were always different, people like Dumbledore felt it and feared it, but me? I take interest in dangerous magical things and you were very dangerous.”

Tom chuckled softly, “Understatement, I killed an elf in this shop for buying something.”

“I know, I had to deal with the lawsuit afterwards.” The man muttered, “I was lucky you poisoned it, I got out saying it was a bad curse and that everyone knows I deal cursed items.”

They sat there for a while, reminiscing, Harrison listened, quietly, sometimes speaking when asked something, or if either of them shot a curious look. But mostly, he was enjoying seeing Tom with someone the man had obviously looked up to a lot as a teenager, enough so that he didn’t kill the man even after the man witnessed some of his

biggest mistakes.

When they walked out Tom turned to him, “Thank you,” He muttered, “I think I needed that.”

Harrison smiled softly, squeezing Tom’s hand, but didn’t say anything, before letting Tom’s hand go, reminding himself they were in public, and they still had three days until they were revealing their relationship.

~

They went to the Malfoy ball early, just because they knew everyone, all the politicians, would expect Tom to be there already whenever they arrived.

And so Harrison sat down with Draco, for once none of their friends were there too early, all dealing with their own things.

“How’s Severus?” Harrison asked, after a while of almost awkward quiet. He himself hadn’t been checking in on Severus a lot, his mind on other things constantly.

“He’s getting better,” Draco muttered, “He really wants to get back to teaching.”

“Severus Snape wants to teach?”

“He might not like the students, but you’ll find no man more passionate about potions than him, and you know that’s true, after all the times you worked with him.”

Harrison couldn’t argue with that, Snape was truly passionate about his subject, he could tell that much just from the way the man had jumped on any opportunity Harrison presented him with.

“Fair enough,” Harrison said, “So I won’t be teaching for long?”

“Well, he’s still mostly asleep, the hospital lets him wake sometimes now, they expect another three to six months of extreme monitoring, he was hurt badly, truly.” Draco muttered, “So probably the rest of the year, if that’s your question.”

Harrison nodded and then he felt, more than saw, Tom approach.

“This is the one,” Tom said, handing Harrison a thick book full of rituals. “It’s perfect, it’s us. Please say you agree.” The man sounded

so enthusiastic.

Harrison looked at the page and it was a soulmate bonding ritual, made for a stronger mental connection and to allow their magic to merge even smoother than they already did.

“Just what we have but better, stronger.” Tom said, “More of this.”

Harrison smiled, “I might even hear your thoughts without you actively sending them to try and be open.”

Tom’s lip quirked up, “So you in?”

“You thought I wasn’t going to be? Maybe we really need to strengthen that mental bond.”

Tom rolled his eyes, but there was no mistaking the absolute smile on his face.

“I’ll get this one to Regulus and Remus, they’re preparing anyways.” Tom said, then pulled Harrison into a quick kiss, “Can’t wait, love.”

Harrison smiled softly and Draco made a noise, Tom just glanced at the boy, but then walked away, and Harrison almost sighed in relief as Tom opened the door and almost walked into Cedric and Terence.

“Sirius said we’d find you here,” Terence grinned, as he plopped down next to Harrison, Cedric sitting down next to Terence. “Are you ready to get bonded to your mans?”

“I have never been this ready.” Harrison said, “You here to catch the bouquet?”

Terence eyes lit up and Cedric groaned, “Don’t even joke about that,” He muttered, “Not until after Hogwarts.”

“Don’t worry we won’t have bouquets or anything.” Harrison tried to comfort Cedric and the Hufflepuff dramatically sighed in relief.

“You can just say you hate me.” Terence said dramatically, but grinned at Cedric as he leant into the Hufflepuff. “We should make a ‘stone cold boyfriend support squad.’” He said to Harrison.

“You’re dating a Hufflepuff,” Harrison raised an eyebrow, playfully, waiting for Cedric to take the bait.

“Oi!” Cedric said and then as he saw Harrison grin, he rolled his eyes,

“You Slytherins will be the death of me,” as he poked Terence in his side and Terence almost jumped out of his grip.

“Merlin, help me.” Draco muttered, soft.

“Besides,” Harrison said, completely ignoring Draco, “Tom’s a proper romantic, I have no stone cold boyfriend.”

“Because you broke up with him,” A voice came from the hallway, as the door opened, very dramatic. Blaise. “I’m still heartbroken, how could you leave me like that.”

“Maybe Tom is the man with a stone cold boyfriend, I’ll invite him to my support group.” Terence said, then added, “Talking about needing a support group, where are your terror brothers?”

“I think they’re trying to ‘help’ Regulus and Remus.”

“So we’re all going to blow up during the ritual?” Blaise asked and Harrison shrugged.

“It would be eventful.” He said, “Where’s Theo?”

“He was supposed to be right behin-“

“I’m here, I’m here.” The boy said as he walked in, “I was stopped by a fleeing George, something about setting free a conjured monkey?”

“Oh god.” Harrison said, “Let’s ignore we heard that, we’re not a part of this.”

Blaise laughed and the rest followed with snorts or chuckles.

Theo seemed dishevelled as he came closer and Harrison asked, “Did you actually get attacked by the monkey afterwards or something?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Theo said, “That monkey was quick.”

Blaise started laughing even harder then and Harrison couldn’t help but let out a chuckle of his own.

“I think Lucius is seriously regretting letting Fred and George into his house now.” Theo said, “I ran past him and the monkey was very into blondes, apparently.” He looked at Draco while saying that and the Malfoy seemed to be scared for a second before muttering.

“You think the monkeys still following my dad?”

“Nope!” George shouted as he ran into the room, “I think I took the monkey out temporarily. Tom’s taking care of it.”

“Oh I have to see this.” Harrison said, getting up, “where is this happening, exactly?”

George grinned, “Well, good sir, follow me.”

And Harrison did.

They entered a hallway and Harrison immediately saw Tom desperately trying every spell he knew to vanish that monkey.

“Ah my genius almost-bonded.” Harrison said, “Getting destroyed by a conjured monkey?”

“Shut up,” Tom muttered, “This thing is-“

The monkey screeched, suddenly waking up.

“Oh fuck.” George said, “I thought it’d be out longer.”

Tom hit the thing with another sleeping spell and Harrison burst out laughing, “I think you with the twins is my favourite thing ever, I love this chaos.”

“Yeah, yeah, laugh at my pain.” Tom said, “Just wait until we team up against you,” But as he looked away, Harrison could swear he saw the man’s lip twitch.

“Did you try finite?” Harrison asked, “I know it’s not for conjurations, but still it’s wor-“

Tom casted the spell, and the monkey slowly disappeared, making Harrison chuckle once more. “Not a word.” Tom said, but as George also started laughing, so did Tom.

“We can definitely see who’s the brain of our family.” George muttered, “You solved our mystery!”

Once they calmed a bit, Harrison turned to Tom, “How’s the runes and everything coming along?”

“Almost done.” Tom said, “And I heard the elder Weasley brothers are coming as well.”

“Are they?” George asked, always excited to see his brothers.

“Apparently Lucius did invite them, but not Mr. Weasley himself.”

“Which is fair, considering their past.” Harrison said.

“Indeed,” Tom agreed. “Couple more hours.” He hummed, pressing a kiss to Harrison’s temple.

“What about Ginny?” Harrison asked.

Tom shrugged, “Should come with Daphne, spend the summer at the Greengrass manor mostly, according to what I heard. Daphne managed to convince her parents dating a Weasley couldn’t be that bad, if the Weasley is one of the Harrison Black approved ones.”

“That’s crazy.” Harrison said, “That power might go to my head.”

“It already went there, I’d say.” Tom smirked.

~

“Lord Black!” Some Lord approached him, the moment he saw the man, he knew exactly what this conversation was going to be.

“Save me.” Harrison muttered to Terence, who just clapped his back and turned back to Cedric. “Right, what a good friend you are.” He muttered, but turned to the lord, all smiles.

“I couldn’t help but extend the invite,” The Lord said, “Seeming your single- I have a daughter-“

“Quite frankly, I am not very into being set up for dates, I think I’d prefer meeting someone myself.” Harrison immediately replied, for what seemed like the twentieth time today.

“Right, there is quite a chance it will be a muggle if you search that way,” The man said, “And my-“

“I don’t really care about blood status that much, I’m sorry sir, but maybe I’ll run into your daughter sometime, if Fate wishes it so.”

“You are right, of course.” The man muttered, “Just- think about it?”

Harrison smiled politely, wishing the man to go away already.

Suddenly there was a hand around his shoulders, enough to seem friendly, possessive enough to suggest something else entirely. “Harrison,” Tom’s voice next to him. “I was just wondering if you

talked to the amazing Lady Parkinson yet, she asked for you and-“ He paused, pretending as if he just noticed the man Harrison was talking to, “Oh, you don’t mind, right?”

“N-no, go right on, sir- eh- Minister.”

“Marvolo is just fine,” Tom said, all charm and the man nodded, watching as Tom steered Harrison away from him through the crowd.

“My hero.” Harrison muttered softly, just loud enough for Tom to hear.

The man laughed in reply, “You seemed uncomfortable.”

“Everyone is trying to get me engaged to their children tonight, I think I liked these balls more when I was younger- or when they thought I was taken by two respectable Heirs.”

“You know how many questions for your hand Sirius and Remus got when you were fifteen or sixteen?”

“A lot?” Harrison guessed.

“You don’t want to know, genuinely, I didn’t even know one person could have that much offers.”

“You did seem unnecessarily relieved at something last year, was it the lack of proposals?”

Tom seemed slightly embarrassed by the call out, before shrugging, “It’s nice to get through yule without your soulmate getting a thousand offers from pretty witches and powerful wizards.”

“Eh, not my type.” Harrison said, “I prefer old men, who should’ve probably died already like a thousand times.”

“Do you now?” Tom asked, as he wordlessly offered Harrison a hand, to dance, one of the ways to talk and ensure *no one* interrupted your conversation.

Harrison took it gladly and they danced a couple of songs, until some Lady wanted Tom’s attention and Harrison went to find Charlie and Bill, who should have arrived by now.

He found most of his friends in one of the secluded rooms of Malfoy Manor, like usual, since most of them preferred to not be in the actual ball room for hours and hours.

“Hey,” Harrison said, as he walked into the admittedly quite full sitting room.

“Survived all the marriage requests?” Daphne asked, immediately. “My mom thought about asking you for my sister.”

Draco seemed surprised, but didn’t say a word, and somewhere distantly Harrison remembered the Malfoys and Greengrass’ have an old agreement for their heirs.

“Anyways, I told her if she wanted to stay on your good side, she definitely shouldn’t ask, so she didn’t.”

“Well, you’re right about that.” Harrison said.

“I swear, I first came into the ball room to the view of one of the most powerful Lords almost begging Harrison to just take his sons hand.” Bill said, “It was quite a comedic scene.”

“It was uncomfortable as hell, how do I kindly tell these people that I am very much in a loving relationship with a man who could be my grandpa, but also he looks only like mid-twenties and he is our current Minister.”

“In literally any way except the way you worded it just now.” Daphne said, looking jokingly-disgusted “That was a horrific thing to hear.”

“Maybe more like ‘Oh! I’m sorry, I’m currently seeing someone.’” Ginny said and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“And then all of you would get interviewed, it’s not that easy.”

Ginny nodded, “Fair enough,” She said, “So you and Tom have to go public.”

“Which is why you’re bonding tonight from what I heard?” Charlie asked, suddenly.

“Yeah, we’re doing a soulmate bonding, it’ll make our soul marks show which then-“ Harrison stopped talking when he noticed Bills look.

Bill seemed like he was on the verge of asking if he could make notes during the bonding for scientific reasons, but was too polite to straight up ask. Harrison laughed, “I wouldn’t mind,” He answered the unasked question. “Don’t expect an obstacle, though, since this was

planned in just three days or so."

"Merry fucking Christmas." Bill muttered and Harrison laughed.

"You think Fate herself will bless you tonight?" Charlie asked and Harrison shrugged, he genuinely didn't know.

"She might, but also she kind of already blessed us earlier by admitting that we were indeed soulmates, so who knows. Either way, it'll be a bonding that was blessed by Fate whether she shows herself tonight or not."

"Am I the only one who still thinks it's insane that we even know someone who interacted with the deities? All four of them?" Cedric said and a couple murmurs of agreement were heard from the rest of the group.

"I mean Time was hardly a full interaction." Harrison said.

"Yeah, because he only got a gift from Time, not a full meet up." Blaise snorted.

"Okay, okay, enough of that." Harrison muttered, "Now, Cedric, did you receive your gift already?"

Cedric's eyes lit up as he started telling them about the team he chose to try out first. Terence watched, proud as Cedric told about his upcoming try out, confident that was rare for someone who was about to try out for a top team for the first time.

~

They reused the yule ritual from last year, but this time as they all focused their magic on the runes, gifting Magic a bit of her Magic back, Harrison didn't get shocked back to the real world by a warning from Mother Magic. This year there was no Blume and therefore the ritual went smoothly.

Harrison felt almost relieved as they finished the ritual and nothing had happened yet.

Immediately after the ritual, Tom came up to him, "You ready, love?" He asked, to the room it must seem like he was just like usual-masked, serious. But Harrison could see the excitement shine in his eyes, the way his lips were slightly turned upwards.

He rapped his arms around Tom, “I hope the mark doesn’t come over the tattoos we got for each other, it would kind of ruin the ink.”

“I mean those are magical, we can move em, this is more important.” Tom smiled, “I didn’t think I’d get bonded to anyone ever.”

“My Lord, I have the portraits you requested,” Barty came in, Harrison hadn’t even known he was at Malfoy Manor tonight. “Where would you like me to put them?”

“Somewhere with a proper view.” Tom answered and Harrison raised an eyebrow.

“What’s that?”

“Well, I was thinking,” Tom said, “I know this is by no way our wedding yet, because we both know we want something big for that, right?” He smirked, “But I also know you and I know you like the fact that your family can still be here to experience this moment with us. So-“

“You didn’t.” Harrison seemed genuinely surprised he himself hadn’t thought that far.

“I asked them if they’d be okay with being temporarily moved.” Tom said, “I got a lot of squeals and cheering in response, so I took that as permission?”

Harrison watched as Barty took away the thing covering the portraits and- indeed- it unveiled to show the founders.

“I didn’t even think about this and you just-“

Tom shrugged, “I know this is rushed, but I want this experience to be perfect for you, not something you wished we waited for a little longer. And I know you’d regret it later if they weren’t here, feel guilty and all that, so I just decided to-“

Harrison cut him off by kissing him, “I love you.”

Because not only had Tom thought to invite the closest thing he had to parents most of his childhood years, but it was also *Tom* who had thought of it. The man who had never experienced family in a positive way, usually didn’t understand the sentiment, yet knew Harrison enough to know that Harrison genuinely did care, *a lot.*

“Love you too, darling.” Tom hummed, “It does feel kind of awkward kissing in front of your parents.”

“You have a portrait of Sal in your library and we-“

“Oh god, don’t remind me of that, please.” Tom said and Harrison snorted, then someone muttered ‘*If this wasn’t their bonding I’d complain about the PDA’* and he full out laughed.

Harrison looked at the portraits once more and saw the founders happily talking to Sirius and felt a surge of happiness, “I don’t think we needed more planning than this.” He said softly. “This is perfect for our bonding. Efficient, romantic, and a whole happening.”

“Don’t forget about the ‘planned way too late for it to work, but we pull it off nonetheless.’” Tom said, jokingly and Harrison chuckled.

“Yeah, that too.” He agreed softly.

“Are you ready, my Lord?” Narcissa came up to them, “Regulus and I have finished our preparations.”

Tom raised an eyebrow, smiling slightly and Harrison nodded. “So fucking ready.” They got into position.

“If everyone would please stand or sit outside the rune circle.” Narcissa shouted to the people who stayed to watch, their friends.

“To claim two people are soulmates,” Regulus said, “Is often based on certain observations that cannot be denied, the core of ones wand, the feeling of each others emotions, seemingly sharing one soul, as the name suggests.” It was the introduction, read straight from the ritual book, just to explain what would happen to anyone who was especially interested, but didn’t know a lot about this yet.

“A ritual bonding like this one, is sometimes also called a trial of Fate. It is where Fate examines and tests your bond and accept you as magical soulmates, more than magical soulmates, if your observations were right.” Regulus looked at Harrison and Tom, with a small smile. “I think I speak for everyone when I say I have no doubt that tonight is the least stress inducing ritual of this type the world will ever see, as no one doubts how real this bond is.”

“I would now like to request the attention of any deity that is listening to come here and help us further this bond into something proven by the deities.” Regulus said, before moving over into Latin, a smooth

stream of words leaving his mouth, everyone's full attention was fixated on the rune circle, that within no time, lit up slightly, into a weird, indescribable purplish colour.

Narcissa joined in with the Latin words, Harrison wasn't even totally sure what they were saying, not paying attention to anything but the way Tom now grabbed Harrison's hands from where they were both kneeling in the middle of the rune circle.

It wasn't long before Harrison heard a giggle from seemingly everywhere and he looked at Tom trying to wordlessly ask, '*you heard that too, right?'*

Tom slowly nodded.

"*You do not want to know how long I've been waiting for this call,"* The voice said, as it sighed almost dreamingly. "*I will warn you now, my voice is only heard within the rune circle, so if you respond to much, you might seem insane."* She joked. "*Okay, okay, now, how should I do this?"*

Tom actually chuckled.

"*There's multiple marks you can get, the effect is the same, usually I pick, but if you want you can pick between them."* Fate said, "*I'm feeling kind."*

"Is there no test?" Harrison asked, even though he already knew the answer.

"*The test for you two was both of you surviving finding each other."* She said, "*My personal favourites is letting you hold each others wrists, a golden thread will wrap around it, kind of like an unbreakable vow, and leave a slight mark, the thread will reappear when you grab each others wrist again, so it's a solid proof, but I can also make it appear like a tattoo anywhere, usually around the collarbone or heart area."*

Harrison looked at Tom only thinking one thing, that unbreakable vow thing seems super cool and Harrison heard Tom's voice echo in his head.

I agree.

Fate chuckled, obviously their mind link not giving them the privacy it would normally give them in the face of a deity. "*Okay so hold each others wrist,"* The deity softly commanded them. Tom and Harrison followed the command, the moment their skin touched threads started growing, appearing from seemingly nowhere, binding them, glowing a

faint gold, that lights up brighter than the purple glow from the runes.

Harrison heard some gasps, but all he could focus on was Tom sitting opposite of him.

Tom looked at their arms for just a moment, his gaze softening as he looked back up. The sound of Regulus and Narcissa had long since faded for both of them as Fate spoke once more, "*And you have my blessings, of course."* She said, "*Both of you have finally founded your Fated ones. Both of you will feel the strength of your bond grow even more in the upcoming weeks, years, decades."*

She paused for a moment, "*I guess if you two wish to, an eternity even."* That was said more quiet, but also assured. "*Usually I'd leave here, but for you two I wanted to pass along the blessings of Magic and Time, reluctantly in Time's case."* She laughed. "*And even Death didn't seem to angry about it. You made quite an impression on him, Harrison."* She said and then added, "*Enjoy this bond and please use the extended powers for good, as I expect you would."* And that was a quiet 'continue to help us' if they ever heard one.

Harrison breathed out heavily, "Thank you, Fate."

"And we will continue helping in anyway we can," Tom said, adding onto Harrison's thanks. As the weight of the ritual over both of them, a sort of comforting weight settling over them as Fate's presence went away. Regulus and Narcissa stopped chanting, but the threads didn't fade yet.

They sat there for a while longer, it seemed like their magic was almost communicating over the threads, the way they shared magic before getting so much stronger with every second as connection. Harrison had always thought their magic was pretty much merged already, but it was nothing like this feeling, the feeling of their cores truly merging, as the threads connected them physically.

Only once the glow had faded fully did they dare to let go, the prints a sort of dark reddish that slowly faded to an almost scar like thing.

And when coming close, it hummed with magic constantly. Harrison dumbly held out a finger, but Tom understood immediately, touching his own fingertip to Harrisons. The thread slowly glowing once more where their skin connected.

"Holy shit," Harrison whispered and Tom nodded in agreement.

Rowena muttered, “That’s one of the strongest bonds I’ve seen so far, the glow interacting like that-“

“Magical,” Salazar agreed. “Absolutely magical.”

Harrison swore he saw Bill furiously scribbling in a notebook next to Rowena’s portrait, but then looked back at Tom, “So now we celebrate?” He asked and Tom nodded.

“We celebrate.” He agreed, and first it was drinks with their friends and family a less official continuation of the yule ball that had happened just hours before, but once they went back to Slytherin Castle they celebrated properly, the way only two people who just got bonded so intimately could.

~

As much as Harrison really wanted to stay in Tom’s arms right now, he knew he couldn’t because they moved gift giving to this morning, since yesterday was so hectic.

“Can’t we just skip?” Harrison groaned, as Tom chuckled, rolling Harrison on top of him, not a layer between them.

Tom shook his head, “Unfortunately not, love.” He hummed, “No matter how badly I want to keep you here- which is really badly, by the way.” He kissed Harrison’s forehead, and softly held Harrison’s hand in his, watching the glow of their now settling bond.

“I’ll never get enough of this.” Tom said, “So much more than I expected, I mean- this-“

“It’s *our* magic.” Harrison said, “Like both of us- one.”

Tom hummed, pulled him closer by the hand and kissed him, fully starstruck by this new found bond, their connection.

Harrison could only mirror Tom’s feelings, he wasn’t even sure at this point just whose happiness he was feeling, with the link so much stronger and both of them feeling so so similar at this exact point.

“I love you.” Tom whispered against his lips then reached over to the nightstand, pulling out a small gift, “Kept it simple this year.” He said handing the gift to Harrison. Harrison opened it curiously as soon as it was open he was looking at a very old book. “It seemed like something you’d find interesting, it reminded me of the memories you

showed me of you with Griffins and Hippogriffs."

"And it's in Parseltongue." Harrison said, "Thanks." He smiled, because even simple gifts with Tom were so personal in ways others wouldn't even think about. And that felt so special. "I also kept it easy." He said and gave Tom a small gift.

It was a memory jar.

"I took the time to make a full memory with the best moments of the founder era, the fun, the classes, anything I thought you'd find interesting, because I keep forgetting to show or tell you about things." Harrison said, "Just so you can know-"

Tom looked at him, "Thank you." He said, honestly, "This is- I'm-"

Harrison smiled softly pulling him into another kiss, "I love you."

"And I you." Tom answered, then he softly nudged Harrison. "Now if you don't want your dad to think we're still celebrating our bonding night, we should probably get to your family."

Harrison sighed dramatically, but did roll of Tom. "I suppose you are right."

~

Harrison felt a sort of nervousness that he didn't feel often when all he had to do was step in front of a crowd, but this moment it was so special, so important.

He looked at Tom who had obviously felt his nervousness over the link.

Tom cupped his face, "It's going to be okay," He said, softly, "We're ready for this, we'll go out to a nice restaurant tonight, be very open about us, because this isn't something we should be hiding."

Tom grabbed his hand and they walked onto the small stage, a couple selected journalists in front of them now.

"Thank you everyone for coming, as you know this is quite a personal press conference for us, thus we're keeping it small, I would like you to let us talk first and only then ask your questions." Tom said to the room.

The journalists nodded to his words and Harrison spoke, steadily. "As

you all are well aware I recently outed that my public relationship wasn't real, and only something I used to get a sort of privacy, while it is true I wanted to avoid the questions and allow myself to experience love as a teenager normally, there was another, bigger part to this."

The journalist all seemed like they knew what was coming now. "When I met Harrison there was always some connection neither of us could explain," Tom said, they wouldn't tell the whole truth, they couldn't since it would expose too much about Tom and about Harrison's past. "After years of mentoring and slowly building up a friendship it became clear that there was some sort of bond between us, a bond Fate would later confirm to be a soulmate bond." Tom said. "This was of course shocking, but everything felt, right?" He looked at Harrison for confirmation.

"Yeah, right afterwards. It all made sense suddenly and so we hesitantly entered a relationship by the time I was around sixteen, knowing damn well this was something people wouldn't approve of quickly, would they not know the whole truth."

"Harrison's relationship was merely a cover up to finding out the truth while we took time to explore and develop this soulmate bond further in privacy." Tom ended their short speech.

The journalist seemed a mix of both surprised and not surprised at all, some obviously noticed that something was going on between them while others didn't expect such a thing at all.

"You can ask questions now," Harrison said quietly, yet his voice easily carried over the room.

The first question was exactly what they had both expected, "Can we see your soulmarks and take pictures? For our articles, it's just there has been no known soulbond for centuries-"

"Of course," Tom answered easily, rolling up his sleeve as Harrison did the same, the moment their arms touched, that familiar golden glow appears, the strands, the magics pulsing.

There were a couple of gasps and Tom smirked at Harrison, it was damn obvious they weren't going to get shit from anyone who knew what this marks, these golden threads meant.

Slowly they let go, to show the angry red marks that faded back to fine white line, like a lighting strike on their arms. Scars that don't seem to be humanly possible if not made from magic in its most

natural form, casted by a deity.

They continued on to other questions, but there wasn't much left to ask, the 10 minutes they had spent in this room more than enough to convince people that this bond was real and that they were indeed in this relationship that wasn't quite as wrong as it looked.

Chapter End Notes

> I love it when christmas chaps in this book align with real christmas time :)

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